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THE

WORKS

OF

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS,
OSRIC, (A POEM,)
THE ROCKITE,
THE SIEGE OF DERRY,
LETTERS FROM IRELAND,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In the year 1840 when the Publisher of this volume issued the first one of the productions of Charlotte Elizabeth which attracted any considerable attention in this country, notice was given of his intention to publish an edition of her works in a series of volumes of uniform size and binding. Events have since occurred which have interfered in part with the original design and led to its execution in the present modified form.

It is hoped that this change will meet with the approbation of the very numerous readers and admirers of our authoress, combining as it does in the highest degree, as a style of publication, the desirable requisites of *economy*, *legibility* and *elegance*.

The publication of the Portrait of Charlotte Elizabeth, now first given to the American public, at considerable expense, will it is believed greatly enhance the value of the present edition and secure for it a corresponding demand.

One or more volumes to correspond with this will speedily follow, and others as the materials are afforded of which to compose them.

New York, *June*, 1844.

INTRODUCTION.

It is difficult in the case of a writer who has written so much and on so wide a variety of subjects, either to praise or to criticise the whole set "en masse." That the authoress is a woman of strong mind, powerful feeling, and of no inconsiderable share of tact in influencing the popular mind, will be, we suppose, very generally conceded. By many she will be denounced as ultra in her opinions and in her mode of enforcing them,—and to a certain extent this must be conceded. She belongs to a class whose logic is rather of the heart than of the head, and of whom therefore we may expect a strong leaning towards ultraism. Whoever reads her "Personal Recollections," will at once have a key by which he can understand and appreciate the woman as she appears in all her writings. However the fastidious may be shocked, at the autobiography of a lady, published during her life-time, we think that the world is much indebted to her for it, and that the reasons for such a work, as stated by herself in its commencement, are given with dignity and good sense. As a literary production we think this stands at the head of her writings. The sketches of her early life and residences, the portraits of her father, mother, grandmother and brother, are given with all the picturesque effect of a romance, and the authoress, whole-hearted, confiding, full of passionate impulses,—full of all the thought and motion and excitement which belongs to a strong and ardent mind, is herself no inconsiderable heroine. We know of no piece of autobiography in the English language which can compare with this in richness of feeling and description, and power of exciting interest. It is not necessary in order to admire it to join in all the various sentiments and opinions on politics, morality, religion and the catholic question, which she states with true womanly zeal, and defends often with a true womanly sort of logic, for we suppose it no discredit to our sex to say that *our* logic has a way and character of its own, which though it may not be precisely in the fashion of the superior sex, yet answers our purposes exceedingly well.

We can have no doubt that if the conscientious scruples of our authoress had allowed her to appear in the lists of mere secular literature, that she might then have commanded no inconsiderable rank, and every one must admire the steadiness with which, though solicited to such a course, she relinquished every other prospect for the simple effort to do good. That this was her first

and single object no one who reads the account of her commencing authorship can doubt; fame and reputation have to her been unexpected, though we do not say unappreciated accessions.

In reading her writings some may be disposed to condemn the unmingled bitterness with which she always speaks of the Catholic system. It is however pleasant to observe that this bitterness is directed against the *system* and not against those who profess it, a distinction not always made by those who are zealously opposing error. It is to be considered also, in allowance for the severity with which she always mentions popery, that she has seen the system carried to its full and appropriate results in Ireland, in a manner in which an American can scarcely form a conception. One who has seen a generous, warm hearted and naturally noble people, degraded to the very deepest point of rude and brutal ferocity, by the almost sole instrumentality of a religious system, may from the mere impulse of generous and kindly feeling use language which may to some ears sound harsh and intolerant.

There has appeared to be in the community an extreme and fastidious delicacy with regard to the Roman Catholic religion, which in its great fear of bigotry and intolerance has scarcely allowed the common liberty of speech on the subject. After all, time has shown that all this circumspection is extremely unnecessary since the system has developed a most abundant ability and disposition to take care of itself, and to help itself most freely not only to its own share of republican privileges, but in some cases to engross those of its neighbours. Though it came among us first as a guest, polite in manner, and grateful for attention, yet late events have shown that it is now inclined to enact the part of master of the house, and to shut the door in the face of the former inmates. In times when the great principles of Protestantism are to undergo a second discussion, it is extremely fortunate that a set of works exist so popular in their form, and yet containing in them so much that is adapted to this controversy. It is also consoling in this age of bad and corrupting literature, to find a set of works which the most scrupulous parent may safely leave on the family centre-table, and yet which contains an abundance of interesting matter for the younger members of a family.

This lady's delineations of factory life are just illustrations of what such delineations ought to be. While they are sufficiently graphic and minute to produce a full impression of the horror and vice that she is describing, they are not so minute as to become themselves corrupting. The descriptions given by Dickens are almost the same to all intents and purposes to a young mind as would be actual contact with such scenes and company; but in these the knowledge intended to be conveyed, is conveyed so as to give full point to every deduction and inference without any such disastrous consequence. Truly, some may say that there is no comparisons between the fearfully graphic delineation of Dickens and her fainter and more general sketches,—

true, but our present question is not which evince the most talent, but which are the best adapted to practical purposes. We do not think that *very* minute and graphic accounts of vice and corruption are any more desirable or agreeable to a healthy mind, than very graphic pictures of vipers and rattlesnakes; and they certainly possess a corrupting power which no delineation of physical deformity can produce.

And in conclusion we can do no less than to recommend this compendious edition of this lady's works as one which will form a safe and desirable acquisition in every christian and family library in our country.

H. B. STOWE.

May 22, 1844.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

LETTER I.

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I HAVE given my best consideration to the arguments by which you support the demand for a few notices of events connected with my personal recollections of the past. That which has chiefly influenced me is the consideration, urged on what I know to be just and reasonable grounds—that when it has pleased God to bring any one before the public in the capacity of an author, that person becomes in some sense public property; having abandoned the privacy from which no one ought to be forced, but which any body may relinquish; and courted the observation of the world at large. Such individuals are talked of during life, and after death become the subject, I may say the prey, of that spirit which reigned in Athens of old, and from which no child of Adam is wholly free—the desire to hear and to tell some new thing. No sooner has the person withdrawn from this mortal state, that the pen of biography is prepared to record, and a host of curious expectants are marshalled to receive, some fragment at least of private history. I wish I could dissent from your remark, that even godliness itself is too often sought to be made a gain of in such cases. Writers who are themselves wholly unenlightened by spiritual knowledge, and uninfluenced by spiritual feeling, will take up as a good speculation, what must to them be a mystery, and wrong the subject of their memorial while they injure the cause in which he laboured. Even among those of better understanding in the ways of truth, we do not often meet sound judgment, calm discretion, and refined delicacy, combined with affection for the departed, and zeal for the gospel. Private journals are sought out, confidential letters raked together, and a most unseemly exposure made, alike of the dead and the living.

This I have always seen and lamented: and being aware that my turn would probably come to be thus exhibited, I have abstained from preserving even the slightest memoranda of events, thoughts, or feelings, that could be laid hold on as a private journal: and I have most distinctly intimated to all those friends who possess any letters of mine, that I shall regard it as a gross breach of confidence, a dishonourable, base, and mercenary proceeding on their part, if ever they permit a sentence addressed by me to them to pass into other hands. Indeed, to such an extent have I felt this, that for many years past I have kept some friend under a solemn pledge that, immediately after my death, they will proclaim my having so guarded my correspondence, in order, if possible, to shame the individuals from a course with regard to me which I have never been inveigled into with regard to others. Looking on epistolary communications as a trust not to be betrayed, I have invariably refused to deliver to the biographers of my departed friends any letters of theirs that I might possess:—the first application for them has always been the signal for committing the whole budget to the flames.

This you know; and you say that the very precautions I have used will leave my memory more completely at the mercy of ill-judging or ill-informed survivers, who, in the absence of more authentic informa-

tion, may draw on their own invention, and do me injustice. This is the plea that has prevailed with me now: the uncertainty of mortal life, with the apprehension that if suddenly removed I shall become the heroine of some strange romance, founded probably on the facts of a life by no means deficient in remarkable incidents, but mixed up with a great deal of fiction; and the consciousness that others may be thereby wounded, whom I would not wish to wound —have decided me to act upon your suggestion, and to draw out a little sketch of such matters as can alone concern the public in any way. Into private domestic history no person possessed of a particle of delicacy can wish to intrude. It is melancholy to witness the prying spirit that some are but too ready to cater to, for filthy lucre's sake; and grievous to reflect, that the boasted immunity which makes the cottage of the English peasant, no less than the palace of the English noble, a castle,—which so fences his domestic hearth that no man may set foot within his door without his consent, or proclaim an untruth concerning him without being legally compelled to render compensation, should be withdrawn from his grave. I cannot tell you how I have blushed for the living, and kindled with resentment on behalf of the dead, when contemplating the merciless desecration of what may truly be called the sacredness of home, in some biographical notices.

You may therefore expect to find in these sheets a record of that mental and spiritual discipline by which it has pleased the Lord to prepare me for the very humble, yet not very narrow, sphere of literary usefulness, in which it was his good purpose to bid me move; with whatever of outward things, passing events, and individual personal adventure, as it is called, may be needful to illustrate the progress. Of living contemporaries I shall of course not speak: of the dead no farther than as I would myself be spoken of by them, had I gone first. Public events I shall freely discuss, and hold back nothing that bears on spiritual subjects. Nobody shall ever need to be at the trouble of posthumously searching out and proclaiming my opinions on any topic whatever, apart from personalities. I will not withhold, nor disguise, nor soften them down · and if the charge of egotism be brought, let the accusers lay their hands upon their hearts, and declare that they would not have sanctioned another in performing for me, as a defunct writer, the office which nobody can fulfil half so well, because nobody can do it half so correctly, as myself.

To commence the task, in which I earnestly implore the Father of all mercies, and Teacher of all truth, to guide me, to guard me from misstatement, to preserve me from self-seeking, and to overrule it to the glory of His great name, I must remind you that my birth-place was Norwich; a fine old town, distinguished for its many antiquities, the beauty of its situation on a rising ground, interspersed with a profusion of rich gardens, and studded with churches to the number of thirty-five, including a majestic cathedral. Many years have elapsed since I last beheld it, and perhaps the march of modern improvement has so changed its features, that were I now to dwell upon my recollections of that cherished home, they would not be recognised. But I cannot forget the early impressions produced on my mind by the peculiarities of the place; nor must they be omitted here. The sphere in which it is my dearest privilege to labour is the cause of Protestantism; and sometimes, when God has blessed my poor efforts to the deliverance of some captive out of the chains of Popish delusion, I have recalled the fact of being born just opposite the dark old gateway of that strong building where the glorious martyrs of Mary's day were imprisoned. I have recollected that the house wherein I drew my first breath was visible through the grated window of their prison, and a conspicuous object when its gates unfold to deliver them to unjust judgment and a cruel death. Are any of the prayers of those glorified saints fulfilled in the poor child who was brought into the world on that particular spot, though at the distance of some ages? The query could not be answered, but the thought has frequently cheered me on. The stern-looking gateway, opening on St. Martin's Plain, was probably one of the very first objects traced on the retina of my infant eye, when it ranged beyond the inner walls of the nursery: and often, with tottering step, I passed beneath that arch into the splendid garden of our noble

episcopal palace; and certainly, if my Protestantism may not be traced to that locality, my taste may; for from all the elaborate display of modern architecture, all the profuse luxuriance and endless variety of modern horticulture, I now turn away, to feast in thought on the recollection of that venerable scene. The palace itself is a fine specimen of the chaste old English style; but the most conspicuous, the most unforgetable feature was the cathedral itself, which formed the boundary of one-half of the garden: a mass of sober magnificence, rising in calm repose against the sky, which, to my awe-struck gaze and childish imagination, seemed to rest upon its exquisitely-formed spire. Seated on the grass, busying my fingers with the daisies that were permitted to spring around, I have been lost in such imaginings as I suppose not many little children indulge in, while permitting my eyes to rove over the seemingly interminable mass of old gray stone, and then to fall upon the pleasant flowers around me. I loved silence, for nothing that fell on the ear seemed in accordance with what so charmed the eye: and thus a positive evil found entrance in the midst of much enjoyment. I acquired that habit of dreamy excursiveness into imaginary scenes, and among unreal personages, which is alike inimical to rational pursuits, and opposed to spiritual-mindedness. To a period so early as the middle of my fourth year I can revert with the most perfect, most vivid recollection of my habitual thoughts and feelings; and at that age, I can unhesitatingly declare, my mind was deeply tinctured with a romance not derived from books, nor from conversation, but arising, as I verily believe, out of the singular adaptation to each other of my natural taste and the scenery amidst which it began to develope itself. Our abode was changed to another part of the city before this period arrived; but the bishop's garden was still our haunt, and my supreme delight.

An immense orchard, shrubbery, and flower-garden, were attached to my father's new residence, to which he had removed on account of its proximity to the church of which he was rector. This, too, was an old-fashioned house, mantled with a vine, and straggling out, in irregular buildings, along the slope of the garden. The centre of an immense grass-plat, studded with apple, pear, and plum-trees, was occupied by the most gigantic mulberry I ever beheld, the thick trunk of which resembled that of a knotted oak, while in its forest of dark branches nestled a number of owls and bats. Oh, how I loved to lurk beneath its shadow on a summer evening, and await the twilight gloom, that the large owl might come forth and wheel around the tree, and call out his companions with a melancholy hoot; while the smaller bat, dipping lower in his flight, brushed by me, accustomed to my presence. I had entered betimes upon the pernicious study of nursery tales, as they then were, and without having the smallest actual belief in the existence of fairies, goblins, or any such things, I took unutterable delight in surrounding myself with hosts of them, decked out in colours of my own supplying, gorgeous or terrible beyond the conception of my classic authorities. The faculty of realizing whatever I pictured to myself was astonishingly great; and you must admit that the localities in which I was placed were but too favourable to the formation of a character, which I have no doubt the enemy was secretly constructing within me, to mislead, by wild, unholy fiction, such as should come within the range of its influence. To God be all the glory that I am not now pandering with this pen to the most grovelling or the most impious of man's perverted feelings!

But above all other tastes, all other cravings, one passion reigned supreme, and that acme of enjoyment to me was music. This also was met by indulgence as unlimited as its cravings; for not only did my father possess one of the finest voices in the world, and the very highest degree of scientific knowledge, taste, and skill in the management of it, but our house was seldom without an inmate in the person of his most intimate friend and brother clergyman, a son of the celebrated composer, Mr. Linley, who was as highly gifted in instrumental as my father was in vocal music. The rich tones of his old harpsichord seem at this moment to fill my ear and swell my heart; while my father's deep, clear, mellow voice, breaks in, with some noble recitative or elaborate

air of Handel, Haydn, and the rest of a school that may be superseded, but never, never can be equalled by modern composers. Or the harpsichord was relinquished to another hand, and the breath of our friend came forth through the reed of his hautboy in strains of such overpowering melody, that I have hid my face on my mother's lap to weep the feelings that absolutely wrung my little heart with excess of enjoyment. This was not a snare: or, if it might have been made one, the Lord broke it in time, by taking away my hearing. I would not that it had been otherwise, for while a vain imagination was fostered by the habit I have before adverted to, this taste for music, and its high gratification, most certainly elevated the mind. I do firmly believe that it is a gift from God to man, to be prized, cherished, cultivated. I believe that the man whose bosom yields no response to the concord of sweet sounds, falls short of the standard to which man should aspire as an intellectual being; and though Satan does fearfully pervert this solace of the mind to most vile purposes, still I heartily agree with Martin Luther, that, in the abstract, 'the devil hates music.'

Before I had completed my sixth year, I came under the rod of discipline which was to fall so long and so perseveringly upon me ere I should "hear the rod and who had appointed it." Enthusiastic in every thing, and already passionately fond of reading, I had eagerly accepted the offer of a dear uncle, a young physician, to teach me French. I loved him; for he was gentle and kind, and very fond of me; and it was a great happiness to trip through the long winding street that separated us, to turn down by the old Bridewell, so celebrated as an architectural curiosity, being built of dark flint stones, exquisitely chiselled into the form of bricks, and which even then I could greatly admire, and to take my seat on my young uncle's knee, in the large hall of his house, where stood a very large and deep-toned organ, some sublime strains from which was to reward my diligence, if I repeated accurately the lesson he had appointed. Thus between love for my uncle, delight in his organ, and a natural inclination to acquire learning, I was stimulated to extraordinary efforts, and met the demand on my energies in a very unsafe way. I placed my French book under my pillow every night, and starting from repose at the earliest break of dawn, strained my sleepy eyes over the page, until very suddenly I became totally blind.

This was a grievous blow to my tender parents: the eclipse was so complete that I could not tell whether it was midnight or midnoon, so far as perception of light was concerned, and the case seemed hopeless. It was, however, among the "all things" that God causes to work together for good, while Satan eagerly seeks to use them for evil. It checked my inordinate desire for mere acquirements, which I believe to be a bad tendency, particularly in a female, while it threw me more on my own resources, such as they were, and gave me a keen relish for the highly intellectual conversation that always prevailed in our home. My father delighted in the society of literary men: and he was himself of a turn so argumentative, so overflowing with rich conversation, so decided in his political views, so alive to passing events, so devotedly and so proudly the Englishman, that with such associates as he gathered about him at his own fireside, I don't see how the little blind girl, whose face was ever turned up towards the unseen speaker, and whose mind opened to every passing remark, could avoid becoming a thinker, a reasoner, a tory, and a patriot. Sometimes a tough disputant crossed our threshold; one of these was Dr. Parr, and brilliant were the flashes resulting from such occasional collision with antagonists of that calibre. I am often charged with the offence of being too political in my writings: the fact is, I write as I think and feel; and what else can you expect from a child reared in such a nursery?

But another consequence of this temporary visitation was an increased passion for music. The severe remedies used for my blindness frequently laid me on the sofa for days together, and then my fond father would bring home with him, after the afternoon service of the cathedral, of which he was also a canon, a party of the young choristers. My godfather would seat himself at the harpsichord; the boys, led by my father, perform the vocal parts; and such feasts of sacred music were served up to me, that I have breathed to

my brother in an ecstatic whisper the confession, "I don't want to see; I like music better than seeing."

That brother I have not before named: but that only brother was a second self. Not that he resembled me in any respect, for he was beautiful to a prodigy, and I an ordinary child; he was wholly free from any predilection for learning, being mirthful and volatile in the highest degree; and though he listened when I read to him the mysterious marvels of my favourite nursery books, I doubt whether he ever bestowed an after-thought on any thing therein contained. The brightest, the sweetest, the most sparkling creature that ever lived, he was all joy, all love. I do not remember to have seen him for one moment out of temper or out of spirits for the first sixteen years of his life; and he was to me what the natural sun is to the system. We were never separated; our studies, our plays, our walks, our plans, our hearts were always one. That holy band which the Lord has woven, that inestimable blessing of fraternal love and confidence, was never broken, never loosened between us, from the cradle to his grave; and God forbid that I should say or think that the grave has broken it! If I have not from the outset included that precious brother in my sketch, it was because I should almost as soon have deemed it necessary to include by name my own head or my own heart. He too was musical, and sang sweetly, and I cannot look back on my childhood without confessing that its cup ran over with the profusion of delights that my God poured into it.

About this time, when my sight, after a few months' privation, was fully restored, I first imbibed the strength of Protestantism as deeply as it can be imbibed apart from spiritual understanding. Norwich was infamously conspicuous in persecuting unto death the saints of the Most High, under the sanguinary despotism of Popish Mary; and the spot where they suffered, called the Lollard's Pit, lies just outside the town, over Bishop's bridge, having a circular excavation against the side of Moushold-hill. This, at least to within a year or two ago, was kept distinct, an opening by the road-side. My father often took us to walk in that direction, and pointed out the pit, and told us that there Mary burnt good people alive for refusing to worship wooden images. I was horror-stricken, and asked many questions, to which he did not always reply so fully as I wished; and one day, having to go out while I was inquiring, he said, "I don't think you can read a word of this book, but you may look at the pictures: it is all about the martyrs." So saying, he placed on a chair the old folio of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, in venerable black letter, and left me to examine it.

Hours passed, and still found me bending over, or rather leaning against that magic book. I could not, it is true, decypher the black letter; but I found some examinations in Roman type, and devoured them; while every wood-cut was examined with aching eyes and a palpitating heart. Assuredly I took in more of the spirit of John Foxe, even by that imperfect mode of acquaintance, than many do by reading his book through; and when my father next found me at what became my darling study, I looked up at him with burning cheeks and asked, "Papa, may I be a martyr?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"I mean, papa, may I be burned to death for my religion, as these were? I want to be a martyr."

He smiled, and made me this answer, which I have never forgotten, "Why, Charlotte, if the government ever gives power to the Papists again, as they talk of doing, you may probably live to be a martyr."

I remember the stern pleasure that this reply afforded me; of spiritual knowledge not the least glimmer had ever reached me in any form, yet I knew the Bible most intimately, and loved it with all my heart, as the most sacred, the most beautiful of earthly things. Already had its sublimity caught my admiration; and when listening to the lofty language of Isaiah, as read from his stall in the cathedral by my father in Advent, and the early Sundays of the year, while his magnificent voice sent the prophetic denunciations pealing through those vaulted aisles, I had received into my mind, and I think into my heart, that scorn of idolatry which breathes so thrillingly in his inspired page. This I know, that at six years old the foundation of a truly scriptural protest was laid in my

character; and to this hour it is my prayer that whenever the Lord calls me hence, or whenever the Lord himself comes to earth, he may find his servant not only watching, but working against the diabolical iniquity that filled the Lollard's Pit with the ashes of his saints.

And now upon that all-important topic, the Bible, I would remark, that among the most invaluable blessings of my life, I remember the judicious conduct of my parents in regard to it. We generally find that precious volume made a book of tasks; sometimes even a book of penalties: the consequence of so doing cannot but be evil. With us it was emphatically a reward book. That identical book is now before me, in its rich red cover, elegantly emblazoned with the royal arms; for it is the very Bible that was placed before Queen Charlotte at her coronation in 1761; and which, becoming the perquisite of a Prebendary of Westminster, was by his wife presented to my mother to whom she stood sponser. This royal Bible was highly prized; and it was with special favour that it was opened for us when we had been good, and were deemed worthy of some mark of approval. My father then, whose voice made music of every thing, would read to us the history of Abel, of Noah, Moses, Gideon, or some other of the exquisite narratives of the Old Testament. I do not say that they were made the medium of conveying spiritual instruction; they were unaccompanied by note or comment, written or oral, and merely read as histories, the fact being carefully impressed on our minds that God was the author, and that it would be highly criminal to doubt the truth of any word in that book; but I do assert that such a mode of bringing a child acquainted with the Scriptures is infinitely preferable to setting him tasks to learn out of it, or even of encumbering with human explanations what God has made so very plain, so very attractive. The consequences of this early instruction, imparted as an indulgence, I have reasons daily to rejoice in: it led me to search for myself the inspired pages: it taught me to expect beauties, and excellencies, and high intellectual gratification, where God has indeed caused them to abound. As in the natural world we find the nutritious fruit not lying like pebbles on the ground, but hung on graceful trees and shrubs, heralded by fair and fragrant blossoms, embowered in verdant foliage, and itself beautifully shaped and tinted, so has the Lord arranged that the garden where grows the fruits of the tree of life, should abound in all that is most lovely to man's natural perception; and do we not slight this bounteous care for our mind's enjoyment while he makes provision for our soul's sustenance, when we neglect to point these things out to the notice of our children? The Word was my delight many a year before it became my counsellor; and when at last the veil was withdrawn from my heart, and Jesus stood revealed as the Alpha and Omega of that blessed book, it was not like gradually furnishing a vacant place with valuable goods, but like letting a flood of day into one already most richly stored with all that was precious; though, for lack of light whereby to discern their real nature, the gems had been regarded but as common things. My memory was plentifully stored with what it had been my free choice to study: and when in the progress of this little narrative you learn how mercifully I have been preserved from doctrinal error in its various forms, through that full acquaintance with God's word; you will trace his marvellous workings in thus furnishing my mind, as it were, with an armoury of ready weapons; and will be ready to echo with increased earnestness that emphatic declaration, "The Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants;" and not only to echo, but also to act upon it.

Religion, however, did at this early period of my life, become a very important concern in my eyes: our mother had taken infinite pains to assure us of one great truth—the omniscience of an Omnipresent God—and this I never could for a moment shake off. It influenced us both in a powerful manner, so that if either committed a fault, we never rested until, through mutual exhortation on the ground that God certainly knew it, and would be angry if we added deceit to another error, we had encouraged each other to confession. We then went, hand in hand, to our mother, and the one who stood clear of the offence acknowledged it in the name of the transgressor, while both asked pardon. Never

did children more abhor a lie; we spurned at its meanness, while trembling at its guilt; and nothing bound us more closely and exclusively together than the discoveries we were always making of a laxity among other children in this respect. On such occasions we would shrink into a corner by ourselves, and whisper, "Do they think God does not hear that?" Self-righteousness, no doubt, existed in a high degree: we were baby Pharisees, rejoicing in the external cleanliness of cup and platter; but I look back with great thankfulness on the mercy that so far instructed us; an habitual regard to truth has carried me safely through many a trial, and, as a means, guarded me from many a snare. It cannot be too early or too strongly inculcated; nor should any effort be considered too great, any difficulty as too discouraging, any reprobation as too strong, or, I will add, any punishment too severe, when the object in view is to overcome this infamous vice in a child. Once I remember having been led into a lie, at the instigation, and through the contrivance of a servant girl, for whose benefit it was told. Suspicion instantly arose, from my dreadful embarrassment of manner; a strict investigation commenced; the girl told me to face it out, for that nobody else knew of it, and she would not flinch. But my terrors of conscience were insupportable; I could ill bear my father's steady eye fixed on mine, still less the anxious, wondering, incredulous expression of my brother's innocent face, who could not for a moment fancy me guilty. I confessed at once; and with a heavy sigh my father sent to borrow from a neighbour an instrument of chastisement never before needed in his own house. He took me to another room, and said, "Child, it will pain me more to punish you thus, than any blows I can inflict will pain you; but I must do it; you have told a lie; a dreadful sin, and a base, mean, cowardly action. If I let you grow up a liar you will reproach me for it one day; if I now spared the rod I should hate the child." I took the punishment in a most extraordinary spirit; I wished every stroke had been a stab; I wept because the pain was not great enough; and I loved my father at that moment better than even I, who almost idolized him, had ever loved him before. I thanked him, and I thank him still; for I never transgressed in that way again. The servant was called, received her wages, and a most awful lecture, and was discharged the same hour. Yet, of all these things what sank deepest into my very soul were the sobs and cries of my fond little brother, and the lamentable tones of his soft voice, pleading through the closed door, "Oh, Papa, don't whip Charlotte! Oh, forgive poor Charlotte!"

It is sweet to know that we have a Brother indeed who always pleads, and never pleads in vain for the offending child; a Father whose chastisements are not withheld, but administered in tender love; judgment being his strange work, and mercy that wherein he delights, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness the end of his corrections. The event to which I have referred may appear too trivial a thing to record; but it is by neglecting trivial things that we ruin ourselves and our children. The usual mode of training these immortal beings, the plan of leaving them to servants and to themselves, the blind indulgence that passes by, with a slight reprimand only, a wilful offence, and the mischievous misapplication of doctrine, that induces some to let nature do her worst, because nothing but grace can effectually suppress her evil workings; all these are faulty in the extreme, and no less presumptuous than foolish: this has produced that "spirit of the age" which, operating in a "pressure from without" is daily forcing us farther from the good old paths in which we ought to walk, and in which our forefathers did walk, when they gave better heed than we do to the inspired word which tells us, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

Affectionately yours,

C. E.

LETTER II.

YOUTH.—Poetical Taste—Books—A Change—Rural Life—Stays—Tight Lacing—Ruinous Custom—The Country—England—A Reformer—The Catechism—A Delinquent—A Tract.

I HAVE long been persuaded that there is no such thing as an honest private jour-

nal, even where the entries are punctually made under present impressions. There is so much of positive, active evil always at work in the mind, that to give a fair transcript of idle unprofitable thoughts and corrupt imaginings is out of the question: evil is dealt with in generals, good in particulars, and the balance cannot be fairly struck. Those confessions of indwelling sin that remorse will wring from us, and which, perhaps, are penned at the moment in perfect sincerity, being unaccompanied with the specifications that would invest them in their naturally hideous colours, beneath the searching light of God's holy and spiritual law, wear the lovely garb of unfeigned humility. The reader, coming to self-condemnatory clauses, is struck with admiration at the saintly writer's marvellous self-abasement, only lamenting that he should, in the excess of his lowly-mindedness, have written such bitter things against himself, at a time when he was grieving, resisting, almost quenching the Holy Spirit within, by obstinate transgression.

And if the present, how much more is the past, liable to be glossed over! To be faithful here is next to impossible, for Satan helps us to deceive ourselves, and instructs us to carry out the deception to others. This consideration might well cause the pen of auto-biography to drop from a Christian's hand, did not an earnest desire to glorify God in his merciful dealings, together with the consciousness that to no other could the task be safely delegated, act as a counterprise to the discouragement. I do desire to magnify the exceeding riches of God's grace to me, if I may do so without increasing the charge of arrogant assumption. I know that among the diversity of gifts which he bestowed on his creatures, he granted me a portion of mental energy, a quickness of perception, a liveliness of imagination, an aptitude for expressing the thoughts that were perpetually revolving in my mind, such as to fit me for literary occupation. I know that Satan, to whom such instruments are exceedingly valuable, marked me as one who would, if properly trained to it, do his work effectually within his his own sphere; and I am not more sure of my present existence than I am of the fact that he strove to secure me for that purpose from the first expanding of those faculties which evidently lie exposed to his observation, and open to his attacks, or as far as God permits him to work. Can I feel all this, and not bless the Lord who so far baffled these designs, and deigned to appoint my field of labour within the sacred confines of his own vineyard?

The visitation of which I have spoken had a powerful influence on my after-life: it rendered the preservation of my newly-restored sight an object of paramount importance, to which the regular routine of education must needs be sacrified. A boarding school had never been thought of for me; my parents loved their children too well to meditate their expulsion from the paternal roof; and the children so well loved their parents and each other that such a separation would have been insupportable to them. Masters we had in the necessary branches of education, and we studied together so far as I was permitted to study; but before it was deemed safe to exercise my eyes with writing apparatus, I had stealthily possessed myself of a patent copy-book, by means of which, tracing the characters as they shone through the paper, I was able to write with tolerable freedom before any one knew that I could join two letters; and I well remember my father's surprise, not unmixed with annoyance, when he accidentally took up a letter which I had been writing to a distant relation, giving a circumstantial account of some domestic calamity which had no existence but in my brain; related with so much pathos too, that my tears had fallen over the slate whereon this my first literary attempt was very neatly traced. He could not forbear laughing; but ended with a grave shake of the head, and a remark to the effect that I was making more haste than good speed.

At this time, seven years of age, I became entangled in a net of dangerous fascination. One evening my brother was taken to the theatre, while I, on account of a cold, had to stay at home. To compensate for this, I was permitted to read the play to him; and that play was "The Merchant of Venice." I will not dwell upon the effect: I had already become fond of such theatrical spectacles as were considered suitable for children—panto-

mine and broad farce—and like a child I gazed upon the glitter, and enjoyed the bustle; but now, seated in a corner, all quiet about me, and nothing to interfere with the mental world, I drank a cup of intoxication under which my brain reeled for many a year. The character of Shylock burst upon me, even as Shakspeare had conceived it. I revelled in the terrible excitement that it gave rise to; page after page was stereotyped upon a most retentive memory, without an effort, and during a sleepless night I feasted on the pernicious sweets thus hoarded in my brain.

Pernicious indeed they were, for from that hour my diligence in study, my docility of conduct, every thing that is usually regarded as praiseworthy in a child sprung from a new motive. I wanted to earn a reward, and that was no longer a sweet story from the Bible, but permission to carry into my retreat a volume of Shakspeare. A taste so unusual at my age was hailed with applause; visiters questioned me on the different plays, to ascertain my intimate acquaintance with the characters; but no one, not even my father, could persuade me to recite a line, or to listen when another attempted it, or to witness the representation of any play of Shakspeare. This I mention to prove what a powerful hold the enemy of all godliness must have expected to take on a spirit so attuned to romance. Reality became insipid, almost hateful to me; conversation, except that of the literary men, to whom I have alluded, a burden: I imbibed a thorough contempt for women, children, and household affairs, entrenching myself behind invisible barriers that few, very few, could pass. Oh, how many wasted hours, how much of unprofitable labour, what wrong to my fellow-creatures, what robbery of God, must I refer to this ensnaring book! My mind became unnerved, my judgment perverted, my estimate of people and things wholly falsified, and my soul wrapped in the vain solace of unsubstantial enjoyments during years of after sorrow, when but for this I might have early sought the consolations of the gospel. Parents know not what they do, when from vanity, thoughtlessness, or over-indulgence, they foster in a young girl what is called a poetical taste. Those things highly esteemed among men, are held in abomination with God; they thrust Him from his creatures' thoughts, and enshrine a host of polluting idols in his place.

My father, I am sure, wished to check the evil which, as a sensible man, he could not but foresee; my state of health, however, won a larger portion of indulgence than was good for me. The doctors, into whose hands I had fallen, were of the school now happily very much exploded; they had one panacea for almost every ill, and that was the perilous drug, mercury. With it they rather fed than physiced me; and its deletrious effects on the nervous system were doubly injurious to me, as increasing ten fold the excitability that required every curb. Among all the marvels of my life the greatest is that of my having grown up to be one of the healthiest of human beings, and with an inexhaustible flow of even mirthful spirits, for certainly I was long kept hovering on the verge of the grave by the barbarous excess to which medical experiments were carried; and I never entertained a doubt that the total loss of my hearing, before I was ten years old, was owing to a paralysis induced by such severe treatment. God, however, had his own purposes to work out, which neither Satan nor man could hinder. He overruled all for the furtherance of his own gracious designs.

Shut out by this last dispensation from my two delightful resources, music and conversation, I took refuge in books with tenfold avidity. By this time I had added the British poets generally to my original stock, together with such reading as is usually prescribed for young ladies; and I underwent the infliction of reading aloud to my mother the seven mortal volumes of Sir Charles Grandison. It was in the fulfilment of this awful task that I acquired a habit particularly mischievous and ensnaring, that of reading mechanically with a total abstraction of mind from what I was about. This became the easier to me from the absence of all external sound; and its consequences are exceedingly distressing to this day, as experienced in a long indulged, and afterwards most bitterly lamented wandering of the mind in prayer and in reading the scriptures. In fact, through the prevalence of this habit, my devotions, always very punctually performed, became such an utter lip-service

as frequently to startle and terrify my conscience when I found myself saying prayers and thinking idle songs or scraps of plays; but I regarded such transient pangs of remorse as a satisfaction for the sin, and never dreamed of resisting the general habit.

Thus far, I had led a town life, residing in the heart of a populous city, enjoying indeed that noble garden, and but daily more and more absorbed in books of fancy. Happily my health became so affected that a removal into the country was judged necessary, and I forgave the doctors all their past persecution of me in consideration of their parting injunctions; which were, that I was to have unbounded liberty; to live entirely in the open air, save when the weather forbade; to be amused with all rural occupations; and especially to frequent farm yards, for the purpose of inhaling the breath of cows. My father exchanged parochial duty with a friend, taking his village congregation, and engaging a house very near the church.

That tall white house,—what a place it holds in my fond recollection! It was perfectly an old parsonage, and behind it lay a garden larger than our city orchard, sloping gently down, with a profusion of fruit and flowers, bounded by high walls, and the central walk terminating in a door, beyond which lay the scene of our greatest enjoyment. A narrow slip of grass, fringed with osiers, and alders, and willows, alone separated the wall from a very clear, lovely stream, which, winding half round an extensive common, turned a mill. This small river abounded with fish, and we soon became expert anglers, besides which, on creeping to some distance by a path of our own discovery, we could cross the stream on a moveable plank, and take a wide range through the country. This removal was a double resource; it invigorated my bodily frame, until I outgrew and out-bloomed every girl of my age in the neighbourhood, while really laying a foundation for many years of uninterrupted health, and a constitution to defy the change of climate for which I was destined; while it won me from the sickening, enervating habit of sedentary enjoyment over the pages of a book, which, added to the necessary studies and occupations, was relaxing alike the tone of the bodily and mental frame. From the polluted works of man I was drawn to the glorious works of God; and never did bird of the air or beast of the field more luxuriate in the pure bright elements of nature than I did. All the poetical visions of liberty that had floated in my brain seemed now realized; all pastoral descriptions faded before the actual enjoyment of rural life. Sometimes wreathing garlands of wild flowers, reclined on a sunny bank, while a flock of sheep strolled around, and the bold little lambs came to peep in our faces, and then gallop away in pretended alarm; sometimes tearing our clothes to tatters in an ardent hunt for the sweet filberts that hung high above our heads on trees well fortified behind breastworks of bramble and thorn; sometimes cultivating the friendship while we quaffed the milk of the good-natured cows under the dairymaid's operation, whose breath I was instructed to inhale; all was freedom, mirth, and peace. Often would my father take his noble pointers preparatory to the shooting season, at once to try their powers and to ascertain what promise of future sport the fields presented. These were destructive expeditions in one sense. I remember the following dialogue, repeated to me by my brother, when we made our appearance at home after a day's demolition of wearing apparel.

"Mr. B. this will never do; that girl cannot wear a frock twice without soiling it; nor keep it whole for a week: the expense will ruin us."

"Well, my dear, if I am to be ruined by expense, let it come in the shape of the washerwoman's and linen-draper's bills: not in those of the apothecary and undertaker."

My dear father was right; and it would be a happy thing for girls in general if somewhat of appearance, and of acquirement too, was sacrificed to what God has so liberally provided, and to the enjoyment of which a blessing is undoubtedly annexed. Where, among females, do we find the stamina of constitution and the elasticity of spirit which exist in those of our rural population who follow out-door employment? It positively pains me to see a party of girls, a bonneted and tippeted double-file of humanity,

'That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along'

under the keen surveillance of a governess, whose nerves would never be able to endure the shock of seeing them bound over a stream or scramble through a fence, or even toss their heads and throw out their limbs as all young animals, except that oppressed class called young ladies, are privileged to. Having ventured, in a fit of my country daring, to break the ice of this very rigid and frigid subject, I will recount another instance of the paternal good sense to which I owe, under God, the physical powers without which my little talent might have laid by in a napkin all my days.

One morning, when his daughter was about eight years old, my father came in, and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buckram, whalebone, and other stiff articles: while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

"Pray what are you going to do to the child?"

"Going to fit her with a pair of stays."

"For what purpose?"

"To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up properly without them."

"I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies."

"Oh, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already; depend on it this girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays."

"My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be one of His making, not our's."

All remonstrance was vain; stays and every species of tight dress were strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also carefully watched against any evasion of the rule; a ribband drawn tightly round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand; while the little girl of the anxious friend whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages of that system from which I was preserved. She grew up a wand-like figure, graceful and interesting, and died of decline at nineteen, while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour-glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms, of God's moulding; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches, and other lady-like maladies, that appear the almost exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

This is no trivial matter, believe me; it has frequently been the subject of conversation with professional men of high attainment, and I never met with one among them who did not, on hearing that I never but once, and then only for a few hours, submitted to the restraint of these unnatural machines, refer to that exemption, as a means, the free respiration, circulation, and powers both of exertion and endurance with which the Lord has most mercifully gifted me. There can be no doubt that the hand which first encloses the waist of a girl in these cruel contrivances, supplying her with a fictitious support, where the hand of God has placed bones and muscles that ought to be brought into vigorous action, that hand lays the foundation of bitter sufferings; at the price of which, and probably of a premature death, the advantage must be purchased of rendering her figure as unlike as possible to all the models of female beauty, universally admitted to be such, because they are chisled after nature itself. I have seen pictures, and I have read harrowing descriptions, of the murderous consequences of thus flying in the face of the Creator's skill, and presuming to amend—to improve—his perfect work; but my own experience is worth a thousand treatises and ten thousand illustrations, in bringing conviction to my mind. Once, when introduced, as it is called, to the public, through the medium of a ball-room, I did join in persuading my father to allow of a fashionable lacing-up, though by no means a tight one. I felt much as, I suppose, a frolicksome young colt feels when first subjected to the goading apparatus that fetters his wild freedom. I danced, but it was with a heavy heart and labouring breath; I talked, under the influence of a stupifying headache, and on my return home flew to my apartment and cut the goodly fabric in pieces; nor was I ever afterwards tempted so to tempt my all-wise Maker by saying to the frame that he had fashioned and supplied with means of healthful growth, "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther."

Compressure of the feet was with equal

strictness forbidden by my judicious father. This vain custom is perhaps not so fatal as the other, but it produces many evils. Coldness of the extremities may certainly exist where nothing of the kind has been practised; but while rejoicing that I, experimentally, know nothing of it, I cannot help recollecting that the bounding pulse which plays so joyously through my veins was never impeded in any part; and feeling this, I would no more expose a girl to one infliction than I would to the other. Do Christian mothers take a sufficiently serious and prayerful view of this subject, as regards their children? Do they weigh, in a balance of God's providing, this necessary provision of clothing, to separate not only what is unseemly for the woman professing godly simplicity, but what is enervating to those physical powers which she is bound to promote to the Lord, and the weakening of which is actual robbery of him? I fear we females are more ready to ask counsel one of another in this matter than of the Lord; or even of our husbands, who, in nine cases out of ten no doubt, would decide against the foolish and pernicious custom. At least, in all my arguments with my own sex, I have found the men invariably siding with me upon this topic.

You will be tired of these digressions, my dear friend, but I set out by forewarning you that my opinions would be freely stated: and while touching on a period of mortal life, where the body no less than the mind usually takes its direction for the rest of our pilgrimage, I cannot pass by anything that appears to me of real importance to either. We will now return to what poets have sung and citizens sighed for, time out of mind—the delights of rural life.

All cramping is decidedly bad: wholesome restraints there are, which parents are bound to lay upon their children, and the latter to submit to; and among other things I am sure a defined method, and regular habits, in education, work, and play, together with a most strict attention to scrupulous punctuality, are not only valuable, but indispensable to a right government of the mind and conduct in after life. I have daily cause to lament the unavoidable neglect of such a system in my own case, during three important years; but unavoidable it was, unless my life had been sacrificed to the maintenance of such order. Accordingly, mine was the life of a butterfly; and whatever of the busy bee has since appeared in my proceedings must be ascribed to divine grace alone. I often recall those days of summer sunshine to which I have alluded; and the scarcely less joyous winter season, when, ploughing the light snow, we raced with our inseparable companion, the favourite pointer, or built up a brittle giant for the glory of demolishing him with balls of his own substance, or directed the soft missiles against each other. Accompanied by our father, but never alone, we made excursions upon our frozen stream; and very sweet it was to the fond hearts of my tender parents to watch the mantling glow of health, the elastic vigour of increasing stature, and the unbounded play of most exuberant spirits in the poor child whom they had expected to enclose in an early grave. How often, seated on the low wide brick-work corner of the immense fireplace in a neighbouring farm-house, have I been smoked among hams and tongues, while watching the progress of baking a homely cake upon those glowing wood-embers, or keeping guard over a treasury of apples, nuts, and elderberry wine, all streaming together in the lusciousness of a promised feast? Patriotism is with me no inert principle; it verily lives and acts, and pervades my whole spirit; and I believe its energetic character, except as God deigns to work by his especial influence, is traceable to that early acquaintance with what is most purely English among us—the homes and the habits of our own bold yeomanry. Cities may resemble one another, and the aping propensities of their inhabitants produce among them a rapid approximation of appearance and manners; but where shall we look for the counterpart of a rural English HOME? The thing is as untransferrable as the world is untranslateable. The antique village church, with its broad square tower, or low spire, its stone porch and oak seats, its narrow casements, and the many vestiges of those abominations which the besom of the blessed Reformation swept from our services, though it could not, without demolishing the building, efface their relics from its walls:—the churchyard surround-

ing its base, with undulating hillocks of mortality clad in long, rich grass, where lie, half hidden, the old gray monumental stones that can no longer tell the tale of by-gone generations; the more modern sculpture, and the homely grave-rail standing sentry over the last resting-place of the poor, while some venerable tree overshadows the ground, where it has probably stood since the first stone of that modest temple was laid by our forefathers—all these are so endearingly English. The broad, rich fields, the hedgerow boundaries, and stately lines of vigorous trees, guarding their native soil; and above all, the manly bearing of a bold, an independent, and a peaceful peasantry, the humblest of whom knows that his cottage is a chartered sanctuary, protected alike from the aggressions of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny,—these, too, are English, sacredly English; and they leave upon the heart that has once expanded among them an impress never to be effaced. Among national reformers, what a noble position would he occupy who should prevail upon our monied countrymen to exchange their habits of periodical vagrancy into Popish lands, for a sojourn in the moral districts of their own Protestant England, in the confidence that the climate which agreed with their fathers from generation to generation—as the dates and ages decypherable on our monuments will testify—would not annihilate them; and that the sphere in which God had seen good to place them was that wherein he purposed them to move, to exert their influence, and to occupy for his glory, with the talents committed to their charge.

I have told you how books of imagination had supplanted the Bible in my esteem; those books now, in a measure, yielded to the irresistible attraction of outdoor amusement; but my mind was so abundantly stored with the glittering tinsel of unsanctified genius, as it shone forth in the pages of my beloved poets, that no room was left for a craving after better studies. Yet the turn of my mind was devotional in the extreme; so much so, that had the Lord permitted me at that time to come in contact with the wily fascinations of Popery, I am sure I should have fallen, for a season at least, into the snare. God was really in all my thoughts; not as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—not as a being of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—not as He whom I was required to glorify in my body and in my spirit, being bought with a price, to be no longer my own but his;—no, my religion was a very attractive sort of Deism, which recognised the Creator of all those things wherein I delighted, and thought to render him great honour by such recognition. Thomson's 'Hymn on the Seasons' was my body of divinity; and Pope's atrocious 'Universal Prayer' would have become my manual of devotion, had not my father denounced it as a most blasphemous outrage upon revelation, and charged me never to repeat what he deeply regretted that I had committed to memory. I hated profanity, and would not have omitted the private repetition of a form of prayer, morning or evening, on any account, nor absented myself from public worship. A slighting expression applied to the Bible would kindle me into glowing resentment, expressed with no less sincerity than earnestness, and as a matter of duty I devoted some time every Sabbath-day to the perusal of God's word, with which I had become more extensively acquainted by reading it during sermon-time at church. I well know that even then, and at a much earlier period too, conviction of my own sinfulness was working very deeply, though not permanently, in my mind: it was not an abiding impression, but a thing of fits and starts, overwhelming me while it lasted, but soon shaken off by diverting my thoughts to something else. These convictions were unquestionably the result of my occasional readings in God's book: they always occurred during, or immediately after, such perusal; or when some passage was suddenly brought to my recollection. I am writing plain facts, without any regard to this or that system; and I must frankly confess that, accustomed as I always was to analyse the meaning of every thing I studied, a passage in the catechism which we punctually repeated every Sunday, proved a great snare to me. I, of course, felt bound to receive it all as unquestionably correct in doctrine; and at the same time I took it according to the plain, literal signification of the words. In this frame of mind, I recited weekly the declaration, "I believe in

God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me, and all the Elect people of God." Now I knew what sanctification meant; I knew that the Elect people of God were those who should be saved; I knew that to say "He sanctificth me," was the same as to say "I *am* sanctified by him;" and I knew that according to the obvious sense of the passage, I was numbering myself with that elect people. Many an alarming inquiry, which if followed up by a prayerful appeal to the Bible might have led me then to Jesus, was effectually stifled by this misconception. I know that the clause can be explained so as to do away with this wrong inference; but I cannot help lamenting that expressions put into the mouths of children as a confession of faith, should be left liable to any such misconstruction. My attachment to the Established Church of England is warm and sincere: it has, as the sequel will show, withstood many assaults, and increased in proportion as it was assailed; but its formularies, however excellent, are the work of fallible man, therefore imperfect and open to improvement; and this little word 'me' in the clause alluded to, is a most mischievous misleader.

Not wishing to return to the subject, I will close this letter by the relation of an incident, which coupled with the recollections of my own youthful cogitations, deepened painfully the impression I have here admitted. When engaged, a few years since, in giving Sabbath instruction at my own house to a number of young people, I was particularly distressed by a report that one fine boy, about twelve years of age, had been led into habits of intoxication. It soon after happened that on a Saturday night I gave a little feast, a tea-party, to the boys, and on their assembling I discovered to my great horror that the lad in question was not sober. I took him aside, spoke shortly to him, and sent him home under the care of an older, and steady boy. The circumstance affected me greatly: I resolved to mark in the most emphatic manner, my reprobation of the sin, and to address him on the following evening, in presence of his companions, as one who by such a line of conduct placed himself without the pale of our little society; hoping that by a temporary public exclusion and much private admonition and persuasion, he might be brought to struggle against the vile propensity.

On that Sunday morning a sermon was preached for the benefit of the National School to which this boy belonged; and as usual some of the children were selected to repeat the catechism in church. It was the Military Chapel at Sandhurst, filled in every part by its imposing array; and the little catechumens were placed near the communion table, each speaker having to advance a step or two into open view, standing singly conspicuous. Judge of my feelings, when, wearing an aspect of the utmost confidence, but still flushed and debilitated through his last night's debauch, my unhappy little drunkard stepped forth, and with great distinctness and self-complacency repeated those words: "I learn to believe . . . . thirdly in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth ME, and all the Elect people of God."

I fairly burst into tears. I will add no comment, but simply leave on record my fervent hope that God may put it into the hearts of those who have the power so to do, to revise what in the main is so truly excellent and spiritual, and by a few verbal corrections to do away with whatever may cast a stumbling-block before the lambs of our fold.

LETTER III.

EARLY DAYS.—Political Perils—Public Fasts—National Confession—A Regiment—Bonaparte—The Test Act—National Pride—Budding of the Church—True Conservatism—George the Third—A New Bishop—Idling—Convictions—Anticipated Evil—Mischievous Errors—Unreal Estimates—False Views—A Parting—Fraternal Love—Bad Management.

CONNECTED with this period of my early life are recollections that I would not lose. They are vivid, because, as I have said, I was a thinking child, and having been accustomed to listen with eagerness to the conversation of my seniors, I had insensibly imbibed their feelings. The recent horrors of the French revolution, and the kindred spirit that had burst out with sanguinary violence in Ireland, while the social flame of England herself was deeply shaken by the roll of those waves that

were not permitted to burst over her favoured soil, of course formed a very prominent topic of conversation. Indeed, every mind was more or less engrossed by it; and my father, an enthusiastic loyalist, devoted to the constitution in Church and State, had offered more than verbal resistance to the enemy; for, as I have often heard told, when some apostles of revolution visited our city, and sought to stir up the lower classes to outrages for which they had long been secretly ripening, my father, whose bodily strength was as formidable as his mind was energetic and his appearance commanding, had placed himself in the fore-front of a party of gentlemen who stormed the quarters taken up by these movers of sedition, interrupted their dangerous proceedings, overpowered all resistance, and drove the intruders out of the town. He was not fond of hearing his own praises sounded on this subject, for he felt that nothing short of an extreme case could justify a clergyman in thus coming forward: but the case really was an extreme one. Antichrist bestrode our city, firmly planting there his two cloven hoofs of Popery and Socinianism. Many of our leading men belonged to these two systems, the former, the Jerninghams, Petres, &c., making up in wealth and private influence for what our then Protestant constitution withheld of political power, and the latter mingling its bad leaven in every part of the mass, sending to parliament one of the most active of its communion, to represent the ancient city. Of course, we had within us the elements both of a French revolution and an Irish rebellion; and with an immense manufacturing population, often distressed, and notoriously disaffected, much solicitude prevailed among those who in either case would become the first victims of a popular explosion. The clergy were peculiarly marked for destruction, looked upon on one side as a body of place-holders, who wrung from the people ample payment for services which the latter valued at nothing; and by the other party as heretical leaders, whose teaching, as the Douay Bible courteously remarks, is to be regarded as the howling of wolves, and themselves treated accordingly. Both parties beheld in the Church of England the most insurmountable barrier to their designs upon the civil and religious institutions of the country; and they were perfectly right, for so it unquestionably is; and long may it so remain!

Born into this exciting period, and hearing from my earliest infancy such matters canvassed, not as theories, but as realities threatening our very existence, I became deeply engaged in them at five or six years old, an age when few children dream of public affairs: and well do I remember the sagacious shake of the head with which the present Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Monk, then domiciled under my father's roof preparatory to entering college, remarked, on detecting me poring over a newspaper as big as myself, "Missy will one day be a great politician." He was so far right, that Missy has since encountered many rebukes for indulging a taste not considered lady-like, and for striving to rouse the mothers of her native land into an appreciation of their high privilege of forming the minds of future Englishmen; and the importance of training them up, even from the nursery, in the sound principles of our matchless constitution. And does Missy repent? Far, far from it; she has lived to send one manly youth of her own nursing, though not her own offspring, to swell the phalanx of Protesters; nay, of political Protesters, in a place where the war of principles is waged with stern determination: she is yet preparing another; and if instead of two, two hundred English boys had been committed to her guidance, she would, the Lord being her helper, have formed them into a body of fellow-soldiers with those who now contend on the broken, but still precious ramparts of our Protestant constitution.

The era to which I would now revert was that of Napoleon's menaced invasion. Oh, what a spirit did it rouse among us! I could not then fully appreciate what now I remember with delight, the alacrity of our labouring classes in enrolling themselves, and forming local regiments of voluntary soldiers, officered by the very men against whom their enmity had lately blazed forth, and with most cheerful subordination obeying them. It was a lovely sight, even lovelier to me in the retrospection than it was at the time, to behold England rushing to arms in defence of her own sacred homes, and rushing, not with

the madness of man's rage or in the pride of man's strength, but with reiterated appeals to Him who alone giveth victory to kings and peace to their people. How deep, how solemn was the stillness of that oft-recurring season of which we had been forewarned by a square pamphlet being laid on my father's breakfast-table some days previous, entitled "A Form of Prayer, with fasting, to ALMIGHTY GOD," for such a day. On the evening preceding, my father would look out in the dear red Bible the appointed Psalms and lessons, that we might all be the better prepared to turn to them; and then read to my mother his sermon for the morrow. We always woke with a serious impression on our minds, and came to a mutual agreement to put away all the toys, and be content with our salt fish and egg-sauce. Then my father was robed in his silk cassock and flowing gown, and a splendid figure he was, with his noble, glowing countenance and stately gait, slowly proceeding towards his parish church, my mother on his arm, and we following with the best imitation we could accomplish of his measured, almost military step. In every street was seen a long line of silent church-goers, repairing to their several places of worship; and many habited themselves in black on those days, to add effect to their humiliation. I do not say that these were spiritual worshippers: I cannot say that the doctrine preached, at that time, from the pulpits of our churches was the Gospel of Jesus Christ: but this I know, that while menacing France gloried in casting off all worship of, all belief in the God of heaven—menaced England openly acknowledged her sole dependence to be on His Almighty protection. France was baffled—England is preserved to this day. "Lo, thus shall the people be blessed who feareth the Lord." "They that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

Such scenes as I have described are among the reminiscences of my very earliest childhood; but now, at the period of our country sojourn, a new feature was added to them. Military uniforms distinguished at least two-thirds of the male congregation, and martial music accompanied the psalmody of the churches. Our abode, though perfectly rural and secluded, was only four miles from the town, and a very short drive brought us thither: but in a little while we removed to within less than one mile, and resumed our attendance at my father's own church. Thus we were in the midst of the excitement, and by no means idle spectators; for my brother, in whose character the soldier had reigned predominant from babyhood, assembled all the little boys of the neighbourhood, addressed them in a patriotic speech, and brought them to the unanimous resolution of arming in defence of their country. Those whose finances extended so far, brought real wooden guns and swords; others, impoverished by the allurements of an old dame who vended lollipops, were obliged to content themselves with such weapons as they could shape out of the hedge; a sixpenny drum and a twopenny fife completed the military equipment, while on me devolved the distinguished honour of tacking sundry pieces of silk to an old broomstick and presenting these colours to the corps, with an oration breathing such loyalty and devotion to the good cause of liberty and Old England, as wrought to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the regiment, whose colonel was ten years old, and very few of the officers or men much younger.

And this was not burlesque—it was not childish play, but downright earnest. The danger was imminent, we knew it, we felt it; and many a time did we withdraw to the shelter of the old hay-stack, where we had hollowed out a little alcove, and hold converse, with breathless anxiety, on the probable future. Sometimes our courage failed, and we explored the grounds in search of secure hiding-places; but the result of these deliberations was always a determination to stand by our mother to the last, and to try if we could not, by some means, ourselves kill Bonaparte. It is singular how this man seemed to embody in himself all that was terrifying in the idea of invasion; we never doubted the fact of his personally attacking our house; and I believe that among the lower classes at least he was unconsciously invested with the attribute of ubiquity. God made him a scourge, and rendered his name very terrible among men. None who were not then in being, and capable of reflection, can possibly conceive how formidable he was; and although spoken

of with ineffable scorn, caricatured with most ludicrous effect, and set at defiance in every variety of ballad and doggrel rhyme; though each Englishman secretly or openly cherished the hope of slaying him, and not a few English women meditated giving him Jael's welcome, still the name of Bonaparte carried with it a spell that convinces me he was specially commissioned to execute God's wrath, and "smite the nations with a perpetual stroke" as the executioner of his vengeance. England, I am persuaded, feared him not: she was not included in his mission, for she was still Protestant to the heart's core, under a nobly protesting King; and it is manifest that he had no power beyond the range of papal domination. Egypt repulsed him; England held him at bay from her shores; and by making the cause her own, drove his armies out of the Peninsula; Russia swallowed up his mighty host; and, finally, England again broke the last arm of his power, captured and entombed him on one of her distant possessions. The emotion inspired by his name was mingled with scorn and proud defiance; but it was an emotion never to be forgotten by those who experienced it.

Political feeling still ran very high, though the open adoption of French principles was greatly checked by the tone of national defiance universally breathed against France. Advantage, however, was taken of the inroads already made, and the spread of false liberalism through the land, to urge the repeal of those laws by which our wiser forefathers fenced round the blessings that they desired to preserve to their posterity By small beginnings the work was taken in hand; and two measures were pressed on the attention of the legislature, of which one was the removal of the established test on admitting any Protestant to a corporate or other office of civil trust; the other was to unbar the door so firmly barricaded against the re-entrance of popery. To the latter proposition George the Third had opposed the insurmountable barrier of his coronation oath; and with a constancy of purpose, a steadfastness of faith that divine grace alone could supply, he had permitted himself to be forsaken at the most trying juncture by the only ministers on whom he could repose any confidence, rather than yield an iota on this point; nor can we doubt, seeing by what influence he was upheld, that he would have made good his declaration of willingness to relinquish the crown, and even to lay his head on the block, rather than commit this act of perjury before God, and irreparable ruin to his people. The Lord added to his lengthened days yet more and more, because in his time the evil was not to come upon us; but it worked its way with sure progression, through the unhappy effect of revolutionizing principles, opposed no less to the honour of God than to the well-being of man. The other measure had many warm advocates among the truly loyal and constitutional party; but a point of conscience was involved, very trying to a pious mind. You know, the test was a participation in the Lord's supper on the part of the person entering upon office; and it cannot be doubted that a most sacred ordinance was thus profaned and degraded into a mere stepping-stone to secular advantage, by multitudes who therein "ate and drank their own damnation, not considering the Lord's body." It seemed an awful thing to tender such a test, and thus tempt a man to sin against God; and through the lamentable relaxation, or rather the total cessation of church discipline among us, no restraining hand could be laid on the worst and vilest when approaching that ordinance. The object of the enactment was palpably to admit into authority of any kind none who should not be amenable to the laws, civil and ecclesiastical, which were framed on Scripture grounds for the governance of this a Christian land. It was good and wholesome; none others ought to bear rule, but such as are minded to fear the Lord and the king, and not to meddle with them that are giving to change; but the church had become wofully negligent of her duty: the people were badly supplied, both as to quantity and quality, in public teaching, and not a few godly men had come forward to supply the deficiencies of worldly, careless clergymen, ignorant of those doctrines by which alone their flocks could be built up on our most holy falth. These preachers were followed; sects increased; and from forsaking the public services of the church, they gradually separated altogether from her communion, and became

hostile to her whole frame, visiting the sinful omissions of men upon a church in which if they had been faithful ministers of her doctrine and true members of her spiritual body, those men would have shone as lights of the world. So the Lord's table, as served in our churches, became an abomination to these increasing seceders, and the acts in question shut them out from situations which in all respects but this of hostility to established things they were well qualified to hold. It seemed a great grievance; public feeling ran strongly in favour of the complainants, and the point, as you know, was ultimately gained.

My father opposed the proceeding *in toto;* he contended for the principle of excluding all who would conscientiously exert their influence to subvert what they avowedly disapproved of, and regarded the other evil of profanation as a sin that must rest on the head of him who committed it; and who, if he were capable of that, would doubtless in many other ways bring down the wrath of God upon himself. He predicted that, this excursion once made, we never could stay ourselves in the course entered upon; but must give up whatever was demanded. Into the merits of the question I do not enter; I am sure the prediction has been verified; and I am equally sure that in the whole matter England has smitten herself with a suicidal blow, the fatal weapon being declension from God. "The prophets prophecy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

The moral pestilence of the French revolution took effect on the great mass of our population in a larger degree than we seem generally aware of. It appears to me that we had only a nominal remedy wherewith to oppose a real disease.

The frame-work of our constitution in church and state is essentially Christian, and in its details scriptural; but this frame-work consists only in acts and ordinances, drawn up by man's hand, and transmitted from sire to son. It is evident that nothing spiritually vital can reside in skins of parchment, and that these last are merely a dead letter, except as men act them out. A people thus privileged to possess so perfect a code of laws, and all things fitting for the functions alike of civil and religious being, may be, among less favoured nations, what the bodies in Ezekiel's vision were, when compared with their former disordered state, lying scattered and broken about the valley. They had come together, bone to his bone, in all the symmetry of man's original form; flesh covered them, and sinews were strung, and all was complete to the cursory view of an observer; but one thing was wanting, without which the whole remained a vain show. There was no breath in them. Lacking that, they were equally incapable of making a forward movement and of offering resistance to injury. Taken individually, no nation better deserved the scourge, for with whatever devotion our congregations joined in the public services of those appointed days, making confession of sin and of helplessness, and crying to the Lord for the succour without which we must perish, I am persuaded that the language of both lip and heart, in our domestic and social circles, was that of vainglorious confidence in the arm of flesh; of boastful superiority over our enemies; and a conviction that to our insular position, our naval superiority, our military prowess, and a certain impression on the minds of the French that Englishmen were unconquerable, we owed our past prosperity, our present security. In church, we acknowledged "It is thou that fightest for us, O God;" at home, our watchword was, "The wooden walls of old England." I speak advisedly, from a very clear recollection of the spirit that pervaded all ranks, all classes, all ages, and which was breathed in every column of the public journals; and I am sure that God was not glorified among us as individuals. A praying, believing king—a Hezekiah—stood in the gap, making supplication for his people; and God wrought for His name's sake that it should not be polluted in the sight of the nations who publicly mocked him, by their victory over a people who publicly honoured him. But though thus withheld from openly prevailing to crush us, there was, as I have said, no power of effectual resistance against the secret poison of their vile principles; and this found entrance, and circulated through the veins of the body politic, until the seeds of corruption took strong

root, and nothing better awaited us than a mere lingering process of dissolution.

But here the Lord put forth his hand to stay the plague, by pouring out, gradually, yet abundantly, His Spirit upon the Church. He had never left himself without witness in it, though the voices raised by faithful men were few and far between; while the opposition offered to such was active, decided, united. A young man could not with impunity be a Christian at either of the universities: no nominal preacher of the gospel could become so in reality without arraying against him a host of brethren, and the bulk of his own congregation. A layman might separate himself from the ungodly world, deciding that he and his house would serve the Lord, but at the price of becoming a byword and a laughing-stock among his own familiar friends. It was by the kindling of these lights here and there that the gross darkness which had prevailed to cover the land and the people was made manifest; and just in proportion as men awoke to the approval of such things as be excellent, they learned to appreciate the institutions of their country, discerning how correctly they were based on the word of God; while others, who had the language of attachment to the constitution much more in their mouths, regarded them all as mere productions of man's worldly wisdom, suitable to the times in which they were framed, but requiring to be changed and adapted to the shifting habits of succeeding generations. Instead of viewing the standard as framed according to that of the sanctuary, and labouring to train the public body up to its perfect height, they resolved to lower the inconvenient measure, and adapt it to the stunted, crooked growth of a degenerated race. Here, I think, began the war of principle in the midst of which we now live: here that which had formed the pure spirit of whiggism passed over to the tory, combining with devoted loyalty to the throne, and unceasing attachment to the church, a jealous care over what may be called the democracy of the English constitution. A spirit of change had shown itself at work, and the tendency of such change was always towards licentiousness: a frightful example of the horrors with which it would naturally deluge a country was exhibited before our eyes; and seeing that the innovators were met at every turn by laws which must be taken out of the way to accommodate them, those laws were made the rallying-point for the true lovers of their country, in the fore-front of whom stood the little band of enlightened Christian men, with the King of England at their head.

You must not quarrel with this long digression; the crisis I speak of was one on which hung the political salvation of our native land; a crisis of some years' continuance, and which terminated not until the Lord had greatly multiplied and strengthened his own little host of protesting conservators, so that not even an act of national apostacy could carry on its face the condemnation of being really a national act; and it is wonderful to contemplate the dealings of the Most High towards his crowned servant during this momentous interval. George the Third was the insurmountable obstacle in the way of such ruinous course, and until the time for permitting the bonds to be burst had well nigh come, he was retained among us; but because his righteous soul would have been grievously vexed at beholding the struggle against God, the bodily and mental eye were on both closed. He was shut out alike from the seeing of evil, and the hearing of it; he dwelt in extreme old age, a crown of glory covering his hoary head, where the British crown still securely reposed, while his spirit held communion with an unseen world of peace and love, amid the turmoils, the fierce contentions, that shook the public mind in which he had ever taken a deep and anxious interest. You know he used, while feeling his unsteady way through the long suite of apartments that bounded his liberty, to pause at a piano or organ, several of which were placed within his reach, and call forth strains of sacred melody, accompanying them with his aged voice, breathing words of devotion: and at other times, he was overheard in imaginary discourse with the angels of God, (I could almost recall the word imaginary,) questioning them concerning heavenly things, and breathing forth his own simple aspirations after the home they dwelt in. What an eye-sore to the movers of sedition was George the Third! How

terrible in the impotency of his helpless seclusion was that deranged old man to the emissaries of the Great Harlot! How bitterly do they now revile his memory, which is blessed, most blessed among us —because his protracted life gave space for the growth of our PROTEST, which they cannot now overthrow. He who sitteth in the heavens surely laughed to scorn the madness of the people, while making that unconscious, decrepit trembler the secure defence of an empire's integrity, against all that man's wisdom, man's subtlety, and man's proudest might could do to subvert it.

The act of legislative union, consequent upon the sanguinary rebellion of 1798, had brought Ireland into more immediate connection with us; and gave additional means for influencing the minds of our senators to concede the boon, or rather to submit to the demand, of what was called Emancipation. My father often remarked that if the events of ninety-eight were not alone sufficient to deter the English government from this measure, nothing could overcome their infatuation. The subject was frequently and freely canvassed in the social circle of which I formed a part; and well do I remember how clearly the mischievous results that must follow upon the very first breach made in our constitutional bulwarks were pointed out by men who judged of Popery only from past history, read by the light of the recent outburst in Ireland. and apart from all religious scruples. They looked upon it as men are again learning to do while recovering from the torpor induced by the spread of liberalism—they regarded it as a political system, the mighty engine of a secular despotism that sought to exalt itself above all other dynasties, rising on the ruins of subverted thrones. This was considered the extreme of uncharitableness; a narrow-minded bigotry to be abhorred of all enlightened men; and my father plainly foresaw the ultimate triumph of the shallow but plausible arguments brought to bear upon the point.

An appointment about this time took place which greatly forwarded the views of the adverse party among us. Dr. Bathurst was preferred to the see of Norwich: he had been my father's intimate friend and chum at Oxford, and the intercourse was renewed with mutual satisfaction; but not all the personal affection that the truly amiable Bishop inspired in those who knew the sweetness of his character, and which my father in particular bore to him, could for a moment blind him on this subject. I knew they frequently talked it over, and his remark was that no man could be more honestly, disinterestedly, and amiably mistaken than our good Bishop. That it was disinterested no one could doubt; for when the ministry of the day were stiffly opposed to the concession, and Dr. Bathurst was informed that if he advocated it in parliament he would assuredly he left in that miserably poor see, whereas his silence might facilitate a translation that must needs be to a better,—a thing which his very large family rendered desirable enough,—the intimation only increased his zeal: he rose in his place, and spoke most energetically in favour of the measure. When he resumed his seat, the Peer next him said, somewhat sarcastically, "I am happy to find the air of Norwich agrees so well with your lordship: you don't seem inclined to change it." To which the Bishop meekly replied, "My Lord, whatever I change, I trust I shall not change my principles." Happy would it be for us, had some others been as consistently in the right as he was in the wrong!

I know not that any thing in my personal history requires mention here: I grew up a healthy, active, light-hearted girl, wholly devoted to reading and to rural occupations. The latter, particularly gardening, served as a counterpoise to the sedentary temptation that would have proved physically injurious: but laying in, as I daily did, a plentiful store of romantic adventure or fascinating poetry for rumination when abroad, my mind was unprofitably occupied at all times, to the exclusion of better things. On Sundays, indeed, I made it a point of conscience to abstain from light reading; and, as far as I could, to banish from my thoughts the week's acquisition of folly. I went to church, and read the Bible, at home, with a sermon of Blair's or some similar writer, wholly destitute of gospel light; and I generally had a short fit of compunction, on that day, for having been so wholly absorbed in worldly things during the pre-

ceding six: for even then God was striving with me, to bring me unto himself, and many a strong conviction did I forcibly stifle. The warmth of my natural feelings, the ardour with which I entered into every thing that interested them, and a sort of energy that always longed to be doing where any cause that I considered good was to be promoted—all these would have rendered me a working character, had I obeyed the gracious call to go into the Lord's vineyard. I say a call, because though as yet I knew nothing whatever of the gospel, I could not overlook or misunderstand the reiterated injunctions of Scripture to seek spiritual wisdom, to ask for guidance, and to occupy with the talent committed to my charge. I knew the promise "They that seek me early shall find me," and more than once I trembled under such scriptures as the latter part of Proverbs 1, but my Sunday resolutions vanished before the Monday's dawning light, and I rushed again with a redoubled zest into the seductive regions of my imaginary world. Oh, how greatly do they err who think such studies may be safely engaged in by the young and excitable mind! Some indeed there are, so phlegmatic as to be proof against all the charms of poesy, insensible to the brightest illusions of romance; but their number is small, and the individuals hard to identify, because a very cold exterior is often like the snow-capped heights of Etna, overspreading a hoard of volcanic elements of which the burst and blaze will some day be terrific. Such seem induced with the spirit of indifference, because they are abstracted and silent when the laugh and merry jest goes round among their companions; whereas this abstraction from outward things results not from deadness of feeling but from the intensity with which the mind is brooding over some phantom known only to itself. Nor do this class of dreamers always appear devoted to books: a little reading goes far with them; and the quality rather than the quantity of their selections is to be looked to.

I have known many parents and teachers argue that it is better to bring the young acquainted with our standard poets and prose authors, of a worldly cast, while they are yet under careful superintendence, so as to neutralize what may be unprofitable by judicious remark, and to avert the dangers attendant on such fascinating introductions at a riper age, when the restraints of authority are removed. Against this, two reasons have prevailed with me to exclude from my book-shelves all the furniture of a worldly library, and to watch against its introduction from other quarters. One is, the consideration that we are not authorized to calculate on the continuance of any creature's mortal existence; nor can we ever know that the being whom we are training for eternity will not be called into it before such period of life as is here anticipated. In such a case, how sad to feel that we have needlessly forestalled an evil day, and even momentarily diverted the young spirit from a sacred path! The other consideration is this: that as the flesh and the devil will assuredly do their parts without help from me; and the children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light, will certainly do the same; I may take a lesson of policy from them, using my best endeavours to pre-occupy the field with what is decidedly good, and humbly hoping that the seed so sown may, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, take root before the tares are introduced, leaving little room for them to grow.

Of all the errors into which the world has fallen, none is more fatally mischievous than the habit of overlooking the personality, the energy, the power, the watchfulness, the deep cunning of the devil. By a conventional system, no doubt of his own suggesting, he is never to be named but in the act of worshipping God, or that of spiritual instruction. Any other robber and murderer, who was known to be on the watch to attack our houses, would be the subject of free discourse: his habits, his haunts, his usual plans, his successful and his baffled assaults in former cases, would be talked over, and thus a salutary fear would be kept alive, influencing us to bolt and bar, and watch and ward with unfailing vigilance, to avert a surprise. But Satan seems to be a privileged person; we learn, in the nursery, to fancy him a hideous caricature of human nature, with horns, hoof, and a tail, inspiring disgust, and a childish fear that wears off as we advance into youth, leaving an impres-

sion rather ludicrous than alarming, of the ugly phantom that, nevertheless, continues identified with him of whom we read in the Bible. We then, perhaps, take up Milton, engrafting his poetical conception upon the original nursery stock, and make a devil half monster, half archangel, invested with the ugliness of the first, and the sublimity of the second, but still far removed from the scripture character of that roaring lion who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour." We do not *realize* his existence, his presence, his devices; and so we often do his work from sheer ignorance, or inexcusable thoughtlessness about it.

With me, as I have told you, the Bible did its work, and conscience did hers; but a passion for the unreal proved too strong for both. Undoubtedly God could have wrought, as afterwards he did, to the casting down imaginations, and every thing that exalteth itself against Christ. But how many years of sorrow might have been averted, or how greatly at least might those sorrows have been mitigated, had not the inveteracy of a long-cherished disease required such sharp discipline to bring it under! Pride was the master-sin of my corrupt nature, a pride that every child of Adam inherits, but which peculiarly beset me. It was not what usually goes by that name: no one ever accused me of an approach to haughtiness, neither was I boastful or forward, as far as I know; but I delighted to model my own character according to the standard set forth in my foolish books, and by the contemplation of them I hoped to succeed. I loved to mark in others a mean, ungenerous, selfish, or malicious trait, and to contrast with it my own high-flown notions of the opposite qualities. My memory was well stored with fine sentiments concerning human dignity, honour, virtue, and so forth; and while secretly applying them,—for I was not inclined to make ill-natured remarks, —in contrast to the failings of those around me, I naturally learned to identify myself with the aforesaid sentiments, and to take it for granted it was I who shone so brightly at other people's expense. This is the inevitable consequence of measuring ourselves by ourselves, as all will do who are not led betimes to the standard appointed of God.

And now, the chambers of imagery being well furnished, I became in thought the heroine of all the foolish, improbable adventures I met with. Shakspeare and others having furnished me with dresses and decorations, every day of my life had its drama. Adventures the most improbable, situations the most trying, and conversations the most nonsensical among a visionary acquaintance of my own creating, became the constant amusement of my mind; or if I took a fancy to any new companion, that individual was metamorphosed into something equally unreal, and was soon looked upon in the light, not of sober reality, but of fanciful extravagance. Of course, my estimate alike of persons and of things was egregiously false; and with a fair portion of common sense naturally belonging to me, I became most emphatically a fool. Even when employed at the pencil, which I dearly loved, I could not trace a figure on the paper, or a landscape on the canvass, that did not presently become the subject of a separate romance; and it never occurred to me that there was danger, much less sin, in this. I loved dancing to excess, and took much delight in all that was brilliant and beautiful; but upon the whole I preferred the uninterrupted course of my own vain thoughts, and then admired myself for being of a less dissipated turn than my young friends. Of course, I am now speaking of the time when, according to the world's usage, and rather earlier than usual, that is to say, at sixteen, I was introduced into public, by making my appearance at a grand election ball; and moreover, publicly receiving the compliments of the most polished and distinguished of our successful candidates, for sundry political squibs, said to be full of drollery and point which had been traced home to me. Alas for the girl who makes such a debut! We were now again resident in the town, or rather within the precincts, as they are called, surrounding that venerable cathedral which had been the object of my babyish contemplation, and which is endeared to me beyond any other spot in my native place.

My beloved companion, my brother, had always manifested the most decided predilection for a military life. Often had he, in earliest childhood, toddled away

from the gate after a fife and drum of a recruiting party; and often did he march and countermarch me, till I could not stand for fatigue, with a grenadier's cap, alias a muff, on my head, and my father's large cane shouldered by way of a firelock. The menaced invasion had added fuel to his martial fire, and when any other line of life was pointed out to him, his high spirits would droop, and the desire of his heart show itself with increasing decision. Our parents were very anxious to settle him at home, for my sake, who seemed unable to live without him; and I am sure that my influence would have prevailed, even over his long-cherished inclination, so dearly did he love me; but here the effect of that pernicious reading showed itself, and forged the first link in a long chain of sorrows. I viewed the matter through the lying medium of romance: glory, fame, a conquerer's wreath or a hero's grave, with all the vain merit of such a sacrifice as I must myself make in sending him to the field—these wrought on me to stifle in my aching bosom the cry of natural affection, and I encouraged the boy in his choice, and helped him to urge on our parents this offering up of their only son, the darling of all our hearts, to the Moloch of war.

Finding that he could not be dissuaded, my father gave a reluctant consent; and let me here record an instance of generous kindness on the part of the Bishop. He went to London, and by dint of personal, persevering importunity, obtained in a few days a commission in the army, at a time when seven hundred applicants, many of them backed by strong interest, were waiting for the same boon. The suddenness of the thing was quite stunning: we calculated on a delay of this sore trial; but it was done, and he was ordered to repair immediately, not to the depot, but to his regiment, then hotly engaged in the Peninsula. The Bishop's kindness did not end here: he carried his generosity farther in other ways, and likewise gave him introductions of great value. I love to record it of one whose public conduct as a Protestant prelate I am compelled to lament, but whose private character was most lovely.

Upheld by the intoxicating power of senseless romance, not by confidence in God, nor even by the reality of the patriotism that I persuaded myself was at the root of it all, I bore to see that beloved companion of my life depart for the scene of most bloody conflict. He was not nearly full grown; a blooming beautiful boy, reared, and up to that time, tenderly guarded under the parental roof, in almost exclusive companionship with me. There was, indeed, but one heart between us, and neither could fancy what it would be to rejoice or to suffer alone. Of this I had given a proof in the preceding year. He took the measles, and was exceedingly ill, and great precautions were used to preserve me from the infection; but, unable to brook a separation from him, I baffled their vigilance, burst into his apartment, and laying my cheek to his, resisted for a while all efforts to remove me. To my infinite delight, I sickened immediately, and considered it an ample compensation for all attendant suffering, that I was allowed to sit constantly in the same room with him.

How strong, how sweet, how sacred is the tie that binds an only sister to an only brother, when they have been permitted to grow up together, untrammelled by the heartless forms of fashion; unrivalled by alien claimants in their confiding affection; undivided in study, in sport, and in interest. Some object, that such union renders the boy too effeminate and the girl too masculine. In our case it did neither. He was the manliest, the hardiest, most decided, most intrepid character imaginable; but in manners sweet, gentle, and courteous, as they will be who are accustomed to look with protecting tenderness on an associate weaker than themselves. And as for me, though I must plead guilty to the charge of being more healthy, more active, and perhaps more energetic than young ladies are usually expected to be, still I never was considered unfeminine; and the only peculiarity resulting from this constant companionship with one of the superior sex, was to give me a high sense of that superiority, with a habit of deference to man's judgment, and submission to man's authority, which I am quite sure God intended the woman to yield. Every way has this fraternal tie been a rich blessing to me. The love that grew with us from our cradles never knew dimi-

nution from time or distance. Other ties were formed, but they did not supersede or weaken this. Death tore away all that was mortal and perishable, but this tie he could not sunder. As I loved him while he was on earth, so do I love him now that he is in heaven; and while I cherish in his boys the living likeness of what he was, my heart evermore yearns towards him where he is, anticipating the day when the Lord shall come, and bring that beloved one with him.

Parents are wrong to check as they do the outgoings of fraternal affection, by separating those whom God has especially joined as the offspring of one father and one mother. God has beautifully mingled them, by sending now a babe of one sex, now of the other, and suiting, as any careful observer may discern, their various characters to form a domestic whole. The parents interpose, packing off the boys to some school where no softer influence exists to round off, as it were, the rugged points of the masculine disposition, and where they soon lose all the delicacy of feeling peculiar to a brother's regard, and learn to look on the female character in a light wholly subversive of the frankness, the purity, the generous care for which earth can yield no substitute, and the loss of which only transforms him who ought to be the tender preserver of woman into her heartless destroyer. The girls are either grouped at home, with the blessed privilege of a father's eye still upon them, or sent away in a different direction from their brothers, exposed, through unnatural and unpalatable restraints, to evils not perhaps so great, but every whit as wantonly incurred as the others. The shyness, miscalled retiring modesty, with which one young lady shrinks from the notice of a gentleman as though there were danger in his approach, and the conscious, coquettish air, miscalled ease, with which another invites his notice, are alike removed from the reality of either modesty or ease. Both result from a fictitious mode of education: both are the consequences of nipping in the bud those sisterly feelings that lay a fair foundation for the right use of those privileges to which she looks forward as a member of society; and if the subject be viewed through the clear medium of christian principle, its lights will become more brilliant, its shadows more dark, the longer and the closer we contemplate it.

LETTER IV.

YOUTH—Unfashionable Taste—Antique Prejudices—A Bereavement—Changes—Travels—Punctuality—Mountain Waves—Ocean Scenery—False Confidence—A Storm—Wonders of the Deep—Recklessness—An Arab Steed—Equestrianism—A Fragment—Escapes—Housewifery—Nova Scotia—Indians—Cosmopolitanism—Home.

HITHERTO you have not heard of any spiritually-minded person connected with my early life; yet there was one, I feel sure, though my recollections are confused and imperfect on that point; and one to whose prayers, if not to her teaching, I surely owe something.

My father's mother was a fine, sprightly, robust old lady, rather small in stature, and already bending a little under the burden of years at the time when I first recollect her as mingling in the visions of my childhood, though I know that even from infancy I was the delight of her warm honest heart. She was simplicity itself in manners, her blunt speeches sometimes clashing a little with her son's notions of polish and refinement, as also did her inveterate antipathy to the reigning fashion, whatever that might be. I remember her reading me a lecture upon something novel in the cut of a sleeve, ending by this remark: "I never wore a gown but of one shape; and because I don't follow the fashion, the fashion is forced to come to me sometimes by way of a change. I can't help that, you know, my dear; but I never was fashionable on purpose." She added some pious remarks on vanity and folly, which I soon forgot; but the other dwelt on my mind because it chimed in with my own love of independence—a prominent characteristic with me; too often carried to the excess of self-willed obstinacy. However, I dearly loved, and exceedingly respected my grandmother, and used in my heart to glory in her smooth clean locks, half brown, half gray, combed down from under a snowy cap of homely make,

when she had successfully resisted alike the entreaties and examples of cotemporary dames, who submitted their heads to the curling-irons and powder-puff of a *frizeur*, preparatory to an evening party. I used to stand proudly at her knee, admiring the high colour of her cheek, and uncommon brilliancy of her fine dark hazle eye, while her voice, remarkably rich and clear, involuntarily swelled the chorus parts of our magnificent music.

She was a Percy; not by name, for that had been lost in the female line, some generations before; but the pedigree in my possession, drawn up by Sir W. Betham, shows how just was her vaunt in that respect. For vaunt it she did, to us at least, often bringing it forward to check any tendency to behaviour unbefitting those who claimed descent from

"The stout Earl of Northumberland,"

with whom I ought to be well acquainted, for the singing of Chevy Chace in proper time and tune with her was the only secular accomplishment in which my dear grandmother personally laboured to perfect me, except knitting and curious old-fashioned needlework. The pride of ancestry took strong hold of my mind; and such an ancestry accorded but too well with my romance, innate and acquired. It stood me, many a time, in the stead of better things, when nerving myself to endure affliction and wrong; and therefore I notice it, to warn you against exposing your own children to the same snare.

Next to the fashion, if not in an equal or superior degree, I think my grandmother most abhorred the French. Indeed, her strongest denunciations against the reigning modes were usually clinched with the triumphant assertion that they were "French fashions." No marvel if her spirit was stirred within her by the horrors of revolutionary France, and her Protestantism strengthened by the butcheries of ninety-eight. I knew that she was a Protester and a Tory of no common stamp; and I knew that she brought her Bible forward in support of every opinion that she uttered. Rarely did I visit her without finding her buried in the study of that blessed Book; and I know that she strove to teach me much of its meaning; but our change of residence proved a great bar to personal intercourse, and she never wrote letters. I sometimes trace impressions on my mind, made in early life, which I am sure must have been through her means; and though the good seed died on the ground, while the weeds took root and flourished, still here and there a grain might sink below the surface, to spring up after many days.

And now I must record my first sorrow, although I cannot dwell upon it as on some other things. My brother had been nearly two years absent, on service in the Peninsula, when an apopletic attack arrested my father in the midst of life, and health, and vigour, and every promise of lengthened years. The premonitory visitations of repeated strokes were disregarded, for we could not, would not realize the approach of such an event; and persisted in believing them nervous: but just when all cause for alarm seemed at an end, and I was rejoicing in the assurance of its being so, I was called from my pillow at midnight to see that tender and beloved parent die. The bereavement was terrible to me: I had always been his principal companion, because no one else in the family had a taste for those things in which he delighted—literature and politics especially—and since my brother's departure, instead of seeking to replace him by friends of my own age, I had turned wholly to my father, never desiring to pass an hour out of his society, and striving to be to him both daughter and son. My mother was a perfect devotee to household affairs, every thought occupied in seeking to promote the domestic comforts of her family; while I, indulging a natural antipathy to all that did not engage the intellectual powers, gave her no help there. I was truly cumbering the ground, seeking only my own gratification, and dignifying my selfishness with many fine names, only because it was best indulged in my own dear home. From the period of my loss of hearing, music had been wholly banished; my father seemed to lose all relish for what could no longer minister enjoyment to me, and deeply I felt the force of that affection which could so instantly and wholly overcome the ruling passion of his mind, accompanied as it was with such exquisite skill in that delightful science as

rendered him the admiration of all who came within its influence. It redoubled my devotion to him; and most bitter was the anguish of my heart, when I beheld him taken away at a stroke.

Was this affliction sanctified to me? Not in the least. I found a luxury in grieving alone, brooding on the past, and painting the probable future in any colours but those of reality. My father had enjoyed two livings with a minor canonry in the cathedral, but the emolument was very small, and his income had not allowed him, as yet, to make any provision for us. A small annuity was all that my mother could depend on, and I resolved to become a novel-writer, for which I was just qualified, both by nature and habits of thinking, and in which I should probably have succeeded very well, but it pleased God to save me from this snare. My brother's unexpected return on leave, with our subsequent changes of abode, paying visits among friends, and keeping my thoughts constantly unsettled, hindered the execution of the project; and when my brother returned to Portugal, we repaired to London, to make a long stay with some near relations. It was there that I met with the gentleman, an officer on leave of absence, whose wife, at the end of six months, I became.

I am longing to arrive at that period when the light of the glorious gospel of Christ first shone upon me through the darkness of many trying dispensations: therefore I pass by much that intervened, including my dear brother's marriage, who returned again to London with his bride and his mother, to resume his staff situation there; and shall only take you with me across the Atlantic, for a few Nova-Scotian reminiscences, before proceeding to the scene of my most precious recollections, dear Ireland. My husband had joined his regiment in Halifax, and sent me a summons to follow him out without delay; in order to which I was obliged to embark in a large vessel taken up partially by government for the conveyance of troops, but in which there was a select party, occupying the state cabin, and making their own terms with the captain for the best possible accommodation and provision on the passage. Of this number was I; and certainly a more select, polished, and agreeable party of highly-bred gentlemen could not have been found. I went under the kind care of one of these, with his wife, who had invited me to travel with them.

Have you ever been at sea? It is a question the answer to which will throw very little light on the matter unless you also state how it agreed with you; no two races on the earth can be more distinct than those two are upon the water,—the people who are sea-sick and the people who are not. It was my happy privilege to belong to the latter class; I never for a moment experienced even an unpleasant sensation from any marine cause, but on the contrary enjoyed exemption from all physical annoyances during a five weeks' voyage, excepting that of hunger. An abundant supply of everything that was nourishing, in the most palatable form, left no excuse for remaining hungry; nevertheless the demand was incessantly kept up; and I appeal to all who have been similarly affected, whether the munching of hard sea-bread from morning to night under the pressure of a real sea appetite, is not a greater luxury than the choicest viands on shore. To me it certainly was; and surely I had reason to be deeply thankful to the Lord, who, by means of that delicious voyage, and its bracing, exhilirating effects, prepared me for a trying winter in the singular climate for which I was bound.

Every day, and all day long, be the weather what it might, I was stationed on deck; generally seated on the highest point of the ship's stern, directly over the rudder, to enjoy a full view of that most graceful and exquisite spectacle, a large vessel's course through the mighty deep. Our's was a splendid one: a West India-man, almost rivalling the sea-palaces of the East India Company, and manned in the first style. The troops on board under the command of a field officer, greatly added to the effect and comfort of the thing, for nothing is so conducive to the latter as military discipline, well and mildly maintained. Although our party was perfectly distinct from those who went out entirely at the charge of government, consisting of several officers and their wives, yet we too were nearly all military, including the commandant, and were

strictly amenable to military law. Of course, that soul of domestic and social comfort, punctuality, reigned paramount; every meal was regulated by beat of drum, subordination carefully preserved, and decorum, to the most minute particular, insisted on. No dishabille could appear, in the cabin or on deck; no litter, not an article of luggage visible. All the sick people, all the cross people, and all the whimsical people were stowed away in their respective berths, and such drawing-room elegance, combined with the utmost freedom of good humour and the unrestrained frankness that results from a consciousness of proper restraint, pervaded our little select coterie, amounting to seventeen gentlemen and two ladies, that it did not need the miserable contrast which I afterwards experienced on the homeward passage to assure me we were among the most favoured of ocean travellers. How very much do they err who consider the absence of order and method as supplying greater liberty or removing a sense of restraint! Such freedom is galling to me; and in my eyes, the want of punctuality is a want of honest principle; for however people may think themselves authorized to rob God and themselves of their own time, they can plead no right to lay a violent hand on the time and duties of their neighbour. I say it deliberately, that I have been defrauded of hundreds of pounds, and cruelly deprived of my necessary refreshment in exercise, in sleep, and even in seasonable food, through this disgraceful want of punctuality in others, more than through any cause whatsoever besides. It is also very irritating; for a person who would cheerfully bestow a piece of gold, does not like to be swindled out of a piece of copper; and many an hour have I been ungenerously wronged of, to the excitement of feelings in themselves far from right, when I would gladly have so arranged my work as to bestow upon the robbers thrice the time they made me wantonly sacrifice. To say, "I will come to you on such a day," leaving the person to expect you early, and then, after wasting her day in that uncomfortable, unsettled state of looking out for a guest, which precludes all application to present duties, and to come late in the evening—or to accept an invitation to dinner, and either break the engagement or throw the household into confusion by making it wait—to appoint a meeting, and fail of keeping your time—all these, and many other effects of this vile habit are exceedingly disgraceful, and wholly opposed to the scriptural rules laid down for the governance of our conduct one to another. I say nothing of the insult put upon the Most High, the daring presumption of breaking in upon the devotions of his worshippers, and involving them in the sin of abstractedness from the solemn work before them, by entering late into the house of prayer. Such persons may one day find they have a more serious account to render on the score of their contempt of punctuality than they seem willing to believe.

But I have run away from my ship; yet not so; for as every thing shines out most by contrast, it was natural to think on the ugly reverse when recalling the beautiful harmony and order of our regulations on board. We were favoured with most delightful weather, fresh and dry, and warm: with only one day's hard rain, during which the sea "ran mountains," as the sailors said. I was conducted on deck, "just for one minute, that you may be able to say you have seen such a sea," remarked the gentleman who put a military cloak over me, and led me up the stairs. But who could be satisfied with a momentary sight of anything so stupendously grand! I resisted all efforts to persuade me into retreating again, and it ended in my being lashed to the mizen-mast by my friendly conductor, who declared that his head, the best landsman's head on board, would not stand the giddy scene; in short, that he should be obliged to report himself sick, and exchange our agreeable society below for the solitude of his berth. Of course I dismissed him, and was left among the mountains, alone, save when a sailor passed me on his duties among the rigging, and gave me a smile of approval; while the man at the wheel seemed to regard me as being under his especial patronage. The tars love one who does not flinch from their own element.

Truly, I saw, that day, the works of the Lord and his wonders in the great deep! Imagine yourself in a ship, large among vessels, but a mere cork upon the waters of that mighty main. On every side, turn

where you would, a huge mountain of irregular form was rising; dark, smooth, of unbroken surface, but seeming about to burst from over-extension. How did you come into that strange valley?—how should you get out of it?—how avoid the rush of that giant billow that even now overhangs your bark? These questions would inevitably rush through the mind; but in a second of time the huge body beside you sank,—you were on its summit,—and another came rolling on. Meanwhile the ship would reel, with a slow slanting movement that gradually lowered the tall masts till the yards almost dipped in the brine, and you were either laid back on the frame work behind you, or well nigh suspended, looking down upon the water, over the ship's bulwarks. I soon discovered why my companion had so carefully buckled the leather strap that held me to the mast; certainly I cannot recall the scene with such steadiness of nerve as I beheld it with. Every now and then a small billow would burst upon the vessel's side, sending its liquid treasure across the deck, and more than one ablution of the kind was added to the fresh water drenching bestowed by the clouds. Can you fancy the discomfort of such a situation? Then you were never at sea, or at least you left your imagination ashore; for I defy any person not well inured to it to look on such a scene with so negative a feeling as discomfort; it will excite either terror or delight sufficient to engross the whole mind.

I well remember that, when deeply affected by the grandeur of this and other aspects assumed by the majestic main, I found the highest flights of man's sublimity too low. They would not express, would not chime in with my conceptions; and I was driven to the inspired pages for a commentary on the glorious scene. It was then that the language of Job, of Isaiah, of Habakkuk supplied me with a strain suited to the sublime accompaniment of God's magnificent work. Sunrise I could not witness, because at that hour no lady might appear on deck, and my cabin had not a side window; but sunset, moonlight, starlight, with the various phenomena of ocean's ever-varying appearance, these furnished an endless contemplation with which nothing could accord but the language of Holy Writ. I did not bring forth my Bible, well knowing the bantering remarks to which it would have exposed me on the score of affectation, but my memory served me equally well in that, as in profane poetry; and many a precious word of warning, exhortation, promise, did I recite, enchanted by the sublimity of what, as to its spiritual meaning, was still an unknown tongue to me. Among these, the thirty-second of Deuteronomy, the fortieth of Isaiah, and other passages full of the gospel, were repeatedly called to mind; and above all, in blowing weather, the forty-sixth Psalm delighted me.

You may suppose that I could not wholly forget the fact of being where, in the strictest sense, there was but a step between me and death. The first day of our voyage some one had quoted the expression, "there is but a plank between us and eternity;" not with any serious application, but as a fine thought. I do not think that I was ever for a moment unmindful of this; the presence of actual danger was always felt by me; but concerning eternity I had no fears whatever. A general reliance on the boundless mercy of God, a recognition of Christ, as having suffered for our sins, and a degree of self-righteousness that easily threw my sins into the shade, while magnifying my supposed merits, these formed the staff whereon I leaned; and when the most imminent and appalling peril overhung us, so that we expected to be ingulfed in the waves without hope of succour, I looked it boldly in the face, confident in my false hope. Although just then revelling in enjoyments best suited to my natural taste, life had in reality no charms for me. From all that had gilded the sunny hours of youth, I was completely severed, and the world on which I had launched was a wilderness indeed in comparison with the Eden I had left. I would not have made the slightest effort to escape from death in any form, and though I was not senseless enough to prefer an eternity of untried wretchedness to the fleeting sorrows of mortal life, yet as my conscience was lulled to rest by the self-delusion that I suffered more than I deserved, and had therefore a claim on divine justice; and as I was willing to receive the supposed balance of such debtor

and creditor account in the world to come, I was perfectly content to be summoned to my reward. Blessed be God that I was not taken away in that hour of blind willingness!

The extreme peril to which I have alluded overtook us when within a short distance of our destination: we were suddenly caught by a tremendous wind from the south, which blew us right in the direction of Cape Sable, one of the most fatal headlands in those seas. Night closed upon us, and the gale increased; sails were spread, in a desperate hope of shifting the vessel's course, but were instantly torn into ribbands. At one time, for a moment, the rudder broke loose, the tiller-rope giving way under the violent strain upon it; and the next minute the spanker-boom, an immense piece of timber, snapped like a reed. It was an awful scene; on the lee side, the ship lay so low in the water that every thing was afloat in the sleeping cabins; and the poor ladies were screaming over their terrified children, unheeded by the gentlemen, every one of whom was on deck. The captain openly declared we were bound for the bottom, if a very sudden and unlikely change of wind did not take place. In the midst of all this, I was reported missing, and as I had the privilege of being every body's care, because, for the time being, I belonged to nobody, a search was commenced. A young officer found me, at last, so singularly situated that he went and reported me to the captain. I had climbed three tiers of lockers in the state cabin, opened one of the large stern windows, and was leaning out, as far as I could reach, enraptured beyond expression with the terrific grandeur of the scene. The sky above was black as midnight and the storm could make it, overhanging us like a large pall, and rendered awfully visible by the brilliancy of the waters beneath. I had heard of that phosphorescent appearance in the sea, but never could have imagined its grandeur, nor can I essay to describe it. Even in perfect stillness the illuminated element would have looked magnificent; what, then, must it have been in a state of excessive, tumultuous agitation, the waves swelling up to a fearful height and then bursting into sheets of foam; every drop containing some luminous animalculæ sparkling with vivid, yet delicate lustre. We were going with headlong speed before the wind, and I hung right over the track of the rudder, a wild, mad eddy of silver foam, intermingled with fire. There was something in the scene that far overpassed all my extravagant imaginings of the terribly sublime. The hurry, the fierceness, the riot of those unfettered waters, the wild flash of their wondrous lights, the funereal blackness of the overhanging clouds, and the deep, desperate plunge of our gallant ship, as she seemed to rend her way through an opposing chaos; it was perfect delirium; and no doubt I should have appeared in keeping with the rest to any external observer; for I was stretching out at the window, the combs had fallen from my hair, which streamed as wildly as the rent sails; and I was frequently deluged by some bursting wave, as the dip of the vessel brought me down almost to the surface. The peril of an open window was startling to those on deck, and the captain, hearing that I refused to relinquish my post, sent the mate to put up the dead lights; so I sat down on the floor, buried my face in my hands, and strove to realize the magnificence thus rent from my sight.

Yes, God's works in the great deep are indeed wonders! Nothing landward can possibly approach them; in the rudest tempest the ground remains firm, and you feel that you are a spectator; but at sea you are a part of the storm. The plank whereon you stand refuses to support you; ever shifting its inclination, while the whole of your frail tenement is now borne aloft, now dashed into the liquid furrow beneath, now struck back by a head-sea with a shock that makes every timber quiver, now flung on one side as if about to reverse itself in the bosom of the deep—no doubt the sense of personal danger, the death-pang already anticipated, the dark abyss that yawns before the sinner, and the heaven opening on a believer's soul, must each and any of them deaden the sense to what I have vainly sought to describe; and I suppose this accounts for the astonishment expressed by the whole party at my singular conduct, when the youth who was sent to warn me of the peril, described my half-angry, half-reproachful pettishness at the interruption, "Can't you let me enjoy

it in peace, Mr. J——? Shall I ever see any thing like it again? Do go away." "But the captain says the window *must* be shut." "Then take me on deck, and you may shut it." "That is utterly impossible, no lady could stand for an instant on deck, your drapery would bear you over the ship's side." "Then I won't shut the window, so go and tell Captain L—— not to tease me with messages."

This was downright recklessness. I wonder when recalling it to mind, and feel that I could not have thus sported with death after I acquired a good and solid hope of everlasting life. The act of dying had always great terrors for me, until, through adverse circumstances, I seemed to have nothing worth living for, and then I could laugh at it in my own heart. Strange to say, that fearfulness of the passage through the dark valley returned with double force when I had realized a personal claim to the guiding road and the supporting staff, and the bright inheritance beyond. But before this period of blessedness, of joy and peace in believing arrived, I had to pass through many waters of affliction, and to experience remarkable interpositions at His hand who was leading me by a path which I knew not.

Two of them I will mention: while at Annapolis and at Windsor, I had a horse provided for me of rare beauty and grace, but a perfect Bucephalus in her way. She was only two generations removed from a splendid Arabian, given by the good old king to the Duke of Kent, when H. R. H. went out in command to Nova-Scotia. This creature was not three years old, and, to all appearance, unbroke. Her manners were those of a kid rather than of a horse; she was of a lovely dappled gray, with mane and tail of silver, the latter almost sweeping the ground; and in her frolicksome gambols she turned it over her back like that of a Newfoundland dog. Her slow step was a bound; her swift motion, unlike that of any other animal I ever rode, so fleet, so smooth, so unruffled—I know nothing to which I can compare it. Well, I made this lovely creature so fond of me by constant petting, to which I suppose her Arab character made her peculiarly sensitive, that my voice had equal power over her as over my docile, faithful dog. No other person could in the slightest degree control her; our corps, the 7th Batt. of the 60th Rifles, was composed wholly of the *elite* of Napoleon's soldiers, taken in the Peninsula, and preferring the British service to a prison. They were principally conscripts, and many were evidently of a higher class in society than is usually found in the ranks. Among them were several Chasseurs and Polish Lancers, very fine equestrians, and as my husband had a Field Officer's command (on detachments) and allowances, our horses were well looked after. His groom was a Chasseur, mine a Pole; but neither could ride Fairy, unless she happened to be in a very gracious mood. Lord Dalhousie's English coachman afterwards tried his hand at taming her, but all in vain. In an easy quiet way, she either sent her rider over her head, or by a laughable manœuvre sitting down like a dog on her haunches, slipped him off the other way. Her drollery made the poor men so fond of her that she was rarely chastised; and such a wilful, intractable, wild Arab it would be hard to find. Upon her I was daily mounted; and surely the Lord watched over me then indeed! Inexperienced in riding, untaught, unassisted, and wholly unable to lay any check upon so powerful an animal, with an awkward country saddle, which, by some fatality was never well fixed, bit and bridle to match, and the mare's natural fire increasd by high feed, behold me bound for the wildest paths in the wildest regions of that wild country! But you must explore the roads about Annapolis, and the romantic spot called "The General's Bridge," to imagine either the enjoyment or the perils of that my happiest hour. Reckless to the last degree of desperation, I threw myself entirely on the fond attachment of the noble creature; and when I saw her measuring with her eye some rugged fence or wild chasm, such as it was her common sport to leap over in her play, the soft word of remonstrance that checked her was uttered more from regard to her safety than my own. The least whisper, a pat on the neck, or a stroke down the beautiful face that she used to throw up towards mine, would control her; and never for a moment did she endanger me. This was little short of a daily miracle when we consider the nature of the country, her char-

acter, and my unskilfulness. It can only be accounted for on the ground of that wondrous power which having willed me to work for a time in the vineyard of the Lord, rendered me immortal until the work should be done. Oh that my soul and all that is within me could sufficiently bless the Lord, and remember all his benefits!

I was then unmindful of, and unthankful for His protection; I revelled in the delights of a freedom that none could share but my dog, who never left the side of his associate. Shall I give you a sketch of the group, in some lines composed during one of those excursions? They may partly describe it. I found them among some old papers:—

"I know by the ardour thou can'st not restrain,
By the curve of thy neck and the toss of thy mane,
By the foam of thy snorting which spangles my brow,
The fire of the Arab is hot in thee now.
'Twere harsh to control thee, my frolicksome steed,
I give thee the rein—so away at thy speed;
Thy rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
Laugh the future to scorn, and partake in thy glee.
Away to the mountain—what need we to fear?
Pursuit cannot press on my Fairy's career,
Full light were the heel and well balanced the head
That ventured to follow the track of thy tread;
Where roars the loud torrent and starts the rude plank,
And thunders the rock-severed mass down the bank,
While mirror'd in crystal the far-shooting glow,
With dazzling effulgence is sparkling below.
One start, and I die; yet in peace I recline,
My bosom can rest on the fealty of thine;
Thou lov'st me, my sweet one, and would'st not be free
From a yoke that has never borne rudely on thee.
Ah, pleasant the empire of those to confess,
Whose wrath is a whisper, their rule a caress.

Behold how thy playmate is stretching beside,
As loth to be vanquish'd in love or in pride,
While upward he glances his eye-ball of jet,
Half dreading thy fleetness may distance him yet.
Ah Marco, poor Marco—our pastime to-day
Were reft of one pleasure if he were away.

How precious these moments? fair Freedom expands
Her pinions of light o'er the desolate lands:
The waters are flashing as bright as thine eye,
Unchain'd as thy motion the breezes swept by;
Delicious they come, o'er the flower-scented earth,
Like whispers of love from the isle of my birth;
While the white-bosom'd Cistus her perfume exhales,
And sighs out a spicy farewell to the gales.
Unfeared and unfearing we'll traverse the wood,
Where pours the rude torrent the turbulent flood:
The forest's red children will smile as we scour
By the log-fashioned hut and the pine-woven bower;
The feathery footsteps scarce bending the grass,
Or denting the dew-spangled moss where we pass.

What startles thee? 'Twas but the sentinel gun
Flashed a vesper salute to thy rival the sun;
He has closed his swift progress before thee, and sweeps
With fetlock of gold, the last verge of the steeps.
The fire-fly anon from his covert shall glide,
And dark fall the shadows of eve on the tide.
Tread softly—my spirit is joyous no more,
A northern aurora, it shone and is o'er;
The tears will fall fast as I gather the rein,
And a long look reverts to yon shadowy plain."

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There is more of it, but nothing to the purpose of the present history. It cost me something to transcribe this, so vividly is the past recalled by it. Would to God I might more fully devote to His service every day of the life so wonderfully preserved by Him!

In addition to this continuous preservation on horseback, I experienced the same interposing providence when violently upset in a gig. The road where it occurred was strewn with broken rocks, on either side, for miles; and scarcely one clear spot appeared, save that on which I was thrown, where a carpet of the softest grass overspread a perfect level of about twelve feet in length, and nearly the same in width. Here I fell, with no other injury than a contusion on the hip. The gig was completely reversed, the horse dashed on till he ran one of the shafts into a bank, and set himself fast.

My sojourn in this interesting country was of two years' duration, marked with many mercies, among the greatest of which was the uninterrupted enjoyment of perfect health; although my first winter there was the most severe that had been known for thirty years, and the following summer one of the most oppressively hot they had ever experienced. The gradations of spring, autumn, and twilight, are there scarcely known, and the sudden transition from summer to winter is as trying to the health of an European as that from day to night is uncongenial to the taste. Here, too, I repented at leisure, and amended with no small difficulty and labour, my neglect of those accomplishments to which my dear mother had so often vainly solicited my attention. The pencil was profitless; I had long thrown it by: books were no longer an adequate set-off against realities, even could I have conjured up a library in the wilderness of Nova Scotia's inland settlement: but the culinary and confectionary branches were there invaluable, and in them I was wofully deficient. Had I not coaxed the old French soldier who officiated as mess-cook to give me a few lessons, we must

have lived on raw meal and salt rations during weeks when the roads were completely snowed up, and no provisions could be brought in. However, I proved an apt scholar to poor Sebastian, and to the kind neighbours who initiated me into the mysteries of preserves and pastry. Young ladies cannot tell into what situations events may throw them; and I would strongly recommend the revival of that obsolete study called good housewifery. The woman who cannot dispense with female servants must not travel: I had none for six months—keen winter months—in Annapolis; the only persons who could be found disengaged being of characters wholly inadmissible. The straits to which I was put were anything but laughable at the time, though the recollection now often excites a smile. Indeed no perfection in European housekeeping would avail to guard against the devastations that a Nova Scotian frost will make, if not met by tactics peculiar to that climate. How could I anticipate that a fine piece of beef, fresh killed, brought in at noon still warm, would by two o'clock require smart blows with a hatchet to slice off a steak? or that half a dozen plates, perfectly dry, placed at a moderate distance from the fire preparatory to dinner, would presently separate into half a hundred fragments, through the action of heat on their frosted pores? or that milk drawn from a cow within sight of my breakfast table would be sheeted with ice on its passage thither—or that a momentary pause, for the choice of a fitting phrase in writing a letter, would load the nib of my pen with a black icicle? If I did not cry over my numerous breakages, and other disasters, it was under the apprehension of tears freezing on my eyelids: and truly they might have done so; for my fingers were once in that awful condition that must have ended in mortification, but for the presence of mind of a poor soldier, who, seeing me running to the fire in that state, drew his bayonet to bar my approach, and wrapping a coarse cloth round my lifeless hands, muff-fashion, compelled me to walk up and down the spacious hall until the circulation returned, which it did with a sensation of agony that well nigh took away my senses. This was a most signal escape, for I was wholly ignorant of my danger, and not a little perplexed and annoyed at the insubordinate conduct of the veteran, who was a model of respectful humility. Had he, poor fellow, known how busy those fingers would one day be against his religion—for he was a French Romanist—he might have been tempted to sheath his bayonet and give me free access to the tempting fire, the immense faggots of which would have sufficed to roast a heretic.

Nova Scotia is, I firmly believe, the most generally and devotedly loyal of all our colonies: the attachment of its people to the mother-country is beautiful; and their partizanship in all questions between us and the States most zealous. The only fault I had to find with them was their indifference toward the poor relics of the Indian race still dwelling in the woods, who were to me objects of the liveliest interest even before I had any feeling of Christian duty towards the heathen; or towards such as those, who are worse than heathen, being numbered among the members of the Romish Church, and utterly, wretchedly ignorant even of such little truth as remains buried under the mass of anti-christian error, to make its darkness more visible. The Indians are wholly despised; scarcely looked on as beings of the same race, by the generality of the colonies. Where Christian principle prevails, they become of course, important in the highest degree: but I speak of what I saw, when vital godliness was little known among them, and I can aver that even Lord Dalhousie scarcely could succeed in stirring up a momentary interest for the dispersed Aborigines. That excellent nobleman devoted himself very warmly to the work of attempting their civilization; and told me that if a few would join him, heartily and zealously in the effort, he should succeed: but that what between lukewarmness on the one side, and suspicion on the other, he found himself completely baffled. It was not to be wondered at that the Indians had a lurking dread of experiencing again the hardship, not to say the treachery and cruelty, inflicted on their fathers. I enjoyed a high place in the affection and confidence of those interesting people, the origin of which may help to prove at how light an estimate the poor creatures were

generally rated by their white brethren. My claim on their attachment consisted in nothing more than the performance of a bounden duty in sheltering for a few weeks one of their number, who had, in a most unprovoked and cruel manner, been wounded by a party of our soldiers, and left to perish in the woods.

How beautiful do the white cliffs of Albion appear in the eyes of the returning wanderer who has learned by a foreign sojourn to estimate the comforts, the privileges, the blessings of this island home! No place could be more thorougly English in feeling, habits, and principles than Nova Scotia; but it was not England. The violent transition of seasons, so different from the soft gradations by which, with us, winter brightens into summer, and summer fades into winter, marked a contrast far from pleasing; and the intensity of cold, the fierceness of heat, alike unknown in our temperate climate, forced comparisons far from agreeable. Thus, on the lowest ground of a wholly selfish feeling, the approach to my native shore could not be otherwise than delightful; but viewed as the mother land of all her interesting colonies, as the great emporium of commerce, the chief temple of liberty, the nurse of military prowess, the unconquered champion of all that is nationally great throughout the world, the sight of our free and happy isle is indeed an inspiring one to those who can appreciate moral grandeur. How much more, in the eyes of the Christian, is she to be esteemed as the glory of all land, (until Judea again shine forth in that her own unalienable character,) as possessing the true knowledge of God, and labouring to spread that knowledge throughout the world; the land of Protestantism, the land of the Bible!

I really cannot understand the meaning, nor fancy what may be the feeling, of those who profess to have merged their patriotism in something of universal good-will to the household of faith all over the world. It seems to me every whit as unnatural as that the members of a christian family should forego all the sweets of conjugal, parental, filial, fraternal love, in the determination to feel an equal regard for his neighbour's wife, husband, &c., as for his own; and, moreover, to take an equal concern in the affairs of his neighbour's kitchen as in his own household matters. This sort of generalizing regard would throw our respective establishments into singular confusion, and might betray ourselves into sundry false positions, and very awkward predicaments. However, the comparative extinction of natural affection would form the most prominently reprehensible feature in the case; and I cannot but think that the boasted cosmopolitanism of some good people would wear an aspect not very dissimilar if rightly and soberly viewed. Certainly I could no more tear the love of country from my heart, than I could the love of kindred; and when my step again pressed the English strand, it was with a sensation almost resembling the fabled invigoration of the Titans, who derived new life, new strength, new enterprise from coming in contact with their mother earth.

England, indeed, contained little that was personally endearing to me, except my beloved surviving parent; but it was a joyous thing to embrace her once more, after the deep roll of the ocean had separated us for nearly three years; during a portion of which she had been learning to prize her native land in a disgusting region of all that is most directly opposed to liberty, civil or religious; to honourable feeling, just conduct, honest principle or practical decency. In short, she had been in Portugal!

LETTER V.

Ireland—Oxford—Irishmen—The Journey—The Arrival—An Escape—Dublin—St. John's Eve—The Dance—Paganism—Trials—Levying Distress—Convictions—Terrors—Awakened Conscience—God's Teaching—Joy and peace.

I now arrive at an epoch from which I may date the commencement of all that deserves to be called life, inasmuch as I had hitherto been living without God in the world. My existence was a feverish dream of vain pleasure first, and then of agitations and horrors. My mind was a chaos of useless information, my character of unapplied energies, my heart a waste of unclaimed affections, and my hope an enigma of confused speculations. I had plenty to do, yet felt that I was doing no-

thing; and there was a growing want within my bosom, a craving after I knew not what; a restless, unsatisfied, unhappy feeling, that seemed in quest of some unknown good. How this was awakened, I know not; it was unaccompanied with any conviction of my own sinfulness, or any doubt of my perfect safety as a child of God. I did not anticipate any satisfaction from change of place: but readily prepared to obey a summons from my husband to follow him to Ireland, whither he had gone to engage in a law-suit. To be sure I hated Ireland most cordially; I had never seen it, and as a matter of choice would have preferred New South Wales, so completely was I influenced by the prevailing prejudice against that land of barbarism! Many people despise Ireland, who, if you demand a reason, will tell you it is a horrid place, and the people all savages; but if you press for proofs and illustrations, furthermore such deponents say not.

On a dull day in April I took my place, a solitary traveller, in the Shrewsbury coach, quite ignorant as to the road I was to travel, and far less at home than I should have been in the wildest part of North America, or on the deck of a ship bound to circumnavigate the globe. We rattled out of London, and the first thing that at all roused my attention was a moonlight view of Oxford, where we stopped at midnight to change horses. Those old gray towers, and mighty masses of ancient building, on which the silvery ray fell with fine effect, awoke in my bosom two melancholy trains of thought; one was the recollection of my father, whose enthusiastic attachment to his own university had often provoked warm discussion with the no less attached Cantabs of our old social parties, and who often held out to me, as the greatest of earthly gratifications a visit with him to that seat of learning which he would describe in glowing colours. But where was my father now? His poor girl, the delight of his eyes and treasure of his heart, was in Oxford, with none to guide, none to guard, none to speak a cheering word to her. I shrunk back in the coach; and grieved over this till a sudden turning once more threw before me the outline of some magnificent old fabric bathed in moonlight, and that called up a fit of patriotism calculated to darken yet more the prospect before me. This was England, my own proud England; and these "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," that distinguished her seats of learning above all others. I was bound—for Ireland! What English young lady had ever studied the history of that remote, half-civilized settlement called Ireland? Not I, certainly, nor any of my acquaintance; but I took it for granted that Ireland had no antiquities, nothing to distinguish her from other barbarous lands, except that her people ate potatoes, made blunders, and went to mass. I felt it a sort of degradation to have an Irish name, and to go there as a resident; but comforted myself by resolving never in one particular to give into any Irish mode of living, speaking, or thinking, and to associate only with such as had been at least educated in England.

The next day's rising sun shone upon Stratford-on-Avon; and here revived in some degree my Shaksperean mania, to the still higher exhaltation of my English stilts, and the deeper debasement of all "rough Irish kernes." At Shrewsbury we parted with a kind old lady, who had shown me some good-natured attentions, and I was left with only an elderly gentleman, bound also for Dublin, who told me we must start at 3 o'clock the following morning for Holyhead. I was dreadfully dejected, and told him I hoped he would not think the worse of me for being so utterly alone, and that he would excuse my retiring to my own apartment the instant we had dined. He took pencil and paper, and with a glow of benevolent feeling expressed his anxious desire to take the same care of me that he would of his own daughter, and to look on me as his especial charge, until he should give me into the hands of my lawful protector. I thanked him, with true English reserve, and a coldness that seemed rather to grate on his warm feelings, and having owned that his seeing my Newfoundland dog well fed and lodged would be a great obligation, I withdrew to fret alone over my exile to this foreign land. You may call this an exaggeration, but it is no such thing. I delight in dwelling upon my reluctant approach to the land that I was to love so fondly.

Next day my miseries were alleviated by the enchanting beauty of the Welsh country through which we passed; and my regard for Mr. D. greatly increased by the compassionate care he took of a poor sickly woman and her ragged infant, whom he descried on the top of the coach, and first threw his large cloak to them, then, with my cordial assent, took them inside, and watched them most kindly until he fell asleep. I peeped into his kind, benevolent face, and inwardly confessed there might be some nice people in Ireland.

At the inn where we dined, I made another acquaintance. A younger, but middle-aged man, whose vivacity, combined with Welsh mutton and ale, quite raised my spirits. Hearing from Mr. D. with what enthusiasm I had admired the scenery of Llangollen, he volunteered to hand me in at the coach window, a note of every remarkable place we should approach during the rest of the journey; adding, "I know the road pretty well, having traversed it at least twice a year for sixteen years, passing to and from my Irish home." He was a legal man, a finished gentleman, and another sad drawback on my perverse prejudices. Mr. F. proved an excellent descriptive guide, punctually reaching to me from the roof of the coach his little memoranda, in time for me to take a survey of the object concerned; and also most assiduously aiding in the care of my luggage and dog when we were all put into the ferry-boat.

There was then no bridge over the Menai, and I being in total ignorance of the route was not a little dismayed at the embarkation, forgetting that Holyhead was in Anglesea, and that Anglesea was an island. At last, when the boat pushed off, the opposite shore being hidden under the mist of deepening twilight, I addressed the ferryman in a tone of remonstrance that infinitely diverted the whole party, "Surely you are not going to take me over in this way to Ireland!"

"No, no," said Mr. F., "you shall have a good night's rest, and a better sea-boat, before we start for the dear green isle."

Steamers were not then put upon the packet station, and the wind being unfavourable, we had a passage of seventeen hours. not landing until two in the morning of Easter Sunday. Nothing could exceed my discomfort, as you may suppose, when I tell you that after paying my bill at Holyhead, I, in a fit of abstraction, deposited it very safely in my purse, and in its stead threw away my last bank-note. The mistake was not suspected until, in mid voyage, I examined the state of my finances, and found the sum total to amount to one shilling. This was an awful discovery; my passage was paid, but how to reach Dublin was a mystery, and such was the untamed pride of my character that I would sooner have walked there than confessed to the fact, which might have been doubted, and laid myself under the obligation of a loan, which I was sure of repaying in a few hours, even to good old Mr. D. When I stepped from the deck of the packet upon the plank that rested against the pier of Howth, I had not one single halfpenny in my pocket, and I experienced, without the slightest emotion, one of the most hair-breadth escapes of my life.

The water was very low; the plank, of course, sloped greatly, and, as soon as I set my foot on it, began to slide down. In another second I should have been plunged between the vessel's side and the stone pier, without any human possibility of rescue; and already I had lost my balance, when a sailor, springing on the bulwarks, caught me round the knees, and at the same instant Mr. F. throwing himself on the ground, seized and steadied the plank, until I recovered my footing and ran up. I shudder to recall the hardened indifference of my own spirit, while the kind, warm-hearted Irishmen were agitated with strong emotion, and all around me thanking God for my escape. Each of my friends thought I had landed under the care of the other; while one had my dog, and the other my portmanteau. I received their fervent "cead-mille-failthe" with cold politeness, and trod with feelings of disgust on the dear little green shamrocks that I now prize so fondly.

We went to the hotel, and Mr. D. proposed my retiring to a chamber until the coach started; but my empty purse would not allow of that, so I said I preferred sitting where I was. Refreshments were ordered; but though in a state of ravenous hunger, I steadily refused them; for I would not have allowed another person to

pay for me, and was resolved to conceal my loss as long as I could. I was excused, on the presumption of a qualmishness resulting from the tossing of the ship; and most melancholy, most forlorn were the feelings with which I watched through the large window the fading moonbeams and the dawning day. To my unspeakable joy, the two gentlemen proposed taking a post-chaise with me to Dublin, the expense being no more and the comfort much greater than going by coach; and having requested Mr. F. to keep an exact account of my share in the charges, I took my seat beside them with a far lighter heart; my dog being on the foot-board in front of the carriage.

Away we drove, our horses being young, fresh, and in high condition. It was a glorious morning, and vainly did I strive not to admire the scenery, as one after another of the beautiful villas that adorn the Howth road gleamed out in the snowy whiteness that characterizes the houses there; generally enbosomed in trees, and surrounded by gardens, on the rising grounds. We were descending the hilly road very rapidly, when by some means the horses took fright, and broke into a full gallop, crossing and recrossing the road in a fearful manner. The driver was thrown on the foot-board, poor Tajo hung by his chain against the horses' legs, and our situation was most critical. I had suffered from one upset in America, and resolved not to encounter another; so quietly gathering my long riding habit about me with one hand, and putting the other out at the window, I opened the door, and with one active spring flung myself out. You know the extreme peril, the almost certain destruction of such a leap from a carriage at full speed; I did not, or certainly I would not have taken it. However, at that very instant of time, the horses made a dead stop; and the chaise remained stationary only a few paces in advance of me.

Was not the hand of God here? Oh, surely it was in the most marked and wonderful manner. No cause could be assigned for the arrest of the animals; the driver had lost the reins, and no one was near. I had fallen flat on the road-side, just grazing my gloves with the gravel, and getting a good mouthful of the soil, with which my face was brought into involuntary contact. In a moment I sprang to my feet, and blowing it out exclaimed with a laugh, "Oh, well! I suppose I am to love this country after all; for I have kissed it in spite of me." I then ran to help my dog out of his disagreeable state of suspension, and returned to my friends, who were frightened and angry too, and who refused to let me into the chaise unless I positively promised not to jump out any more. To shorten the tale, I reached the Hibernian hotel, where my husband was, seized some money, and paid my expenses without any one having discovered that I was a complete bankrupt up to that minute.

I have been very prolix here; for I cannot overlook a single incident connected with this eventful journey. Never did any one less anticipate a blessing, or look for happiness than I in visiting Ireland. I cannot enter into more particulars, because it would involve the names of friends who might not wish to figure in print; but if these pages ever meet the eyes of any who gave me the first day's welcome in Dublin, let them be assured that the remembrance of their tender kindness, the glowing warmth of their open hospitality, and their solicitude to make the poor stranger happy among them, broke through the ice of a heart that had frozen itself up in most unnatural reserve, and gave life to the first pulse that played within it, of the love that soon pervaded its every vein—the love of dear generous Ireland.

My first journey into the interior was to the King's county, where I passed some weeks in a house most curiously situated, with an open prospect of ten miles pure bog in front of it. Being newly built, nothing had yet had time to grow; but its owner, one of the most delighful old gentlemen I ever met with, had spared no cost to render it commodious and handsome. He was a fine specimen of the hospitable Irish gentleman, and took great pleasure in bringing me acquainted with the customs of a people and the features of a place so new to me. Indeed, it was my first introduction to what was really Irish, for Dublin is too much of a capital city to afford many specimens of distinct nationality. On that great festival of the peasantry, St. John's eve, Mr. C. resolved

on giving his tenants and neighbours a treat that should also enlighten me on one of their most singular relics of paganism. It is the custom at sunset on that evening to kindle numerous immense fires throughout the country, built like our bonfires, to a great height, the pile being composed of turf, bog-wood, and such other combustibles as they can gather. The turf yields a steady, substantial body of fire, the bog-wood a most brilliant flame; and the effect of these great beacons blazing on every hill, sending up volumes of smoke from every point of the horizon, is very remarkable. Ours was a magnificent one, being provided by the landlord as a compliment to his people, and was built on the lawn, as close beside the house as safety would admit. Early in the evening the peasants began to assemble, all habited in their best array, glowing with health, every countenance full of that sparkling animation and excess of enjoyment that characterizes the enthusiastic people of the land. I had never seen anything resembling it, and was exceedingly delighted with their handsome, intelligent, merry faces, the bold bearing of the men, and the playful, but really modest deportment of the maidens; the vivacity of the aged people, and the wild glee of the children. The fire being kindled, a splendid blaze shot up, and for a while they stood contemplating it, with faces strangely disfigured by the peculiar light first emitted when logwood is thrown on; after a short pause, the ground was cleared in front of an old blind piper, the very *beau-ideal* of energy, drollery and shrewdness, who, seated on a low chair, with a well plenished jug within his reach, screwed his pipes to the liveliest tunes, and the endless jig began.

An Irish jig is interminable, so long as the party holds together; for when one of the dancers becomes fatigued, a fresh individual is ready to step into the vacated place quick as thought; so that the other does not pause, until in like manner obliged to give place to a successor. They continue footing it, and setting to one another, occasionally moving in a figure, and changing places, with extraordinary rapidity, spirit, and grace. Few indeed among even the very lowest of the most impoverished class have grown into youth without obtaining some lessons in this accomplishment from the travelling dancing-masters of their district; and certainly in the way they use it, many would be disposed to grant a dispensation to the young peasant which they would withhold from the young peer. It is, however, sadly abused among them, to Sabbath-breaking, revellings, and the most immoral scenes, where they are congregated and kept together under its influence; and the same scene, enacted a year afterwards, would have awoke in my mind very different feelings from those with which I regarded this first spectacle of Irish hilarity, when I could hardly be restrained by the laughing remonstrances of "the quality" from throwing myself into the midst of the joyous group, and dancing with them.

But something was to follow that puzzled me not a little; when the fire had burned for some hours, and got low, an indispensable part of the ceremony commenced. Every one present of the peasantry, passed through it, and several children were thrown across the sparkling embers; while a wooden frame of some eight feet long, with a horse's head fixed to one end, and a large white sheet thrown over it, concealing the wood and the man on whose head it was carried, made its appearance. This was greeted with loud shouts as the "white horse;" and having been safely carried by the skill of its bearer several times through the fire with a bold leap, it pursued the people, who ran screaming and laughing in every direction. I asked what the horse was meant for, and was told it represented all cattle. Here was the old pagan worship of Baal, if not of Moloch too, carried on openly and universally in the heart of a nominally Christian country, and by millions professing the Christian name! I was confounded, for I did not then know that Popery is only a crafty adaption of pagan idolatries to its own scheme; and while I looked upon the now wildly excited people, with their children and, in a figure, all their cattle passing again and again through the fire, I almost questioned in my own mind the lawfulness of the spectacle, considered in the light that the Bible must, even to the natural heart, exhibit it in to those who confess the true God. There was no one to whom I could breathe such thoughts, and they soon faded from my mind: not

so the impression made on it by this fair specimen of a population whom I had long classed with the savage inhabitants of barbarous lands, picturing them to myself as dark, ferocious, discontented, and malignant. That such was the reverse of their natural character I now began to feel convinced; and from that evening my heart gradually warmed towards a race whom I found to be frank, warm, and affectionate beyond any I had ever met with.

My interest in them, however, was soon to be placed on another and a firmer basis. I took up my permanent abode in a neighbouring county; and within six months after that celebration of St. John's eve I experienced the mighty power of God in a way truly marvellous. Great and marvellous are *all* his works: in creating, in sustaining, in governing this world of wonderful creatures; but oh, how surpassingly marvellous and great in redeeming lost sinners, in taking away the heart of stone, and giving a heart of flesh, and making his people willing in the day of his power!

I have carefully abstained from any particulars respecting myself that could either cast a reproach on the dead or give pain to the living: I shall do so still, and merely remark that as far as this world was concerned my lot had no happiness mingled in it, and that my only solace under many grievous trials consisted in two things: one was a careful concealment of whatever might subject my proud spirit to the mortification of being pitied when I desired rather to be envied; and the other a confident assurance that in suffering afflictions silently, unresistingly, and uncomplainingly, I was making God my debtor to a large amount. What desperate wickedness of a deceived and deceitful heart was this! The very thing in which I so arrogantly vaunted myself before God was the direct result of personal pride, in itself a great sin; and thus I truly gloried in my shame. I never looked beyond the rod to Him who had appointed it; but satisfying myself that I had not merited, from man, any severity, my demerits at the hand of the Most High were wholly put out of the calculation. Thus, of course, every stroke drove me further from the only Rock of refuge, and deeper into the fastness of my own vain conceits. Added to this I was wholly shut out from all the ordinary means by which the Lord usually calls sinners to himself. There was no gospel ministry then within my reach; nor could I, if it were provided, have profited by it, owing to my infirmity. Into Christian society I had never entered; nor had the least glimmer of spiritual light shone into my mind. My religion was that of the pharisee, and my addresses to God included, like his, an acknowledgment that it was by divine favour I was so much better than my neighbours. Reality had so far chased away romance, that my old favourite authors had little power to charm me; and the hollowness of my affected gayety and ease made society a very sickening thing. Besides, at my first coming to the very aristocratical little town where I then resided, I was neglected in a manner very mortifying to one who had been accustomed to find her level in society even a grade higher than that; and this was most mercifully ordered, not only to humble my intolerable pride, but to smooth the way for that separation from worldly associates which was soon to become the desire of my heart, and to aid me in afterwards withstanding the temptation of most earnest and affectionate attentions from all around me, when, by means of an old friend very high indeed in military command, my real standing in society became better known to them.

At the time I am now to speak of, I was living in perfect seclusion, and uninterrupted solitude. Captain —— was always in Dublin, and my chief occupation was in hunting out, and transcribing and arranging matter for the professional gentlemen conducting the law-suit, from a mass of confused family papers and documents. Our property consisted of a large number of poor cabins, with their adjoining land, forming a complete street on the outskirts of the town, which was greatly in arrear to the head landlords, and a periodical "distress" took place. On these occasions, a keeper was set over the property; some legal papers were served, and the household goods, consisting of iron kettles, wooden stools, broken tables, a ragged blanket or two, and the little store of potatoes, the sole support of the wretched inhabitants, were brought out, piled in a long row down the street, and "canted," that is, put up to sale, for the payment of,

perhaps, one or two per cent of the arrears. This horrified me beyond measure: I was ashamed to be seen among the people who were called our tenants, though this proceeding did not emanate from their immediate landlord; and every thing combined to render the seclusion of my own garden more congenial to me than any wider range.

It was then that I came to the resolution of being a perfect devotee in religion: I thought myself marvellously good; but something of monastic mania seized me. I determined to emulate the recluses of whom I had often read; to become a sort of Protestant nun; and to fancy my garden, with its high stone walls, and little thicket of apple-trees, a convent enclosure. I also settled it with myself to pray three or four times every day, instead of twice; and with great alacrity entered upon this new routine of devotion.

Here God met, and arrested me. When I kneeled down to pray, the strangest alarms took hold of my mind. He to whom I had been accustomed to prate with flippant volubility in a set form of heartless words, seemed to my startled mind so exceedingly terrible in unapproachable majesty, and so very angry with me in particular, that I became paralyzed with fear. I strove against this with characteristic pertinacity; I called to mind all the common-place assurances respecting the sufficiency of a good intention, and magnified alike my doings and my sufferings. I persuaded myself it was only a holy awe, the effect of distinguished piety and rare humility, and that I was really an object of the divine complacency in no ordinary degree. Again I essayed to pray, but in vain; I dared not. Then I attributed it to a nervous state of feeling that would wear away by a little abstraction from the subject; but this would not do. To leave off praying was impossible, yet to pray seemed equally so. I well remember that the character in which I chiefly viewed the Lord God was that of an Avenger, going forth to smite the first-born of Egypt; and I some how identified myself with the condemned number. Often, after kneeling a long time, I have laid my face upon my arms, and wept most bitterly because I could not, dared not pray.

It was not in my nature to be driven back easily from any path I had entered on; and here the Lord wrought on me to persevere resolutely. I began to examine myself, in order to discover *why* I was afraid, and taking as my rule the ten commandments, I found myself sadly deficient on some points. The tenth affected me as it never had done before. "I had not known lust," because I had not understood the law when it said "Thou shalt not covet." A casual glance at the declaration of St. James, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," alarmed me exceedingly; and on a sudden it occurred to me that not only the ten commandments, but all the precepts of the New Testament were binding on a Christian; and I trembled more than ever.

What was to be done? To reform myself, certainly, and become obedient to the whole law. Accordingly I went to work, transcribed all the commands that I felt myself most in the habit of neglecting, and pinned up a dozen or two texts around my room. It required no small effort to enter this apartment and walk round it, reading my mementos. That active schoolmaster, the law, had got me fairly under his rod, and dreadful were the writhings of the convicted culprit! I soon, however, took down my texts, fearing lest any one else might see them, and not knowing they were for myself, be exasperated. I then made a little book, wrote down a list of offences, and commenced making a dot over against each, whenever I detected myself in the commission of one. I had become very watchful over my thoughts, and was honest in recording all evil; so my book became a mass of black dots; and the reflection that occurred to me of omissions being sins too, completed the panic of my mind. I flung away my book into the fire, and myself into an abyss of gloomy despair.

How long this miserable state of mind lasted, I do not exactly remember; I think about two weeks. I could not pray. I dared not read the Bible, it bore so very hard upon me. Outwardly I was calm and even cheerful, but within reigned the very blackness of darkness. Death, with which I had so often sported, appeared in my eyes so terrible that the slightest feel-

ing of illness filled my soul with dismay. I saw no way of escape: I had God's perfect law before my eyes, and a full conviction of my own past sinfulness and present helplessness, leaving me wholly without hope. Hitherto I had never known a day's illness for years; one of God's rich mercies to me consisted in uninterrupted health, and a wonderful freedom from all nervous affections. I knew almost as little of the sensation of a head-ache as I did of that of tight-lacing; and now a violent cold, with sore throat, aggravated into fever by the state of my mind, completely prostrated me. I laid myself down on the sofa one morning and waited to see how my earthly miseries would terminate; too well knowing what must follow the close of a sinner's life.

I had not lain long, when a neighbour hearing I was ill, sent me some books, just received from Dublin, as a loan, hoping I might find some amusement in them. Listlessly, wretchedly, mechanically I opened one—it was the memoir of a departed son, written by his father. I read a page, describing the approach of death, and was arrested by the youth's expressions of self-condemnation, his humble acknowledgement of having deserved at the Lord's hand nothing but eternal death. "Ah, poor fellow," said I, "he was like me. How dreadful his end must have been! I will see what he said at last, when on the very brink of the bottomless pit." I resumed the book; and found him in continuation glorifying God that though *he* was so guilty and so vile, there was One able to save to the uttermost, who had borne his sins, satisfied divine justice for him, opened the gates of heaven, and now waited to receive his ransomed soul.

The book dropped from my hands. "Oh, what is this? This is what I want: this would save me. Who did this for him? Jesus Christ, certainly; and it must be written in the New Testament. I tried to jump up and reach my Bible, but was overpowered by the emotion of my mind. I clasped my hands over my eyes, and then the blessed effects of having even a literal knowledge of scripture were apparent. Memory brought before me, as the Holy Spirit directed it, not here and there a detached text, but whole chapters, as they had long been committed to its safe but hitherto unprofitable keeping. The veil was removed from my heart, and Jesus Christ, as the Alpha and Omega, the sum and substance of everything, shone out upon me just as He is set forth in the everlasting gospel. It was the same as if I had been reading, because I knew it so well by rote, only much more rapid, as thought always is. In this there was nothing uncommon; but in the *opening of the understanding, that I might* UNDERSTAND *the scriptures*, was the mighty miracle of grace and truth. There I lay, still as death, my hands still folded over my eyes, my very soul basking in the pure, calm, holy light that streamed into it through the appointed channel of God's word. Rapture was not what I felt; excitement, enthusiasm, agitation, there was none. I was like a person long enclosed in a dark dungeon, the walls of which had now fallen down, and I looked round on a sunny landscape of calm and glorious beauty. I well remember that the Lord Jesus, in the character of a shepherd, of a star, and, above all, as the pearl of great price, seemed revealed to me most beautifully; that he could save everybody I at once saw; that he would save me, never even took the form of a question. Those who have received the gospel by man's preaching may doubt and cavil: I took it simply from the Bible, in the words that God's wisdom teacheth, and thus I argued:—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners: I am a sinner: I want to be saved: he will save me." There is no presumption in taking God at his word: not to do so is very impertinent: I did it, and I was happy.

After some time I rose from the sofa, and walked about; my feelings were delicious. I had found Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets, did write; I had found the very Paschal Lamb, whose blood would be my safeguard from the destroying angel. Oh, how delicious was that particular thought to me! It was one of the first that occurred, and I laughed with gladness. Indeed my feeling was very joyous, and I only wanted somebody to tell it to. I had two servants, one a young woman, the other a little girl, both papists, both loving me with Irish warmth, They were delighted to see me so well and happy on a sudden; and in the even-

ing I bade them come to my room, for I was going to read a beautiful book, and would read it aloud. I began the gospel of St. Matthew, and read nine chapters to them, their wonder and delight increasing my joy. Whenever I proposed leaving off, they begged for more; and only for my poor throat I think we should have gone on till day. I prayed with them, and what a night's rest I had! Sleep so sweet, a waking so happy, and a joy so unclouded through the day, what but the gospel could bestow? Few, very few have been so privileged as I was, to be left alone with the infallible teaching of God the Holy Ghost, by means of the written word, for many weeks, and so to get a thorough knowledge of the great doctrines of salvation, unclouded by man's vain wisdom. I knew not that in the world there were any who had made the same discovery with myself. Of all schemes of doctrine I was wholly ignorant, and the only system of theology open to me was God's own. All the faculties of my mind were roused and brightened for the work. I prayed, without ceasing, for divine instruction; and took, without cavilling, what was vouchsafed. On this subject I must enter more largely, for it is one of immense importance.

LETTER VI.

Religious Progress—The Church--Socianism--Temptation—Metaphysics—Athanasian Creed—An Epoch—My First Tract—A New Friend—Hail Mary—Christian Communion—Dissent—Church of England—Succession.

I am standing before you now in the character of one who, having been brought under conviction of sin into utter-self-despair, had found in Jesus Christ a refuge from the storm of God's anger. I felt myself safe in Him; but as the revelation which God had made to man was not confined to the alone point of a satisfaction for the sins of men. I felt it my bounden duty to search for all that the Most High had seen good to acquaint his people with. At the same time I found myself a member of a church, calling itself Christian; but I, too, had called myself a Christian, while as yet wholly ignorant of Christ, therefore I could not depend upon a name. I knew that there were other churches, each putting in a claim to a higher and purer standard than its neighbours, and it behooved me to know which of them all was in the right. I had no books of a religious character; not one: no clergyman among my acquaintance, no means of inquiry, save as regarded my own church, whose Liturgy and Articles lay before me. I resolved to bring them first to the test of scripture; and if they failed, to look out for a better.

How I commenced the work, and pursued it, I need not state. I tried everything, as well as I could, by the Bible; and my satisfaction was great to find the purest, clearest strain of evangelical truth breathing through the book which I had used all my life long, as I did the Bible, without entering into its real meaning. How I could possibly escape seeing the doctrines of faith, regeneration, and the rest of God's revelation in them both, was strange to me; but I understood that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, and mourned over the darkness that I supposed universal.

I found it distinctly stated by our Lord, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and this served as a key to many passages in the Epistles, and other parts of scripture illustrative of the same solemn truth. I had never thought of this. Did my church hold it? Yes; it was not only laid down as a fundamental doctrine in her Articles, but constantly put into the mouths of her congregation, either expressed or clearly implied. Again, I found that not by works but by faith I was to be justified before God; and this also ran through the prayer-book, with unvarying distinctness—though with that book in my hand, and its contents on my lips, I had been hitherto attempting to scale heaven by a ladder of my own forming. I then tried the creeds by scripture, which would have been a very laborious work, unassisted as I was by any exposition or references, had not my memory been well stored with the word of God, while, as I humbly hope, the Holy Spirit took of the things of Christ, and showed them unto me. The only clause in the creeds that startled me was that of our Lord's descent into hell; that

he ever visited the place of the condemned spirits I could not believe, nor do I now believe it, nor ever for a moment gave credit to the monstrous assertion since that period. If by hell is meant the place of separated souls, as I was afterwards told, why not call it by a less ambiguous name? However, I would not for one uncertain phrase, which I then suspected and now know to be a modern interpolation, reject a whole system. I contented myself with refraining from making that confession; and on all occasions substituting when I could the beautiful Nicene creed for the other. Of course, this declaration will bring on me a storm of censure from some quarters: so be it. I am relating facts; and happy would it be for the church and country if all who in some minor matters hesitate at using expressions made choice of by the fallible compilers of mere human compositions, would allow themselves the same liberty, instead of falling into schism and swelling the ranks of dissent.

The Athanasian creed brought to my recollection a circumstance that had occurred a few years before; the importance of which had never been known to me until I was brought acquainted with the saving truths of the gospel. I now looked back upon it with trembling joy and gratitude to Him who had preserved me from a snare into which the pride of intellect, joined to spiritual ignorance, would have been sure to lead me, but for the watchful care of my Heavenly Father, still working by means of my blind but sincere reverence for his word. I have mentioned that in my native town Socinianism flourished to a fearful extent; it has long been a very hot-bed of that fatal heresy; the holders of which are found among many leading characters of wealth, influence, and high attainments. I knew no more of it than that it was one of the many forms of dissent, with which I had nothing to do; I was acquainted with several of its disciples; but as religion formed no part of our social intercourse, its peculiarities were wholly unknown to me.

Not long before my trip to America, I had been staying in Norwich, in the same house with a most clever, intelligent, and amiable woman, of whom I was very fond. She to be a Dissenter, and that was all. One evening she drew me into a conversation, the commencement of which I forgot, but it soon arrived at a denial, on her part, of the Godhead of Christ; which exceedingly astonished me, for I never supposed that could be called in question. I ran for the Bible, saying I would soon show her that it was not to be disputed; and she in return asserted that I could not prove it out of the *inspired scriptures.* After pondering for awhile, I recollected the first chapter of Revelation, which for its sublimity I ranked among the highest of my poetical gems, and that it unequivocally proclaimed the divinity of our glorious Lord. I opened at it, on which she burst into a laugh, saying, "You are not so weak as to fancy that book of riddles any part of God's word?" "Why, it is in the Bible, you see," replied I, half indignantly. "And who put it there? Come, you are a person of too much sense to believe that the binding up of certain leaves between the two covers of the Bible makes them a part of it. You must exercise the reason that God has given you; and in so doing you will discover so many interpolations and deceptions in that version of yours, that you will be glad to find a more accurate one."

She continued in the same strain for some time. I was greatly agitated: I closed the great Bible, and leaning on it, with folding arms, my heart beating violently against the bright red cover, I gave heed to all she said. My love of novelty, passion for investigation, and the metaphysical turn that had sometimes made my father quite uneasy about me, when he saw me at eight years old poring over abstruse reasoning with the zest of an old philosopher, were all in her favour. I felt as if the foundation of my faith was giving way, and I was being launched on a sea of strange uncertainty. When she concluded, I laid my forehead on the book, in most deep and anxious thought. I did not pray: God was found of one who sought him not; for surely he alone dictated my answer. I started up, and with the greatest vivacity said, "Mrs. ——, if you can persuade me that the book of Revelation is not inspired, another person may do the same with regard to the book of Genesis; and so of all that lie between them, till the whole Bible is taken away from me. That

will never do; I cannot part with my dear Bible. I believe it all, every word of it; and I am sure I should be miserable if I did not." Then, kissing the precious volume with the affection one feels for what is in danger of being lost to us, I carried it back to its shelf, and declined any further discussion on the subject. She told some one else she was sure of having me yet; but the good providence of God interposed to remove me from the scene of danger.

That metaphysical turn I omitted to mention among my early snares: my father checked it although it was a great hobby of his own. He had seen its fearful abuse in the origin of the French revolution, and regarded it as one of the evil spirits of the age. I recollected the mixture of mirth and vexation depicted in his face one morning, when, on remarking that I did not look well, and inquiring if any thing ailed me, I replied, "No, but I could not get any sleep."

"What prevented your sleeping?"

"I was thinking, papa, of '*Cogito, ergo sum*,' and I lay awake, trying to find out all about it."

"'*Cogito, ergo sum!*'" repeated my father, laughing and frowning at the same time, "what will you be at twenty, if you dabble in metaphysics before you are ten? Come, I must set you to study Euclid: that will sober your wild head a little." I took the book with great glee, delighted to have a new field of inquiry; but soon threw it aside. Mathematics and I could never agree. Speculative and imaginative in an extraordinary degree, carrying much sail with scarcely any ballast, what but the ever-watchful care of Him who sitteth upon the circle of the earth could have preserved from fatal wrecking a vessel so frail, while yet without pilot, helm or chart!

It was the recollection of my short encounter with the Socinian that satisfied me respecting the Athanasian creed. I felt that had I taken up its bold assertions, and established every one of them, as now I did, by Scripture, no sophistry could have staggered my faith, though it had been but a reasoning, not a saving faith, in that high doctrine of the co-existent co-equal Trinity. I did not then know,—for of all Church history I was ignorant,—that its original object was not so much to establish a truth, as to detect and defeat a falsehood. The damnatory clauses, as they are called, did not startle me. I saw clearly the fact that God had made a revelation of Himself to man, which revelation man was not at liberty to receive or to reject; and as without faith it is impossible to please God, and that alone is faith which implicitly believes the record that he hath given of his Son, the deductions in question were perfectly fair and orthodox. I frequently wondered, when subsequently brought into the arena of various controversies, at the ease with which, aided by the Bible alone, I settled so many disputed points; and as it really was by the Bible I settled them, man's teaching has never yet on any subject altered my views.

The only serious difficulty that I met, was in trying to receive the doctrine of Election. I read the seventeenth article, where I, at least, found it most palpably insisted on; and I remembered having, in childhood, heard many hot disputes on that subject. My grandmother held it, but she was nearly alone in her opinion; and I was accustomed to hear it very much denounced, which no doubt left a prejudice on my mind. I resolved to search it out most diligently: but wishing first to be thoroughly grounded in the vital points of the co-equality of the three persons in the Godhead, I read the Book of the Acts with an express view to the latter. In so doing, I became fully and undesignedly convinced on that of Election as held by those called Calvinistic divines, not one of whom, to my knowledge, had I ever met with. After this I traced it in every part of the Scriptures, running like a golden thread through the whole Bible. I have been closely pressed by its opponents on more than one occasion, and urged to read treatises on the subject; pro. or con., no treatises have I read: man can tell me no more than that God has clearly revealed it, therefore man cannot strengthen a belief founded on the sure word of God: or if he tells me it is not revealed, I know that it is; because I have found it so, and relinquish it I never can.

Whether it be regarded as presumptuous or not, I must thankfully avow that during the weeks when I was left alone with my Bible, I obtained a view of the

whole scheme of redemption, and God's dealings with man, which to this hour I have never found reason to alter in any one respect, save as greater light has continually broken in on each branch of the subject, strengthening, not changing those views. You will see in the progress of my sketch, how complete a bulwark against error in numberless shapes I have found in this simple adherence to the plain word of truth; this habit of bringing every proposition "to the law and to the testimony;" fully persuaded that "if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

I now proceed to an interesting epoch in my life: the commencement of my literary labours in the Lord's cause. It marks very strongly the over-ruling hand of Him who was working all things after the counsel of his own will; and I will give it you without curtailment, together with my introduction, through it, to the Christian community of the land.

My life, as I told you, was solitary and retired; my time chiefly passed in writing out documentary matters for the lawyers. The law-suit, concerning a property not worth litigating, had already been carried into three courts, Chancery, King's Bench, and Prerogative, and the labour devolving on me was most irksome. The circumstance of my using the pen so incessantly became known, and I was looked on as a literary recluse. One day a lady, personally unknown to me, but whose indefatigable zeal was always seeking the good of others, sent me a parcel of tracts. With equal wonder and delight I opened one of them, a simple, spiritual little production; and the next that I took up was an inducement to distribute tracts among the poor. From this I learned that some excellent people were engaged in a work quite new to me; and, with a sigh, I wished I had the means of contributing to their funds. Presently the thought flashed upon me, "Since I cannot give them money, may I not write something to be useful in the same way?" I had just then no work before me; and a long winter evening at command. I ordered large candles, told the servants not to interrupt me, and sat down to my novel task. I began about seven o'clock, and wrote till three in the morning; when I found I had produced a complete little story, in the progress of which I had been enabled so to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus, that on reading it over I was amazed at the statement I had made of scriptural truth, and sank on my knees in thankfulness to God. Next morning I awoke, full of joy, but much puzzled as to what I should do with my tract. At length, in the simplicity of my heart, I resolved to send it to the Bishop of Norwich, and busied myself, at the breakfast-table, in computing how many franks it would fill. While thus employed, a note was put into my hands, from Miss D., apologizing for the liberty taken, saying she had sent me, the day before, some tracts, and as she heard I was much occupied with the pen, it had occurred to her that I might be led to write something myself, in the possibility of which she now enclosed the address of the Secretary to the Dublin Tract Society, to whom such aid would be most welcome.

I was absolutely awe-struck by this very striking incident. I saw in it a gracious acceptance of my free-will offering at His hands to whom it had been prayerfully dedicated: and in two hours the manuscript was on its way to Dublin, with a very simple letter to the Secretary. A cordial answer, commendatory of my tract, and earnestly entreating a continuance of such aid soon reached me, with some remarks and questions that required a fuller communication of my circumstances and feelings. He had recommended frequent intercourse with the peasantry, of whose habits and modes of expression I was evidently ignorant, and I then mentioned my loss of hearing as a bar to this branch of usefulness. His rejoinder was the overflowing of a truly Christian heart, very much touched by an artless account of the Lord's dealings with me; and greatly did my spirit rejoice at having found a brother in the faith thus to cheer and strengthen me.

But alas! a few days afterwards, Miss D. whom I had still never seen, wrote to apprize me that this excellent man had ruptured a blood-vessel and was dying. Still he did not forget me, but after lingering for some weeks, on his death-bed commended me to the friendship of his brother, who from that period proved a true and valuable helper to me.

Meanwhile I was beginning to take a view of Popery, under the light of the gospel. As yet, I knew nothing of it spiritually; and my retired life kept me from observing how it worked among the poor people around. My attention was first directed to it by a conversation with the younger of my two servants; she slept in my apartment, and I remarked that while kneeling at her devotions she not only uttered them with amazing rapidity, but carried on all the while the operation of undressing, with perfect inattention to what she was saying. I asked her the purport of her prayers; she told me she said the "Our Father," and then the "Hail Mary:" at my request she repeated the latter, and I gave her a gentle lecture on the irreverence of chattering to God so volubly, and of employing herself about her clothes at the same time; adding that she should be devout, deliberate, and quiet while speaking to God; but as for the Virgin Mary it was no matter how she addressed her, if address her she would, for being only a dead woman she could know nothing about it. This, I am ashamed to say, was the extent of my actual protest at that time. The girl took it all very readily, and ever after, during her address to God she knelt with her hands joined, repeating the words slowly and seriously; but the moment she commenced the "Hail Mary," to make up for lost time she prattled it so rapidly, and tore open the fastenings of her dress with such bustling speed, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing. A little reflection, however, convinced me it was an act of idolatry, and no laughing matter; and from that time I inquired as deeply as I could into their faith and practice; constantly showing them from the Scriptures how contrary their religion was to that of the gospel. Still it was but a very partial and superficial view that I could as yet obtain of the great mystery of iniquity through these ignorant and thoughtless girls; and to this must be attributed my sad failure in not warning them more distinctly to come out of Babylon. I rather tried to patch up the old, decayed, tattered garment with the new piece of the gospel, as many more have done; and so to make the rent worse instead of replacing the vile article with one of God's providing.

One of the most interesting and delightful subjects opened to me by my study of the Scriptures during this happy period was that of the Jews. I had always felt deeply interested for them, and looked forward to their conversion, individually, to Christ; but nationally I was still in the dark about them. Now, I plainly saw the nature and extent of God's covenanted pledge to Abraham, and became fully convinced that their national restoration was a revealed truth, and that the church would never attain to any triumph on earth in which the Jews, as Jews, did not bear a very prominent part. Happily untaught in the spiritualizing process by which the divine promises to Israel are wrested from their evident, literal sense, I took all that I read as primarily applicable to those who were distinctly addressed by name, though plainly seeing that there was an allowable adaptation of them to the Gentile church. Many a time have I knelt down, with the ninth chapter of Daniel spread before me, fervently and with tears pleading in his words for his people. It was not until long afterwards that, on urging upon a pious clergyman the duty of combining in some great effort for the conversion of the Jews, I learnt, to my surprise and delight, of the existence of such a society. I need not tell you that the impression made on my mind by the Bible when I had no other teacher, has been continually deepening for twenty years; and that nothing which man could say or write ever for a moment shook my conviction on the subject. I laid hold on the word of promise, and urged it on all within my reach, from my very first intercourse with Christians; and I have watched with joy the rapid unfolding of God's purposes towards the Jews, both in disposing the hearts of Gentiles towards their cause, and in evidently preparing the way for their speedy restoration.

When that excellent man, Mr. D. was committed to the grave, his younger brother visited me on his way back to Dublin. That interview I shall never forget; he talked to me out of the overflowing of a heart devoted to Christ, and left me pining for more extended enjoyment of Christian society. I was not long ungratified; within three days an unexpected summons took me to Dublin, and on the very evening of my arrival Mr. D. introduced me to a party

of about thirty pious friends, assembled to meet a missionary just returned from Russia. Remember, these were the frank, unrestrained, warm-hearted Irish, of all people the most ready at expressing their zealous and generous feelings; and imagine, if you can, my enjoyment, after such a long season of comparative loneliness, when they came about me with the affectionate welcome that none can utter and look so eloquently as they can! I thought it a foretaste of heavenly blessedness; and yet I often longed for those seasons when I had none but my God to commune with, and poured out to Him all that now I found it delightful to utter to my fellow-creatures. Then, my tabernacle was indeed pitched in the wilderness, and the candle of the Lord shone brightly upon it; now, the blending of many inferior lights distracted my mind from its one object of contemplation, and broke the harmony that was so sweet in its singleness.

A few months after this, the law-suit being ended, my husband was ordered abroad. I declined to cross the Atlantic a second time, and from this period I became chiefly dependent on my own exertions. My mother had joined me in Ireland, having been made a partaker in the like precious faith and hope with myself. The next event to which I shall advert is a strong temptation to separate from the established church, under circumstances that have led very many to forsake the pale of her communion. I have observed that at the time in question there was no gospel preached in the pulpits of the establishment near me; I, however, a year after my reception of the truth, became acquainted with a most godly, zealous, and truly able minister who officiated in the Independent chapel. We found that he had to travel late at night or to put up at an inn, as his regular charge was at some distance, and we freely offered him such hospitality as our house would afford. He took no unfair advantage to urge us into his own communion; the contrast of his character and deportment to those of the pleasure-loving divines to whom we had been long accustomed; the spirituality of his conversation, the excellency of his preaching, and the privilege of his domestic ministry in our little household at his weekly visit, all wrought to predispose me when, in the way of equal communication, we came to discuss the grounds of his dissent. Had I not already brought my prayer-book to the test, in the way related, before any bias could disturb my mind, I really think I should have been overcome in an argument where the odds were so strong against me; but thus prepared I could repel all charges on fundamental points; and in matters indifferent, I refused to recognise a sufficient excuse for separating from what in its constitution was decidedly scriptural and good. My church was taxed with being essentially popish, and in rebutting this I became better acquainted with her essential Protestantism. She was denounced as a worldly, secular system, opposed to the declaration of our Lord that his kingdom is not of this world; but I had sense enough to see, and to point out the total irrelevancy of that hackneyed quotation to the subject of ecclesiastical establishments. The unholy lives of too many of her clergy, with their shameful neglect of the souls committed to them, I could not deny; but already a great revival had taken place among the Irish parochial clergy; it was proceeding rapidly; and while this evidenced that God was still with her, I could also point to the ordination vows, and show that it was to the wickedness of individuals in breaking the most solemn engagements, not to any defect in the system, or any lack of strong injunctions to zeal, diligence, and devotion, we must attribute the acknowledged evils existing among others. My friend, too, always mild, kind, and charitable on other subjects, generally laid aside these characteristics when on this, and assailed the established church with weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, scorn, and bitterness, which certainly produced on me the contrary effect to what was intended. He seemed to me to pay little attention to the spiritual wants of the poor deluded Romanists, rather seeking to convert Episcopalians into Dissenters, than Papists into Christians. Measuring all things by the standard of the written word, I became more fully convinced, the more I examined the matter, that there was no just cause why a believer should quit the communion of a church clearly built on the foundation of the prophets and apostles; and even under the disadvantages of such

a location as I have described, I continued firm in my attachment to her. Some people told me I ought to take higher ground in upholding the episcopal establishment of this country. If they will point out to me any ground higher than the top of the rock whereon I believe her to stand, that rock being Christ, I will take it; but none, none so high, none so sure can be found. Apostolical succession in office is a good thing when the succession in doctrine is equally clear; otherwise they who now officiate in the mosque of Omar, standing on the site of the temple in Jerusalem, and he who sits supreme in the see of Rome, the man of sin, and son of perdition, may respectively claim succession to the Aaronic priesthood and the apostolic ministry. I do not deny that a regular succession exists in the British churches, derived from an apostolic mission, long before Augustine or any other Romish emissary set foot on our soil to pollute the stream; but I should never for a moment dream of adducing that as an argument against one who calls in question the scripturality of our church, since in so doing I might admit the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth to a participation in the privileges which none but the lamb's pure wife has any claim to. For my own part, I had never heard of such a thing, when God enabled me to stand firm as a member of this maligned church of England; and it is one of the many cases in which I had nothing to unlearn, just because man had taught me nothing, but all I knew was drawn from the clear fountain of eternal truth, opened in the pages of that precious volume, for the gift of which all praise and glory be to God, through Christ Jesus, now and forever!

LETTER VII.

KILKENNY—Vicarsfield—Rockites—A New Residence—Another Snare—Compromise—An Apostate—End of Controversy—The Snare Broken—Another Attack—An Argument—Discussion—Rebellious Movements—Thomas Moore—Unequal Retribution.

I AM now to bring you into the stirring scenes of that time and place where the rebellious spirit of Popish agitation had just broken out afresh in Ireland. An invitation to pass some weeks in the county of Kilkenny led us to it as guests; and inducements that it was not easy to resist fixed us there as residents for three years. In this part of my narrative no disguise is needful; the facts are before the world, and the estimable man who was made the first victim of this atrocious conspiracy is gone to his rest, after patiently enduring years of persecution, of exile, and of bodily and mental suffering induced by the scenes he was compelled to pass through.

Vicarsfield, the beautiful parsonage of Dr. Hamilton, is in the county, ten Irish miles from the town of Kilkenny. Knoctopher is the parish; and at that time the old church was standing, about half a mile from the vicarage, which stood secluded, withdrawn from the public road, nestled in the rich foliage of many fine trees, and adorned with lovely pleasure-grounds. It was the happy privilege of that truly pious minister to originate the clerical meetings which were so eminently, so extensively blessed to the clergy of that diocese, over which his father had presided as bishop. For many years they were held at his house, and truly rich were these seasons to all who inhabited it! Dr. Hamilton was a man of fine mind, deep erudition, unbounded benevolence, and Christian sweetness that endeared him to every one. His income was considerable; and while exercising the rites of a truly Irish hospitality on a noble scale, he expended a large proportion of that income in works of charity equally judicious, liberal, and impartial. He had under his roof thirteen poor girls, who were educated, maintained, taught in all the requisites of good household servants, and finally placed out in the families of his friends. Mrs. Hamilton seemed to have her heart in this school, over which a very competent mistress presided, and a more beautifully ordered little nursery of valuable domestics I never saw. Besides this, large benefactions were distributed, in clothing, fuel, and other necessaries, among the poor of the parish, without any regard to religious distinction; and as the Romanists amounted to above twelve hundred, while the Protestants could not muster one, and the former were infinitely more necessitous than the latter, of course nearly all went to them. I dwell upon these things and upon the exceeding kind-heartedness

of the good clergyman and his affectionate partner towards their poor neighbours, because it throws additional light on the real origin of those acts which the English people were made to believe resulted from oppression on the part of the Protestant clergy.

When first I went to Knocktopher in the summer of 1821, no open act of violence had been committed, or publicly threatened, in its immediate vicinity; but already the name of Captain Rock was becoming formidable. The place borders on Tipperary, from whence came nocturnal parties, scouring the country and alarming the inhabitants on a small scale, while the prelude to much darker scenes was to be traced in the wide circulation of what were called the prophecies of Pastorini. A Dr. Walmsley, a popish priest, had written a commentary on the book of Revelation, under that name, wherein he explained the ascent of the locusts out of the bottomless pit to prefigure the rise of Protestantism with Luther at its head;—calculating the date of their continuance from 1525, and fixing its termination in 1825. Extracts from this impudently mischievous work were disseminated in every possible form among the Romanists; they were translated into Irish, sent in large numbers to every district to be circulated by careful agents: published in handbills, exhibited in placards, and sung in doggrel rhyme through the streets. There was no article of their faith more devoutly believed by the besotted people than that in 1825 the Protestants of Ireland and of every other country were, by divine appointment to be put to death, except such as should recant; and while the lower orders prepared with terrible alacrity to execute the will of God by a general massacre of their unoffending neighbours, those of higher rank and gentler spirits applied themselves to the work of converting their Protestant friends.

Tokens of the rising storm were visible to those who watched for them; the peasantry began to exchange their courteous, respectful demeanour towards the Protestant gentry for a bearing that bespoke either defiance or lurking malignity. Threatening notices poured in upon the landlords who presumed to dispose of their property as they chose, and upon the clergy who, in default of payment were obliged to serve processes for the tithe. Proctors were waylaid, process servers cruelly murdered; and the organization of hostile bodies became daily more apparent. As yet, however, we dwelt in comparative security; Dr. Hamilton often rode out with me to the very verge of the dreadful Tipperary; and his lady drove my mother in her little phaeton to the boundaries of Waterford. No unusual precautions were taken in the way of bolts and bars; and when the good Doctor calmly put into his pocket some of the many letters delivered at the breakfast table, after a slight glance at their contents, none of us suspected that they were Rockite notices, fiercely threatening his life, and signed in blood. He applied, privately, for a body of police, who were stationed at an old mansion, midway between Vicarsfield and the Tipperary pass, called Castle Morris; and when committing his household to the Lord's keeping, at our evening worship, the deep earnestness of his manner, and resigned look, a slight tremor of his frame awoke no suspicions in us. We saw him "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;" and attributed to the pressure of bodily indisposition under which he generally laboured, what was indeed referable to the solicitude of a mind that preferred to bear its burden alone rather than hasten the time of our painful participation in the terrors that flesh must needs feel.

At the end of our prolonged visit, we were led to take up our abode in the town of Kilkenny, so richly blessed with gospel privileges, and so far removed from the annoyances to which I was exposed while trying to fulfil the landlord's part over a property inextricably involved, and now also placed in the hands of trustees. I had sought the maintenance of that character for the sake of the poor tenants, whose affection for me was very great, and among whom I had of late been frequently allowed to read the Scriptures. The necessity, however, of providing for myself, and the hopeless perplexities of my nominal office, between head-landlords, under-tenants, trustees, a receiver, and all the endless machinery of an embarrassed little Irish estate, compelled me to seek a more quiet sphere, and in Kilkenny I found all that could combine to encourage me in

the pursuit of honest independence, in the way of usefulness. I finished "Osric," which formed a good-sized volume, and commenced the pleasant task of writing penny and twopenny books for the Dublin Tract Society, who paid me liberally, and cheered me on my path with all the warmth of Christian affection. It was indeed a delightful task, and God had raised up me also a friend to whose truly paternal kindness I owe more than ever can be told, Mr. George Sandford, now Lord Mountsandford, who, from our first acquaintance, entered with a father's interest into all that concerned me. Thus encouraged, I held on my way, and tasted the sweets that I hope to enjoy to the end of my days—those of the original curse brightened by the irreversible blessing. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—"Be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

I have already told you my escape from the snare of Socinianism. I have noticed the grounds on which I declined to separate from the Established Church; and now I am to narrate a trial of faith and doctrine, which by the mercy of God produced effects just the reverse of what was intended. This was no less than a vigorous attempt to convert me to Popery! I had not yet bestowed any great attention on the details of that abominable device, but was most fully persuaded of its being a system of idolatrous delusion, the working of which was strikingly manifested in the wretchedness, the immorality, the turbulence and degrading superstitions of the poor creatures around me. It never had been my practice to tamper or to compromise with what I knew to be wrong; therefore I had not suffered curiosity to lead we within the walls of a mass-house, nor in any way to put on the semblance of an agreement which cannot really exist between the temple of God and idols. I believed Popery to be the Babylon of Apocalypse, and I longed for resolution to proclaim to the deluded victims, "Come out of her my people." This I had never done, but on the contrary fell cheerfully in with the then cautious policy of my friends, and so framed my little books and tracts as to leave it doubtful whether they were written by a Protestant or not. Paul to the Jews became as a Jew that he might gain the Jews: I, by a false process of reason, thought it allowable to become as an idolator to the idolators that I might gain the idolators. An awful presumptuous sin! The Jew possesses the fair blossom of gospel truth, which by kindly fostering is to be expanded and ripened into the rich fruit: the Papist holds in his hand an apple of Sodom, beneath the painted rind of which is a mass of ashes and corruption. He must be induced to fling it away, and to pluck from the tree of life a wholly different thing.

My Protestant principles, such as they were, withheld me from visiting the convent which formed a principal attraction to the military and other strangers in Kilkenny. Many sought to draw me thither, adducing the examples of Christian ministers and other spiritual people, who did not scruple to go; but in vain. At length a lady came to me with an earnest request from "the most interesting nun in the establishment" to give her some information on the best mode of conveying instruction to a poor little girl in their school, deaf and dumb. Here was a call of duty: I knew it could not be effectually done unless in person; and to the surprise of my friend I volunteered to accompany her to the convent.

The nun was indeed a most engaging young lady; in personal appearance, in manner, in feeling, realizing the visions of my girlish romance when reading idle stories in novels on such topics. She had, moroever, all the animated warmth of a genuine Irishwoman, and her fine countenance beaming with benevolent joy at our successful beginning, and with affectionate gratitude for my services, quite won my heart. I promised to repeat the visit shortly, and on doing so accompanied her to walk round the garden, at the other extremity of which stood a building which I took for their school, and unhesitatingly mounted the stairs with my sweet conductor. Judge what was my dismay when, on passing the folding doors, I found myself in a splendid Popish chapel, opposite the altar, over which shone a richly gilt cross, while my poor nun was prostrated

in the lowliest adoration, touching the ground with her forehead before the senseless Idol!

I was confounded, and unable to say anything; but after a hasty glance at the fine trappings, left the place, secretly praying for grace and strength to protest openly against the abomination from which my soul revolted with unspeakable horror from the moment of my witnessing the act of idolatrous homage rendered to a thing of wood and stone. On leaving the convent, I met a person who informed me that my poor nun was a Protestant lady of high respectability, sprung from one of those iniquitous mixed marriages, her mother belonging to the Established Church, her father a Romanist, who, however, honestly adhered to the terms of the wicked covenant by which the sons were to be educated in his, the latter in her persuasion. A family of daughters were born to them, who with their mother continued nominally Protestant; but after his death, when the house was filled with Romish priests, performing for a week together their mummeries over the corpse, these poor females had become a prey to the subtle perversions of the ecclesiastics, and had openly apostatized—all save my new friend, who with a better informed mind and more scriptural knowledge withstood their sophistries, until sundry mock miracles performed by means of saintly relics, and a well-contrived nocturnal visitation from the ghost of her father whom she fondly loved, had so unnerved and frightened her that she too fell a prey to the delusion. They ended by admitting her into the sisterhood of this convent, excusing the payment of the large sum usually demanded; and as her darkness was now great in proportion to the measure of light against which she had sinned, they found her a valuable decoy bird to draw others into the snare. I did not learn all these particulars at the time, nor until after her decease, when I met with a near family connection of hers who told them to me; I simply gleaned the fact of her apostacy, with that of her abounding zeal in the antichristian cause.

With all my heart I loved the gentle, affectionate, elegant nun, and earnestly did I pray for help in bringing her back, as I was resolved to do, from the path of destruction; and while I deliberated on the best means of commencing the work, the difficulty was removed by her openly attempting to convert me. To this end she urged on me a strict inquiry into the real doctrines and tenets of her church, for myself and by myself, promising to lend me books of the most candid character, if I would engage to read them. I agreed, stipulating that I was freely to write out my remarks on them for her consideration; and with this mutual understanding, I brought home from the convent the precious loan of Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy," furnished for my especial benefit by a seminary of Jesuit priests, located near the town: and thus was I become the object of a combined attack from the forces of Great Babylon.

True to what I considered a tacit engagement to study the matter alone, I read the book. Never shall I forget the effect it produced on me. I seemed to be holding communion with Satan himself, robed as an angel of light, the transparent drapery revealing his hideous form, but baffling my endeavours to rend it away. Such sophistry, such impudence of unsupported assertion, such distortion of truth, and gilding of gross falsehood, I never met with. I tried in vain to find an answer to things that I saw and felt to be anti-scriptural and destructive: but this "End" was the beginning of my controversy, for I was wholly new to it, and ignorant of the historical and other facts necessary to disprove the reverend author's bold assumptions. At last I burst into tears, and kneeling down, exclaimed, "O Lord, I cannot unravel this web of iniquity: enable me to cut it in twain!" I was answered; for after a little more thought, a broad view of the whole scheme of man's salvation as revealed in the Holy Scriptures appeared to me the best antidote for this insidious poison. I read through the New Testament with increased enjoyment, and casting from me the wretched fabric of lies, with all its flimsy pretences, I resolved, instead of attempting a reply to what I saw to be falsehood, to set forth a plain statement of what I knew to be truth. Indeed it is indescribable how disgusting the painted face, the gaudy trappings, and the arrogant assumptions of the Great Harlot appeared in my eyes, when thus contrasted with the sublime simplicity, purity,

and modesty of the chaste Spouse of Christ.

I wrote; and in reply got another and a smaller book, containing the pretended reasons of a Protestant for embracing Popery. They were, of course, artfully put, and made a formidable exhibition of the peril of heresy. I thought I could not do better in return, while writing my dissent, to enclose some small books of my own to the nun, inviting her comments thereon. This brought a letter which was probably written by stealth, though so cautiously worded as to be safe if intercepted. She said she did not wish to leave me under a wrong impression, and therefore told me that she was not permitted to read any of my letters, or the little books I had sent; as those who watched over her spiritual interests, and whom she was bound to obey, thought it wrong to unsettle her mind by reading anything contrary to the true faith which she held. Here was a pretty exposure of one-sided honesty! I thanked God for the further insight given me into the Mystery of Iniquity, and from that day devoted all my powers to the investigation of that against which I had become a staunch Protester.

In the midst of our proceedings, a nun had taken the veil at the convent. Every body, almost, to their shame be it spoken, was trying for tickets to the unhallowed show. My poor friend sent us two, informed me that two of the best front seats would be reserved for us, and accompanied her kind note with a programme of the ceremony, and a translation, or transcription, of the service, all in her own handwriting. I felt deeply the pain of hurting her, and perhaps for a moment the workings of natural curiosity, but the hesitation was short. I sent back both books and tickets, with a grateful but decided refusal to be present. In all Kilkenny I did not find a person who could go along with me in my objections; but it is a matter of great joy to me to this hour, that I kept myself wholly unpolluted by any participation in these idolatrous doings; and I do believe that a double blessing has attended my efforts against Popery in consequence of it.

Before I take you on a second and very different visit to Vicarsfield, I will anticipate a little, and tell you of a subsequent attack made on my faith from a quarter far unlike the former. The affair of the little deaf mute at the convent led me to turn my attention to some poor children similarly circumstanced in the streets of Kilkenny; and while prosecuting that work the Lord brought to me that dear dumb boy whom you well remember as the brightest, most lovely of Christian characters. He was then very little, and had a brother of sixteen, one of the most genuine Paddies I ever beheld. This lad was living very idly; a fine, sensible, shrewd fellow, who could read and write, and very soon made a great proficiency in the finger language by helping me to instruct Jack. No one above Pat's own rank had ever taken any interest in him; I did, a strong one, and as he was much with me, and of a character most intensely Irish, he became attached to me with a warmth of devotion rarely met with among any other people.

One day Pat made his appearance with an important look, his brogues stamping the carpet with unwonted energy, his fine bare throat stiffened into a sort of dignified hauteur, and his very keen hazel eyes sparkling under the bushy luxuriance of chestnut curls that clustered about his face and fell on his neck. The very beau ideal of a wild Irish youth was my friend Pat. Seating himself as usual, he began —— and here I must observe that my chief knowledge of the phraseology and turn of thought so peculiar to the Irish peasant was derived from this source. Whenever Pat came "to discourse me" I got rich lessons in the very brogue itself from the fidelity with which his spelling followed the pronunciation of his words.——"I would'nt like," said he, "that you would go to hell."

"Nor I either, Pat."

"But you are out of the thrue church, and you won't be saved, and I must convart ye."

"That is very kind of you, my good lad: if I am wrong you cannot do better than set me right."

"Sure and I will."

"But how?"

"With this," said he, pulling out a small pamphlet nothing the cleaner for wear. "You must learn my catechism, and it's you that will be the good Catholic."

Delighted with the boy's honest zeal, I asked him where I should begin; and he, no less pleased at my docility, desired me to read it all, and then get it all by heart. I promised to do the first at any rate; and oh what a tissue of falsehood and blasphemy that "Butler's Catechism" was! Next morning my teacher came early; "Well Pat, I have found out what makes you anxious about me: here it is said that none can be saved out of the true Church."

"That's it, sure enough."

"But I do belong to the true Church, and I'll shew you what it is"—so I pointed out to him two passages, and added, "Now I do love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and therefore I am one of those to whom St. Paul wishes grace and peace; and do you think an apostle would send his blessing to any body who was not of the true Church?"

Pat shook his head: "that's *your* catechism, not mine."

"Very true: Dr. Butler wrote yours, and God wrote mine," holding up the Bible; "which is best?"

"That is not the real Bible," persisted Pat, "my priest has the true Bible."

"Then ask him to lend you his."

"I wouldn't get my ears pulled, would I?" said he smiling: "but if he lent me his Bible he must lend me a car to bring it home in, for its as big as this table. Yours is too little, and doesn't hold half the truth. That is why you are so ignorant."

I soon proved, by shewing him Matthew Henry's Commentary, that the word of God would lie in a very small compass, the great bulk of the book being man's work. I also urged on him the absolute necessity of reading what God had given for our learning, and the danger of resting on man's assertion. Pat stood his ground most manfully, astonishing me by the adroitness with which he parried my attacks, while pursuing, as he hoped, the good work of my conversion. For many a day was the controversy carried on: Butler *versus* the Bible, without any other effect than that of bringing Pat to read the sacred book for himself; but it opened to me the awful wiles of darkness by which the poor and ignorant are blinded, while for the more educated class such polished sophistry as Milner's is carefully prepared. I reaped the fruit, however, six years afterwards, when in a little English church Pat kneeled beside me and his brother, a thankful communicant, at the Lord's table.

Our next visit to Vicarsfield displayed a melancholy change indeed in that sweet spot. There were iron bars, and chains, and double bolts superadded to the hospital hall-door; the large window in the dining-room, from which we were wont to step out upon a rising lawn, was blocked up by an immense piece of wood, half a foot in thickness, fixed on the inside, to support which a solid beam pressing against it, was built into the floor of the room with mortar, resting just behind the chair where the lady of the house did the honours of the table; the servants being obliged to stride over it when waiting on her. Every panel of every shutter, above and below, had an alarm-bell attached, besides the strongest fastenings that could be contrived. All the plate, save that required for daily use, was taken to Lord Carrick's, who had made his noble mansion, Mount Juliet, a strong-hold, where were deposited the arms and valuables of his worst fortified neighbours. At sunset, every door was barricaded, every window closed, and no Romanist allowed, on any pretext, to enter the house. The only person of that persuasion attached to the establishment was the gardener, of whose personal fidelity they had no doubt; but his wife was a devotee, and they well knew that every tie of affection and gratitude must give way before the stern despotism of the merciless creed. Some dreadful murders had lately been perpetrated very near; a barrack was burned, and several police-men butchered in a surprise. Dr. Hamilton had been openly and ficercely threatened; his Proctor was waylaid, and narrowly escaped assassination: and to realize more awfully what had otherwise been but matter of report, I was shown from the window of the drawing-room, at noon-day, a body of Rockites to the number of forty, well mounted, formidably armed, with cross-belts and cartouche-boxes, leisurely walking their horses within less than a quarter of a mile from the house for the purpose of intimidation. It was close by the *bohreen*, or narrow lane where, a few years afterwards, the dreadful massacre of Carrickshock took place,

which finally drove my persecuted friends from their home and country.

These were the days of Captain Rock's terrible rule, of which a record is left in the heart's-blood of many an Irishman. A vile book from the pen of Mr. Moore, under that title, helped forward the work among a rank who were well known to take the lead in this rebellious movement; for although the executioners of decrees pronounced by the invisible tribunals were found to be of a class peculiarly ignorant and lawless, it was not by such hands the main body was organized and its ramifications directed, nor by such hands that the various missives were penned. The work undertaken was to level that great constitutional breakwater which breasted the tumultuous waves as they raged without, affording a smooth haven of security within its boundaries; and the argument used was any thing but complimentary to the common sense of those whom it addressed; being, in fact, that the external violence was wholly occasioned by the aforesaid breakwater, not by the natural constitution of the conflicting elements engaged in it; —level the barrier, the waves will subside, and flow evenly to the quiet shore. Wherefore, then, was the rampart-stone placed there? What induced the men of a preceding generation to present such a front to the stormy ocean? Winds and waves, it was again replied, were different in former days from what they now are: the idle prejudice is exploded, that invested nature's laws with unchangeableness, and billows are not now what they were three centuries ago. To urge home this powerful logic alike to the hopes and fears of man, if it failed to reach their understandings, was the object held in view by the entire confederacy of Rome, who had at heart the supremacy in Ireland of that system whereof Doyle was the Priest, O'Connell the Politician, and Moore the Poet and Historian. To the work of the two former, due praise on the one hand, due execration on the other, was accorded: to the latter not. The nobleman who boasted that he sang the last of the Stuarts out of three kingdoms with his "Lillibulero" song was forgetten: the demagogues who said to a fallen constitutional opponent, "Do you direct the literature of a nation, and let me write their ballads," was forgetten too: while the rhymer of the Propaganda guided the serpent of rebellion to its mark under the flowery covert of his loose poetry, gaining to himself a name as the laureate of voluptuousness, that should the better mask his object when launching forth in sober prose on the wild sea of politics. I read that pernicious book amid the terrors, the desolations, and afflictions that it was purposely framed to help forward; and when closing the insidious page, I looked forward to the proceedings of a higher and a juster tribunal than that which awards so unequal a retribution to him who singly murders with a pike, and him who by wholesale murders with a pen: that dooms the poor, ignorant, untaught, deluded peasant to infamy and a halter, while it recompenses the intellectual, refined, deluding Poet with fame and a pension.

LETTER VIII.

THE WORKINGS OF POPERY—The Irish Church—Satanic Devices—Colonel Lindsay—Alarms—A Difficulty—A Decision—Sympathy—The Irish—Character—Love for Ireland—Intelligibility—Alarming Incident—Systematic Outrage—Noonday Murder—Unscrupulousness.

ALTHOUGH, perhaps, too late to be instructive to this generation, it is painfully interesting to look back upon the subtlety and skill that wove a snare for our expediency-loving rulers. Man may meet man in his own strength, moral or physical; but when Satan buckles on his infernal weapons wherewith to assail the individual or national allegiance of those who profess to serve God, nothing but the shield of faith CAN resist him. That shield had been upheld during the life of our believing king: but now he has gone, and full justly did the enemy calculate on the advantages afforded to him by a relaxed and powerless grasp. Like the symbolical Britannia of our coinage, we rested upon the shield, more as a matter of display than of use; and so left the bosom bare to every shaft.

Our enemies know well, though we do not always admit it, that the insuperable barrier to the domination of Popery in these realms is the Established Church, so long as its ministers hold the pure, high

doctrines of uncompromising Protestantism, set forth in all her creeds and formularies. As yet, it had not occurred to the invisible head of the anti-christian confederacy to make good a lodgment within these defences; or rather I ought to say he had not permission so to do until the Church, represented in the legislature by her chief pastors, and out of it by a number of her officiating ministers, had acquiesced in the abominable act of national apostacy. The Church of Ireland was far less guilty in this matter than that of England; among her really spiritual clergy I do not think she numbered three Emancipators: and let it ever be remembered how the beloved archbishop—the last of Tuam's archbishops—even to the fatal day of that surrender, lifted a solemn protesting voice among the Peers. At the time of which I now write, the increasing spirituality of the Irish clergy, bearing its natural fruit in increased love for the souls of men and zeal for Christ's cause, presented an alarming obstacle in the way of those who might fearlessly have advanced through a host of "dumb dogs," sleeping at their posts, as the predecessors of this generation too commonly did. Hitherto they had found only the name and form of a Protestant Church to oppose them; now the living reality started up in their path, and they must remove it ere success could be hoped for. Hence the anti-tithe war, the first alarm of which was openly sounded in the parish, and the first sanguinary onset menaced against the house, wherein I was a guest. What a contemptuous, yet alas! what a just estimate must the earthly leaders of this evil work have formed of the blind infatuation possessing the rulers of our political destinies! Regarding them as ready-made fools, they proceeded accordingly to take advantage of their folly; and for this we can only account by remembering that the whole movement was directed by one who has had six thousand years' experience in such matters, and who knows that when the kings of earth, from Adam downwards, cast off the bond of obedience to the King of kings, ruin to themselves and to all that appertains to them will surely follow. He saw that hallowed bond loosening, until a touch might sever it: then he, who believes and trembles. took a devilish advantage of those who believed not and were fearless.

Against the established church a violent outcry was raised, a furious onslaught conducted, by those who avowedly aimed at revolutionizing every thing; *therefore* and *thereby* they whose object it was to avert such revolution were to be convinced that the outpost so fiercely attacked was a hinderance, not in the way of the assailants, but of the defenders of the citadel! Would any human intellect have grasped at such an enterprise unaided by Satan himself in the plenitude of his infernal sagacity? I think not. Yet it did succeed, so far as man was concerned. The means of defence extended to the clergy were wholly inadequate from the beginning of the fray; and as it advanced, those means were by all possible contrivances curtailed and withdrawn. Knocktopher was the known point of attack, and how was it guarded? A handful of policemen occupied a retired post nearly two miles distant; and when the hostile demonstrations became incessant, and much blood had been shed, a small detachment of military was stationed somewhat nearer. Kilkenny contained 24,000 most devoted Romanists, with about 800 Protestants, many of them so only in name; the spirit manifested there was most turbulent, and many daring outrages were perpetrated; yet to garrison this important town, and to protect the whole country round, from hosts of armed and disciplined rebels, that invaluable officer Colonel Lindsay had only his gallant Highland regiment, the 78th, on its peace establishment. Little note is now-a-days taken of such services as Colonel Lindsay rendered; but the poor hunted Protestants of that country will not soon forget his wisdom, vigilance, and zeal on their behalf. He disposed his small force with admirable judgment, so far as it could possibly be made to extend; and often did he take his departure from head-quarters, carelessly saying he was going to pass a day or two at Desart, at Mount-Juliet, or other neighbouring seats where he was ever a welcome visitant; when few besides those who met him on his rounds suspected that the gallant soldier passed his nights in the saddle, scouring the perilous country, and keeping watch over those who were marked for destruction. I

have do doubt on my mind that Colonel Lindsay was personally, in a very high degree, instrumental in checking the operation of those who, watchful for harm as he was for good, knew his proceedings and shrank from his detecting eye. I well remember that when Sir Dennis Packe was brought for interment to the cathedral of his native Kilkenny, we all supposed the regiment had nearly its full complement of Highlanders in barrack; and Colonel Lindsay confessed to me he was dreadfully at a loss, being unable to turn out above eighty men for an occasion demanding the fullest display he could afford. It required no small measure of military finesse to make us feel that we were protected, and the enemy, that he was held in check, over so extensive a ground, while in reality the disposable force was wholly inadequate to do either.

But I must not yet leave Vicarsfield; we lived, as I said, within a moving circle of enemies, who delighted to parade their formidable force; and our only earthly means of defence lay in the public knowledge of our being wholly unarmed, and without valuables in the house. The latter, indeed, were rarely sought; for it was a part of the system to prove to us that our lives not our possessions, were the things thirsted after. Of this I will presently give a striking instance that occurred in the house of another clerical friend.

The family party consisted of Dr. Hamilton, whose health was greatly affected by what he nevertheless endured with most uncomplaining meekness; Mrs. Hamilton, struggling against her own strong feelings, and devoted to her husband and his guests; the curate, a most estimable young man; an aged field officer of cavalry, whose military fire seemed to rekindle under the influence of the passing scene; a young lady, resident in the house, with my mother and myself. A large establishment of domestics, male and female, and the thirteen girls of the school, with a superannuated serving man who had seen two generations pass away, and whose eccentricities chiefly hinged on the most ardent orangeism imaginable, completed the garrison. Only three of the men, besides "Old John," viz: the coachman, butler, and footman, were quartered within doors, during the night as being perfectly trustworthy; and no weapons, so far as we knew, did our little fortress contain, while it echoed to the shots fired in all directions by the marauding Rockites, the loud tramp of whose horses was likewise frequently audible through the stillness of night. One instance I will give of the alarms to which we were subject.

We were all seated in the spacious drawing-room, on the splendid organ of which Mrs. Hamilton had been performing some of the finest of Handel's sublime compositions, until summoned to preside at the tea-table. It was the middle of February, and what with the elevating music, the cheerful blaze of a good fire, and the conversation that always enlivened that pleasant hour, we were losing all recollection of our peculiar circumstances, when, suddenly, the loud jingle of an alarm-bell sent a thrill to each heart not easily to be conceived by such as never dwelt in the midst of sanguinary foes. A momentary pause of dead silence marked the effect of that terrific note; the silence was unbroken, but immediately after, the old Colonel, starting up, seized a large cane as though it had been a sword, and with energetic determination stamped on his countenance marched to the door. The curate passed after him; and Dr. Hamilton with one look of stifled anguish cast on us, then upturned to heaven, immediately followed. We sate like statues awe-struck and mute, nor do I think we should have attempted to move under anything that might have ensued; but to our infinite relief, one of the servants came up to express his regret that in bearing down the large tea-tray he had inadvertently jarred one of the bells on the staircase window-shutter. The incident, however, taught us to realize what before we had only imagined of our feelings under an actual attack, and drew us nearer to Him who alone is a sure refuge in the day of calamity. We descended to the hall for family worship, where, at a central point, Dr. Hamilton was seated, with a little table before him, the family being ranged along one division of the intersecting passages, the rest of the household in the other. He read, expounded, and prayed; and very touching was the silent good night *looked* between the two divisions of the establishment. The respectful obeis-

ance of the faithful domestics, the kind recognition of those to whom a fellowship in peril and in patience endeared them, spoke much to all our hearts. Slowly and silently the young girls filed off, conscious that the cabins of their friends were even then lying at the mercy of those who were sworn to show no mercy; and the sight of that little flock, all devoted to destruction, moved my heart as it never was moved under any other circumstances. Gladly would I undergo a repetition, yea an aggravation of all that then oppressed us, to enjoy once more the hallowed feelings of that time, when, with no help but what was unseen, no hope but in the God of the martyrs, we trod on the very verge of eternity in the pathway trodden by them.

Martyrdom indeed it was likely to be; for at this time accounts reached us of several in our part of Ireland having escaped death by their expertness in blessing themselves, as it is called. This consists in making the sign of the cross with such rapidity and precision in the established method, as practice alone can enable a person to use. This test was sometimes applied to distinguish any Romanist who might be in danger of suffering among Protestants, and now they had accepted it from some of the latter as a token of recantation. At breakfast, the next morning after our alarm, one of the party suggested sending for the gardener's wife to teach us the exact form of blessing ourselves after the Popish fashion, but I protested against it, as preparing a temptation that might overcome our constancy if called on to suffer for the truth. At first I was quite unsupported in the view; the rest saw nothing of a recantation in making a sign to save our lives, which none of us scruple to make as a matter of indifference. I could not yield the point; and the discussion that followed was on a question of life and death, impending directly over us. Scripture was mutually appealed to: Dr. Hamilton referred me to 1 Cor. viii. and I told him I was ready to let my argument stand or fall by that very chapter, as it proved the sin did not consist in the act itself, but in the effect produced on weak brethren or unbelievers; that my making this sign at the demand of ignorant men, who would regard it as a real surrender of my faith, was as virtual an apostacy as if I signed a deed of recantation in the presence of the conclave. He seemed much startled, said he would take that subject into his study with him; and at the end of two hours I received a little note, written in a trembling hand, telling me that since I had led him to an investigation which had terminated in a full persuasion of mine being the right view of scripture on this point, he hoped I would pray to the Lord to strengthen him and all of us that we might be found faithful unto death, resisting even the semblance of compromise. He added that he had studied the matter on his knees, and was then writing on his knees too. I was deeply affected on reading this: it was an awful thought that I stood responsible, in a measure, for the life-blood of my brethren; but the more I reflected the clearer was my view of the subject, and to this day it remains unchanged.

The next night one of the ladies was awakened by a loud and startling noise in the stables, which adjoined the house. An alarm was given to the servants, and one gallant young fellow, a footman, the Christian son of a truly Christianized convert from Popery, throwing on his great coat and taking a lantern, darted out of the house alone, closing the door after him, which he could not have re-entered if attacked. The probability was that the horses were being abstracted for the service of Captain Rock, if nothing worse was going on; but it proved to be no more than the vicious gambols of a mule that had slipped the halter, and was invading the stalls of its quieter companions. You may suppose all this was trying enough, when accompanied by the echo of those shots that the midnight legislators systematically fired from all quarters to intimate their numbers and activity; yet if I were to declare at what period of my life I felt most calmly and happily resting on the arm of the Lord, I must say it was when laying my head on the nightly pillow that I expected would be steeped ere morning in my heart's blood. I could at any hour have returned to the comparative security of the populous town where I had a comfortable home, but the wish to avoid sharing the perils of those who had freely shared with me the sweets of their more

prosperous hours, did not arise in my mind. One thing perplexed me greatly: in proportion as the native Irish became more terrible, as sanguinary bigots thirsting for our lives, so did my love for them increase. My Irish predilections had hitherto been merely confined to the higher classes; now they embraced every grade in society, and above all the miserable victims of Popish delusion excited my tenderest concern.

This was partly owing, no doubt, to a deeper insight into the infernal net that enclosed their minds. The more I learned of Popery, the greater was my abhorrence of that gigantic Lie, and the yearnings of compassion over its unhappy slaves. Another cause may be found in my nearer acquaintance with the character of the people over whom I grieved. I lodged in the house of a rigid Romanist, who, with her family, partook in all the superstitions and prejudices of that system; yet sure I am that my own nearest connections and oldest friends did not love me better, nor would have gone further to prove it, than that humble family. I very well knew that they must do the bidding of their spiritual despots, be it what it might, so far as God permitted; but their warmth of affection, their solicitude for our comfort, and feeling participation of all that touched us, whether of joy or sorrow, won my heart; and what they were I plainly saw to be the general character of their country people.

Thus viewing the Irish as they really are, the most loving and loveable race under the sun, the most strongly inclined to devotedness, sincerity, and zeal in whatever they believe to be truth, and shining most brightly as lights of the world, where what they have embraced is indeed the truth; how could my spirit fail to be stirred within me most earnestly on their behalf, when I saw from day to day, with my own eyes, the dreadful havoc of their bodies and souls made by the anti-christian enemy who had ensnared them? Taught from the cradle to regard as the arbiters of their present and eternal destiny, the men who made merchandise of them—assured that the priest could forgive their sins, or bind them irrevocably on their souls; could crown their dwelling with a blessing, or blast both it and them with a withering curse; could open to them the gates of heaven, or plunge them into the flames of hell; could transform by means of a little unintelligible muttering a cake, perhaps of their own making, into the God who made them; or turn them, if he chose, into jackasses and goats, and wooden stools; could send them clean and holy out of the world by daubing them with a spoonful of oil, or by withholding it dismiss them to their account under a load of mortal sin; could release the soul of parent, wife, child, from a fiery purgatory by his masses, or keep them there as long as he listed, (and who does not know that to the fond survivor of a beloved object *this* is the most adamantine chain of all,) and, finally, that to conceal from the aforesaid priest any thought of the heart, to resist his will in any particular, or to deny him the full measure of obedience due from man to God, is mortal sin:—taught to believe all this, from the earliest dawn of reason, the unhappy victim cannot deliver himself, nor say "Is there not a lie in my right hand?" Then, on the part of this omnipotent priesthood what have we? not men zealous for the spread of the gospel and the good of their poor flocks, but an associated band sworn to promote one object to the exclusion of all others, and that one the aggrandizement of their order, the supremacy of their Church, the extermination of true Christians, and universal extension of the temporal no less than the ecclesiastical empire of Rome over the whole earth. To the attainment of this end every means must be used: the mind of the disciple being wholly fettered, his hand must be directed to deeds of blood against others, or his heart be pierced to pour forth his own, just as the interests of the great Satanic synagogue may at that moment require. This reads harshly; but it is a poor, weak, imperfect outline of what I have seen and grieved over from day to day, from year to year. I have conversed with these people while they were living in the most abject prostration of body, mind, and spirit, before the merciless idol of their mistaken homage: I have seen the deluded soul passing into an unchangeable state of existence, under that awful malediction "Cursed be he that trusteth in man; that maketh flesh his arm, and departeth from the living God." I have communed with those who by divine grace were delivered from the

snare, and received their united testimony alike as to its power and its iniquity; and I have watched their dying beds, and almost always found them spending their last breath in thanksgivings for that mighty deliverance out of the chains of double darkness. I have traced the progress and effects of true religion in the minds of those emancipated children of God, and have marked how mighty for good is the natural, national character which under this dreadful perversion has become so mighty for evil: and to crown all, I have been forced to recognise the sin of most cruel neglect and wrong on the part of my own country, in thus giving over the Irish race to the domination of present and eternal ruin. Principle and feeling alike plead the cause of poor Ireland: the plea reached my heart at the very time when, as I was told, I was specially marked for destruction among the anticipated victims of 1825, as being more than nominally a Protestant; and the atrocities that have marked the rapid developement of plans first brought into operation at the time I have been speaking of only add strength to my convictions; heightening my estimate of those who serve with such steadiness of purpose the work which they, like Saul of Tarsus, ignorantly and in unbelief, consider most acceptable to God; and who, if brought into the way of righteousness, would be found, like Paul, labouring more abundantly in it than any of their brethren.

I cannot describe to you how this growing love for Ireland and the Irish ministered to my happiness. It became one of its chief elements, and the literary labour that I pursued for my own sustenance was perfect luxury, so long as my humble productions were made available for the spiritual good of the people so dear to me. My little books and tracts became popular; because, after some struggle against a plan so humbling to literary pride, I was able to adopt the suggestion of a wise Christian brother, and form a style of such homely simplicity that if, on reading a manuscript to a child of five years old, I found there was a single sentence or word above his comprehension, it was instantly corrected to suit that lowly standard. This is an attainment much to be coveted by those who write, preach or expound for general edification: no rational objection can be urged against it: vanity alone can enter a protest. Though our lettered readers or hearers may not find matter to gratify their taste or pamper the pride of intellect, still they cannot fail to understand what is suited to the capacities of their children and servants; whereas he who makes himself perhaps both intelligible and agreeable to the former, is to the latter a barbarian, speaking in an unknown tongue; and what account will he give unto his Master of the souls that through his self-conceit or neglectfulness of their peculiar deficiencies remain unfed? How often has my heart been pained under the eloquent teaching of most gifted ministers, because I knew that many around me were wholly unable to attach a definite meaning to what he said, through the intervention of (to them) hard words and obscure phraseology. Thanks be to God, the translators of our blessed Bible were not of this school.

I had left Vicarsfield with feelings of increased affection for its inmates, and anxious solicitude as to their continued safety. In times of extreme peril, how much easier it appears to trust God with ourselves than with those whom we love! Personally, I was more than resigned; like a soldier entering a field of battle, I seemed nerved for the combat with a strength of purpose peculiar to the occasion; but looking on those who marched beside me, and scanning *their* dangers, fancying *their* sufferings, my courage would falter. This is Paul's meaning, when in reference to a "juncture" of peculiar trials just at hand, he seems to discourage the formation of ties which God has, under ordinary circumstances, ordained and blessed. It is not every woman who, like the wives of some of our blessed martyrs, can sit down to make for the beloved partner of her heart and life the garment in which he is to endure a terrible martyrdom: and then with a train of helpless little ones at her heels, meekly present it at the gate of his prison. There must indeed be a full measure of grace conferred on both parties to enable each in the calmness of resigned faith, to look on the sufferings of the other. Such grace

may the Lord abundantly dispense to His people, now that a season of terrible trial is surely at hand!

Before closing this letter, I will relate an incident already alluded to, in proof of the assertion, that except on one single point, there was little to dread from the agents of that wily system which aimed at higher objects than mere plunder, or isolated acts of violence. It occurred in a house of a most intimate friend of ours, and I had it from the lady herself who was exposed to that short but terrible alarm. Mr. —— had taken his whole family and household to the church of which he was Rector, on the Sunday morning, with the sole exception of his wife's sister and his youngest babe which she remained at home to take care of. Miss —— was sitting in the parlour beside the cradle, reading her Bible, when a stir at the door induced her to look round, and to her dismay six or seven men appeared, the foremost of whom had opened the door, and was in the act of entering. He seemed to belong to the class of humble farmers, homely, but respectable, and his manner bespoke great determination, softened with something of the courtesy which an Irishman finds it difficult to lay aside in the presence of those who have not offended him. He advanced to the trembling lady, and asked if there were any fire-arms in the house? She replied, No: that her brother being a clergyman, did not keep any such weapons in his possession. To this the visiter again answered, that he must take the liberty of searching for them, and would trouble her to conduct him over the different parts of the house. Terrified, yet upheld by a firm faith, the lady rose, took the unconscious babe from its pillow, and wrapping her shawl round it, silently led the way through adjoining apartments, the Rockites eagerly ransacking every corner for arms, but without success. "Now, Ma'am, be pleased to take us up stairs," said the leader, and up stairs she went, all following. On entering one of the rooms, she was requested to unlock a chest of drawers; and the chief seeing that she trembled greatly, said in a very decided tone, "I will not have the lady frightened; back, all of ye except you," addressing two near him, "and, Ma'am, don't be alarmed—nobody wishes to hurt or distress you." The other men retreated, and Miss —— opened every drawer in that and the other rooms, all of which, with the closets, were minutely inspected by the three searchers, who turned over articles of plate, money, and other valuables, without manifesting the slightest desire to appropriate one of them. Their search was rewarded, I think, with no more than an old useless blunderbuss and rusty sword, with which they descended; and when again in the parlour the leader took off his hat, told Miss —— he was sorry to have alarmed her; he hoped he had made good his words that no harm was intended to her, and wishing her good morning, with a very polite bow, retreated. She told me that after the first panic she scarcely felt discomposed, so much confidence did this man's manner inspire her with. Assuredly the Lord himself kept that house, while his dear servant was faithfully ministering to a little attached congregation on the mountain's side, and "stayed the rough wind in the day of his east wind" to the kind nurse and the helpless charge; but there is also something very striking in this conquest of poor and lawless men alike over the cravings of avarice and those of vindictive hatred, with which they are sedulously taught to regard every professor of true Protestantism. They greatly err who attribute to personal hostility the outrages committed in Ireland: they are the deliberate execution of sentences formally passed by a secret Directory, on individuals far removed from the possibility of having excited such animosity in the bosoms of their unknown assassins, who are usually selected from districts the most remote, in order to avoid recognition, and to invest the work of murder with the air of a legal punishment in the eyes of those who commit it.

One more incident occurring within my immediate neighbourhood, I will relate. The victim was not only himself a Romanist, but brother to the person who assumed the title of Roman bishop in that diocese. This Mr. Marum was a large farmer, possessing considerable property in land, near Kilkenny; and feeling more regard for his worldly possessions than interest in the cause of his religion, he discouraged the Rockite proceedings. Some great outrages having occurred, he repre-

sented to government the disturbed state of the Barony, and induced them to send down a body of Peelers, as the Police were termed. This he knew to be an unpardonable offence, and therefore never went abroad unarmed, taking care to have it known that he did not.

One day he was riding with his son-in-law, at noon, and seeing some persons on the road before them he turned round, saying "I have forgotten my pistols; let us go back for them." The young man replied, it is not worth while; the distance was so short, and nobody near but a few women. This, with the appearance of the parties, attired in blue cloaks, and caps over which the hood was carelessly thrown, satisfied Marum; they proceeded at an easy pace, and had nearly passed the stragglers at the road-side when a sudden rush was made upon them by the men, thus disguised for the purpose, and in a minute or two poor Marum lay on the ground, a murdered corpse. The son-in-law was knocked over senseless by a blow on the head from a stone, into a ditch, where he remained till succour came up. Of course, he was not sentenced, or they never would have left the work unfinished. A very great sensation was excited by this: his family connection rendered Marum's murder a startling event to all parties: nor did it end here: he had another brother, a parish priest, who was believed to have aided him in preserving the public peace, and who strove anxiously to discover the murderers. After the inquest, a grand wake was held, at which this priest attended; and during his absence some unknown persons got into his small house, demolished all the furniture they could, turned every sod of grass in his field upside down, and carried off his corn. Here was sacrilege with a vengeance! and some simple people argued from it that religion had nothing to do with the political movement. True, in one sense, for Popery is not a religion—it is only a crafty piece of masked atheism, pursuing secular objects with a sanctified face; but Popery no more hesitates in cutting off a priest, or making away with a pope who may fail in working out its arbitrary principles, than it shrinks from dethroning a king, or burning a Christian.

LETTER IX.

The Dumb Boy—Peaceable Counsel—A Recoil—A Pupil—Jack's Commencement—Inquiry—A Dilemma—Dawning Light—Reasonings—A Sunbeam—A Soul Born—A Protester—Idolatry—Faithlessness—Outrage—Fearful Bigotry—Concession—Summons—Superstition—National Character—Confession—Infernal Machinery.

The year 1824 was hailed throughout Ireland as one of confident hope and active preparation for the great event that was to distinguish 1825—Protestant extermination. Black Lent was ordered to be kept, and extra masses celebrated, and especial prayers for the destruction of heresy to be daily offered. These last were remarkably answered, for Popery never received such a blow in Ireland as followed the appeal. Encouraged by the implicit faith placed by the poor ignorant people in their blood-thirsty prognostics, the priesthood waxed bold, and resolved on making head against the encroachments of Christianity. Hitherto, a strict injunction had been laid on their flocks to abstain from entering any place of public meeting, held by the agents of the Bible and other religious societies: but now that the victim seemed within their grasp they resolved to make sport with their captive Samson, and came forward themselves, at Carlow and elsewhere, to oppose the Protestant clergymen, stationing a vast crowd of their followers in the rooms, well provided with the national weapon—the stem of a stout young oak or ash tree, into the end of which, where the roots had been rounded off, a quantity of molten lead was poured, making the shillelagh more formidable in such hands than a sword would have been—much harder to parry, and impossible to break. In other places the priests kept aloof, but sent their flocks to try the effect of these weighty arguments upon the heads of their Protestant neighbours. I will repeat the account given me, long afterwards, by a young man who attributed in great measure his subsequent conversion to one of these crusades.

"On the Sunday before, Father ——— spoke to us all from the altar, and said, 'Boys, them Bible-men will hold a meeting here on Wednesday. You won't be going there to make a disturbance? you'll stay at home like peaceable people, and let them have things all their own way.

I've heard it reported that some of you intend to go and have a scrimmage, but, in course, you have no such thing in your heads." He spoke in such a sly way, that we all understood it, and laughed: however, if any spies were there, or if any mischief came of it, the entire of us could testify that Father ——— had publicly warned his flock against taking part in it. Afterwards he spoke privately to about a dozen resolute Boys, I being one, and told us to take our sticks and be there in good time. 'Break their heads if you can,' says he, 'but any way drive them out of the town.'"

"Sure enough we went; and I had as good a slip of blackthorn under my coat as you'd desire to see. The gentlemen mustered strong: Lord —— in the chair looked as if he didn't feel quite at home; for though he had often seen our faces before, it was not at Bible meetings. The Reverend Mr. Daly came forward; we had been recommended to look after him particularly, and so we would, but somehow he talked in such a way about Jesus Christ and the Bible, and God's love to sinners, that we disremembered every word of our instructions, and stood listening as if we had come there on purpose. By-and-by a bit of a spree *was* got up, but the Boys had little heart to it, and it was easily put down. One thing I know for myself; and that is, that if we had come to blows, not a hair of *their* heads should have been hurt, and I standing by."

"And what did you do afterwards?"

"I went home and read the Bible."

Such were the effects of Pastorini's prophecy. It inspired one party with a false confidence that brought them to face the other, to whom God gave a mouth and wisdom such as their adversaries could neither gainsay nor resist. It issued in many conversions, and it gave the people a taste for controversial discussions, than which nothing can be better suited to their keen intellects, ready wit, and pugnacious propensities. At this gap, so inconsiderately made in the curtain, a flood of light streamed in; and the attempt to close it again was abortive. Never does God's providential sovereignty appear so glorious as when he thus makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and the devices of Satan to accomplish His own immutable designs.

In like manner, though on a smaller scale, the attack on my personal Protestantism was overruled to the gathering in of one precious soul to the true fold of Christ, and through him, I trust, very many more have been led to seek the same inestimable blessing. I turned my attention to the deaf and dumb children, whose situation was deplorable indeed; I took four out of the streets to instruct them, of whom one proved irreclaimably wild and vicious; two were removed by a priest's order, lest I should infect them with heresy; the fourth was to me a crown of rejoicing, and will be so yet more at "that day."

I confess myself very little under the influence of human teachers: my being thrown exclusively on the Bible for a scheme of doctrine not only furnished me with a satisfactory one, but showed me so much of the inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ, and of the Holy Spirit's all-sufficiency to take of those things and show them unto the humble, diligent, prayerful inquirer, that in most cases of difficulty, instead of asking, "What say the commentators?" or "What says Mr. so and so?" I put the question, "What says the LORD?" For an answer, I search his written word; and for a commentary upon it I study his visible works. Now, the doctrine of personal election I know to be in the Bible, and I did not need man's confirmation to assure me that I had found it there; but it was delightful to witness such an illustration of that sublime truth as the case of the dumb boy in question afforded. He was the least promising of my little school, apparently the dullest, and certainly not the one on whom I bestowed the most pains; and who, after holding out strong encouragement, by his extraordinary quickness, brilliant talents, and devoted fondness to his instructer, merely served to introduce to me the poor little fellow whom he scarcely regarded as a companion, then forsook his post, cast off all rule, and, I fear, went on frowardly in the way of his own heart. It was not of him that willed, nor of him that ran, but of God who showed mercy.

John, or Jack as we always called him,

was a puny little fellow, of heavy aspect, and wholly destitute of the life and animation that generally characterize that class, who are obliged to use looks and gestures as a substitute for words. He seemed for a long while unable to comprehend my object in placing before him a dissected alphabet, and forming the letters into words, significant of dog, man, hat, and other short monosyllables; and when I guided his little hard hand to trace corresponding characters on the slate it was indeed a work of time and patience to make him draw a single stroke correctly. His unmeaning grin of good-natured acquiescence in whatever I bade him do was more provoking than downright rebellion could have been; and I secretly agreed with my friends that the attempt would prove a complete failure, while impelled, I hardly could tell how, to persevere with redoubled efforts. Jack's uncouth bristly hair fell in a straight mass over one of the finest foreheads ever seen, and concealed it. I happened one day to put aside this mass, for the benefit of his sight, and was so struck with the nobly expansive brow, that I exclaimed to a friend then in the act of dissuading me from the work, "No, with such a forehead as this, I can never despair of success." I was then anything but a phrenologist, for I erroneously looked upon it as leading to materialism; but experience had long taught me to regard that lofty feature of man's countenance as the just index of his intellectual capabilities.

It was by a sudden burst that the boy's mind broke its prison and looked around on every object as though never before beheld. All seemed to appear in so new a light to him; curiosity, in which he had been strangely deficient, became an eagerly active principle, and nothing that was portable did he fail to bring to me, with an inquiring shake of the head, and the word "what?" spelled by the fingers. It was no easy matter, before we had mastered a dozen common substantives and no other parts of speech, to satisfy his inquisitiveness, which I always endeavoured to do, because it is wrong to repress that indication of dawning reason in a child, and Jack at eleven years old was in the predicament of a mere infant. More especially was I puzzled when his "what?" was accompanied by a motion pointing first at the dog, then to himself, to learn wherein consisted the difference between two creatures, both of whom, as he intimated, could eat, drink, sleep, and walk about, could be merry or angry, sick or well; neither of whom could talk; and yet that there was a very great difference he felt. The noble nature of man was struggling to assert its preeminence over the irrational brute which he, nevertheless, loved and feared too; for Barrow was a splendid dog, and used to assist me very cleverly in keeping my little wild Irish crew in order. Oh what a magnificent wreck is man! I do love to watch the rapid approach of that glorious time when, the six thousand years of his degradation beneath the reign of Satan being fulfilled, he shall rise again in renovated majesty above the usurper's powers, and resume his high station among the brightest works of God.

I do not remember exactly how long after his first coming to me it was that Jack began to inquire so diligently about God. He seemed full of grave, but restless thought, and then approaching me, pointed towards the sun, and by a movement of the hands, as if kneading something, asked me whether I made it? I shook my head. Did my mother?—No. Did Mr. Roe, or Mr. Shaw (the two Protestant clergymen) or the priest? He had a sign to express each of these.—No. Then, "What?—what?" with a frown and a stamp of fretful impatience. I pointed upwards, with a look of reverential solemnity, and spelled the word "God." He seemed struck, and asked no more at that time, but next day he overwhelmed me with whats, and seemed determined to know more about it. I told him as well as I could, that He of whom I spoke was great, powerful, and kind; and that he was always looking at us. He smiled, and informed me he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not keep his eyes on it, but the moon he thought was like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he sent a marble across the table. As for the stars, they were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck into the sky with the end of the thumb. Having thus settled his system of astronomy, he looked very happy, and patted his chest with evident self-applause.

I was amused, but of course not satisfied:

my charge was necessarily an Atheist, and what I had told him was a very bare sort of Deism indeed. To communicate more, however, seemed utterly impossible, until we should have accomplished considerable things in the way of education. We had not above a dozen of the commonest words—all names of things—to which he could attach a meaning; and our signs were all of his own contriving, which I had to catch, and follow as I might. So said Reason, but Reason is a fool. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live." "For my ways are not your ways, neither are your thoughts my thoughts, saith the Lord." It pleased him to enlighten the mind of the boy; and instead of that work being dependent on human wisdom, all that human wisdom could do was to creep after it, at a modest distance.

Next day, Jack came to me in great wrath, intimating that my tongue ought to be pulled out. This was his usual mode of accusation where a lie had been told. So I looked innocent and said, "What?" He reminded me of yesterday's conversation, telling me he had looked every where for God: he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the church-yard, through the fields, had peeped into the grounds of the castle, walked past the barrack-yard; and got up in the night to look out at the window. All in vain; he could not find God. *He saw nobody big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars into the sky.* I was "bad," my tongue must be pulled out; for there was "God, NO." And he repeated, "God—no!" so often that it went to my heart.

I considered, prayerfully. My view of the scriptures told me that without divine help none could really seek after God; and also that when he vouchsafed to give the desire, he would surely increase knowledge. Here was a poor afflicted boy getting out of his bed to look by night for one whom he had vainly sought all the day: Here was Satan at work to strengthen unbelief: I was commanded to resist the Devil, and surely there must be some way of resisting him. I sat silent, on the opposite side of the fire, and a plan having struck me, I looked at Jack, shrugged my shoulders, and seemed convicted of a deception. He shook his head at me, frowned, and appeared very much offended at my delinquency. Presently I seized a small pair of bellows, and after puffing at the fire for a while, suddenly directed a rough blast at his little red hand, which hung very near it. He snatched it back, scowled at me, and when again I repeated the operation, expressed great displeasure, shivering, and letting me know he did not like it.

I renewed the puff, saying, "What?" and looking most unconscious of having done anything; he blew hard, and repeated that it made his hands cold; that I was very bad, and he was very angry. I puffed in all directions, looked very eagerly at the pipe of the bellows, peering on every side, and then, explaining that I could see nothing, imitated his manner, saying, "Wind—no!" shaking my head at him, and telling him his tongue must come out, mimicking his looks of rebuke and offended virtue. He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, "God like wind! God like wind!" He had no word for "like;" it was signified by holding the two fore-fingers out, side by side, as a symbol or perfect resemblance.

Here was a step, a glorious step, out of absolute atheism into a perfect recognition of the invisible God. An idea, to call it nothing more, new, grand, and absorbing, took possession of his mind. I numbered seven years of incessant care over him from that day; and I will fearlessly assert that in his head and in his heart God reigned unrivalled. Even before he knew Him as God in Christ, the Creator and Preserver were enthroned in his bosom; and every event of the day, every object that met his view, gave rise to some touchingly simple question or remark concerning God. He made me observe that when trying to look at the sun he was forced to shut his eyes, adding "God like sun." An analogy not very traceable, though strictly just; for the glory that dazzled his mind was not visible. He was perpetually engaged in some process of abstract reasoning on every subject, and amazed me by explaining its results; but

how he carried it on without the intervention of words, was and is a puzzle to me.

Previously he had been rather teasing to the dog, and other inferior creatures, and had a great desire to fish; but now he became most exquisitely tender towards every living thing, moving his hand over them in a caressing way, and saying, "God made." At first he excepted the worms from this privilege, remarking that they came up through holes from beneath the earth, while God was above over the sky; therefore they were not made by him: but I set him right, and he agreed that they might be rolled up in the world, like meat in a pudding, and bite their way out. Thenceforth, wo to the angler whom Jack detected looking for live bait!

When my first pupil from being irregular in attendance fell off more and more, until he wholly discontinued coming, and the others were withdrawn for fear of heretical infection, I became more anxious lest this dear boy might also leave me before he had received the knowledge of Jesus Christ. I had, at his earnest entreaty, taken him into the house altogether, his home being at some distance; but I knew not how long he might be permitted to stay. The ravages of a dreadful fever among the poor increased my solicitude to see my devout little Deist a Christian. I have, in a small memoir of this "Happy Mute," related the manner of his receiving the gospel, but I must not pass it over here. To the glory of God's rich grace it shall be recorded, as one of the most signal mercies ever vouchsafed to me. As before, the boy was led to open the way, and in the faith of the Lord's willingness to reveal himself to an inquiring soul I followed it up.

Jack had noticed the number of funerals passing; he had occasionally seen dead bodies placed in their coffins, and one evening he alluded to it, asking me by significant gestures if they would ever open their eyes again. Considering that he had often been present at the interment of the dead, and had also witnessed the decay of animals cast out to perish, it struck me as a singular question, plainly indicating that the consciousness of immortality is natural to man, and unbelief in a future state foreign to his untaught feelings. On the present occasion, my heart being then lifted up in prayer for divine assistance on this very point, I caught at the encouragement, and instantly proceeded to improve the opportunity. I sketched on paper a crowd of persons, old and young; near them a pit with flames issuing from it, and told him all those people, among whom were we, had been "bad" and God would throw us into the fire. When his alarm was greatly excited, I introduced into the picture another individual, who I told him was God's Son, that he came out of heaven, he had not been bad, and was not to go in the pit; but that he allowed himself to be killed; and when he died, God shut up the pit; so the people were spared. This seemed to myself too strange, vague, meagre, to convey any definite idea to the boy's mind; but how effectual does the Lord make our poorest efforts when He wills to work! After a few moments' deep thought, Jack astonished me by an objection that proved he saw the grand doctrine of a substitute for sinners, which I was so hopeless of bringing before him. He told me the rescued people were many; he who died was one, and his earnest "What?" with the eloquent look that now peculiarly belonged to his once stupid countenance, showed his anxiety for a solution of this difficulty.

With unutterable joy in my heart, but great composure of manner, I rose, and taking from a vase a bunch of dead flowers, inadvertently left there, I cut them into small bits, laid them in a heap on the table, and beside them my gold ring: then pointing to each, with the words "many—one," I asked which he would rather have? He struck his hand suddenly to his forehead, then clapped both hands, gave a jump as he sat, and with the most rapturous expression of countenance intimated that the one piece of gold was better than the room full of dead flowers. With great rapidity he applied the symbol, pointing to the picture, to the ring, to himself, to me, and finally to heaven. In the last position he stood up, and paused for some time, and what a picture he would have made! A smile perfectly angelic beaming on his face, his eyes sparkling and dancing with delight, until, with a rush of tears, that quite suffused them, he gazed at me, then again raised them to the ceiling, his look softened into an expression of deep awe, and un-

bounded love, while he gently spelled on his fingers "good ONE, good ONE!" and ended by asking me his name.

> "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
> To a Believer's ear."

Jack was not to hear that name with his bodily ears until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God should call him from sleeping in the dust of the earth; but he received it into his mind, and the gospel, the glorious everlasting gospel, into his soul, and the Holy Spirit into his heart, without the intervention of that sense. In that hour it was given unto him to believe, and from that hour all things were his—the world, life, death, and a bright immortality. Never but once before had I laid my head on the pillow with such an overwhelming sense of perfect happiness. The Lord had indeed shown me his glory, by causing his goodness to pass before me.

Henceforth I had a Christian brother in my little dumb charge: his love to Jesus Christ was fervent and full; his thoughts about him most beautiful. By degrees, I gave him some knowledge of our Lord's mortal birth, his infancy, work, death, resurrection, and ascension: together with the future advent; which I then believed to be a coming to final judgment at the end of the world; and often I was puzzled by discerning that Jack had an impression on his mind of a coming to make his people happy here. At a time when I had never even heard of a personal reign, and he, to my certain knowledge, had no human teaching whatever, except from me, at that time I am positively certain his views were those which now I hold: and I cannot account for it without looking higher than man.

Very great indeed was Jack's emotion when he discovered that the Saviour in whom he was rejoicing was the object represented by the image he had been taught to bow down before. He resented it deeply: I was quite alarmed at the sudden and violent turn his feelings took against Popery. Awake as I was to its abominations, I yet temporized sadly in this matter; I had not faith to trust the Lord with his own, and dreading lest any interference with the forms of their idolatrous worship should cause his friends to take him from me, as Pat must have known it immediately, I refrained from approaching the subject, and allowed the poor little fellow to bow down with the rest in a mass-house. If I ever was tempted to believe, which I never am, that God leaves any of his own children in the communion of antichrist, Jack's case would effectually rebuke me; he spurned the whole system from him, in spite of me, as soon as the light of the gospel fell upon its deformities.

Returning from the chapel, one day, soon after this, he came up to me under great excitement: he took up a clothes-brush, set it on one end, and with a ludicrous grimace bowed down before it, joining his hands in the attitude of prayer, and chattering after his fashion; then asking the brush if it could hear him, waiting in an attitude of attention for its reply, and finally knocking it over, and kicking it round the room, saying, "Bad god, bad god!" I guessed pretty well what it was all about; but as he concluded by snapping his fingers exultingly, and seating himself without further remark, I spoke on other subjects. My feelings were far from enviable.

Next morning, Jack was very animated, and came to me with an evident budget of new thoughts. He told me something very small came out of the ground, pointing in opposite directions; it grew; and then two more points appeared. I found he was describing the growth of a plant, and expecting some question, was all attention; but Jack was come to teach, not to learn. He soon showed that his tree had reached a great height and size; then he made as if shouldering a hatchet, advanced to the tree, and cut it down. Next came a great deal of sawing, chopping, planing, and shaping, until he made me understand he had cut out a crucifix, which he laid by, and proceeded to make a stool, a box, and other small articles; after which he gathered up the chips, flung them on the fire, and seemed to be cheering himself in the blaze. I actually trembled at the proceeding; for where had he, who could not form or understand half a sentence, where had *he* learned the Holy Spirit's testimony as recorded by Isaiah?

The sequel was what I anticipated: he feigned to set up the imaginary crucifix, and preparing to pray before it, checked himself, saying "No;" then with animated

seriousness reverted to the springing up of the little seedling, saying, "God made;" and as it grew, he described the fashioning of the trunk, and branches, and leaves, most gracefully, still saying, "God made;" he seemed to dip a pencil in colour, to paint the leaves, repeating, "God made beautiful!" Then that God made his hands too, and he came to the conclusion that the tree which God made, cut out by his hands which God made, could not be God who made them. Then he got very angry, and not satisfied with an insubstantial object for his holy indignation to vent itself upon, he ran for the clothes-brush, and gave it a worse cuffing and kicking than before; ending with a solemn inquiry, whether I worshipped crosses, &c., when I went to church?

How guilty I felt! and still I trembled to give the encouragement I longed to bestow. However, I distinctly intimated my detestation of idolatry, and confirmed his strong repudiation of it. He told me he would not go any more to chapel, but I told him, as well as I could, the almost certain consequences, and he then remembered that other boys had told him those who ate meat on Fridays would go to Hell; and that the same people were to be killed, for this was in 1824, and Pastorini was universally quoted. He became greatly distressed as the next Sabbath approached, but contrary to all my expectations returned from mass in excellent spirits. Pat told me, laughing, that Jack was become so musical he insisted on going to sit by the organ, that he might feel the vibration, and when alone with me Jack joyfully told me that he had run up the stairs from the outer door to the organ loft, and so escaped even the necessity of bowing down to the cross. This plan he persisted in from that day. Some years afterwards I asked his brother if he had any suspicion at the time of the boy's object in so doing: he answered, None at all; and that if he had he would have forced him into the body of the mass-house, and compelled him to prostrate himself.

May the Lord grant that what I have thus narrated may be made the means of conveying a lesson to every reader! It was one of the great commendations of the church at Ephesus that they hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which Christ also hates: and let us daub over our sinful indifference as we may, with the false varnish of liberality, charity, and so forth, it will be an awful item against our souls if we do not hate, actively hate, the deeds of antichristian Rome; and prove it by exposing the vile snare that we may deliver those whom it holds captive. We have frittered away God's truth, and well nigh trampled out his line of demarcation, between a holy worship and the polluted sacrifice of an idol temple, while speculating on the fair front of Jansenism as opposed to Jesuitism: we have turned from the fires of Smithfield to contemplate the well-told tales of Port-Royal, and thrust our Bradfords, our Latimers, yea and our Luthers, from the shelf to set up Fenelon and à Kempis. To their own Master they stood or fell; Fenelon's appointed work was the conversion of Protestants to Popery; he used all the influence of his very superior mind and amiable character to draw the persecuted Huguenots into communion with Rome. It was his glory that he succeeded so far, and no doubt he did it conscientiously; but so long as I read in my Bible that Satan transforms himself *into an angel of light* to seduce Christ's servants from their allegiance to Him, I will not tamper with my faith by sitting down to ascertain how much of Christianity I can discover in certain individuals actively promoting a system against which the God of heaven has pronounced an irrevocable, a withering, and a final curse.

A dreadful instance occurring in our immediate neighbourhood about this period, manifested more alarmingly than ever the perilous excitement of the poor people's minds on whom the wicked predictions already noticed had taken effect. Not more than a quarter of a mile from the barracks of Kilkenny lived a family of unoffending, respectable Protestants, named Marr. One Sunday afternoon, long before sunset, while they were sitting round the tea-table with unfastened doors, a party of Rockites rushed into the house, loudly demanding arms. The father and his eldest son ran up stairs, probably intending to make some defence; but it was too late, so they brought down what weapons they had, and delivered them up. The intruders turned to go; but first

opened the parlour door, where the rest of the family remained, panic-struck, and perfectly quiet; and one of them taking a deliberate aim at the second son, a peculiarly harmless character, because he was of weak intellect, with the manners of a little child, shot him. The bullet entered just above his elbow; and as he fell the murderous aggressor made off, laughing, with his companions.

The young man was brought into Kilkenny, and most assiduously attended by the medical gentlemen, while the clergyman of our parish and his brethren in the ministry were constantly engaged in prayer beside him, or in soothing the anguish of his mother and sisters. The ball could not be extracted, neither could the bleeding by any means be stanched; but, drop by drop, in lingering agony, the vital current escaped from the youth's veins, and he was several days dying. Outside the window of the house assembled a number of women from the lowest class of the Romanish population, and there they sate, responding with a yell of triumph to every groan the poor sufferer uttered, praying that he might have smart enough before he went; and shouting, "You'll be in hell presently, you Protestant locust, and then you'll cry louder;" with similar exclamations, and most awful curses on the whole race. Why were they not removed? you will ask; but who was to remove them? Were 24,000 people to be roused into open violence, with a couple of Highland companies in garrison, and a small force of Police, and 800 terrified Protestants, fully aware that at the first intimation of an outburst, fifty or a hundred thousand armed foes would pour in from the surrounding country? No: the outcries of a few wretched women were not to produce that effect, though probably it was calculated upon; and the innocent victim died amid their shouts. I remember one of the clergymen came to me requesting a glass of wine, and bursting into a passion of tears as he recounted what he had heard while praying in the midst of that agonized family, as the spirit of the murdered youth departed with a long deep groan, that extorted a scream of joy from the eager listeners without. I can fancy you here pausing to ask if I could love such a savage crew: not those individuals, certainly, as then engaged; but I looked beyond the hateful fruit to the execrable root that bore it, and felt how terrible was our own responsibility, in that we had not laid the axe to it while yet the opportunity was given, by preaching Popery out of Ireland by the same means that banished it from England and Scotland. There was no thing in this demonstration inconsistent with the usual workings of that ferocious persecutor all over the world. The records of Piedmont bear a testimony to which all lands in all ages send forth a corroborative voice, that where Popery has gained the ascendant the demons of cruelty rage uncontrolled, so long as a whisper or a look dissentient from its dogmas may be detected; nay, we well know that infancy, and, as in the case just cited, imbecility of mind, where neither assent nor dissent can be traced, comes under the murderous ban. That human beings can always be found to execute these frightful behests is a lamentable, a humiliating fact; but when once given over to a reprobate mind, of what is not man capable?

While these things were going on, many of the principal sufferers from them consoled themselves under the persuasion that what they were enduring would turn to the good of the Protestant cause, by convincing the government how utterly vain was any hope of transforming Popery into a peaceable neighbour by any further concessions. Every one knew that the "emancipation" so loudly called for could work no other change in the hostile party than as it must afford them an important step in advance to final ascendency. What could such concession do in neutralizing the effect of Pastorini's prophecies? Would the "locusts" cease to be so by bestowing a tardy boon on the Romanists, wrung from them at the pike's point? It seemed impossible that any statesman should fall under such infatuation, and we are glad to see the mask so entirely thrown off, though our own proximity to the unveiled abomination rendered it trying to us. Most assuredly the Protestants of Ireland were not consenting to that deed; some, dwelling in secure cities, and wholly careless whether truth or falsehood ruled the realm, joined the cry of liberalism; and others in exposed situations forebore to utter their

sentiments at all, well knowing that every word spoken in the hearing of their Romish domestics would speedily find its way to the confessional; but in general there was a firm, undisguised opposition to the surrender of the national faith; and sure I am that the Protestants of Ireland never acquiesced in having their dangers made the plea for throwing down the bulwarks of the constitution.

Early in the summer of 1824 I received a summons to return to England. It was most unwelcome, for my heart was knit to Ireland, and to share the lot of her devoted people was its earnest desire. At home I had many old friends; but what were they to the beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, who had been my fellow-helpers for the last four years in the work of the Lord? All ties were weak to that, save one, the tie that bound me to my beloved brother. Him I had not seen for nine years; he had continued on the staff of the Portuguese army until the establishment of the Cortes, who dismissed all British officers; and then he settled in the interior of that country, cultivating some of the land which he had gallantly fought to rescue. It was a subject of continual sorrow to me that he was residing in the heart of an exclusively Popish country, far from every means of grace; not even a place of worship within many leagues, and wholly shut out from Christian intercourse. I knew that he had been equally dark with myself on the subject of religion; and truly can I say, that from the very hour of my being enabled to see the truth as it is in Jesus, my life had been a constant prayer for him, that God would make him a partaker in the like precious faith. There was now a prospect of his returning, and this, added to the summons I have mentioned, made my way plain. The state of Jack's mind, too, on the subject of Popery, helped to reconcile me, since I had made up my mind to take him with me if his parents would agree to it. There was no difficulty in bringing them to do so; they gave a willing, a grateful consent. His mother's words, while tears rolled down her cheeks, were, "Take him; he is more your child than ours." His father remarked, "Why shouldn't we let him go with you, seeing that he would grieve to death if you left him behind?" When I began to state that I could not promise he would not openly embrace my religion, they interrupted me, repeating that he was my child more than theirs, and could never come to any harm under my care. Coward as I was, I did not use the opportunity then given to set before them their own danger, and commend the pure faith that I knew their child held. I had occasionally talked in a general way, and once very strongly, when the mother told me of the dreadful penances she had done, walking on her bare knees over a road strewed with pebbles, glass, and quick lime, to make her sufferings greater, in order to obtain from God and the saints the restoration of the boy's hearing and speech. She was then pleading the power and holiness of her clergy, and their superiority to all the rest of the world. I looked from the window, and said, "See, there goes your bishop; now do you think this bright sun warms him more than it does any Protestant walking beside him?" "Troth, and I am sure it does," answered she. "What, do you think he has any particular advantage over other men in things that are common to all?" "That he has, being a holy bishop." "Well, now, if I call him up, and we all put our fingers together between these bars, do you think the fire would burn him less than us?" She hesitated; her husband burst into a laugh, and archly said, "I'll engage his reverence wouldn't try that same."

I was now to bid adieu to my pleasant haunts, chief among which was the lordly castle of Kilkenny, where I had passed so very many delightful hours. Its noble owners were abroad, but by their favour I had a key to the private door beside the river, and full access to every part of the castle and its beautiful grounds. It was there I used to muse on days of Ireland's bygone greatness, though not then well read in her peculiar history, and gradually I had become as Irish as any of her own children. How could it be otherwise? I was not naturally cold-hearted, though circumstances had, indeed, greatly frozen the current of my warm affections, and I had learned to look with comparative indifference on whatever crossed my changeful path; but no one with a latent spark of kindly feeling can long repress it among the Irish. There is an ardour of charac-

ter, an earnestness in their good will, a habit of assimilating themselves to the tastes and habits of those whom they desire to please,—and that desire is very general,—that wins on the affections of those who possess any, a grateful regard, and leaving on the scenes that have witnessed such intercourse, a sunshine peculiar to themselves. Reserve of manner cannot long exist in Irish society. I have met with some among the people of the land, who were cold and forbidding, insensible and unkind, but these were exceptions, establishing the rule by the very disagreeable contrast in which they stood out from all around them; and I never found these persons in the humbler classes, where the unmixed Irish prevails. Hospitality is indeed the pole-star of Ireland; go where you will, it is always visible; but it shines the brightest in the poor man's cabin, because the potato that he so frankly, so heartily, so gracefully presses upon your acceptance is selected from a scanty heap, barely sufficient to allay the cravings of hunger in himself and his half-clad little ones. In this, as in all other particulars, a change for the worse has come over the people of late; priestly authority has interposed to check the outgoings of kindness, from a warm-hearted people to those who are indeed their friends, and a painful, reluctant restraint is laid upon them; but the evil had not become evident at the time of my sojourn there, and I can only speak of them as the most respectful, most courteous and hospitable peasantry in the world. At the same time they were in many respects the most degraded. Nothing could equal the depth of their abasement before an insolent priesthood, except the unblushing effrontery with which the latter lorded it over them. For any infraction of their arbitrary rules, the most cruel and humiliating penances were imposed. I knew an instance of a young woman, a Romanist, who engaged in the service of a Protestant family, and went out with them to America. While there, she was led to join in family worship, but without any intention of forsaking her own creed; neither had they attempted to draw her out of the net. On her return to Kilkenny she went to confession, and among other things divulged the fact of having heard the Bible read, and prayed in the company of heretics. This was an enormity too great for the priest to deal with alone; so he ordered the girl off, fasting, to her original confessor, who then officiated in a chapel seven good Irish miles distant. On hearing the case, he ordered her to go thrice round the chapel on her bare knees. and then to set off, still fasting, and walk back to Kilkenny, there to undergo such additional penance as his reverend brother should see good to impose. The poor creature scarcely reached the town alive, through fatigue, exhaustion, and terror: she was ill for some time, and on her recovery subjected to farther discipline. These particulars I had from one of her own friends and a bigoted papist to boot, who told it in order to convince me that the girl had committed a very great sin. I once asked a young man how he got on at confession,—whether he told all his sins. He replied, "Sometimes I disremember a few, and if the priest suspects it, he pulls my hair, and boxes my ears, to help my memory." "And how do you feel when you have got absolution?" "I feel all right; and I go out and begin again." "And how do you know that God has really pardoned you?" "He doesn't pardon me directly; only the priest does. He (the priest) confesses my sins to the bishop, and the bishop confesses them to the pope, and the pope sees the Virgin Mary every Saturday night, and tells her to speak to God about it." "And you really believe this monstrous story?" "Why should'nt I? "But it is no affair of mine, for once I have confessed, all my sins are laid on the priest, and he must do the best he can to get rid of them. I am safe." Of such materials is the net composed that holds these people in bondage: and who can marvel that such prostration of mind before a fellow mortal should lead to an abject slavery of the whole man, body, conscience, and understanding? We see the effects, and abhor them; but we do not go to the root of the matter. The priest himself is equally enslaved; his oath binds him to an implicit blind reception of tenets which he is not permitted to investigate, and which make him the pliant tool of a higher department of this detestable machinery. He receives his cue from the bishops, and they are wholly governed by

the Propaganda at Rome, whither each of them is bound periodically to appear for personal examination and fresh instructions. The Propaganda is, of course, the *primum mobile* of the system, set a-going by Satan himself. Hence the mischief that is perpetrated by the unhappy beings who form the operative section of this cunning concern; the handicraft men of blood. It is an awful spectacle, and one that we cannot long avert our eyes from contemplating with the deep interest that personal peril excites. All is preparing for a burst of persecution against the people of the Lord, and happy is he who shall be found armed with watching!

LETTER X.

England—The Dumb Boy—Jack's Adventure—Departure from Ireland—Clifton—Hannah More—A Carnal Politician—Treachery—Afflictions—Jack's Progress—Prayer—Mercies—A Soldier—A Home—False Judgment—Tranquillity.

We started for Dublin with sorrowing hearts, for it was likely to be a long, if not a last farewell to friends who were endeared as well by a participation in danger as in feeling. Those who have daily been expecting to die together in a holy cause, cannot lightly part. One of the last things that I learned before leaving the place was communicated to me by an intimate friend and near neighbour, a very sweet Christian character. She had lived on terms of intimacy with a Romish family in the town, and a few days previous to my departure the mother of this family called on Miss ——, with tears entreating her to embrace Popery; for that the next year would witness the utter extermination of Protestants, and it would be out of her power, or that of any other person, to save any life, however dear to them. She urged it with most affectionate importunity and was evidently much distressed at her failure. Whether the better informed class of the Romanists believed in Pastorini's predictions or not, they saw them universally received among the bulk of the people, and of course knew that they would take care to verify what they believed. It was by a wonderful interposition that the Protestants of Ireland were saved, though an unmarked one; for, with a population of six to one, roused to the highest pitch of religious fanaticism, prepared by extra masses, fasts, and prayers, and confiding in the assurances of an infallible church that so it must be; where, too, they had every thing to gain and little or nothing to lose, it is marvellous that such a restraint was laid on their sanguinary purposes. The priestly fancy of entering into discussion with their opponents wrought powerfully against their own cause: and the notorious Doyle who led the way in every species of agitation and mischief, and sanctioned the riotous meeting at Carlow, one of the ablest, wiliest, and boldest of Romish bishops, whose writings were firebrands, and who in a public speech eulogised a farmer in his diocese for taking the Bible in the tongs and burying it in a hole in his garden,—that Dr. Doyle afterwards died a Protestant; nor could all the devices of his brethren long conceal the fact.

Jack had never before been beyond the environs of his native town, and I expected to see him much astonished by the splendid buildings of Dublin. He regarded them however, with indifference, because, as he said, they were not "God-mades," while the scenery through which we had travelled, particularly the noble oaks on Colonel Bruen's fine demesne, and the groups of deer reclining beneath their broad shadow, roused him to enthusiasm. It was wonderful to trace the exquisite perception of beauty as developed in that boy who had never even been in a furnished room until he came to me. His taste was refined, and his mind delicate beyond belief: I never saw such sensitive modesty as he manifested to the last day of his life. Rudeness of any kind was hateful to him; he not only yielded respect to all, but required it towards himself, and really commanded it by his striking propriety of manner. He was, as a dear friend once remarked, a "God-made" gentleman, untainted with the slightest approach to anything like affectation or coxcombry; indeed he ridiculed the latter with much comic effect; and the words "Dandy Jack" would put him out of conceit with any article of apparel that drew forth the remark. He would answer the taunt with

a face of grave rebuke, saying, "Bad Mam, bold Mam; Jack dandy, no; Jack poor boy." He had not, indeed, arrived at so copious a vocabulary when we left his home; but he was rapidly acquiring new words.

It was beautiful to see him at prayer. He had never kneeled down with us at Kilkenny; for any Romanist who had detected him doing so must have informed, and the priest would have commanded his removal. In Dublin he volunteered to join us, and as he kneeled with clasped hands, looking up towards heaven, the expression of his countenance was most lovely. A smile of childlike confidence and reverential love played over his features, now becoming most eloquent; his bristly hair had began to assume a silky appearance, and was combed aside from a magnificent brow, while a fine colour perpetually mantled his cheeks, and changed with every emotion; his dark hazel eyes, large, and very bright, always speaking some thought that occupied his mind. He was rather more than twelve years old. In profile he much resembled Kirke White when older; but the strongest likeness I ever saw of him is an original portrait of Edward VI., by Holbein, in my possession. It was taken after consumption had set its seal on the countenance of that blessed young king, as it did on that of my dear dumb boy.

One adventure he had in Dublin that afforded him much enjoyment. I went into an extensive toy-shop to make some purchase, and Jack, enchanted with the wonders around him, strolled to the farther end, and into a little adjoining recess, well filled with toys. A great uproar in that direction made us all run to inquire the cause, and there was Jack, mounted on a first rate rocking-horse, tearing away full gallop, and absolutely roaring out in the maddest paroxysm of delight, his hat fallen off, his arm raised, his eyes and mouth wide open, and the surrounding valuables in imminent peril of a general crash. The mistress of the shop was so convulsed with laughter that she could render no assistance, and it was with some difficulty I checked his triumphant career, and dismounted him. He gave me afterwards a diverting account of his cautious approach to the "good horse;" how he ascertained it was "bite, no; kick, no;" and gradually got resolution to mount it. He wanted to know how far he had rode, and also if he was a God-made? I told him it was wood, but I doubt whether he believed me. Thenceforth Dublin was associated in his mind with nothing else; even at nineteen years of age he would say, if he met with the name, "Good Dublin, good horse; small Jack love good Dublin horse." The shipping pleased him greatly, and many of his beautiful drawings were representations of sailing vessels.

I had now been in Ireland five years and three months; and with what different feelings did I prepare to leave its green shores from those with which I first pressed them! Unfounded prejudice was succeeded by an attachment founded on close acquaintance with those among whom I had dwelt, contempt by respect, and dislike by the warmest, most grateful affection. I had scorned her poverty, and hated her turbulence. The first I now knew to be no poverty of soil, of natural resources, of mind, talent, or energy, but the effect of a blight, permitted to rest alike, on the land and people, through the selfishness of an unjust, crooked policy, that made their welfare of no account in its calculations, nor would stretch forth a hand to deliver them from the dark dominion of Popery. Their turbulence was the natural fruit of such poverty, and of their being wholly under the influence of a party necessarily hostile to the interests of a Protestant state, and bent on subverting its ascendency. What Ireland was, I too plainly saw: what she might be, I clearly understood; and the guilt of my country's responsibility lay heavy on my heart as I watched the outline of her receding coast.

Bristol was our destination; and for the ensuing year, Clifton became our abode. This period of my life was one of severe trial, which it is not necessary to particularize. Incipient derangement, which afterwards became developed, in a quarter where, if I did not find comfort and protection, I might expect their opposites, occasioned me much alarm and distress, while my brother's protracted absence increased the trial. Much secluded, I pursued my literary avocations, and watched the progress of Jack's growth in knowledge and in grace.

Clifton is certainly one of the most beautiful spots in England; the river winding its graceful way beneath St. Vincent's picturesque rocks on the one side, and on the other the noble plantations of Leigh rising, as it were, out of the water, and overhanging it with grove and garden, is enchanting; while the constant succession of vessels of every variety of size and character, passing to and fro, fills the mind with a picture of commercial greatness, the more striking from its locality. The number of steamers was then small; the ungraceful chimney, with a long pennon of black smoke, had not superseded the tapering mast and swelling sails, nor given a hurrying rapidity to the slow, gliding movement so peculiar to a ship in smooth water. Every one of these sea-kettles ought to be inscribed with the motto, "Death to the picturesque." They now send their dark vapours curling up St. Vincent's cliffs, and by continually agitating the waters, destroy the transparency of that elegant river. But believing, as I do, that these "swift messengers" have a special commission, in the divine purpose, to bring from all parts of the world that acceptable present unto the Lord of Hosts,—his own peeled and scattered Israel,—to the holy mountain of Jerusalem, I am reconciled to the temporary sacrifice of effect, as I should indeed be to the sacrifice of all earthly good, in the prospect of that blessed event. Every steamer launched, every rail laid down in the highways, is a step towards the accomplishment of those glorious things that are promised to crown the tribulation of these latter days; and while Satan will doubtless avail himself for evil, cruelty, and devastation, they will ultimately fulfil all the Lord's pleasure, when he says to Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built, and to Zion, "Thy foundations shall be laid."

My sojourn at Clifton brought me into personal acquaintance with that venerable servant of God, Hannah More. We had for some time corresponded, and she had afforded me great encouragement in my humble labours, taking an especial interest in my attempts to instruct the deaf and dumb children. I had now the pleasure of showing her the progress made with Jack, who delighted her greatly, and who, to the last day of his mortal existence, most fondly cherished the memory of that sweet old lady. She was, indeed, one of the excellent of the earth, permitted long to beautify the church which she had so mainly helped to strengthen and advance, and to be an honour to the land where she had nobly stood forth to repel the assaults of revolutionizing impiety. I often wonder that so little stress is laid upon this branch of Mrs. More's extensive labours. We hear much of her schools, her charities, her letters, her devotional and educational publications, and all of these deserve the full celebrity that they have attained. But England should especially bear in mind her effective championship of the good cause, by means most admirably adapted to its furtherance among the most dangerous, and generally speaking, the most unapproachable class—a class who congregated in ale-houses to hear the inflammatory harangues of seditious traitors, while as yet Bibles were scarce, religious tracts not in existence, and district visiting unthought of. In a lady of refined taste, and rare accomplishments in the higher style of writing, to volunteer in a work so new, and to furnish the press with a series of plain truths, dressed in a most homely phrase, rendered attractive by lively narrative, and even drollery, and the whole brought down to the level of course, uninformed minds, while circulated in a form to come within the narrow means of the lowest mechanics—this was an enterprise worthy especial note, even had not God openly blessed it to the turning of that formidable tide. When I looked upon the placid but animated countenance of the aged saint, as she sat in her bow-window looking out upon the fair fields, the still inviolate shores of her beloved country, I thought more of her "cheap repository tracts" than all her other works combined. There lay the Bristol Channel, that noble inlet to our isle, by which the commerce of the world was even then finding its peaceful way to the great mart of Bristol, and there sat the aged lady, so long the presiding spirit of the place, with one hand, as it were, gathering the lambs of the flock into green pastures among the distant hills, that formed a beautiful feature in the landscape; with the other, vigorously repulsing the wolf from the field. If I could have discovered, which I could not, a single trait of consciousness that she was a

distinguished being, exalted into eminence by public acclaim, I must have conceived her to be dwelling upon this branch of her many privileges, that she had been a Deborah where many a Barak shrunk from the post of honour and skulked behind a woman. She took that lively interest in the public, secular affairs of her country that Jeremiah and Ezekiel did of old, and on the same plain ground; that where the state professes to be modelled, and the executive to act, on principles of God's instilling, with a view that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us, nothing done by the state can be indifferent to the church, or unworthy the anxious, watchful regard of Christians. To be called a carnal politician by those whose minds, at least on religious subjects, could obtain but one idea, was certainly a light affliction to balance against the joyous consciousness of having materially aided in preserving those cavillers' homes from the hand of the spoiler, and their Bibles from that of the Atheist.

When I saw Hannah More, she was really at ease in her possessions; and none who loved her less than the Lord himself did, would have laid a sorrow upon her grey hairs. Man would have decreed, that such a full-ripe shock of corn should be brought into the garner without further ruffling or shaking. She had suffered exceedingly from rheumatism and other ailments, and yet more from the tongue of calumny, and the hand of ingratitude. She was an illustration of that striking couplet,

"Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
And like the shadow, proves the substance true."

She had, however, triumphed over all, by meekly committing her cause to Him who judgeth righteously; and now she seemed to be placed beyond the reach of further molestation; and about to end her useful life in peace. But she had another lesson to give to the people of God, another fire in which to glorify him; and not long after I saw her reclining in that lovely retreat which had grown up about her, a perfect bower from slips and seeds of her own planting, as she delighted to tell us, she was actually driven out of her little paradise, compelled to leave the shadow of her nursling trees, and to cast a tearful farewell look on the smiling flowers, and to turn away from the bright sea and the waving line of her Cheddar hills, to find a lodging in the neighbouring town; and all through treachery, domestic treachery, against her whose whole life had been a course of unsparing beneficence towards others! Hannah More, perhaps, needed to be again reminded, that she must do all her works "as to the Lord," looking to him alone for acceptance of them; or if she needed it not, others did; and often since she entered into her Saviour's presence, "to go no more out," has the scene of the last trial to which her generous, confiding, affectionate spirit was subjected, been blessed to the consolation of others. God's children find that it is good for themselves that they should be afflicted; but they do not always remember how good it is for the church, that they should be so. They look within, and seeing so much there daily, "justly deserving God's wrath and condemnation," they lie still in his hand, willing and thankful to have the dross purged out, and all the tin taken away. Their fellows look on, and not seeing the desperate wickedness of their hearts, but fondly believing them to be as near perfection as human fraility will permit, they argue, "If such a saint as —— be thus chastened and corrected, what must a sinner like me expect?" So they learn watchfulness and fear in the day of prosperity; and when adversity comes they are enabled more loving to kiss the rod. Oh, if we could see but a little of the Lord's dealings, in all their bearings, how should we praise him for his goodness, and the wonders that he doeth unto the children of men! What profit, what pleasure has He in afflicting us? Surely it is, so to speak, more trouble to correct than to leave us alone; and he would not twine the small cords into a scourge, unless to cleanse, and sanctify his temple.

I have said that my brother's return home was delayed. A hurt received in shooting, with its consequences, detained him in Lisbon nearly a year; but his family came over, and I had a new delicious employment, a solace under many sorrows, an unfailing source of interest and delight, in teaching his eldest surviving boy the accomplishments of walk-

ing and talking. I almost expected Jack to be jealous of such a rival, but I wronged him: nothing could exceed his fondness for "Baby boy," or the zeal of his Irish devotion to the little gentleman. Knowing that in the event of my removal Jack must earn his bread by some laborious or servile occupation, I had kept him humble. He ate in the same room with us, because I never suffered him to associate with servants, but at a side-table; and he was expected to do every little household work that befitted his age and strength. A kind shake of the hand, morning and evening, was his peculiar privilege; and the omission a punishment too severe to be inflicted, except on occasions of most flagrant delinquency, such as rebelling against orders, or expressing any angry emotion, to which he was constitutionally liable, by yells and howls, that almost frightened the Hotwells from their propriety. He had, of course, no idea of the strength of his own lungs, nor of the effect produced by giving them full play in a fit of passion; but the commotion into which it threw the whole house seemed to flatter his vanity, and he became a vocalist on very trifling occasions. This neither agreed with our dear invalid landlady, nor was a fitting example for "Baby boy," who speedily tried his own little treble in admiring imitation of Jack's deafening bass; and recourse was at last had to the aid of a young friend, who bestowed a few gentle raps on his head with the bent end of a hooked cane, and then locked him up in a dark kitchen for half an hour, saying to me, rather regretfully, "I suppose my popularity is at an end now. Poor fellow! I shall be sorry to lose his affection." But this was so far from being the case, that to his closing scene Jack retained a grateful remembrance of the proceeding. He used to say, "Good Mr. W.; good little stick beat Jack's head; made bad Jack good. Jack love good Mr. W." At the very time, as soon as he saw his kind corrector, after the business, he very gracefully and cordially thanked him, kissing his hand, with a bow, and saying, "Jack no more cry;" and as he really was hardly touched, and full well knew we had not the heart to be severe, it was a proof of that openness to rebuke which is a lovely mark of true Christianity.

Montgomery beautifully says,

> "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air."

And so it eminently was with the dumb boy. Under every form of condition and circumstance, in health and sickness, in joy, in grief, in danger, in perplexity—over his food, his studies, his work, his amusements, he was ever turning a look of peculiar sweetness on me, with the two words, "Jack pray." He always smiled when so engaged, and a look of inexpressible eagerness, mingled with satisfaction, and the triumph of one who feels he has taken a secure stand, told me when he was praying, without any change of position, or looking up. There was always a mixture of anxiety in his aspect when he tried to make himself understood by his fellow-creatures; this gave place to something the reverse of anxiety when he was "talking to God," as he sometimes expressed it. He oftener looked down than up; and very often did I see his eye fixed upon the "Baby boy," when, as his looks bespoke, and as he afterwards told me, he was "tell God" about him, and that he was too little to know about Jesus Christ yet. Many a prayer of that grateful dumb boy even now descends in blessings on the head of my brother's "Baby," and long may the hallowed stream continue to flow down, until they rejoice together before the throne of the Lamb.

One of Jack's lovely thoughts was this: he told me that when little children began to walk, Jesus Christ held them by the hand to teach them; and that if they fell he put his hand between their heads and the ground to prevent their being hurt. Then, as if he saw this proceeding, he would look up, and with the fondest expression say, "*Good* Jesus Christ! Jack very much loves Jesus Christ." I hope you are not tired of Jack; I have much to tell about him. God made me the humble means of plucking this precious brand from the burning; and I owe it to the Lord to show what a tenfold blessing I reaped in it. Jack was not the only one of whom He has, in the dispensations of his providence, said to me, "Nurse this child for me, and I will give thee thy wages." I have found Him a noble Paymaster!

And now I come to a period of my life that I have scarcely courage to go over

Many, and sharp, and bitter were the trials left unrecorded here; and shame be to the hand that shall ever DARE to lift up the veil that tender charity would cast over what was God's doing, let the instruments be what and who they might. It is enough to say, that even now I know there was not one superfluous stroke of the rod, nor one drop of bitter that could have been spared from the wholesome cup. Besides, he dealt most mercifully with me; those two rich blessings, health and cheerfulness, were never withdrawn. I had not a day's illness through years of tribulation; and though my spirits would now and then fail, it was but a momentary depression; light and buoyant, they soon danced on the crest of the wave that had for an instant engulfed them.

It is of joy I have to tell: safety, peace, prosperity, under the restored sunshine that had made my early career so bright. Never did a sister more fondly love a brother; never was a brother more formed to be the delight, the pride, the blessing of a sister. He was of most rare beauty from the cradle, increasing in loveliness as he grew up, and becoming the very model of a splendid man; very tall, large, commanding, with a face of perfect beauty, glowing, animated, mirthful,—a gait so essentially military, that it was once remarked by an officer, "If B—— were disguished as a washerwoman, any soldier would give him the salute." He had also served in the Peninsula with the highest possible credit, regarded by those in command as one of the best officers in the service, and most ardently loved by the men under him. Many a bloody battle-field had he seen: but never did a wound reach him. On one occasion,—Albuera,—his gallant regiment went into action 800 strong, and on the following day only 96 men were able to draw rations. He became on the field a lieutenant, from being the youngest ensign; and alike in all circumstances he shone out as an honour to his profession. He had also been an especial favourite with John VI., of Portugal, and the high polish of a court was superadded to all the rest, without in the smallest degree changing the exceedingly playful, unaffected joyousness of the most sunshiny character I ever met with.

Ten years' absence had produced the effect on my sisterly love that Burns describes:—

> "Time but th' impression stronger makes
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

I had also many personal reasons for look-forward to his return with peculiar anxiety; and its uncertainty increased the feeling. I had been spending a day with a sick friend, and ran home at night, to the lodging occupied by my mother and myself, and there I found my brother. What a dream those ten years' trials appeared!

We remained but a short time in Clifton, and soon bent our way towards the metropolis, where he expected, as is usual, to dance a long and wearisome attendance on the Horse Guards, for a regimental appointment. He had refused that of aid-de-camp to King John, with any military rank and title that he might desire; preferring a half-pay unattached company in the British to any thing that a foreign service could offer; but he was mistaken: his merits were well known to the Duke of York, and before he could well state to Sir Herbert Taylor his wishes, that estimable man told him he had only to select out of two or three regiments lately returned from foreign service, and he would be gazetted on the following Tuesday. He chose the 75th, and was immediately appointed to it, with leave to study for two years in the senior department of the Military College at Sandhurst, the better to qualify himself for a future staff situation.

A sweet cottage, standing isolated on the verge of Bagshot heath, sheltered by tall trees and opening on a beautiful lawn, with a distant but full view of the college, became our abode. A delightful room was selected for me, with an injunction to sit down and make the most of my time while he was in the halls of study, that I might be at leisure to walk, to ride, to garden, to farm, with him,—my brother, my restored brother, whose eye beamed protection, and whose smile diffused gladness, and whose society was what in our happy childhood it had ever been, just instead of all the world to me. If one thing was wanting, and wanting it was, to knit us in a tie more enduring than any of this world's bonds could possibly be, that very sense of want furnished a stimulus to more importunate prayer on his behalf. Some of the good people who

for lack of a relay of ideas borrow one of their neighbours and ride it to death, treated me to a leaf from the book of Job's comforters, when the calamity fell on me of that precious brother's death, by telling me I had made an idol of him. It was equally false as foolish. An idol is something that either usurps God's place, or withdraws our thoughts and devotions from him. The very reverse of this was my case. I had an additional motive for continually seeking the Lord, not only in prayer, for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit on behalf of one so dear, but also for grace to walk most circumspectly myself, lest I should cast any stumbling-block in his way, or give him occasion to suspect that my religious profession was a name, and not a reality. That was surely a profitable idol which kept me always prayerful before God, watchful over myself, diligent in the discharge of duties, and in continual thanksgiving for the mercies I had received! Do I repent loving my brother so well? I wish it had been possible to love him better. These warm affections of the heart are among the sweetest relics of a lost Eden, and I would sooner tear up the flowers that God has left to smile in our daily path through a sin-blighted wilderness,—far sooner,—than I would cease to cherish, to foster, to delight in the brighter, sweeter flowers of domestic love, carried to the full extent of all its endearing capabilities.

The Lord knoweth our frame; he deals with us not according to what we are not, but according to what we are. He sets before us various duties and to the end that we may the better fulfil them he gives us aids, not contrary to, but accordant with our natural feelings. Men set up a standard, often a just and scriptural one, to which they sorrowfully confess that because of the weakness of their nature they cannot themselves attain; but according to which they sternly judge their neighbours. A person has a path assigned to him, a steep ascent strewed with thorns and crowded with obstacles, before which he often pauses and waxes faint. God gives him a companion for the way, even as he sent forth the disciples two and two, and the pilgrim is cheered. He quickens his pace; another besides himself will be benefitted by his progress, and if he fails another will suffer in his loss. So he goes on thankful, rejoicing, and endued with double energy for the toilsome achievement. But he sees a neighbour to whom the Lord has also granted help through human means, perhaps not exactly similar to that which he has received; he sees his neighbour likewise openly rejoicing in the possession of such a staff; and bringing him to the tests of that perfect law which requires an entire devotedness to and dependence on the Lord, he raises a cry of "mixed motives," "the arm of flesh," "idolatry," and so forth. No doubt he is so far right, that perverse humanity will ever abuse God's gifts, and often make them occasions of sin; but this outcry of the beam against the mote, which is so grievously prevalent in the religious world, is very unseemly. Oh, how infinitely more tender is the Lord to us than we to one another.

Hitherto, many impediments had been thrown in the way of my literary labours. Anxiety, apprehension, and the restlessness of feeling resulting from a continual change of abode, had broken the train of thought, and rendered my work very uncertain. Indeed, it would often have been wholly inadequate to my support, but for the watchful kindness of friends whom the Lord raised up to me, foremost among whom always stood the estimable Mr. Sandford, who never ceased to regard me with paternal affection and care. To be wholly independent was the first earthly wish of my heart; and now a fair opportunity was given of testing my willingness to labour diligently. The result was so far satisfactory, that in the course of the two years and two months of my residence under my brother's roof, I wrote the Rockite, The System, Izram, Consistency, Perseverance, Allan M'Leod, Zadoc, and upwards of thirty little books and tracts, besides contributions to various periodicals. I was going on most prosperously when an attempt was made from another quarter to establish a claim to the profits of my pen. The demand was, probably, legal, according to the strict letter of existing statutes, though circumstances would have weighed strongly in my favour. But it greatly reduced the value of my copyrights, for the time being, and I found myself checked in my career at a juncture

when it was especially my desire to go on steadily. This brought upon me two temptations, the force of which was greatly increased by the circumstances under which they found me.

LETTER XI.

SANDHURST—A Conflict—A Snare—An Incident—Papal Fulmination—Public Events—The Duke of York—Navarino—Prognostications—Jack's Petition—Happy Caution—Perseverance—Zeal—Testimonies—A Contrast—Erroneous Views—Millennarianism—Second Advent.

WHEN I first began to write, it was with a simple desire to instruct the poor in the blessed truths of the gospel. My own situation soon rendered it needful to turn the little talent I possessed to account. This I did, still keeping in view the grand object of promoting God's glory; and my attempts having been well received, I found a ready market for whatever I wrote, so that the name was considered a sufficient guarantee for the book. Now, I could no longer safely use that name, and anonymous writing became the only feasible plan. A friend, who did not look upon the main subject in the light that I did, made, through my brother, a proposal that I should become a contributor to the most popular magazine of the day, supplying tales, &c., the purport of which was to be as moral as I pleased, but with no direct mention of religion. The terms offered were very high: the strict incognito to be preserved would secure me from any charge of inconsistency, and coming as it did when my regular source of income was suddenly closed, and when the idea of being burdensome to my generous brother with his increasing family was hardly supportable, it was thought I could not demur.

Nevertheless, I did; the Lord in his gracious providence had said to me, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," and I had for upwards of four years enjoyed that blessed privilege. It was now withdrawn, certainly not without his permission, and how did I know that it was not to try my faith? The idea of hiring myself out to another master—to engage in the service of that world the friendship of which is enmity with God—to cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before those whom by the pen I addressed—to refrain from setting forth Jesus Christ and Him crucified to a perishing world, and give the reins to an imagination ever prone to wander after folly and romance, but now subdued to a better rule—all this was so contrary to my views of Christian principle that, after much earnest prayer to God, I decided rather to work gratuitously in the good cause, trusting to Him who knew all my necessity, than to entangle myself with things on which I could not ask a blessing. The conflict was indeed severe; no one attempted to oppose my resolve; but as yet no one could at all understand its real ground; and it was a very trying position in which I stood, thus seemingly spurning an honourable means of independence and leaving myself destitute. But the trial was short: my first friends, the Christian "Dublin Tract Society," exercising that faith which has distinguished all their acts, determined to brave the consequences, and still publish my little books. This, though the profit was not then very good, I hailed as a gracious intimation of the Lord's purpose still to continue me in His service; and I was the more strengthened to meet the second trial, which, coming at a time when the sum proffered would be doubly acceptable, and the refusal involving the loss of a very old and kind friend, was rather a sharp one; more especially as the offence given would and did alienate him from others who had no share in the proceeding, and whose interests were far dearer to me than my own.

Many years before, that friend had published a novel: not a flimsy love-story, but of a class above the common run. I had, as a girl, been very fond of it, and often delighted the amiable author by expressing an admiration that was not general; for the work had failed, and was unsold. Now, finding I had been myself successful with the pen, and full, even in old age, of natural love for his literary offspring, he had formed a plan, in which he never dreamed of encountering opposition. He wished me to re-write it, to cast the characters anew, enliven the style, add variety to the incidents, and, in short, make a new work out of his materials. Still it was to

be a novel; and as it had been originally published in his name, it was to be so now. My share in the work would never be known: and as he was abundantly wealthy, and equally generous, a *carte blanche* as to terms was before me.

On the former occasion I had paused, and thought much: on this I did not. The path was plain before me, but dreadfully painful to pursue. A hundred pounds just then would have been more to me than a thousand at another time; and private feeling was most distressingly involved, both as regarded myself and others. It was in an agony of prayer, and after many bitter tears that I brought myself to do what, nevertheless, I had not a wish to leave undone. I wrote a faithful letter to the friend in question, most unequivocally stating the ground of my refusal—the responsibility under which I conceived we all lay before God for the application of talents committed by Him: the evils of novel-reading; and, as far as I could, I declared the whole gospel of Christ to one whom I had no reason to consider as taking any thought whatever for his soul. I heard no more from him to the day of his death, which took place ten years after. I had reason to believe that his intentions towards me were very liberal in the final distribution of his property; for he had known and loved me from my cradle, and he had no family: but my conscience bore a happy testimony in the matter; and I am fully persuaded that the whole was a snare of Satan to betray me into an acceptance of unhallowed gains, by catering to the worldly tastes of those who forget God. No doubt, the business would have been a profitable one, and the inducement to persevere made strong in proportion as I sacrificed principle to lucre. "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." I should neither do justice to the Lord's rich goodness nor to the honoured instrument of His bounty if I omitted to add, that, shortly after, my munificent friend Mr. Sandford sent me a gift that left me no loser by having done my duty.

While on the subject of my books, I will record an incident that occurred about the same time, and on which I always look with feelings of indescribable delight. I did not know it until, some years afterwards, the story was related to me by the principal actor in it—the abettor of my heretical pravity. Little did I dream, when writing my humble penny books, that they would be advanced to the high honour of a place in the Papal Index Expurgatorious!

The lady in question took to the continent a sweet, only daughter: a lovely little girl of ten years old, the joy of her widowed bosom, who was fast sinking in decline. I was exceedingly fond of that child, who returned my affection from the depths of an Irish heart; and who, out of love for its author, selected one of my small penny books to translate into Italian during her last stage of suffering. She did not live to complete it; but with her dying breath requested her mother to do so, in the earnest hope of its being made useful to the ignorant people around them. Bessie was a lamb of the Lord's fold; and to lead other children into the same blessed shelter was her heart's desire. As soon as the bereaved mother could make any exertion, she betook herself to the task assigned by her departed darling, and found such satisfaction in it that she extended her labours, and translated several more. Being a lady of rank and affluence, she was enabled to carry it on to publication, and to ensure the circulation of the little books among many.

One of them, "The Simple Flower," a sixpenny book, thus translated, fell into the hands of an Italian physician, a man of highly cultivated mind; nominally a Romanist; and like all thinking Romanists, in reality an infidel. The book contains not a word on controversy; not an allusion to Popery—it is plain gospel truth, conveyed in a very simple narrative. God blessed it to this gentleman, and he became a Christian. The circumstance excited much remark: curiosity led many to read that and others of the series, and a great number were circulated in the neighbouring districts. This was actually within the papal states, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Sienna, to whose knowledge came the astounding fact that pennyworths of heresy were circulated within the range of his pastoral charge: the matter was reported at head-quarters, taken up with due seriousness, and a Sunday appointed, on which, no doubt, I was quietly worship-

ping in the college chapel at Sandhurst, wholly unconscious that my name was then being proclaimed at a hundred Italian altars, with a denunciation against all who should read, circulate or possess any book, tract, or treatise penned by me. One instance was particularised: a poor priest had himself given numbers of these translations to his flock; and after mass he stood before them deeply moved, telling them he had a painful duty to perform. That he had received from the highest authority a command to proclaim what he held in his hand, and which he proceeded to read to them—a copy of the fulmination above mentioned. Having done so he folded the paper, and resumed, saying he had given and recommended the little books to them, because he had read them himself and found nothing but what was good in them: however, the church, which they were all bound to obey, judged otherwise; "and now," he added, "you must bring them back to me, or burn them, or in some other way destroy them wholly: nevertheless I declare in the sight of God I found no evil in those dear little books, but the contrary—they are full of good." He burst into tears, and many wept with him; and not a few of the proscribed productions were wrapped up and buried in the earth, or otherwise put away till the search should be over. Who knows but that very priest was led to the Bible and to Christ through such humble means? I would not exchange for the value of the ten kingdoms ten times trebled, the joy that I feel in this high honour put upon me—this rich blessing of being under the papal curse.

I have been long silent on the subject of public events: George the Third had passed into a blessed immortality just at the time when I first learned to understand and appreciate his Christian character; George the Fourth had visited Ireland, and in the ardently-expressed affection of a people who will always love where they are permitted so to do, had recognised their claim in his paternal regard, which recognition was used by the wily deceivers of the day to press as a national boon the wicked, cruel measure that would only confirm more strongly their subjection to a foreign power, and alienate the whole race from England. Napoleon had disappeared from the world of which he was the terrific scourge, and found an obscure tomb on the distant rock; while peace rested upon the nations, so long tossed in tumultuous rage. No sign appeared of hostile movement abroad, and all men were occupied in domestic politics, striving for and against the subversion of our ancient institutions. The party in power had shown a decided inclination to help forward the cause of Popery; and God, who has never failed to intimate his displeasure at such a leaning on the part of our government, shook the whole country with a commercial panic that menaced general bankruptcy. Alexander of Russia was taken away in the prime of life: and with full purpose of heart to christianize his vast empire, and to gather in the outcasts of Israel. I always thought he was removed because his enlightened mind was too far in advance of the time, and he passed too rapidly forward in works not yet to be accomplished. His death affected me deeply, for I had become exceedingly watchful of the signs of the times, and impressed with the belief that the consummation of all things was not far distant. In fact, I was rapidly embracing those views called Millennarian, without being conscious of it; and the prophetic Scriptures became unceasingly my study. The Duke of York's death seemed to me the signal for overthrowing our national Protestantism, and while I mourned in him a royal patron who had taken a generous interest in my concerns, and in heartfelt sympathy wept with the old soldiers of the military establishment over one so justly endeared to them and to the whole army, my heart quaked at the silencing of that voice so nobly, so energetically, so solemnly raised in the Senate against a deed to which he then distinctly swore, before God and his country, that he would never be consenting. I visited St. George's chapel on the day of his interment: and when I saw his knightly effigies,—the helm and sword and banner,—taken down from over his stall and carried out of the chapel, a strange foreboding came over me, such as I had never known: but which, alas! has long been, and still is, in course of fulfilment. I stood at the mouth of the vault where the relics of his royal father rested, and into which

his own were to descend; it seemed to me the open grave of all that my proudly English heart had cherished from infancy; and such was my emotion that I declined witnessing the interment, and stationed myself in the highest attic of a house where all were thronging to the lower windows for a sight of the solemn pageant that wound its torch-light way through the street. I saw it far beneath me, more like a procession of fairies than of full-sized men, and noble steeds; and I wept unrestrained, with feelings hard to define, until wholly exhausted, and actually ill from the effects of such excitement. Was there not a cause? The event has proved it. I cannot believe that the deed committed two years afterwards, in that very Windsor, the granting of the royal assent to the abominable Bill, would ever have been perpetrated while the Duke of York existed as next in succession to the throne.

This was January 1827: the following October witnessed the most eventful scene that has been enacted upon this globe for many centuries. Even at that time I felt it to be so; and now at the distance of thirteen years its effects are making themselves felt through every nerve and pulse of the body politic, not merely in Europe but gradually throughout the world. The battle of Navarino was the turning point of this dispensation. Most wonderful it was in all its particulars: nothing could be further from the wishes, the interests, the avowed policy of England, than to cripple in any way the power of Turkey, that great and efficient barrier against the formidable Muscovite. In fact, our fleet was rather intended to protect than to embarrass the Porte. Greece was struggling for freedom, and the Mahommedan despot was crushing her deeper into the dust beneath his merciless hand, so that it behooved the civilized powers of Christian Europe to interpose something in the form of protection over the oppressed victim; but Russia alone had an interest in harming Turkey, and Russia's allies were of all things most jealous of her growing greatness: yet, unsent, unauthorised, and acting under an impulse that could not be accounted for, England and France went into action side by side with Russia, and at one blow broke forever the power of the Porte. It was most wonderful: it opened to my view a mighty page in the world's history, and led me, without communication with any mortal holding those views, —for I knew not one,—to look upon the sixth vial as in the very act of emptying its contents on the great river Euphrates, and so to inquire, with trembling anxiety, what would be the result of outpouring the seventh.

I settled it in my mind to watch the East as one who looks for the sun's rising on a scene of bodily peril in darkness and in doubt. I plainly saw that Turkey must now lie helpless before the Russian; and I resolved if this blow was not followed up by sudden ruin, but by the continuance of a wasting, a "drying up" process, I would proceed on my new assumption of prophetic meanings as established. Devoted to the Jewish cause, I always looked upon Turkey with abhorrence, and jealously anticipated her predicted subversion, that Israel might again possess the good land: and while shuddering over the scene of bloodshed that had occurred, and lamenting the passage of so many ruined souls into eternity, I could not stifle a sensation of joy that a signal-gun had thus been fired for the ingathering of the scattered tribes. My brother observed this: he said, "I do believe you are glad of this unfortunate battle: I promise you it is a very different victory from what you are used to exult in." I did not deny this, but still, in spite of myself, I looked glad. "Oh, you Christian ladies are tender-hearted creatures, to delight in a scene of butchering and drowning, just because the poor wretches happen to be Turks!" I could not defend myself from the charge: that dear brother had not yet learned to view passing events in the light that Scripture throws upon them: and I remained under a sort of stigma that did not affect me much; especially as his utmost displeasure never went further than good humoured raillery, levelled at the supposed inconsistency which his own awakening perception of divine truth rendered him doubly quick at detecting. I was driven to my Bible more closely than ever by this event; and the Bible, which had taught me every thing else, was now teaching me Millennarianism, while as yet the word was in my estimation one of reproach.

With what fondness does memory linger over those delightful days of sojourn under the sheltering roof of my brother, so soon to be for ever parted in this world! Another boy had been added to our happy little circle, and Jack's warm heart seemed to receive an accession of love that he might have it to bestow on the "beautiful Baby small," which claimed so much of his thoughts and prayers. Indeed, his thoughts were always prayers, for God was in all. He made but little progress in language, having a great dislike to learning beyond what was needful for communicating his thoughts to me, and as he was then obliged to be more with servants than I liked, I was not anxious to extend his facilities of communicating with them: nor did he at all desire their society. He had a little room of his own, to his great delight, over the coach-house; and when not employed in his work, or talking with me, he was most happy with the pencil. He gave a strong and beautiful proof of the dread with which God inspired him as to ensnaring company: and I cannot pass it over.

My brother declared his intention of keeping a horse, and of course a groom. Jack came to me with an earnest entreaty that he might be the groom, saying he could do it so well. The reason he gave to me, confidentially, was, that men were very wicked; that the man-servant would often shake hands with the devil, (his usual mode of expressing wilful sin,) and that if Jack shook hands with him he would some day draw his hand till he got it into the devil's; meaning, that an evil companion would by degrees induce him to become evil too. He also said, Captain B. was very kind to Mam, and that a servant would cost him money, and eat a great deal; but Jack would take no money, and only eat "small potato, small meat," because he loved Captain B. When I communicated the request to my brother he laughed, saying such a boy could never groom a horse; but Jack had been privately to a kind friend of his, a retired non-commissioned officer of cavalry, who had the care of some horses, and got him to give him instruction, succeeding so well in his attempt that the sergeant told my brother he really thought him competent to the office. He consented to try; and having purchased his horse, tied him up at the stable-door for Jack to commence operations, while we all assembled to see him. I was apprehensive of a total failure, but he did it admirably, and my brother declared he only wanted a few inches in height to be one of the best grooms in the kingdom. Jack's exultation was very great. When we were alone, he went up to the horse, kissed it, and after telling me how pleased he saw his master look, he added, "No man; all one Jack. Devil cry—go devil!" and snapped his fingers at the invisible enemy.

His greatest security next to his love of God was his constant fear of Satan; yet it was rather a fear of himself, lest he should yield to his temptations, for he was perfectly aware Satan would not force him to do anything. Hence his extreme caution as to what associates he had, and a reserve with those whom he did not know to be Christians, which was sometimes mistaken for pride. He invariably asked me, of every person who came to the house, whether that person loved Jesus Christ; and if I could not give a positive answer in the affirmative, he stood aloof, always most courteous, but perfectly cold, and even dignified in repelling any advance to sociability beyond common politeness. He did not know the meaning of a single bad word, and God kept him so that the wicked ones touched him not. I used every means, of course, to this end. I watched him most narrowly, and always interposed if he was required to do anything, or to go to any place, in which I apprehended danger. My vigilance extorted smiles from those who considered it must all be in vain when he grew a little older; but no obstacle was placed in my way; and I bless God I never relaxed that care, nor did the boy ever depart from his holy caution; and he died at the age of nineteen, a very tall and fine looking young man, with the mind of a little babe as regards the evil that is in the world. Oh that parents knew the importance of thus watching over their boys.

Soon after the first horse was established in his stall, my brother purchased a second for my riding, saying he should now, of course, get an assistant in the stable; but Jack burst into tears, and himself pleaded with him for leave to do all. My brother

greatly delighted in his broken language, and caught exactly his phraseology, so that they conversed together as well as with me; and he told me he could not stand Jack's entreaties. "He is a fine little fellow," said he, "and if you will watch and see that he is not over-exerting himself, he may try for a while: he will soon be tired." But far from it; Jack was proud of his two horses; and none in the place were better kept. When a cow was added, a young person came to milk her; but Jack was outrageous, talked of his mother's "Kilkenny cows," and "Cow's baby," and expressed such sovereign contempt for the stranger's performance, and such downright hostility against the intruder, that we had no peace till he got the cow also under his especial care. Often afterwards did he talk of that time, saying he was "Well Jack," when he had two horses and a cow, and almost crying over his loss. He grew rapidly, and the doctors told me that such a life would have kept him strong to any age.

One day he came and asked me to let him have a large hoop, to make him go faster on messages. I thought it childish, and did not regard it, so he went to my brother with the same request, who inquired the reason. Jack told him the stage coaches that passed our gate went very fast, because the four horses had four large hoops, meaning the wheels, and if he had a large hoop he could go as fast as the horses. Diverted beyond measure at such an original idea, my brother sent to Reading for the largest and best hoop that could be got; and many a laugh we had at seeing Jack racing beside the London coaches, with his wheel, nodding defiance at the horses, and shouting aloud with glee.

He often went six miles with his wheel, to bear messages and notes to our valued and much-loved friend, General Orde, whom he idolized almost, and who looked on him as one of the most lovely instances of divine grace he had ever met with. On the first formation of the British Reformation Society, General Orde wrote to me, with a prospectus of the intended work. I told it to Jack, who in rapturous delight gave me his whole worldly fortune of two shillings, bidding me give it to put in their pockets, and to bid good General Orde tell gentlemen to send much Bibles to Kilkenny, that his father and mother and all the poor people might learn to break the crucifixes, and love Jesus Christ. I wrote this to the General, who sent to me for the identical two shillings, which Mr. Noel produced on the platform, with the dumb boy's message, and I believe it drew many a piece of gold from the purses of those who saw the gift, which stands enrolled the very first in the accounts of that noble society's receipts. Jack often prayed for the Reformation Society, and I believe his blessing helped them not a little. There was so much faith in all that he did, such as God alone could give: and he never seemed to entertain a doubt of obtaining what he asked. Many a sweet instance of his child-like confidence in the Lord is engraven on my memory, at once to stimulate and to shame me. His whole experience seemed to be an illustration of the word of promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive." One of the things that struck me as being referable to nothing but the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was the interest manifested by this boy for the Jews. His active Protestantism was easily accounted for; but to give him an idea of Judaism would have been impossible. He could not read. His knowledge of language did not go far enough to enable him to understand the construction of a sentence; and though he spelled correctly, and wrote readily whatever he wished to say, and his mode of expression was generally quite intelligible to others, he did not comprehend what was spoken or written in the ordinary way. Accustomed to attach a distinct meaning to every word, and acquainted with very few besides nouns and a few verbs, which he only used in the present tense, independent of the pronouns, and without reference to number, he was quite lost among the other parts of speech. For instance, if I had wanted to say, "You must go to the village and buy me a small loaf of bread," I should have expressed it thus: "Jack, go village, money, bread small, one." Grammatically expressed, the order would have been unintelligible to him: but few would have misunderstood it in the uncouth phrase last instanced. He would have gone to the shop, and writing down, "Bread small, one," would have held out the money, and made a sign to express

what size he wanted. It was this very fact of the impossibility of conveying to his mind any clear notion of things invisible and spiritual, that so gloriously manifested the power and goodness of God in causing the light to shine into his heart. To a reader who never witnessed the attempts of an intelligent, half-taught, deaf mute, to express his meaning, and to catch that of others, much of what I state respecting Jack may and must appear, if not incredible, at least unintelligible; yet none who ever saw and conversed with him would fail to substantiate it, and they were very many. That zealous missionary, Dr. Wolff, visited my brother's cottage when he and I were both absent, and no one could assist Jack in conversing with him; yet so great was his delight, that he wanted to take him to Palestine, to instruct the deaf and dumb in the doctrine of Christ. The Rev. H. H. Beamish is another who cannot, without emotion, recall his intercourse with that dying Christian. General Orde, who saw him very frequently, regarded him as a wonder of divine grace; and the Rev. W. Hancock, his beloved pastor, who for four years observed him closely, often said he derived greater encouragement from the experience and the prayers of that poor boy, than from almost any other earthly source. Unbelievers will doubt; but those who know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ will adore.

Still it will be evident that Jack could not read the Bible. He took great delight in copying it out, dwelling on such words as he knew; but I have seen him turn over two leaves and go on wholly unconscious of any mistake: and I have found among his papers whole pages, composed of half sentences and single epithets from Scripture, put together in unbroken paragraphs, without any meaning. With all this, he was ardently attached to the Jewish cause, and always told me "Jesus Christ love poor Jew; Jew soon see love Jesus Christ." When speaking of them, he would look very tender, and sorrowful, moving his head slowly from side to side, and his hand as if stroking some object in a caressing way. At such times it was curious to mark the effect of naming a "Priest Roman" to him. In a moment his aspect changed to something ludicrously repulsive: he stuck his hands in his sides, puffed out his cheeks to their full extent, scowled till his brows overhung his eyelids, and generally finished by appearing to seize a goblet and drain off the contents to the last drop, inflating his body, stroking it, smacking his lips, and strutting about. This he did, not as imputing drunkenness to the priesthood, but their denying the cup to the laity, and swallowing the contents themselves. Though his acting was laughably comic, his feeling was that of serious and severe indignation; and he would reprove us for the laughter it was utterly impossible to restrain, saying, with triumphant confidence, "God see: Jesus Christ come soon." This coming of the Lord Jesus, an actual, personal, visible coming, to walk about upon the earth, in whatever way he had represented it to himself, or howsoever God had revealed it to him, he constantly associated with two things—the consolation of the Jews and the destruction of Popery. I did not see it so; I looked for both those events at the commencement of the thousand years, expecting a spiritual coming of the Lord then, and a personal one at the very end of the world. I did not, however, contradict Jack, nor attempt to alter his view of the subject. I wanted the world to be quietly converted, by the preaching of the gospel; but I had been once nearly startled out of my system, when in Kilkenny. A beloved friend, since gone to her rest, pointed out to me the thirty-third of Isaiah, asking what I thought was the dye of the garments there mentioned? I replied, the blood of the Saviour, which drenched his raiment in the garden, and his body on the cross. "And what," pursued she, "is this treading of the wine-press!" I answered, "It was the laborious work of achieving our redemption, and bearing alone the wrath of the Lord." "I wish you would read it without a break," said she, "and take it according to the literal, plain sense, for I think we are all wrong here." I did read it, was surprised, and, contrary to my usual custom, ran to a commentary, and Matthew Henry's very lame and laboured elucidation, or rather extinction of the matter, checked the inquiry thus began. On all other points I speedily came to a right understanding, because I took God's word as my guide; and only on this did I prefer

a candle to the sun, just because Matthew Henry lay beside me, having been sent in by a friend. On this subject, therefore, I remained in the dark, until the amazing turn of events in the East put me upon considering the prophecies of the last days in the same way as I had considered all the other vital questions; and the result was, a reception of almost every millennial view before I suspected it, and before I ceased to abjure the name as wholly inconsistent with spiritual Christianity. I remember Lady Georgiana Wolff asking me if I was a millennarian, and I answered, almost resentfully, "No, indeed." "But I am," she returned. "Mr. Wolff is not one, I am sure," said I. "No," answered her ladyship, "but in six months he will be one; he cannot help it." She was right, for in less than six months he was preaching the doctrine openly; and I was holding it firmly, while stoutly protesting against it, just because I did not know what it was. I believe many are in this predicament now, stumbling at a word—rejecting the shadow, while they hold the substance. What think you of the following lines, being written and printed too, some years before I would allow myself to be a millennarian, soon after the battle of Navarino:—

When from scattered lands afar
Speeds the voice of rumored war,
Nations in conflicting pride
Heaved like Ocean's stormy tide,
When the solar splendours fail,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that star-like reign,
Sink dishonoured to the plain,
World, do thou the signal dread,
We exalt the drooping head,
We uplift the expectant eye—
Our redemption draweth nigh.

When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men proclaim their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Saviour hail;
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
Listen to her longing vows—
Listen to her widow'd moan,
Listen to creation's groan!
Bid, oh bid, the trumpet sound,
Gather thine elect around;
Gird with saints thy flaming car,
Gather them from climes afar,
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head! thy members claim!

Where are those whose fierce disdain,
Scorn'd Messiah's gentle reign?
Lo, in seas of sulph'rous fire,
Now they taste his tardy ire,
Prison'd till th' appointed day
When this world shall pass away.

Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord,
Sheath again the victor sword.
Where thy cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked thy dying groan,
King of nations, plant thy throne.
Send the law from Zion forth,
Over all the willing earth:
Earth, whose Sabbath beauties rise
Crowned with more than paradise.

Sacred be the opposing veil!
Mortal sense and sight must fail.
Yet the day, the hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye.
Be our souls in peace possest
While we seek the promised rest.
And from every heart and home
Breathe the prayer, Lord Jesus come!
Haste to set thy people free;
Come; creation groans for thee!

LETTER XII

SEPARATION—Odd Impressions—Prejudices—Home—Forebodings—Danger—Trying Scenes—Queries—Awful Contrast—Cadets—Retrospections—A Visitation—Want of Faith—A Hidden Work—Hope—True Comfort—Sympathy—True Feeling—An Ebenezer.

THE two shortest years of my life were now drawing to a close. My brother had completed his studies, passed his examination, and was under orders to join his regiment in Ireland. Oh how my heart rose in prayer, that where I had found a spiritual blessing he also might receive it! I could not understand the state of his mind on the most vital of all points: he had imbibed a prejudice so strong against the class of people called evangelical, that nothing but his generous affection for us would have induced him to receive under his roof two of that proscribed body—to say nothing of Jack. He confessed to me, laughing, not long after we became his inmates, that he supposed we should be falling on our knees half a dozen times a day, singing psalms all over the house, and setting our faces against every thing merry or cheerful. He had never been acquainted with any serious person before going to Portugal, nor during his short leaves of absence at home: none of that class ever crossed his path abroad, and he came home prepared to believe any thing

that was told him of the supposed fanatics; whom he understood to be a sort of ranting dissenters. At Clifton, extremes then ran far; the gay people most violently denouncing their sober neighbours, and making up all sorts of scandal concerning them. Hannah More was pointed out as "queen of the methodists," and a most infamous lie, wholly destructive of her moral character, circulated among a narrow but dissipated clique as a known fact; while the small fry of fanatics were disposed of by dozens in a similar way. The faithful clergyman whose ministry we attended was absolutely persecuted; and his congregation could expect no better at the same hands. I am very far from charging this upon the generality of even worldly people there; but it did exist, visibly and sensibly; and my dear brother evidently had fallen in with some of these wholesale calumniators, before he could possibly judge for himself. A visit to Barley Wood, and a very prolonged interview with the "queen" greatly staggered his prejudices; he was perfectly charmed with her, and remarked to me that if all her subjects were like her, they must be a very agreeable set of people. Still he apprehended an outbreak of extravagance when we should be fairly installed in his abode; and though he soon became undeceived, and learned to take the greatest delight in the society of General Orde, Mr. Sandford, and others equally decided —though he punctually attended the faithful ministry of Mr. Hancock at the college chapel, besides his regular appearance at the usual military service, and would not allow one disparaging word to be uttered in his presence of that zealous preacher or his deeply spiritual discourses; though he chose from among his brother officers a bold, uncompromising Christian as his most intimate associate, and gave many unconscious indications that he had received the doctrine of man's total corruption, and the nothingness of his best works; though he became the warm advocate of a scriptural education for the youthful poor, whom he had always before considered most safe and happy in total ignorance—still, with all this, I could not see even in his beautiful devout bearing in public worship where the reverse so sadly prevailed, and where every thing approaching to seriousness became a matter of suspicion, that he was really seeking God. In fact, I had been too much in the trammels of a system, which lays down arbitrary rules, and will not admit that God is working unless his hand be immediately and openly apparent to all. I would not believe that what looked green and beautiful was a blade of corn, just because it had not yet grown to an ear: and I refrained from speaking when perhaps speech on such subjects would have been more welcome than he wished to acknowledge, lest the remarks that I longed to utter might prove unpalatable, and produce the contrary effect to what I desired. He was only going for a little while: an appointment on the home-staff was promised, and then I was to live with him again, and I would zealously pursue the work. Alas! what a rod was prepared for my unbelief and presumption! The present was slighted, in the confident expectation of a future that was never to arrive.

We were almost always together out of his college hours. My window commanded a view of the distant building, and when I saw the preparatory movement to breaking up, I rose from my desk, tied on my bonnet, and ran off in sufficient time to meet him very near the college. Both let loose from six hours' hard work, we were like children out of school, often racing and laughing with all the buoyancy of our natural high spirits. The garden, the poultry-yard, and all the little minutiæ of our nice farming establishment, fully occupied the afternoon, while the children gambolled round, and Jack looked on with smiles, often telling me how much he loved "beautiful Captain B——" as he constantly called him. At ten o'clock we parted for the night, I to resume the pen till long after midnight; he to rest, whence he always rose at four o'clock, devoting four or five hours to study before we met in the morning. We visited very little, domestic retirement being the free choice of every one of us; and nothing could have induced my brother to banish his children from the parlour or drawing-room. Few things excited his indignation more than the nursery system: his little ones were the pride of his heart, the delight of his eyes, the objects of his fondest care. He often said he intended his boys to be gen-

tlemen, and therefore would not allow them to imbibe the tastes and habits of the kitchen. The consequence is that his boys are gentlemen.

Thus dwelling in love, united in every plan and pursuit, our time fairly divided between diligent work and healthful recreation amid the delights of rural life, do you marvel that I call this period my two shortest years? Had no previous circumstances given tenfold brilliancy to these lights by casting a depth of black shadow behind them, or no menacing future hung over the present enjoyment, still there was enough to make it indeed an oasis; but it was more. I cannot doubt that the Lord mercifully gave me a foreboding of what was to come, in the intolerable anguish of what seemed to be but a very short parting, with a delightful prospect of renewed domestic comfort just beyond. Yet so it was: I almost died under the trial of that farewell; and for three weeks before, and as long after, I never had a night's rest. Visions of terror were constantly before me, among which a scene of drowning was so perpetually recurring that I have often started from my bed under the vivid impression. This was the more strange because we had always been so fearlessly fond of the water: in our early days we had a little boat, just big enough for him to row and me to steer, in which we used to take excursions on the river Wensum, and never thought of danger. At Sandhurst too we were frequently upon the lake, and had both become familiarized with ocean, until of all perils those of the water were least likely to daunt me, either for myself or him: yet in most imminent peril we had once been placed; and at this time it would recur to my memory with tormenting frequency.

I was about seven years old, and he though younger was much the larger of the two, a stout hearty boy, and I a very frail delicate little creature, thanks to the doctors and their pet drug. Our parents went out for a day's excursion, with a friend, and of course we accompanied them. The place was one celebrated for good fishing, and the gentlemen having enjoyed a long morning's sport, remained in the house with my mother, sending us out to play. We had strict charge not to go too near the water, nor on any account to get into a boat, of which there were several on the river. We strolled about, and at last came to the brink of this river, to admire a barge or wherry which lay close to the little pier; for it was a public ferry, and the depth very great. A small boat just by attracted my brother's attention, who wished to get into it, until I reminded him of the prohibition when he said, "I won't get into it, Cha.; but I will sit down here and put my two feet in the little boat." He did so; the boat moved, and in his alarm, trying to rise, he fell and disappeared.

I perfectly remember the scene; I have also heard it described many a time by others, but I cannot understand how it was that I, stooping from the shore, with nothing to hold on by way of support, seized the little fellow by the collar as he rose, and firmly held him in my grasp. He did not struggle, but looked up in my face, and I down in his, and as I felt my puny strength rapidly failing, the resolution was firm on my mind to be drawn in and perish with him. There was not a question about it; I can recall the very thought, as though it was of yesterday, and I am positively certain that I should have tightened my hold in proportion as the case became more desperate. It pleased God, that, just then, some men returning from work descried the figure of a little child stooping in a most dangerous position over the deep water: they ran up, and while one held me the other rescued the boy. My grasp was not unloosed until they had him safe on shore: he was then insensible, and I lost every recollection until I found myself still in the arms of the man who had carried me in, while my mother and the rest were stripping the rescued boy and chafing his limbs before a fire. It was much talked of, and many a caress I got for what they considered heroism beyond my years; but what heroism is like love? "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

When my brother departed for Ireland we left that sweet cottage and went to reside in the village, in one better suited to the size of our diminished family party. I had several young friends among the cadets, in whom I took a warm interest, and

whose occasional visits I endeavoured to make as profitable to them as might be. It is a sad thing to see a boy, perhaps most carefully brought up by tender, and even Christian parents, watched, and kept as far as possible from all evil communications, then thrown at once into a large public institution, and exposed to every danger that can assail the youthful mind. A little insight into human nature must show any candid person the extent of mischief to be expected. Rarely do we find a case of conversion, with establishment in grace, very early in life; and where it exists as remarkable as in Jack, we may learn from his excessive dread of exposure to temptation how vigilantly the young plant should be guarded. Let us just suppose, what is indeed no sketch of imagination, but a slight sketch of acknowledged reality—let us suppose a boy at the age when they are eligible for these places, acquainted with the truth, accustomed to Christian instruction, taught to look into the word of God for daily direction, and to seek in prayer the daily supply of needful grace; consider him as having remained under the eye of Christian parents, or a schoolmaster who regards those committed to his care as immortal beings, for whose well-doing while under his charge, he is responsible to God; and who therefore counsels them well, and banishes to the utmost of his power, vice and profaneness from among them; affording them the usual domestic means of grace, and seeing that they are not neglected. Thus prepared the lad enters upon a new scene, where he finds himself surrounded by a large number of youthful companions, all busy in qualifying themselves for a future career, we will say in the service of their country. The first thing done is to try the mettle of the new comer, by putting upon him some insult, which if he resents, and offers to fight his way, he may be looked on with some respect; but if he appear timid, or reluctant to retaliate, he may be assured of becoming the object of a most harassing persecution for the amusement of the thoughtless, and the gratification of the cruel. In either case, he passes an ordeal of great severity, particularly during the night, when nothing is deemed too rough or alarming for the poor stranger to encounter. I appeal to those who have passed it whether this is not enough to turn the brain of a weak-minded youth, or to injure severely the body of a delicate one; I have myself known an instance, in a great public seminary, wherein derangement and death followed.

Supposing this well got over, the lad then finds that if there be any among his new comrades disposed to keep up the practice of reading the scriptures and praying, they must do it as secretly as they would commit a murder, and find it more difficult to accomplish than any crime that could be named. There always will be a large proportion of ruffianly characters among many boys; some naturally so, others made so by example. These have the ascendency of course; and they will use it to check and to stifle whatever might shine in contrast to themselves; while, what with these unstable characters who always row with the stream, and prudent ones who will not provoke hostility, and timid ones who dare not, they meet with little if any opposition, but rule the whole mass for evil. The youth, we will believe, sincerely desires to preserve his integrity, but what can he do? Man in his best estate is a frail, inconsistent being, liable to be blown about by every breath of temptation, even when unfettered, and in full possession of all gospel privileges; and what are we to expect from a boy who has never yet been left to himself, or deprived of countenance and support? He sees none watching over him, he hears no kind admonitory voice, inviting him to seek the way of peace and purity. His nature is corrupt, his heart is deceitful, his soul cleaves to the dust, and he finds that by following the bent of this perverse nature, by gratifying its lowest propensities, and revelling in unhallowed things, he shall best purchase the good fellowship of those who have it in their power to make his life miserable if he thwarts their will. His conscience loudly protests, and calls on him to pray; but if he would do so, where is he to retire for that purpose? Alone he cannot be; he has no separate apartment, and let those who have tried it say what would be the consequence of his kneeling down publicly to worship God. He may do it silently and undiscovered in his bed; yes,

if he can lift up his heart, and realize the presence of the God of heaven, while the language of hell resounds on every side! Even so, he has an enemy within, striving against the right principle, and responding to all that his better feeling repudiates. Then, too, wherewithal shall the young man cleanse his way, if not by ruling himself according to the word of God? And how is he to study that word? Does the parent who puts a Bible in his boy's portmanteau know that the most blasphemous tissue of ribaldry and all abomination would be a more suitable gift, if it is intended that he should exhibit it? These are awful questions, to be well considered by those who are wavering as to the destination of a youth; and they apply very widely throughout the land.

We all know the case of him whose heart has been swept and garnished; and how much the last state is worse than the first, when Satan re-enters with his seven new companions. The very checks of conscience render the fretted mind more restive; and the longer restrained the more headlong is the wild gallop into which the chafed spirit at last breaks. He who trembled at a profane word becomes an accomplished swearer; he whose modesty was most retiring is foremost to glory in early depravity; he whose hand was ever ready to relieve the poor, while his heart sympathized in their sorrows, becomes the wanton spoiler and marauder for the sake of a bold vaunt; he who shrank from the approach of profligate misleaders, now volunteers to harden new comers in the ways of sin. The youth who with noisless step trod the courts of the Lord's house, and bent with lowly reverence in prayer, and listened with fixed attention to the teacher's voice, now delights in shaming others out of the semblance of devotion, and feigns if he does not fall into it, the profound sleep of a wholly uninterested actor in the tedious show of public worship. Perchance some friend whose proximity to the place admits of it may stretch out a helping hand, or lift an admonitory voice, or proffer a little encouragement to strengthen the things that remain, and which are ready to die; if so, both the helper and the helped will be marked out for ridicule and reviling, if for nothing worse.

Honourable men, after this world's course, who are themselves wholly in the dark, verily believing that religion would turn a youth's brain and unfit him for the active business of life, will feel it a part of their duty to oppose every possible obstacle to such attempts at reclaiming the young wanderers under their charge. I knew, and knew right well, an instance wherein a lady who strove to do good to the souls of some young lads whose parents she knew to be praying people, had a sort of ban put upon her, by the publication of an express order that they should not be again permitted to visit her; and when a nobleman who well knew that she had not done any thing to merit such public condemnation, asked the principal of the institution the reason for so harsh a proceeding, he received this answer, "My lord, I was sorry to do it; I felt it a painful duty, but an imperative one. The fact is, she got hold of some of the most promising lads under my care, and so infected them with her own gloomy notions that, I give you my word, they were seen walking alone, with Bibles in their hands!" So much wiser are the children of this world in guarding those committed to them from the entrance of spiritual good, than are the children of light in protecting their dearest treasures from the contamination of most deadly evil!

But to return to my cadets at Sandhurst. I had two young friends there, both Irish, who were known to me from childhood; both greatly attached to my brother; both loving me dearly; and many a happy hour we passed, strolling over the wild heath, or enjoying the cheerfulness of my cottage home. On those two, among many, I looked with especial solicitude as to their future course; and I have had to rejoice, in different ways, over them both. One was early taken to his rest; he died in the faith, looking simply to the Lord Jesus, and finding perfect peace in him. The other was long away on foreign service, and when next I saw him it was as the deliverer, under God, of a whole town, and probably through that of the whole kingdom, from a scene of revolutionary carnage. He commanded the gallant little body of troops at Newport, who on the 4th of November, 1839, quelled the Chartist insurrection, and broke the formidable

power that menaced a general outbreak. I cannot pass over this event, it was so delightfully gratifying to me.

A third of those in whom I took a lively interest was Alexander Count Calharez, the eldest son of the Duc de Palmella. He was a most elegant youth, of fine mind, delicate feelings, and the sweetest manners possible. Devotedly attached to Romanism, he constantly attended mass at the house of the old Abbé, who added to his professorship in the Royal Military College the duties of a Popish priest. It was a sore grief to me to see Calharez pursuing his solitary way to that house, while we took the road to the College chapel, and met him half-way. I longed to enter a solemn protest against his delusion, but I never did it in direct terms, though very often dwelling, in his presence, on the peculiar truths of Christianity, opposed as they are to the lie in which he trusted. I hoped to have enjoyed many future opportunities of conversing with him, for he always sought our society in preference to many things that appeared more attractive, and took a lively interest in Jack. But the College did not suit his taste; he left it soon, and accompanied his father to Portugal. He died at the Azores; and I have been told that his hope at the last was one which maketh not ashamed. He was the subject of many prayers; the last day will tell whether they were answered.

But I cannot hasten through the heaviest part of my task; it is the rending open of a wound never to heal until the leaves of life shall be laid upon it; and if by any means I do attain to that resurrection *from among* the dead, in which none but the Lord's children shall partake, surely the dear object of all this sorrow will be there beside me!

Six months had passed from the time of his departure to Ireland, and all his letters were full of cheerfulness and pleasant anticipation. On the subject where I most wished to know his feelings, he was silent; but a passage in one of his letters struck me greatly. I had been suffering from a slight local pain, which one of my medical friends erroneously pronounced to be a disease of the heart; and in communicating this to him I had noticed, that I must live in momentary expectation of sudden death. His reply was very affectionate. He said it had given him a great shock, but on a little reflection he was convinced of its being altogether a nervous sensation; adding, "If not, why should you shrink from sudden death? For my own part, I should desire it, as a short and easy passage out of this life." A tremour came over me as I read these words; but again I thought, "Surely there is something on his mind to brighten that passage, or he would not so express himself;" and the thought of many perils surrounding him quickened me to redoubled prayer, that God would set his feet upon the Rock of Ages.

It was on a bright Sabbath morning, at the end of June, that, having rather overslept myself, I found on awaking the letters brought by early post lying on my pillow. I took one: it was the Horse Guards envelope, in which his letters usually came; and in my eagerness to open one from him I did not even put up a prayer. Full of smiling anticipation, I unfolded the enclosure, which was from a most dear and valued friend at the Horse Guards; and after some tender preparation, which the sudden reeling of my terrified brain prevented my comprehending, came the paralyzing sequel: A letter had been received from Mullingar—he was on the lake fishing—the boat overset. I could not understand the meaning of the words; but I understood the thing itself.

I sprang to my knees to cry for mercy on him—but, oh that dreadful, dreadful thought that pierced through my inmost soul—"He is beyond the reach of prayer!" I fell back as if really shot; but what avails it to dwell on this? I bore it as God enabled me; I felt crushed, annihilated as it were, under the fierce wrath of the Lord; for to aggravate the blow, I had no power to believe or to hope. It was a light thing to have lost him, my all in this cold, dreary world, who from early infancy had been as the light to my eyes, and the life-blood to my heart; he who had so very lately been restored, as if to show, that while he remained, all I could desire of earthly happiness was within my reach; he who had been to me instead of every other mortal blessing, and to whom I looked for all that I dared hope of future comfort. It was a light thing to have lost him, and to look upon the anguish of his

widowed mother, to whom he had ever been more of a ministering angel than a son, and upon the tears of his little daughter, who had lost a father indeed! All this was a small matter compared with the overwhelming horrors of that unbelieving thought, that *he* had lost his soul.

It was, indeed, the language of unbelief, for I had abundant cause to trust God, even from what I had witnessed, without taking into consideration his faithfulness as the Hearer of prayer, which had been incessantly, importunately persisted in for eight years and a half, on that one subject. The fact is, I had fallen much into the common, dangerous error of looking to my own faith rather than to the object of it for salvation; and I did, in my heart, exceedingly glory in this supposed faith of mine. The dreadful dispensation under which I was laid showed me at once that of faith I had not the value of a grain of mustard-seed; and now I felt the desolation of spirit which none can know who have not been *so* compelled to make such a discovery. I did not rebel; I owned the justice of God: nay, the very first words I could find breath to utter broke forth in the confession, "Righteous art thou, O Lord; just and true are thy ways, O King of Saints!" but it was a fearful trembling beneath the hand that had smote me; and as for being contented to have it so, I was not; I do not wish that I had been contented to believe my brother was lost; I do not understand that feeling, nor wish to understand it; for surely while we remain in the flesh we cannot divest ourselves of what God has interwoven with our very nature, nor cease to feel for the spiritual, the eternal interests of those most fondly endeared to us, a solicitude as great, aye much greater, than what we, in our unconverted state, once knew in regard to their temporal concerns. I speak of those instances where, after being ourselves brought to know the Lord, we have laboured and prayed perseveringly for others, and then have suddenly lost them. I was not content to think that my prayers had been cast out: I wanted some token that they had been answered. Blessed be the God of all mercies! I was not disappointed.

There is a wide distinction between the case of a man who comes out from the world where he has been walking according to its most vain, ungodly courses, and who joins himself to the Lord's people as a deserter from that world, and the case of a man whose path has been that of domestic privacy when not engaged in public duty; who has conspicuously fulfilled, with the utmost integrity and zeal, the duties of the latter, while shining brightly as a pattern of the husband, the father, the master, the friend; keeping aloof from dissipated society, and pursuing his way with unblemished credit among the most respectable and honourable of the world's people. This case had been his. There was scarcely an instance where his open embracing of the gospel could have shed an additional lustre on his daily walk in the sight of man, except as the proclamation of such principle could do it. The work must, in that stage, have been between his soul and his God; and often, very often, I doubt not, is that work so far advanced as to be like the young plant that has found its way to the very surface, by secret but vigorous vegetation, and wants but the influence of another day's sunshine to bring it into the open view of men, when God, by some mysterious dispensation, removes it, to complete its growth in heaven. We mourn because we see not the process; and little claim, alas, have we to the blessedness pronounced on those who can believe where they see not; and often do we go down sorrowing to the grave under such afflictive strokes, because we give up all as lost, instead of continuing to urge the Lord for a testimony of his faithful dealings: "show me thy glory, I beseech thee." Would that my happy experience in this instance might become a means of consolation to others in like manner tempted to sorrow as those that have no hope for beloved friends really sleeping in Jesus.

In Jesus: there lies a mystery that the world cannot penetrate. Many a one came about me, offering the affectionate consolation that they rightly judged would be most soothing to my wounded spirit—the assurance that he for whom I mourned was in heaven. They dwelt on the blamelessness of his life; the beauty of his character; his exemplary discharge of every relative duty; the bright example

that he had placed before his brother officers in discouraging all profaneness and profligacy, and strictly attending upon every religious ordinance. Even the circumstance of his marked non-conformity with the disgraceful but almost universal custom of sitting during prayer in the church, was not forgotten; nor the devoted kindness with which he invariably conveyed to me every word of the sermon. And when my sickened heart perhaps too plainy spoke in my countenance the reply, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" or when I distinctly told them that these things did not content me, great was their astonishment. Full well I knew that to be admitted into heaven, my lamented one must have been *in Jesus* before the summons came, and "that not by works of righteousness which he had done" could he be saved. I secretly caught at the hope, that these fruits, once profitless and vile from being borne on a vile tree, had become rich and precious through grafting into the good olive. In God's sight old things may pass away, and all things become new, where man detects little change. By such thoughts was I consoled during the weeks that intervened before I had ground given for confident thanksgiving, on the score of evidence that the blessing I had so earnestly sought was indeed vouchsafed.

Meanwhile, what a tenfold recompense for all the care bestowed on him did I reap in the beautiful sympathy of the dumb boy. When I came down stairs that dreadful morning he met me with a face of such wild dismay as even then arrested my attention. He uttered an audible "Oh!" of most touching tone, and thus expressed the impossibility he felt of realizing the tidings: "Jack *what?* Jack asleep? Jack see no—think no. Jack afraid very. Beautiful Captain B. gone?—dead? *What!*" and he stamped with the impatience of that fearfully inquisitive *what.* I answered, "Captain B. gone; water kill, dead." Tears stole down his loving face as he responded, "Poor mam! Mam one" (meaning I was now alone in the world.) "God see poor mam one; Jesus Christ love poor mam one." With a feeling of bitter agony I asked him, "What? Jesus Christ love Captain B.?" "Yes," he replied, after a moment's solemn thought on the question, "Yes, Jack much pray; mam much pray; Jesus Christ see much prays." This was true comfort; all the eloquence of all the pulpits in England could not have gone to my heart like the assurance, that Jesus Christ had *seen* his many dumb prayers on behalf of that lost ——oh, I could not even in the depth of my unbelieving heart say, "lost one." I again asked the boy, "Jack *much* prays?" He answered with solemn fervency, "Very, very much prays. Jack pray morning, pray night; Jack pray church, pray bed. Yes, Jack many days very pray God make"——and he finished by signs, that wings should be made to grow from my brother's shoulders, for him to fly to heaven, adding *Jesus Christ make the wings;* and then, with a burst of delighted animation, he told me that he was a "very tall angel, very beautiful."

I have repeated this conversation to show the broken language carried on between us; and also how powerfully he expressed his thoughts. Soon after, when I was nearly fainting, a glass of water was held to my lips. I am ashamed to say, I dashed it down, exclaiming, "that murderer!" Jack caught my eye, and echoing my feelings, said, in a bitter way, "Bad water!" then with a look of exulting contempt at the remaining fluid, he added, "Soul gone water? No!" This idea, that the soul was not drowned, electrified me; so good is a word spoken in due season, however trite a truism that word may be.

That night I pretended to go to bed, that others might do so too; and then I left my room, went to my little study, which was hung round with Jack's sweet drawings, and sat down, resting my elbows on the table, my face on my hands, and so remained for a couple of hours. Day had scarcely broken brightly upon me, about two in the morning, when the door opened softly, and Jack entered, only partially dressed, his face deadly pale, and altogether looking most piteously wretched. He paused at the door, saying, "Jack asleep, no; Jack sick, head bad,—no more see beautiful Captain B." I could only shake my head, and soon buried my face in my hands again. However, I still saw him through my fingers; and after lifting up his clasped hands and eyes, in prayer for me, he proceeded to execute the purpose of

his visit to that room. Softly, stealthily, he went round, mounting a chair, and unpinned from the wall every drawing that contained a ship, a boat, or water under any form of representation. Still peeping at me, hoping he was not observed, he completed this work, which nothing but a mind refined to the highest degree of delicate tenderness could ever have prompted, and then stopping at the door, cast over his shoulder such a look of desolate sorrow at me, that its very wretchedness poured balm into my heart. Oh what a heavenly lesson is that, "Weep with them that do weep," and how we fly in its face when going to the mourner with our inhuman, cold-blooded exhortations to leave off grieving! Even Job's tormenting friends gave him seven days true consolation while they sat silent on the earth weeping with him.

But God put into the dumb boy's heart another mode of consolation, which I must recount, as a specimen of his exceedingly original and beautiful train of thought. He used to tell his ideas to me as if they were things that he had seen; and now he had a tale to relate, the day after this, which rivetted my attention. He told me my brother went on the lake in a little boat, and while he was going along the devil got under it, seized one side, pulled it over, and caught my brother, drawing him down to the bottom, which, as he told me, was deep, deep, and flames under it. Then Jesus Christ put his arm out of a cloud, reached into the water, took the soul out of the body, and drew it into the sky. When the devil saw the soul had escaped, he let the body go, and dived away, crying, Jack said, with rage, while the men took it to land. The soul, he continued, went up, up, up; it was bright, and brighter, "like sun,—all light, beautiful light." At last he saw a gate, and inside many angels looking out at him; but two very small angels came running to meet the soul; and when he saw them, he took them up into his arms, kissed them, and carried them on towards the gate, still kissing and caressing them. I was amazed and utterly at a loss, and said, "Two angels? What? Mam not know, what?" He looked at me with a laugh of wonder; pointed to my head and the wooden table, and replied (his usual way of calling me stupid,) "Doll mam! Two small boys, dead, Portugal." My brother had lost two babes in Portugal; and thus exquisitely, thus in all the beauty of true sublimity, had the untaught deaf and dumb boy pictured the welcome they had given their father on approaching the gate of heaven.

A day or two after, some kind, sympathizing relations and friends being assembled at the dinner-table, something cheerful was said, which excited a general smile, Jack was in the act of handing a plate; he looked round him with a face of stern indignation, set down the plate, said "Bad laughing!" and walked out of the room, stopping at the door to add to me, "Mam come: no laughing! Gone; dead." I had not smiled; and this jealous tenaciousness of such a grief, on the part of an exceedingly cheerful boy, was the means of soothing more than any other means could have done it, the anguish of that wound which had pierced my very heart's core. These were a small part of the munificent wages that my Master gave me for nursing a child of His.

My first act had, of course, been to adopt my brother's son,—the "Baby boy"—now five years old, who had been since he first showed his little round face in England, my own peculiar treasure. I begged him as a precious boon, and for his sake bore up against the storm of sorrow that was rending me within. Jack fell into a decline, through the depression of his spirits in seeing me suffer; for to conceal it from one who read every turn of my countenance was impossible; and I should have been well content to sink also, but for the powerful motive set before me. Under God, who gave him to me, you may thank your young friend for what little service I may have rendered in the cause you love, since 1828: for the prospect which by the Lord's rich mercy is so far realized, of seeing him grow up a useful, honourable member of society, with right principles, grounded on a scriptural education, was what enabled me to persevere against every difficulty and every discouragement that could cross my path. I set up a joyful Ebenezer here; and I ask your prayers that the blessing may be prolonged, increased, perfected, even to the day when we shall all meet before the throne of God.

LETTER XIII.

NATIONAL APOSTACY.—A Rousing—A Summary—Our Protest—Downhill Course—A Will and a Way—Preparatory Steps—Successful Efforts—Our Duties—Mr. M'Neile—Episcopal Defection—No Surrender—England Papalized—An Admonition—Ichabod—Retribution.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE arrived. Most hateful year in the annals of England's perfidy to her bounteous Lord! I was never really roused from the lassitude of spirits that my loss had occasioned, until the conviction that the sin was about to be perpetrated forced itself on me; and a fervent desire to be found among those who were *actively* dissentient from it overcame all the languor consequent upon such a season of bitter affliction. For, what was it that England was about to do?

The gospel had been preached here in the very early days of Christianity, probably by an apostle; and an independent church, small indeed, but scriptural, existed; sufficient to offer serious opposition to the Romish delegate, Augustine, when he was deputed to incorporate this country in the growing mass of papal dependencies. The struggle was not of long duration. Rome, not then arrived at the full stature of the Apocalyptic Beast, prevailed more by the lances of despotic monarchs, than through the willing assent of Britons, either lay or ecclesiastical. Once subjugated, England lay at the foot of the Popes, from generation to generation, with now and then a movement towards freedom, which was soon stilled again by the iron sceptre; or, perhaps I should rather say by a rap on the head with the iron key. In the time of Richard II. blood shed openly for the truth's sake began to give testimony that martyrdom would yet become the order of the day here. The spirit of persecution waxed bolder and fiercer, as the voice of scriptural protestation was heard; and the temporary check given to Romish usurpation by the decided proceeding of Henry VIII. in casting off the Pope's supremacy for his own private benefit, was followed by the blessed interval of young Edward's reign, during which God was for the first time since foreign delegates got footing here, acknowledged and worshipped according to the scriptures. Then had the church peace, and the land prosperity.

Mary followed: she ravened like a she wolf in innocent blood. Popery ruled supreme; and the consequence was that the three years and a half of its domination may be characterized as one continuous act of murder. Then came Elizabeth, who, though she did not sufficiently purge out the old leaven, yet as she established Protestant ascendency on a strong basis, exalted her kingdom to a height never before known; and James I. treading in the same steps, found his reign equally prosperous. Charles I. attempted to give preponderance to the evil again; and in that attempt brought upon his people a fearful civil war, and upon his own head an ignominious death. Charles II. worked covertly, under the surface of profligacy almost equalling that of Rome itself, to bring back upon our fathers the yoke of that odious bondage; and James II. set about the same enterprise openly. Then it was that, to avert another era of blood and flame, our ancestors removed from the throne the perverse line of Stuart, and placed upon it a devoted Protestant prince: restricting the succession to those heirs alone who should hold and solemnly swear to maintain the religion of the Bible against all future attempts of the Western Antichrist to recover his lost footing among us.

From time to time, as fresh treasons rendered them necessary, restrictions were also laid on the legislative and corporative elections; until in all its parts the body politic of England presented a pure image of Protestantism, undefiled by the Babylonish garment or wedge of polluted gold: and while we thus acknowledged God openly, he openly acknowledged us. No weapon formed against England prospered; she proved, as a nation, that she could not bear them which were evil; she had tried them that said they were apostles and were not, and had found them liars, and cast them out. For this cause, the Lord made her mountain to stand strong: Protestant England was every where invincible. Abroad, victorious over every foe; at home, enabled to crush every attempt at insurrection. A little, insulated spot on the world's map, she was as the city of David, alike the repository and the

fortress of God's pure faith. How could I, with the Bible before me, cast a glance over the history of England, and question for one moment that my country's strength lay in her PROTEST?

And if patriotism had been as alien to my heart as it was paramount there, still allegiance to my God demanded that I should not see Him robbed, and the spoil given to his most presumptuous foe, without an effort to free my own soul from any possible implication in the deed. "What had a woman to do with the proceedings of senators and governors?" Much. Everything. Was it a small matter that I enjoyed personal safety, personal liberty, and the Bible? Why was the hand of violence restrained from taking my life under such sanction as that which publicly blessed the butchers of Wexford-bridge to their work of slaughter? Why were no convent walls ready to immure me; no dungeons sealed from public scrutinity by a power that might trample on the neck of secular law? Why had I not been taught in early life that a fellow mortal held in his hands the power of saving or destroying my soul, and then commanded by that irresistible authority to abstain from looking into the word of God? Because I was the subject of a Protestant country, basking in the sunshine of its spiritual light, and sheltered by the enactments of a state that owned no earthly power superior to its own. It is true I might not expect that in the course of my natural life the small beginnings of apostacy should grow to such a fulness as to interfere with my own privileges: but was such base selfishness to harden my heart against a succeeding generation? Was I to contemplate the probability that the little fellow resting on my knee would be exposed to all from which I naturally shrunk?

Nor did I at all question the probability of a more rapid desolation than human wisdom could calculate on. Apostacy is so peculiarly a sin against God, such a dire provocation of His vengeance, that it might be expected that if we so walked contrary to him he would not wait till we, in the regular process of a rebellious march, brought ourselves within the range of his consuming fire, but that He also would walk contrary to us, with rage and with fury, and chastise us yet seven times more for our sins. Looking at the present fearfully advanced stage of our revolt, and the perils that hem us in, all traceable to that fatal net, I can truly say that I was prepared for such a rapid motion, if once we began to descend the hill. View it as I could, the sinfulness of the proceeding by which we were voluntarily to renew the ancient alliance with Antichrist, and to give the priests of Baal authority to legislate for the ordering of God's temple, and invite anew the dangers, both spiritual and temporal, from which our fathers had been almost miraculously delivered, was too palpable for a moment's hesitation. I have said the priesthood would have power to legislate for us; and so they have at this moment. Every layman of that communion is the mere puppet of his priest: he receives direction how to act; and he must declare, in confession, whether he has obeyed those directions to the letter. The Romish priests sit in parliament more effectually than if they took their places on the benches there: and each separate priest is simply and solely the active delegate of a foreign power, which uses the whole machinery for one work, to one end, and counts nothing advantageous that does not afford a distinct step towards the regaining of a despotic rule over this kingdom.

"But suppose a woman feels herself called on to take a personal interest in public affairs, what can she do, without stepping out of her proper sphere, and intruding into the province of the superior sex?" I am going to tell you what a woman may do; for of us it may surely be said, "Where there's a will, there's a way." When we set our hearts upon any thing, we are tolerably enterprising and persevering too, in its attainment; and this natural love of pleasing ourselves may be turned to a very good account. No one grieves more than I do when a cowardly Barak shrinks from marching forward without female countenance and guidance; but the cause of God and his church must not be placed in jeopardy through the pusillanimity of a thousand Baraks.

The first thing I did was to introduce a separate supplication into our family devotions morning and night, that God would

avert the sin from this country; and twice a week I called on my neighbours, as many as would come, to join in express prayer to the same effect. I then inquired how the public mind at Sandhurst stood affected, and found the ruling powers, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, all going most complacently with the stream; while their views, of course, influenced many around them. Among the trades-people and labouring classes, I saw that the subject had never occupied their thoughts, nor did they regard it as a matter at all concerning them. Indeed, in this lay the secret of the enemy's success; a vast body of Englishmen, who would have sprang forward in uncompromising hostility against any known invasion of their nearest birthright, were kept profoundly ignorant that such outrage was in contemplation. The other party were glad to leave them so; and on our side there was a grievous lack of effort in acquainting our poor neighbours with the danger impending over their temporal and spiritual blessings no less than our own. I procured a large number of simple tracts, explaining, on scriptural grounds, the dreadful nature of Popery, and the sinfulness, no less than the peril of taking such an inveterate foe to our bosoms. These I had left at the cottages and shops for some way round, that the people might examine, and judge for themselves.

The Rector of the parish I knew very well; he was a very clever man, much devoted to literature, and in his politics wholly opposed to the measure: but alike averse from any personal exertion and from drawing down on himself the censures of his more liberalized neighbours. He had been to Oxford, to vote against Peel, solely on the ground of his defection from the Protestant cause, and most heartily, though quite inactively, desired the defeat of the Emancipators. I represented to him the importance of doing what he could to accomplish his own wishes: he replied, he did not think there were nineteen men in the parish who cared enough about it to sign a petition, and he was unable to explain it to them all; but if I thought I could get that number of names, (the *minimum* for a parochial petition, I believe,) and would write such an address to the King, and the two Houses, as he could approve, he would adopt it, sign his name, and in fact be very glad of my success. I went home, sent off to Staines for some pretty large skins of parchment, and wrote the petitions in terms as temperate, as concise, and as uncompromising as I could command. The Rector was greatly pleased; signed with alacrity; and requested the churchwardens to do the same, officially, as they were quite of our mind; this being done, I had before me the task of procuring nineteen signatures within two days.

I did not go to a single individual myself: next door to me resided a townsman of my own, a schoolmaster, who held the old principles dear as his very life: he was secretly lamenting the common evil, without a hope of being permitted in any way to oppose it; and you may believe with what delight he responded to my call, when asked to assist me. He went round to those who had previously received the little tracts, and to some of the small hamlets, or clusters of cottages scattered throughout the parish. He strictly adhered to my injunction to admit no signature of any youth under seventeen years; nor of any who did not seem to understand what they were doing, and why. I scattered the tracts and handbills as widely as I could: asked several intelligent men of an humble class to speak of it among their acquaintance; and at the end of the second day I had, not nineteen, but two hundred and forty-six signatures of honest sensible Englishmen to my petitions.

The only person under the stipulated age, who signed it, was Jack; he was not seventeen; but he wept and implored so passionately for leave to tell the king not to let Romans make bad gods in England, that it would have been a sin to reject his protest. He rather cut than wrote his name on the parchment; the deepest crimson suffused his face, and his eyes flashed with the energy of his heartfelt protest against the abomination that he so well knew. He does not now regret it, while waiting for the summons to rejoice with the heavens, and the holy apostles and prophets, over the fall of Babylon the Great.

Our petition was presented to the Commons by the county member; to the Lords by the Bishop of London; and to the King

by the noble, honest, protesting Duke of Newcastle. My zealous neighbour took them to London, and saw the first laid on the table, as he told me, with tears of thankfulness that he had been permitted to aid in the work. There are many, very many such men, of a class most respectable, but who lack the opportunity of engaging in causes that their inmost hearts approve; and there are many ladies who, if they knew how to find such active and trusty agents, would not sit idle as they do and see their country perish for lack of a little enterprise like the foregoing. Two people in each parish throughout England, as much in earnest as we were, might have frightened the treacherous betrayers of our national fortress from their unhallowed deed; OR MIGHT AT THIS VERY TIME ARREST THE PROGRESS OF OUR DECAY. We possess a machinery of almost boundless power; but we are too lazy to set the wheels in motion. I bless God for his infinite mercy in directing me to a line of action that has enabled me, in every fresh announcement of wrong inflicted on the Protestants of Ireland, and dangers accumulated round the very heart of England, to say "I am free from the blood of all men." It was no more than a most imperative duty; its omission would have been no less than a very grievous sin; but that duty I was enabled to perform; that sin I was enabled to escape; and with the sense of it warm on my heart, I say to you and to others, "Go and do likewise."

But the national offence was not to be averted by a few instances of practical Protestation, and as the time drew near my anguish of spirit was very great. I have staid up nearly all night, making, like Daniel, with tears, my supplications unto the Lord that he would pardon the sin of our princes and rulers, and have mercy on my people. Yet more; the two days that preceded it, I caused to be kept as so strict a fast, that nothing but bread and potatoes entered the house. It was the only time that I ever in my life made it compulsory on others to fast; but they did it willingly, for nobody under that roof could be ignorant how awful was the stake impending.

And here I have to name one whom it is to me a privilege to name. When a few distracted lines from my hand apprized a valued military friend in Jersey of the dreadful loss I had sustained in my dear brother, a guest, connected with his family, was present, who took the pen, and wrote me instantly a letter full of the richest, the tenderest, and sweetest consolation that ever overflowed from even the warm heart of Hugh M'Neile. I felt it powerfully; and when, not long after, he visited us, to pour yet farther the balm of Christian sympathy on the wound, I saw what a treasure the Lord was giving me in such a friend, and I cannot tax myself with having undervalued the blessing. At the fearful crisis in question, on the eve of passing that wicked bill, Mr. M'Neile published his memorable pamphlet, entitled "England's Protest is England's shield." I did not see it until the very time arrived, and I remember sitting up the whole night after reading it, pondering on the picture that he had drawn of consequences following upon a sin the very model of which was set forth, and its punishment also awfully declared, in the book of Jeremiah. Alas! how often have the feet of our rulers been found "stumbling on the dark mountains" —while they looked for light, how often has it turned out the shadow of death, since the warning was despised, and the Lord's favoured people took into close alliance the idolatrous abomination that incenses him! We were then called alarmists, bigots, prejudiced fanatics; and well do I remember the stress laid on an argument that influenced many an upright character. "Supposing," it was urged, "that an oath of fidelity to the interests of a Protestant government would not be considered binding by members of the Romish church, do you imagine that a company of GENTLEMEN would violate their pledged honour?" This told well with men of the world; and not a few Christians were led away by it, so that the clamour excited against the impugners of Romish integrity was very trying to meet, and numbers shrank from their protest, because it implied a charge against the private character of individuals who had done nothing to merit such suspicion. There were those, however, and among men of the most delicate mind, incapable of inflicting a needless wound, who could not thus be deterred from uttering their convictions, since too fully verified, that NO bond could hold a

true Romanist neutral or inactive when once a question arose touching the opposite interests of the hostile systems. Mr. M'Neile always proceeded on the simple fact that Popery is Antichrist: that in all things it must be the object of Antichrist to oppose and subvert the kingdom of Christ; and that every subject of Antichrist must necessarily desire his master's advancement and do his master's bidding. The event has shown how correct were his deductions; and he, who to this moment stands foremost within the fortress in resisting at every step the foe whom he could not repel from its walls, has earned a preeminence in their hatred that bespeaks better than any thing else could do, to the value of his services in the cause of truth.

The bill passed in the Commons, and still we clung to a hope that the noble warrior who had once been the instrument of saving his country would not now deliberately sell her into the hands of foreign foes;—sell her for a fuller measure of popularity, or for a little treacherous repose. Still more did we hope that God would preserve the bishops of the church from conniving at the sacrilegiously suicidal blow. Nay, it was more than a connivance: for had they been unanimously true to their church, there were a very large majority of the peers who would never have ventured to vote against them in a matter so nearly touching the cause which the lords spiritual were in that house expressly to judge and to defend. I confess I built much upon the bench: and a poor foundation it proved to be! A solemn note of prophetic warning was sounded by the Archbishop of Tuam on behalf of Ireland; echoed by our own metropolitan and others in reference to England, but in vain. The sun of our national greatness had passed its meridian, and, in the memorable words of honest Lord Eldon, began to set. The sin of the British parliament was consummated.

Nothing remained but to give the royal assent; and still would hope whisper that the prayers, if not the example of his father might prevail to deter the king of England from casting its independent diadem once more before the papal footstool. Here again the defection of the bishops operated most fatally: George the Fourth would not have ratified the surrender, if their influence, public and private, had been duly exerted to withhold him from it. The pen was put into a reluctant hand; a hasty scratch with that pen undid the work of the revolution; and so far as man could accomplish it, of the Reformation also.

I cannot describe to you the feeling with which I learned that all was thus lost. It did not partake of resignation, it did not include the smallest portion of acquiescence. God forbid! Some of my pious friends, who had felt with me all along, received the tidings with devout submission, saying, "The will of the Lord be done!" My amen to this aspiration had a clause added to it: I could only repeat, "The will of the Lord be done, by the undoing of what is so outrageously opposed to his known will!" I no more assented to the act than I would have assented to a murder: I no more regarded it as the Lord's doing than I regarded the setting up of golden calves at Dan as his doing. Permitted by the Lord it was: for he often permits nations like individuals, to destroy themselves by committing presumptuous sins; but is he therefore the author, the abetter, or the approver of their crimes? Assuredly not. So far must we submit to the ordinances of man as not to raise a rebellious hand against their execution; but to look placidly on while the abomination of desolation is set up to stand where the Lord expressly says "IT OUGHT NOT," and to conclude he wills it to stand there because he did not wither the hands employed in fixing it, is a stretch of indifferentism to which I hope I shall never be able to attain. No: the "atrocious bill," as it was rightly termed, became the law of England; but inasmuch as it is wholly opposed to the law of God, let us see to it that our protest against its continuance on our statute book be fully as powerful, as persevering as was our protest against its entrance there.

The usual lapse of some days between the signing of a new act and its coming into force, threw the first operation of the Popish bill upon a day remarkable as being that of the nominal saint of England. A most Popish coincidence! to enhance which the reigning monarch had adopted the Popish custom of celebrating the festival of St. George, in April, as his birthday, which really occurred in August; calling

it his name day, after the continental mode. To these strangely concurrent circumstances was added one yet more striking; namely, the fact that the noted Pastorini had predicted, many years before, that the great effectual blow against Protestantism would be struck on the 14th of April, 1829; the 13th of April, 1829, was the day on which the royal assent crowned the notorious bill.

I have alluded before to an Abbe, an aged French priest who held a Professorship at the Royal Military College, an amiable, kind-hearted old man, who retired at this time from his situation and went to end his years in his native land. It happened that the 23rd was fixed for his departure, and as I sat in deep dejection in my study, grieving over the changed aspect of my country now that the anti-christian law was come into full force, I saw the old man, full of national vivacity, walk briskly past, on his way to make inquiries respecting a coach. The sight of his silver locks, shining in the sunbeam, and the conviction that he was probably going beyond the reach of Christian privileges, melted me: I seized a pen and wrote him a most earnest letter, faithfully setting before him the fearfulness of that delusion in which he was not only himself wrapped, but daily wrapping up the souls of others—for he officiated as priest in the place. I implored him to read God's word: I assured him how cordially I concurred in the declaration of his church, that either he or I was certainly on the road to hell; for that two paths directly opposed to each other could not possibly end in the same place: I told him my own confidence of safety and salvation was grounded solely on the revealed, infallible word of God: and I charged him as he must face me at the judgment-seat of Christ, to search diligently into that only sure and safe directory as to the bearing of his own path. I wrote affectionately, with many tears, and fervent prayers; and enclosing with the letter a present of books, had it given to him as he mounted the coach. Whether the Lord blessed, or may yet bless it to him, I know not: I hope I delivered my own soul. After this, which indeed proved a great relief to my oppressed feelings, I took my little nephew and sallied forth for a walk. It was a glorious day: the sun shone with surpassing brilliancy from a cloudless sky; and the fresh breeze had all the softness of advanced Spring. I strolled through a grove of oaks, pondering on the naval greatness of my country, on the vaunted "Hearts of oak" that both formed her fleets and manned them, and bewailing the infatuation that had now planted a deadly Upas in the midst of her fair national garden. Every object around me seemed to speak reproach, from the peaceful beauty of that fearless repose in which for so many centuries our happy isle had lain beneath the shadow of the Lord's hand. "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me," was the purport of the voice that seemed to breathe rebuke. Wandering on, I came to the winding rampart of the college, a beautifully retired walk, where mounds of earth, covered with rich grass, aid the military effect of that fine establishment; and here a turn brought me at once upon an object calculated to wound me beyond all the rest.

It was the royal standard of England, hoisted in honour of the king's name-day: an immense banner of rich silk, splendidly emblazoned with the well-known arms. England's three lions in the proud attitude of menacing advance; Scotland's rampant one, rejoicing in his independence; and poor Ireland's neglected harp, once tuned to the highest strains of inspired psalmody; now for many a long age perverted to the service of idols, and polluted by the licentious fingers of those who work on the passions of her children to rivet more deeply the fetter on their souls—all these were unrolled before me, just then drooping in a lull of the breeze; and the Irish quarter partially resting on a mound of green sod, where it lay languid and sad. I leaned against the opposite bank, weeping most abundantly as I gazed; for all the chivalrous feelings of former days were awakened to embitter the rest. How often had my heart beat joyously while I looked upon that noble standard, floating on the fourth of June, the birthday of good old George the third, whose prayerful fidelity to his sacred trust kept that flag secure, uncontaminated, victorious, through his sixty years' reign! And that head which he was ready to lay on a block rather than surrender the sacred protest, was mould-

ering with the dead—his son *had* surrendered it—our protest was gone! I could not quite realize the fact, it appeared so incredible to me, after all I had read of the past, and all I had seen in Ireland, of the workings of Popery wherever it could snatch even momentary power. But the wind freshened again, the heavy folds of the gorgeous banner slowly rose upon it, all its bright blazonry stood out in wonted pride, unconscious of the "Ichabod" that sacrilegious hands had written on every trophy, and with a fresh burst of tears I turned away.

For all this, and for the deep despondency that oppressed me then, I was rebuked, of course, by man; but God never rebuked me for it. Twelve years have elapsed, and each year has heaped upon us a fresh load of that "fruit of our own ways," which will crush us at last. That "healing measure," as its expediency-mongering patrons loved to call it, did indeed heal the deadly wound of the Beast among us, and bade him again live, to our confusion. Ireland is all but given up as an uncontested prey to him; her Protestant church dismantled, her Protestant Bible mutilated, her Protestant corporations sold, her Protestant landlords massacred as a matter of course; and the very Union, any attempt at infracting which is high treason, made the object of unmasked attacks on the part of a man who has armed and marshalled her millions in open rebellion against the British government, which, judicially given over to infatuation, fawns on his person and courts his patronage. In England, disaffection to the crown, combined with and strengthened by principles of gross infidelity, an increasing contempt of old institutions because they are based on Christianity, an open scorn of the Sabbath, and an immense falling away to popery in the mass of the people; while, within the church, even in its pulpits and among its most distinguished ministers, prevails a revival of more than semi-papal error, such as must wholly destroy the spiritual life of that body if it be not speedily and summarily checked. Instead of this, we too well know that it is daily extending, bearing in itself the seeds of a future and cruel persecution of God's people. We cannot look on these things and deny that they have come upon us in just retribution for 1829; we cannot, without expecting at the Lord's hand such a compromise of his Majesty and Truth as he will never make, look for deliverance from these fears and dangers until we have, by a national act, put away the evil of those doings which have provoked him to forsake us.

LETTER XIV.

Employment—A Working Church—Sabbath Meeting—Boys—An Event—Forgiveness—Employment—Prejudices—The Irish Language—St. Giles—A Project—The Irish Church—Mr. Howells—Speaking Out—Controversy—Judgment and Mercy—Scripture—The Resurrection—Millennarianism.

How is it that Christians so often complain they can find nothing to do for their Master? To hear some of them bemoaning their unprofitableness, we might conclude that the harvest indeed is small, and the labourers many. So many servants out of employ is a bad sign; and to obviate the difficulty complained of I purpose showing you two or three ways in which those who are so inclined may bestir themselves for the good of others. What a blessing were a working church! and by a church I mean "the company of all faithful people," whomsoever and wheresoever they be.

In the village where I lived, there was a very good national-school, well attended: also a Sunday-school; and the poorer inhabitants generally were of a respectable class, with many of a higher grade, such as small tradesmen, and the families of those in subordinate offices about the Military College. I always took a great interest in the young; and as love usually produces love, there was no lack of affectionate feeling on their part. It occurred to me, as the Sunday was much devoted by most of them to idling about, that assembling such of them as wished it at my cottage would afford an opportunity for scriptural instruction; and without anything resembling a school, or any regular proposal, I found a little party of six or seven children assembled in the afternoon, to hear a chapter read, answer a few questions upon it, and join in a short prayer. Making it as cheerful and unrestrained as possible, I

found my little guests greatly pleased; and on the next Sabbath my party was doubled, solely through the favourable report spread by them. One had asked me, "Please, Ma'am, may I bring my little sister?" and on the reply being given "You may bring any body and every body you like," a general beating up for recruits followed. In three or four weeks my assemblage amounted to sixty, only one half of whom could be crowded into the parlour of my small cottage. What was to be done? The work was rather arduous, but as I too had been complaining not long before of having little to do for the Lord, except with the pen, I resolved to brave a little extra labour. I desired the girls to come at four, the boys at six, and allowing an interval of half an hour between, we got through it very well. A long table was set across the room, from corner to corner; round this they were seated, each with a Bible, I being at the head of the table. I found this easy and sociable way of proceeding highly gratified the children: they never called, never thought it a school —they came bustling in with looks of great glee, particularly the boys, and greeted me with the affectionate freedom of young friends. A few words of introductory prayer were followed by the reading of one or more chapters, so that each had a verse or two; and then we talked over the portion of scripture very closely, mutually questioning each other. Many of the girls were as old as sixteen or seventeen, beautiful creatures, and very well dressed: and what a privilege it was so to gather and so to arm them in a place where alas! innumerable snares beset their path. We concluded with a hymn; and long before the half-hour had expired that preceded the boy's entrance, they were clustering like bees at the gate, impatient for the joyous rush; and to seat themselves round their dear table, with all that free confidence without which I never could succeed in really commanding the attention of boys.

Our choice of chapters was peculiar. I found they wanted stirring subjects, and I gave them Gideon, Samson, Jonathan, Nehemiah, Boaz, Mordecai, Daniel, all the most manly characters of the Old Testament history, with the rich gospel that lies wrapped in every page of that precious volume. Even in the new Testament I found that individualizing as much as possible the speaker of the narrative produced great effects. Our blessed Lord himself, John Baptist, Paul,—all were brought before them as vividly as possible; and I can assure those who try to teach boys as they would teach girls, that they are pursuing a wrong method. Mine have often coaxed an extra hour from me; and I never once saw them willing to go, during the fifteen months of our happy meetings. If the least symptom of unruliness appeared, I had only to tell them they were my guests, and I appealed to their feelings of manliness, whether a lady had not some claim to forbearance and respect. Nothing rights a boy of ten or twelve years like putting him on his manhood; and really my little lads became gentlemen in mind and manners, while, blessed be God! not a few became, I trust, wise unto salvation. Their greatest temptation to disorderly doings was in the laughable, authoritative style of Jack's superintendence. He was now rapidly fading, but in mind brighter than ever. Seated in a large chair, a little to the rear of me, he kept strict watch over the party, and any deviation from what he considered correct conduct was noticed with a threat of punishment, conveyed by pinching his own ear, slapping his own face, kicking out his foot, and similar indications of chastisement, with a knowing nod at the offender. But if he saw an approach to levity over the word of God, his manner wholly changed. Tears filled his eyes, he looked all grief and entreaty, and the words, "God see," were earnestly spelled on his uplifted hands. No one could stand the appeal; and very rarely had he occasion to make it. I am sure his prayers helped forward the work mightily. It was wonderful to see thirty-two robust, boisterous fellows, from nine to seventeen years old, sitting in perfect delight and perfect order, for two and even three hours, on a fine Sunday evening, never looking dissatisfied till they were told to go.

I cannot help recording an event on which I looked back with great thankfulness: though it was a terrible trial to me at the time. Two of my boys had a quarrel one week-day. One of them was very teasing, the other very passionate. The latter ran to a butcher's window close

by, seized the large knife, and plunged it into the left side of his companion. Most mercifully the wound was not dangerous: the keenness of the knife was in his favour; it penetrated to within a short distance of the heart, but separated no large vein, and within a few days the boy was out again. The Sunday after it occurred my party were exceedingly moved; they expressed great anger, and not a few threats were uttered against the culprit, whose parents had locked him up. On the following Sabbath I resolved to make an effort to avert bad consequences, and also to arrest the poor boy in his dangerous course. He had rather justified himself than otherwise, and had shown a spirit sadly unsubdued, and unthankful for his escape from a deadly crime and its awful consequences. I sent word to him to come to my party: he replied he would not. I repeated the summons, saying I should be exceedingly hurt if he did not. No answer was returned. The place next but one belonged to the wounded boy, that below it to his assailant; and the former was present, pale, indeed, but well. I lost no time in announcing to them that I expected P., which occasioned a burst of indignation, some saying they would not stay in the room with him, and the rest seeming to assent. "Then," said I, "you must go, for he wants instruction most: and the very feeling that makes you shrink from associating with him proves that you are better taught. So if you will leave me, do; I must admit him." Just then P. was seen coming down the little garden: he entered, his walk very erect, his eyes unflinching, and his dark brows knitted. The looks of my young lads were very eloquent; his bold bearing exasperated them much. My heart seemed bursting its boundary with the violent palpitations of alarm and other emotions which I could scarcely suppress; but I motioned to P. to take his usual place, and instantly rising offered up the usual prayer, with a petition for the spirit of mutual compassion, forgiveness, and love. I ceased, all remained standing, and certainly it was a period of most fearful interest. I looked imploringly at the wounded boy; he hesitated a moment, then suddenly turned, and with an air of noble frankness, held out his hand to P., who took it directly. I then offered him mine; he grasped it, and burst into tears. A delightful scene followed, each pressing to seal his forgiveness in the same manner, while Jack's countenance shone with almost heavenly beauty on a spectacle so congenial to his loving heart. We had a most happy evening, and I could not but tell my dear boys how much I rejoiced over them. Whatever may have been the effect on the characters of those concerned, I know not. I am persuaded the proceeding was a means of averting much mischief. Boys are noble creatures when placed on their right footing; but I always think there is a great deal too much of what is technically termed old womanism in the mode of conducting their scriptural education. They are pugnacious animals too, and require prudent management. News was brought me one evening, while they waited for admission, that two of them had stripped off their jackets to fight, the dispute being which loved their teacher most. "Exclude them both to-night," said a friend, "and threaten to expel them." Instead of which I sent word that the one who first put on his jacket loved me most, and that I was ready to begin. In they both came, smiling, and they got their lecture in due time, when a passage in point came before us.

Now, who complains of non-employment while England has so many neglected lambs of her fold together, and so many who, in the dull routine of a school, get only a mechanical knowledge of what would deeply interest them if brought before them with the help of a little personal condescension and care? It is a branch of Christian duty for which all are competent who know the gospel; and two, three, or four young people invited to come in for an hour or so at stated times, to sit down at table and *talk* over the passages of scripture which may appear best calculated to engage their pleased attention, may often prove the foundation for a noble work. It is particularly needed now, when information is universally sought after; and be it remembered, I am also speaking of a class above the very poor. They are a most important class, as we shall soon find; for from them are the Chartist bodies officered, and active agents supplied in works of infinite mischief.

False pride will interpose, no doubt. We like better to deal with those a good way removed, than with such as may claim a comparative approximation to our own rank; and the devil desires no better auxiliary to his designs than the pride of which he is the loving father. Again, ladies do not like to instruct boys: they are very wrong. Female influence is a powerful thing, and freely exerted for evil —why not for good? We brought all the sin into the world, involving man in the ruin he was not the first to seek; and it is the least we can do to offer him a little good now. I never yet met with a boy—and thanks be to God I have taught many—who would be rude to a female earnestly and kindly seeking his welfare, without attempting to crush that independence of spirit which is man's prerogative, and which no woman has a right to crush.

I need not say that in the foregoing, and in all similar works where the Lord permitted me to engage, I laboured diligently to make my young friends something more than nominal Protestants. To omit this, in giving instruction, is the very madness of inconsistent folly and cruelty.

A few weeks after the commencement of my weekly assemblages, I was called to the metropolis in search of medical aid for a dear little child of my brother's. I found it, and all that Christian kindness could add to render it doubly valuable, at the hands of an estimable physician near whom I resolved to stay for a few weeks; and while secretly lamenting that here, at least, I should find nothing to do, an answer was given to my unbelief that might well shame it. To the same end, I will record this also, the circumstances being already well known, but not the delightful encouragements that are afforded when a project is entered upon in single, simple reliance on the help of Him for whose glory his people desire to work. Unbelief in his willingness,—for we dare not doubt his power to prosper our poor attempts,—is the real bar to our success. Such mistrust is infinitely dishonouring to him.

Six years had elapsed since I left Ireland, but my affection for the country and people was unchanged, unchangeable. The very centre of the isle had become the grave of my beloved brother, and this only added tenfold to the touching interest excited by the very mention of that land. Strange to say, I had never heard of the Irish Society, nor considered of what vast importance it would be to make the language of the natives a medium of conveying spiritual instruction to them. The annual meeting was about to be held, and among the Irish clergymen forming the deputation to London, was the Rev. Charles Seymour, the venerable, and every way estimable pastor, under whose ministry my brother had been placed at Castlebar, and from whom I had received letters, fully confirmatory of my sanguine hope, that he had indeed and wholly embraced the gospel of Christ. Longing to see Mr. Seymour, I went to him on the morning of the meeting; and most sweet was the testimony he had to give; most tender the sympathy he evinced in all my sorrow and all my gladness. After a conversation that left me overflowing with gratitude for the blessings vouchsafed to my precious brother, he asked me to attend the meeting, and I went prepared to take a lively interest in whatever might be said respecting Ireland. How great was my astonishment when, for the first time, I heard the story of Bishop Bedell, of the Irish Bible, and of the good work in rapid progress among the aborigines of the land. The extent and inveteracy of the disease, I well knew; but the suitability of the remedy had never been set before me. In fact, I hardly knew that the Irish was a written language; and strange it seemed to have passed three years in a part of the country where it is extensively spoken, and in the house of one who always conversed in that tongue with the rustic frequenters of her shop, yet to be so grossly ignorant of all relating to it. I resolved to become an active partizan of the Irish Society in Ireland; but a different turn was soon given to my sympaties. Mr. Seymour spoke after the others: he said much calculated to prove the power of the language in preaching the gospel; but suddenly reverting to the many thousands of his poor countrymen congregated in London, he drew a most affecting picture of their destitute, degraded condition. He appealed to us as Christians; and reminding us of our many privileges, bade us take care that the souls of his poor countrymen did not rise up in judgment to condemn us for

allowing them to perish in the heart of our metropolis. "Open," he said, "a bread-shop in St. Giles's; deal forth a little of the bread of life to their starving souls. Ye English Christians, I appeal to you for them: oh, pity my poor lost countrymen, open but a bread-shop in St. Giles's!" Tears ran down his venerable face, as he lifted his clasped hands, and bent towards us. The effect of his words on me was electric: I looked at him, and silently but fervently said, "So God help me as I will open you a bread-shop in St. Giles's, if He does but permit!" Again and again did I repeat the pledge; and when Lord Roden spoke,—the first time of my seeing that noble Irishman,—and heartily seconded the appeal, I renewed the secret promise, with such purpose of heart as rarely fails to accomplish its object.

For some days I tried in vain to do anything towards it; but on the Sunday, passing from Great Russell-street to Long-acre, through the worst part of St. Giles's, I saw the awful state of that district, and declared to my companion, himself a devoted Irishman, my fixed resolve to have a church there. He warmly encouraged it, extravagant as the idea appeared; and I began to pray earnestly for direction from above. Two nights after, a thought struck me; I wrote an appeal on behalf of the miserable Irish Papists in that place, likening their case among us to that of Lazarus lying at the rich man's gate, and imploring means to give them the gospel in their own tongue. This I had printed, and sent copies as I could to various friends. Some smiled at my enthusiam; others pointed out the work among distant heathens, as far more important. Many wished me success; a few rebuked me for desiring to proselytize the members of another church; and still fewer gave me money. At the end of a fortnight's hard begging I had got just seven pounds towards building a church! This was slow work. One day, dining at the table of my dear friend Dr. P., he heard many bantering me for being so sanguine, and said, "You remind me of Columbus, going to the cathedral of Seville to ask a blessing on his romantic project of discovering a new world. Everybody laughed at him. Nevertheless, Columbus succeeded, *and so will you.*" At that moment a gentleman sitting next me laid a sovereign on my piece of bread: and the coincidence of the gold and the "bread-shop," combined with the doctor's confident prediction, put new life into me, and I boldly said, "I WILL succeed."

With the sum of seven pounds in hand, I wrote to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, begging him to ask the Bishop of London if he would license my Irish church and an Irish clergyman, if I provided both. Lord Mountsandford took this letter to him; and the next day he brought me this rather startling message: —"The Bishop of London will license your church: Lichfield sends his love to you, and desires you will summon the gentlemen who are assisting you in this undertaking,—half a dozen or so,—to meet him in Sackville-street on Saturday next, and be there yourself. He will see what can be done to forward it." Half a dozen gentlemen! where was I to find them? My only helpers were Mr. Maxwell, Dr. Pidduck, and Lord Mountsandford himself. However, I went to work, praying incessantly, and solacing myself with that beautiful text, "Go up to the mountain and bring wood and build the house, and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." I suppose I repeated that verse a hundred times a day, in my solitude, attending the sick child, and writing letters till I nearly fell from my seat with exhaustion.

Saturday arrived: I had no idea how far my applications might have succeeded; but if I had as many gentlemen there as pounds in my treasury, namely, seven, it would be sufficient. I went trembling with hope and fear, accompanied by two warm-hearted young Irish barristers whom my good friend Mr. Maxwell had pressed into the service. Oh what could I render unto the Lord for all his goodness to me, when I saw the glorious spectacle presented to my view at the hour appointed! There sat the good Bishop Ryder in the chair; beside him the Bishop of Bath and Wells; Lords Lorton, Lifford, Bexley, Mountsandford, and Carberry; and of other clergymen and gentlemen upwards of forty. "Let us ask a blessing," said the Bishop of Lichfield; and when we all kneeled down to commit unto the LORD a work so new, so strange, and to poor human rea-

son so hopelessly wild as this had appeared two days before, I thought I might as well die then as not; I could never die happier.

All was zeal, love, unanimity; they placed it on a good basis, and my seven pounds were multiplied by more than seven before we broke up. They did not take the work out of my hands, but formed themselves into a body for aiding in carrying it on: the rector of St. Giles's came forward voluntarily to give his hearty consent, and ten pounds; and if there was a pillow of roses in London that night, I surely slept on it. In six weeks my memorable seven pounds swelled to thirteen hundred; a church was bought, a pastor engaged; and a noble meeting held in Freemason's Hall, to incorporate the new project with the Irish Society. I went back to Sandhurst elated with joy, and lost no time in putting up, most conspicuously written out on a card, over my study fireplace, the lines that I had so often repeated during the preceding two months:

> Victorious Faith the promise sees
> And looks to God alone;
> Laughs at impossibilities
> And says, "IT SHALL BE DONE."

In the following November the Irish Episcopal church in St. Giles's was opened for divine service on Advent Sunday, the Rev. H. H. Beamish officiating. A more eloquent and fluent preacher, a more gifted and devoted man, the whole church of God could not have supplied. He preached the whole gospel in Irish to the listening, wondering people, who hung with delight upon accents so dear to them; and he attacked their pestilent heresies with the bold faithfulness of one who meant what he said, when vowing to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines from those under his charge. God blessed most richly his ministry; many were awakened, several truly converted to Christ, and not a small number fully convinced of the falsehood of their own superstition, which they forsook. We had forty communicants from among the most wretchedly ignorant and bigotted of the Irish Romanists, before Mr. Beamish left his post: and one of them had even endured a cruel martyrdom for the truth's sake. A bread-shop indeed it was: and the old Christian, whose fervent appeal had given rise to its establishment, himself preached there in Irish to a delighted congregation, before the Lord took him to Himself.

I must, however, go back to the period of my sojourn in London, to mention some other matters. Two especial blessings I obtained there: the ministry of Mr. Howels, and the friendship of one whom you well know by character as portrayed under the type of the hearts-ease in the Chapters on Flowers—Mr. Donald. The two blessings were indeed one; for never were hearts more closely knit in brotherly love, than those of Howels and Donald, now together before the throne of the Lamb. I cannot set forth what I owe to my pastor at Long Acre, in the way of strengthening my faith against the perilous delusions of Irvingism, which were continually seeking to enwrap me, but which, by God's grace, I had been enabled to resist, at the commencement, by an appeal to my Bible alone: I must enter more fully upon that presently. The most valuable lesson, however, which I learned from Mr. Howels was, speaking out. Up to that time I had been very cautious, and refrained from touching on controversy, persuaded that to oppose error openly and directly, was an unsafe proceeding. I had attacked it covertly, rather by setting forth the light than by noticing the darkness, at least in my writings, and in speaking to the Romanists; but now I began to feel that to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" must necessarily include an open denunciation of the errors which subverted that faith. Mr. Howles was peculiarly bold and direct in his manner of preaching down heresy, in whatsoever form it lifted up its head; nor did he at all flinch from warning individuals. Contrary to the usual plan of gently insinuating what he intended to convey, he left no possibility of mistaking his meaning. I was greatly astonished, when, on the very first day of my attendance at Long Acre, he abruptly said from the pulpit, "I am accused of dealing too severely with individuals: they say I struck Irving too hard. *I* strike Irving! No, he struck himself, I did not strike him; who would strike a suicide?" He proceeded to exhibit the suicidal effects of those doctrines which Mr. Irving was then beginning to proclaim; and so completely

was my attention riveted by the undisguised personality with which he had commenced, that it was to me as the regular discussion of a particular case, instead of being lost in the generalizing effect of what might apply to almost any thing. In like manner he dealt with Popery and with Socinianism, calling them by these their proper names, and specifying distinctly any man, living or dead, whose particular errors he was assailing. I found this manner of instructing most effectual; all that he said became, as it were, so classed in the memory, that each sentence was made available in the precise department to which it belonged. Through the goodness of God in teaching me out of his own blessed word, I had learned those truths which my pastor set forth; and there was no mistaken view, as I remember, on my part, to be rectified by his instructions. I went along with him fully, cordially, in all things save one,—the Second Advent,—but incalculably did he strengthen me on points where before I indeed stood, but where now I felt that I stood fast; and I soon learned that to possess the weapons of a warfare into which the church was entering was not enough; they must be openly used. His very plain speaking, which shocked some fastidious tastes, showed me how much we lose by diluting our native Saxon: and I resolved by God's grace to make a better use in future, of my mother-tongue.

In warning my young Sabbath party against Popery, I had been used to say "There are some mistaken people who will pay honour to those which are no gods: doing superstitious things," and so forth, describing the observances of the Romish system. Now, I at once addressed them without circumlocution "Papists, who are by some foolishly and falsely called Catholics, are taught by their priests the most idolatrous, anti-christian things possible;" and then proceeded to show those things. This had the effect I had expected; it embodied an idea otherwise vague and indistinct; and ensured their remembering the particular errors when they should meet with the party named. To the Romanist himself I learned to be equally explicit, not merely combating idolatry as before, by dwelling on the command to worship God alone, but at once branding as idolatrous specific acts habitually committed by those of his communion; and showing at one view the actual sin with the divine prohibition of it. This is controversy; and so long as the world lieth in wickedness the church *must* be a controversial body; this is proselytizing; and so long as men are to be turned from darkness to light, we *must* proselytize. At the outset of my efforts for an Irish church in St. Giles's it was objected by one or two friends, "You want to make proselytes." I answered, "No; we only want to preach the Gospel." A very few Sundays at Long Acre, however, changed my tone; and thenceforth the reply was, "To be sure we do; of what avail will the preaching of Christ be, if it does not overthrow the dominion of Antichrist?" At a subsequent period, an Irish reader of mine asked me, "Ma'am, do you forbid me to speak controversially?" "Certainly not: show the people their errors, as set forth by the Holy Spirit for that very purpose of convincing them of the sin." "I am thankful to hear you say that, Ma'am. Some of the gentlemen charge me never to engage in controversy, but how can I help it? When I was a Papist, I read the Bible because it was the only book in Irish that I could well teach my pupils out of; and I did it without being at all unsettled in my false religion, until I was teaching Miss ——, and she stopped me whenever we came to a strong passage against idolatry and the like, saying, "Now, Mr. —— how do you reconcile that with your religion?" I was very mad at her, and strove to forget it; but I could not get the words out of the Bible, and they troubled my conscience, till at last I took to comparing Popery with what she had told me was written to warn me out of it: and by God's blessing out I came." Another said, "I might have read fifty times over, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and not objected to it, and still remained a Papist; but a Protestant pointed it out, and said, 'If the *blood of Christ* cleanseth from all sin, what are your works, your penances, your expiatory masses good for? And if the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, what more has purgatory to do for the soul? And if there be no purgatory, what becomes of the infallibility of your church?

And if your church be not infallible, what leg have you got stand upon?' I felt, continued the narrator, as if the ground was cleaving under my feet: and from that time I never rested till I had come to Christ for the blood of sprinkling, and cast my idols to the moles and the bats." So much for controversy.

I have noticed that I did not go with Mr. Howels on the Second advent: I could not. In fact, I was a millennarian against my will. The three particulars on which I did not believe myself to be convinced were, the vengeful dispensation against the Lord's enemies preparatory to the thousand years of blessedness; the literal nature of the first, premillennial resurrection; and the personal reign. With regard to the first, I wished to believe that the gospel would be universally victorious, subduing every heart, and bringing the whole world in peaceful submision to acknowledge the Lord as King. I had once, as before stated, been startled by a reference to the sixty-third of Isaiah, and lulled to sleep again by the far-fetched comments of good Matthew Henry: and I confess I had taken up the missionary cause on this gratuitous assumption that we were to convert every body, and could not agree to a less extensive triumph. Well; I did not choose to bring this to the test of Scripture, because I did not wish to be undeceived; but just after the Irish meeting, one was held in reference to the Jews, at which I was present; and forth stepped my valued friend M'Neile, whom I had not seen for a year, and with his little bible in his hand preached the obnoxious doctrine, to my infinite annoyance and conviction! He took up my precise objection without knowing it; he spoke of those who could not see that a part of God's *mercy* was his *judgment;* and with that glowing ardour tempered with deep solemnity that always gives him so much of the prophetic characteristic, if I may so speak, he read from the cxxxvi. Psalm, "To Him that smote Egypt in their first-born; *for his* MERCY *endureth for ever.*" "To Him which smote great kings, *for his* MERCY *endureth for ever:* And slew famous kings, *for his* MERCY *endureth for ever.*" This was the key-note of a strain that I deeply felt resounded through the whole scripture, though I had refused to heed it; and then he turned to the lxi. of Isaiah, and read the first and part of the second verse, as quoted by our blessed Lord in the iv. of St. John, to where he shut the book, saying, "this day is *this* scripture fulfilled in your ears." But did the scripture end here? No: the first advent fulfilled so much of it; and He who then proclaimed "the acceptable year of the Lord," should at his second coming proceed with that unfinished scripture "The day of vengeance of our God." And go on thence "To comfort all that mourn: to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,"—and so the whole beautiful picture of millennial gladness and glory on which Isaiah expatiates rose before me, as consequent upon that "day of vengeance," which Christ has not yet in person proclaimed. How angry I felt with that dauntless champion of God's whole truth, for trampling upon my darling prejudices! nevertheless he had done it; and thenceforth I opened my mind to drink in the pure simple meaning of the literal promise.

The first resurrection I considered to be a resurrection of the souls of the martyrs, whose spirits were to animate the happy race of believers during a thousand years. I confess some things troubled me sorely in this interpretation: for instance, how could a soul be buried; and if not buried how did it rise? Again, those souls were under an altar in heaven, waiting for the completion of their company by means of a new persecution on earth, and it seemed rather a heathenish doctrine to transmigrate them into other bodies; more especially as their own bodies would need them again. Besides they were with Christ personally in heaven; and to be without Christ, personally on earth, was by no means an additional privilege. I found the thing untenable, and resolved to consider it as wholly figurative; but if so, then the final judgment, described also in that chapter, might be figurative too. I could not look my own inferences in the face; so I wished to let the subject alone; but then a blessing was distinctly pronounced on such as should read or hear the words of that prophecy; and I did not like to lose a blessing.

Thus the matter stood: I had rigidly forborne to read any book, pro or con, or to be talked to about it. One day, when

the subject forced itself on me, I resolved to strengthen myself against the modern view (as I wisely supposed it) by prayerfully reading again what I already so well knew—the xv. chapter of 1 Corinthians. I did so: and was suddenly struck by a recollection of the passage where the "saying" is written "Death is swallowed up in victory." I turned to Isaiah xxv., and found it unequivocally a description of the church's blessedness on earth—the millennium—at the outset of which the saying is written which "shall come to pass" when Christ's people rise from the dead. But will not all rise then? I went over the apostle's description once more, and found no word of the resurrection unto condemnation. The corruptible then raised would all put on incorruption; the weakness, power; the mortal, immortality; having borne the image of the earthly, they were to bear the image of the heavenly. I was quite overpowered: could I reply against God? The passage that I thought so formidable on my side failed me—"Afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming. *Then* cometh the end." But an interval of a thousand years might surely precede that "Then," since more than eighteen hundred years have already intervened since "the acceptable year of the Lord," and we have not yet seen "the day of vengeance of our God, though only a comma separates them in the Bible. From this starting point I explored the scriptures in reference to a literal resurrection of Christ's people, at a literal coming previous to the thousand years of Satan's binding and the peace of the church. I saw it clearly: I received it fully; and I hold it firmly at this day.

On the continued personal presence of the Lord Jesus during that period I was much longer undecided; but I received it gradually as necessary to the harmonious completion of the whole. I shall have occasion to mention it again. Whenever Mr. Howels took up this subject of the Second Advent, I was more than willing to be convinced, or rather unconvinced by him; but I could not. He always lost his temper, talked of sending the millennarians to a lunatic asylum; but never showed cause for their commitment to such safe custody. Donald was by no means favourable to the views, and once asked me "Why do you hold this mistaken opinion?" I answered playfully, "Because it is the only subject on which Howels talks nonsense." He shook his head, and said, "I candidly tell you, I wish he would let it alone." He did not, however, let it alone; and had he been spared to us to this day, he would, I doubt not, have been found among its most powerful proclaimers.

It has often struck me what efforts the enemy has made to stifle this doctrine. The check given by Irvingism was very great, and though it did not lead me to question what I found in my Bible, it made me very cautious in receiving, very backward in declaring, any farther light on the subject. Two years later, a valuable Christian clergyman who had received, and alas! still holds those deluding errors, when lamenting my awful pertinacity in resisting them, and warning me of my supposed sin, added, "Nevertheless I have hope of you my sister. You believe in the second advent: you will be saved by your faith in a glorified Saviour." To which I answered, "I will not. I will be saved by my faith in a crucified Saviour. I believe in his glorious, pre-millennial coming, but it is his cross, not his crown, that saves my soul." This was considered the climax of heresy, and I was given over as lost.

But shall the abuse of a sublime truth by the great enemy lead us to reject it? As well may we blot out the ninety-first Psalm, because the devil quoted it, and for a truly devilish purpose. No; he knows that the shedding forth of greater light on this important branch of Christian knowledge is one of the signs of Christ's actual coming; a token that his own time is short; therefore he endeavours to stifle it; and ere long he will bring us false Christs, to deceive if it were possible, the very elect. We have need to be found watching!

LETTER XV.

Darkness and Light.—The Snare—The Tongues—The Touchstone—Irving's Heresy—Satanic Devices—Persuasions—Conflicts—A Termination—A Sunset—Resignation—The Red Hand—Joy and Peace—True Wisdom—Sympathy—Earnestness—A Dying Protest—Sleeping in Jesus.

I wish to bring into one view the subject with which I closed my last; partly

because the way of my escape from that snare was so similar to my preservation from Popery; and partly because I doubt not that the great truth of the second advent will again be mixed up with the same, or with other deluding doctrines. We are remarkably warned by our Lord of the "snare" that shall be spread, the temptation that cometh upon the whole earth, from which his people will be kept; and as we have no right or warrant to look for any farther revelation than we already have, it becomes deeply important to appreciate the sufficiency of that for the coming hour of trial.

The first thing that aroused my attention to the new doctrines of Mr. Irving, was the singular case of Miss Fancourt. Had it been a person unknown to me, I might have thought less about it; but I knew her, and her family; and I was and am perfectly certain that the least attempt at deception was never practised, never thought of by them. A sweet, patient, suffering child of God, guileless as a babe, and whose bodily affliction had moved my tenderest sympathy as I sat beside her couch of pain; the intelligence of her instantaneous recovery, of her having walked from her father's house at Hoxton to that of my hospitable friend Mr. Hawtrey, in Hackney, and back, with my intimate knowledge alike of the localities and the individuals concerned, came upon me with a reality the most overwhelming. I certainly held it to have been a miraculous answer to faithful prayer; and I was strongly predisposed by it to receive whatever might be placed before me on the same basis.

Just then, within two or three days afterwards, a lady to whom I looked up as a most enlightened, zealous Christian, wrote me a glowing letter, enclosing two little pamphlets or rather tracts, on the subject of miraculous gifts in the church, as set forth in the xiv. chapter, 1 Corinthians, which was quoted in full. She also gave me an account of the "tongues," and exhorted me to pray for miraculous gifts, and to devote my pen immediately and wholly to this great cause. She added that her parents were violently opposed, but she hoped to obtain the "gifts" herself, and by that means to silence all. I was confounded: I read the tracts, and all the scriptures pointed out in them as confirmatory of the view taken, and which certainly made out a strong case; but I felt too that a reference to single texts would not suffice; I had always read the Bible as a continuous book, not as a collection of scraps; and even the division into chapter and verse annoyed me. I considered that if a man sent me a letter on business of importance I should never be content to look at a sentence here and another there, in order to arrive at his full meaning, but should read the whole; much less would detached verses, called texts, selected from letters of the Apostles, indited by the Holy Ghost, rightly inform me as to the mind of the Spirit. Accordingly I that night took the New Testament up, kneeled, and fervently, most fervently prayed to be guided to all truth, kept from presumptuous sin, and led to glorify God by humbly receiving whatever he was pleased to reveal. I then seated myself on the side of my bed, and read the whole of the New Testament from the first chapter of Matthew to the Epistle of Jude, and the first seven chapters of the Revelation; finishing that book on the morrow.

The result was such as to make me decidedly reject the new pretensions. I cannot go over the subject here, it would be a treatise in itself; and my object is to recommend to you and others the same process, that each may have his own convictions based on the word of God, and not on the convictions of a fellow-mortal. I was quite sure that if such an important change was to take place in the character of the dispensation, and women to become public teachers of men, I should find some express warrant for it; since God would never require us to believe a miracle not wrought according to his word. I found that signs and wonders in the last days were the predicted marks of what was not to be received or followed; and I began to regard with jealous suspicion this assumption; resolved to watch most narrowly the doctrines they might preach. Miss Fancourt's case was argued at large in the Record newspaper; and I soon came to the conclusion from which I have not swerved, that it was one of nervous, not organic disease; and while ascribing all glory to God as the hearer of her prayer and healer of her sickness, I believed that

it had been accomplished by the natural effects, mercifully ordered by him, of a natural cause. In this state of mind I remained, when a letter from a friend in Scotland brought me some account of a meeting where he had heard Mr. Irving expound on the subject of our adorable Lord's human nature, and which, he said, perplexed him. He stated the outline, slightly; but sufficiently to convince me that some great error lay beneath the surface, and this rendered me the more thankful that I had not lightly admitted the claim to supernatural powers, which, once acknowledged, would have given weight to any doctrine associated with them.

A little time brought me better acquainted with the nature of this heresy. Shrouded as it was in much obscurity, and perplexed with many contradictions, so as to enable its unhappy propounder to deny in words what in substance he strongly advanced, nothing could strip it of its blasphemous character. He maintained that the human nature in which our Divine Lord was pleased to become incarnate was not only the likeness of sinful flesh, but flesh inherently sinful; that He was assailed by every evil passion and corrupt inclination; that his principal suffering consisted in the warring of this unholy, depraved nature against the pure spirit lodged within it; that His conquest over sin was the conquest of his own sinful propensities; that the final triumph was the putting to death of this same wicked nature on the cross; and that having thus overcome in his own person all vile dispositions, it remained for each of us to become equally holy, equally free from sin, and entitled to enter heaven. I do not err in this description, for I took it from the vile book in which Mr. Irving asserted the doctrine, and which with unspeakable horror I was compelled to read, in order, when brought into daily contact with his devoted followers, to maintain the cause of truth against their assaults. A more atrocious outrage on the great mystery of our redemption never was fabricated. Socinianism could desire no more than to see the Deity of Christ thus degraded. Indeed it is very remarkable what an anti-christian character attaches to the whole device: for the heresy is worse than Arian, and the presumed miracles quite Popish.

Great anxiety was shown to enlist me in this cause; for my natural enthusiasm would have rendered me a zealous adherent, and my pen devoted to its advocacy might have done good service. They wished to test the miracle-working powers of their leader by causing me to hear; and to prove the supernatural character of the utterances by making them audible to me previous to such cure. However, I had not in vain read the 13th chapter of Deuteronomy, and their success in both instances would have produced no other effect upon me than as God might have given me over to delusion in punishment for my presumptuous sin in seeking to any other standard of truth than "the law and the testimony." I was far from denying the probability of supernatural agency, for the doctrine was so truly diabolical that Satan might be likely enough to strengthen it with such signs and wonders as he was permitted to show, in order to try the faith of God's people: and I know of nothing that would sooner put me on my guard against any new theory than seeing it backed by seeming miracles. That Satan can work miracles there is no doubt, and that he will yet do so we are plainly warned. He seems to withhold his hand now, in order to conceal the fact of his existence; for the spirit of the age is infidelity, not superstition; but there will be a snare provided for each individual, according to his natural disposition; and the most devoutly disposed are they who have need to watch the most carefully against spiritual wickedness in high places. If man in his first state of obedience and happiness was the object of envy so deep and a plot so subtle and malignant as that which accomplished the fall of Adam, what must be the feeling of the great enemy against man delivered from his grasp, and restored to God's favour,—what his eagerness to bar to every soul the entrance upon a brighter Eden than that from which our first parents were driven! Believing as I do that the curse will be taken off, and earth become again the fair and fertile garden that it once was, and knowing that Satan surely reads prophecy with a more accurate eye than we can do, I cannot doubt his rage being fearfully increased as the appointed time draws on; nor can I question that he will

make a separate effort against every class, every individual in Christ's church, as a last attempt to mar the triumphs of his Conqueror. We may well cling to the assurances that none of His sheep shall perish, neither be plucked from his hand; but it behooves us to be extremely wary, and to watch against the devices of Satan with redoubled vigilance.

Such considerations prevented me giving heed to any persuasion that sought to bring me into contact with the professors of Irvingism. I had no difficulty in so doing for some time; but at length I took up my abode in the house of a lady whom I did not know to be a devoted follower of Mr. Irving. She was so warm-hearted, energetic, and sincere, that firmly believing the work to be of God, and that to oppose it was to blaspheme the Holy Spirit, she could not but be most anxious to bring all whom she loved within the supposed ark of safety. She loved me; and of course laboured diligently to accomplish my conversion, gathering about me the most estimable and most acute of those who followed with her, many of whom were also my personal friends. Finding that my main argument was always the heretical character of the doctrine preached, rather than the nothingness of its supposed attestations, they assured me that Mr. Irving was belied; that he never intended to convey any such imputation on our Lord's human nature; and that if I would only attend his ministry I should find he preached quite a different thing. His book was removed out of my reach, as soon as I was found reading it; but I provided myself with another copy, examined, analyzed, and noted down the points of argument, and proved to demonstration, that whether or not he understood the full force of his own assertions, those assertions were precisely what we conceived them to be, most unscriptural, most blasphemous. I averred it to be so, and was of course met by most indignant denials that a man so holy in mind, so unblemished in life, could possibly be a blasphemer, or that persons living in daily prayer to God, earnestly desirous of being guided into all truth, should be suffered to go so far astray. To this I could only reply again, that what he was, or what they were, did not effect the question when the doctrine promulgated was totally contrary to Scripture. "Is it not written, By their fruits ye shall know them?" "Yes; and it is also written, Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." Indeed the argument most constantly brought against me was the holy lives of the party; but I could match them, not only among the blind pharisees and the scribes, of whom our Lord said that they could not escape the damnation of hell; not only among the dark devotees of Popery, and the blaspheming followers of Socinus, but among the heathen moralists who never so much as heard of a divine revelation, and who persecuted unto death the early Christians. Indeed it is not to be expected that such a master of delusion as he is who beguiled Eve by his subtlety, should seek to allure believers from the right way by means of any but persons of irreproachable character. Neither does it follow that the persons thus put forward to deceive are themselves hypocrites; some such there will be in every class professing godliness, but I never suspected Mr. Irving himself, nor any one personally known to me among that body, of professing anything they did not honestly believe.

Many a time did I suffer grief far greater than I occasioned, when refusing to join my dear erring brethren in social worship. I knew some of them were in the habit of returning thanks to God the Father for imparting to the Lord Jesus such abundance of the Holy Spirit's influence as kept him from sinning; and I would sooner have died than have been found assenting, even by my presence, to any such fearful impiety. Accordingly I invariably refused to meet them otherwise than in the interchange of courtesy and kindness, and whenever prayer was proposed I withdrew and prayed alone. To do this cost me an effort that would spoil a whole night's rest; and once in particular, when a large party unexpectedly came in from hearing a sermon and sat down to supper, and afterwards took their Bibles to read and pray, I found it almost too much for me to rise and declare my reason for retiring, and after a most affectionate good night, to leave them; for I I loved them well, and it seemed a most presuming thing on my part. I wept near-

ly all night after it; but how great was my thankfulness on hearing, at the distance of several years, that a very sweet and pious young lady, a stranger to me, who was about to resign herself wholly to their guidance at the sacrifice of filial duty, was so startled by my proceeding, that on returning home she prayed for direction in a spirit of real willingness to be led of God; and after reading attentively such parts of the Scriptures as had been most perverted to maintain the cause of error, she saw the snare, and withdrew. Who shall estimate the value of an open protest!

Finding that an effort was about to be made to introduce and spread the delusions in Ireland, the ardent temperament of whose children appeared so favourable to their reception, I published a pamphlet, "A Letter to a Friend on some subjects that trouble the Church," in which I quoted Mr. Irving's own words, as published and re-published by himself in elucidation of his real tenets. This was an unpardonable instance of hardened unbelief on my part; and it affected my friend so much that we agreed to part sooner than we had purposed. I look back with thankfulness to that time; for it was greatly blessed to establishing me in the faith; and during three months of daily discussion between me and my zealous opponent, not one word had ever been uttered on either side, or one look exchanged that was not even affectionately amicable. She was soon afterwards completely recovered out of the snare; and we both recall our united sojourn with feelings of gratitude to Him who kept us still of one heart, even while we were not of one mind in the house.

I should not pause so long on this part of my recollections, did I not apprehend a revival of the mischief in the church, or something similar to it. The heretical doctrine will never be received except among semi-infidels, but it is probable the "manifestations" may be joined to some more specious form of anti-christianity; still while we hold an unmutilated Bible, with the privilege of searching it throughout, and have access to the throne of grace, for mercy and for grace to help in time of need, we are safe in the using of those precious privileges. May the Lord enable us so to do!

I have gone forward in my sketch to avoid recurring to this subject; and now I return to the period of my delivering up a sacred trust into the hands of Him who committed it to me. Jack had lingered long, and sunk very gradually; but now he faded apace. His eldest sister, a very decided Romanist, came over for the purpose of seeing him, and to take care that he had "the rites of the church." Had the Abbé remained, it is probable we should have soon found ourselves deep in controversy; for, as priest, he never should have crossed my threshold, to bring upon my house the curse attached to idolatrous worship; and there was happily no other within reach. Jack requested me to promise him in his sister's presence that no Romish priest should come near him; I willingly did so; and moreover informed her that if she was herself dying and asked for one, he would not be admitted under my roof. The abomination that maketh desolate stands in many places where it ought not, but where I have authority it never did; nor by God's grace ever shall. I have toleration full and free for every form of Christianity, but none for Antichrist, come in what form he may.

It may be possible to describe a glorious summer sunset, with all the softening splendour that it sheds around; but to describe the setting of my dumb boy's sun of mortal life is impossible. He declined like the orb of day, gently, silently, gradually, yet swiftly, and gathered new beauties as he approached the horizon. His sufferings were great, but far greater his patience; and nothing resembling a complaint ever escaped him. When appearing in the morning, with pallid, exhausted looks, if asked whether he had slept, he would reply, with a sweet smile, "No, Jack no sleep; Jack think good Jesus Christ see poor Jack. Night dark; heaven all light; soon see heaven. Cough much now, pain bad; soon no cough, no pain." This was his usual way of admitting how much he suffered, always placing in contrast the glory to be revealed in him, and which seemed already revealed to him.

Knowing that his recovery was impos-

sible, I refrained, with his full concurrence, from having him tormented with miscalled alleviations, such as opiates, bloodletting, and so forth. All that kindness and skill could effect was gratuitously done for him, and every thing freely supplied by our medical friends; but they admitted that no permanent relief could be given, and I always hold it cruel to embitter the dying season with applications that in the end increase the sufferings they temporarily subdue. This plan kept the boy's mind clear and calm: the ever-present Saviour being to him instead of all soothing drugs. Sometimes when greatly oppressed, he has had leeches; and I remember once half-a-dozen were put on his side, at his own request. The inflammation was very great; the torture dreadful as they drew it to the surface; and I was called to him, as he sat grasping the arm of a chair, and writhing convulsively. He said to me "Very, very pain; pain bad, soon kill;" and he seemed half wild with agony. Looking up in my face, he saw me in tears; and instantly assumed his sweetest expression of countenance, saying in a calm, leisurely way, that his pain was much, but the pain the Lord suffered much more: his was only in his side; the Lord suffered in his side, his hands, his feet, and head. His pain would be over in half an hour, the Lord's lasted many hours; he was "bad Jack," the Lord was "good Jesus Christ." Then again he observed the leeches made very little holes in his skin, and drew out a little blood; but the thorns, the nails, the spear, tore the Lord's flesh, and all his blood gushed out,—it was shed to save him; and he raised his eyes, lifted his clasped hands, turned his whole face up towards heaven, saying "Jack loves, loves, very loves good Jesus Christ!" When another violent pang made him start and writhe a little, he recovered in a moment, nodded his head, and said, "Good pain, make Jack soon go heaven."

His sublime idea of the "red hand" was ever present. He had told me some years before that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud. "Jack!" and he would start, and say, "Yes, me Jack." Then he would rise, and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a very large book in his hand—he called it "Bible book"—and would beckon him to stand before him while he opened the book, and looked at the top of the pages, till he came to the name of John B——. In that page he told me, God had written all his "bads," every sin he had ever done; and the page was full. So God would look, and strive to read it, and hold it to the sun for light, but it was all "No, no, nothing, none." I asked him in some alarm if he had done no bad? He said yes, much bads; but when he first prayed to Jesus Christ *he* had taken the book out of God's hand, found that page, and pulling from his palm something which he described as filling up the hole made by the nail, had allowed the wound to bleed a little, passing his hand down the page so that, as he beautifully said, God could see none of Jack's bads, only Jesus Christ's blood. Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut the book, and there he would remain standing before him, till the Lord Jesus came, and saying to God "MY Jack," would put his arm around him, draw him aside, and bid him stand with the angels till the rest were judged.

All this he told me with the placid but animated look of one who is relating a delightful fact: I stood amazed, for rarely had the plan of a sinner's ransom, appropriation, and justification been so perspicuously set forth in a pulpit as here it was by a poor deaf and dumb peasant boy, whose broken language was eked out by signs. He often told it to others, always making himself understood, and often have I seen the tears starting from a rough man's eye as he followed the glowing representation. Jack used to sit silent and thoughtful for a long time together in his easy chair when too weak to move about; and then catching my eye, to say with a look of infinite satisfaction, "Good red hand." I am persuaded that it was his sole and solid support; he never doubted, never feared because his view of Christ's all-sufficiency was so exceedingly clear and realizing. It certainly never entered his head to question God's love to him. One night a servant went to his room, long after he had gone to bed: he was on his knees at the window, his hands and face held up towards a beautiful starlight sky. He did not perceive the servant's entrance: and next morning when I asked him about it, he told me that God was walking above,

upon the stars; and that he went to the window and held up his head that God might look down into it and see how very much he loved Jesus Christ.

All his ideas were similar: all turned on the one theme so dear to him: and their originality was inexhaustible. What could be finer than his notion of the lightning, that it was produced by a sudden opening and shutting of God's eye—or of the rainbow, that it was the reflection of God's smile? What more graphic than his representation of Satan's malice and impotence, when, one evening, holding his finger to a candle, he snatched it back, as if burnt, pretending to be in great pain, and said "Devil like candle." Then with a sudden look of triumph he added "God like wind," and with a most vehement puff at once extinguished the light. When it was rekindled he laughed and said "God kill Devil."

He told me that God was always sitting still with the great book in his hand, and the Lord Jesus looking down for men, and crying to them, "Come, man; come, pray." That the devil drew them back from listening, and persuaded them to spit up towards him, which was his sign for rebellion and contempt; but if at last a man snatched his hand from Satan, and prayed to the Lord Jesus, he went directly, took the book, found the name, and passed the "red hand" over the page, on seeing which Satan would stamp and cry. He gave very grotesque descriptions of the evil spirit's mortification, and always ended by bestowing on him a hearty kick. From seeing the effect, in point of watchfulness, prayer, and zeal, produced on this young Christian by such continual realization of the presence of the great tempter, I have been led to question very much the policy, not to say the lawfulness, of excluding that terrible foe as we do from our general discourse. It seems to be regarded a manifest impropriety to name him, except with the most studied circumlocution, as though we were afraid of treating him irreverently; and he who is seldom named will not often be thought of. Assuredly it is a great help to him in his countless devices to be kept out of sight. We are prone to speak, to think, to act, as though we had only our own evil natures to contend with, including perhaps a sort of general admission that something is at work to aid the cause of rebellion; but it was far otherwise with Jack. If only conscious of the inward rising of a sullen or angry temper, he would immediately conclude that the devil was trying to make him grieve the Lord; and he knelt down to pray that God would drive him away. The sight of a drunken man affected him deeply: he would remark that the devil had drawn that man to the ale-house, put the cup into his hand with an assurance that God did not see, or did not care; and was now pushing him about to show the angels he had made that wretched being spit at the authority of the Lord. In like manner with all other vices, and some seeming virtues. As an instance of the latter, he knew a person who was very hostile to the gospel, and to the best of his power hindered it, but who nevertheless paid the most punctual regard to all the formalities of external public worship. He almost frightened me by the picture he drew of that person's case, saying the devil walked to church with him, led him into a pew, set a hassock prominently for ward for him to kneel on, put a handsome prayer-book into his hand; and while he carefully followed all the service kept clapping him on the shoulder, saying, "A very good pray." I told this to a pious minister, who declared it was the most awfully just description of self-deluding formality helped on by Satan, that ever he heard of. When partaking of the Lord's supper, Jack told me that his feeling was "very, very love Jesus Christ; very, very, *very* hate devil: go, devil!" and with holy indignation he motioned, as it were, the enemy from him. He felt that he had overcome the accuser by the blood of the lamb. Oh that we may all take a lesson of wisdom from this simple child of God!

During the winter months he sank daily; his greatest earthly delight was in occasionally seeing Mr. Donald, for whom he felt the fondest love, and who seemed to have a presentiment of the happy union in which they would together soon rejoice before the Lord. Jack was courteous in manner, even to elegance; most graceful; and being now nineteen, tall and large, with the expression of infantine innocence and sweetness on a very fine countenance, no one could look on him without admira-

tion; nor treat him with roughness or disrespect: but Donald's tenderness of manner was no less conspicuous than his; and I have watched that noble-minded Christian man waiting on the dying youth, as he sat patiently reclining in his chair,—for he could not lie down,—and the grateful humility with which every little kindness was received, until I almost forgot what the rude, unfeeling world was like in that beautiful contemplation. How much the fruit in God's garden is beautified by the process that ripens it!

Jack laboured anxiously to convert his sister; and as she could not read at all, the whole controversy was carried on by signs. Mary was excessively mirthful, Jack unboundedly earnest; and when her playful reproaches roused his Irish blood, the scene was often very comic. I remember he was once bringing a long list of accusations against her priest, for taking his mother's money, making the poor fast, while the rich paid for dispensations to eat, inflicting cruel penances, drinking too much whiskey; and finally telling the people to worship wooden and breaden gods. To all this Mary attended with perfect good humour, and then told him the same priest had christened him and made crosses upon him. Jack wrathfully intimated that he was then a baby, with a head like a doll's, and knew nothing; but if he had been wise he would have kicked his little foot into the priest's mouth. The controversy grew so warm that I had to part them. His horror of the priests was solely directed against their false religion; when I told him of one being converted, he leaped about for joy.

At the commencement of the year 1831 he was evidently dying; and we got a furlough for his brother to visit him. Poor Pat never went to bed but twice during the fortnight he was there, so bitterly did he grieve over the companion of his early days; and many a sweet discourse passed between them, on the subject of the blessed hope that sustained the dying Christian. He only survived Pat's departure four days. On the third of February the last symptoms came on; the death-damps began to ooze out, his legs were swelled to the size of his body, and he sat in that state, incapable of receiving warmth, scarcely able to swallow, yet clear, bright, and tranquil, for thirty hours. The morning of the last day was marked by such a revival of strength that he walked across the room with little help, and talked incessantly to me, and to all who came near him. He told me, among other things, that once God destroyed all men by rain, except those in the ark; and that he would soon do it again, not with water but with fire. He described the Lord as taking up the wicked by handfulls, breaking them, and throwing them into a fire; repeating, "all bads, all bads go fire." I asked if he was not bad; "Yes, Jack bad very." Would he be thrown into the fire? "No: Jesus Christ loves poor Jack." He then spoke rapturously of the "red hand," of the angels he should soon be singing with, of the day when Satan should be cast into the pit, and of the delight he should have in seeing me again. He prayed for his family, begged me to teach Mary to read the Bible, to warn Pat against bad example, to bring up my brother's boys to love Jesus Christ, and lastly he repeated over and over again the fervent injunction to love Ireland, to pray for Ireland, to write books for "Jack's poor Ireland," and in every way to oppose Popery. He called it "Roman," always; and it was a striking sight, that youth all but dead, kindling into the most animated, stern, energetic warmth of manner, raising his cold, damp hands, and spelling with them the words, "Roman is a lie." "One Jesus Christ, one (meaning he was the only Saviour) Jack's one Jesus Christ;" and then, with a force as if he would have the characters impressed on his hands, he reiterated, as slowly as possible, his dying Protest, "Roman is A LIE!" Very sweetly he thanked me for all my care; and now he seemed to bequeath to me his zeal against the destroyer of his people. The last signs of removal came on in the evening; his sight failed, he rubbed his eyes, shook his head, and then smiled with conscious pleasure. At last he asked me to let him lie down on the sofa where he had been sitting, and saying very calmly "A sleep," put his hand into mine, closed his eyes, and breathed his spirit forth so gently, that it was difficult to mark the precise moment of that joyful change.

I still hope to throw into a volume the numerous particulars that remain untold

concerning this boy; and I will not now dwell upon the subject longer. God had graciously kept me faithful to my trust; and I surrendered it, not without most keenly feeling the loss of such a companion, but with a glow of adoring thankfulness that overcame all selfish regrets. Thenceforth my lot was to be cast among strangers, and sorely did I miss the comforting, sympathizing monitor who for seven years had been teaching me more than I could teach him, but all my prayers had been answered, all my labours crowned; and with other duties before me I was enabled to look at the past, to thank God, and to take courage.

LETTER XVI.

A Removal—An Appeal—Irish Schools—Value of a Romish Oath—Retribution—Puseyism—Opposition.

Circumstances led me to decide on removing nearer the metropolis: and with reluctance I bade adieu to Sandhurst, where I had resided five years. Jack was buried under the east window of the chapel of ease at Bagshot, there to rest till roused by the Lord's descending shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. I am very certain he will rise to glory and immortality. It was a severe trial to part with my school, to dispose of the endeared relics that had furnished a home blessed by my brother's presence, to bid farewell to many kind friends, and cast myself into the great wilderness of London. The feeling that oppressed me was a conviction that I should there find nothing to do; but I prayed to be made useful, and none ever asked work of a heavenly Master in vain. The dreadful famine in the west of Ireland had called forth a stream of English liberality, and collections were made every where for relief of the suffering Irish: one was announced at Long-Acre chapel; but before the day arrived, the committee put forth a statement that they had abundant funds and required no more. I was then residing in Bloomsbury, daily witnessing the wretchedness of St. Giles's; and on learning this I wrote to Mr. Howels, begging him to say a word to his congregation on behalf of those Irish who were starving at their doors, whose miserable destitution I laid before him as well as I could. He returned me no answer; but on the Sunday morning read my letter from the pulpit, asked his flock to contribute, and collected upwards of fifty pounds, which he gave to me.

Knowing the character of the people so well, and longing to make the relief of their bodily wants subservient to a higher purpose, I resolved to visit in person every case recommended to my notice. Many of my friends stood aghast at the proposal; I should be insulted, murdered, by the Irish savages; no lady could venture there, their language was so dreadful: no delicate person could survive the effects of such a noxious atmosphere. To this I replied that, happily, I could not hear their conversation: and as for the unwholesomeness, it could not be worse than Sierra Leone, or other missionary stations, where many ladies went. Insult had never yet been my lot among the Irish; and as to murder, it would be martyrdom in such a cause, of which I had little hope. So I turned my fifty pounds into bread, rice, milk, meal, coals, and soup, resolved to give no money, and on the very next day commenced the campaign against starvation and Popery in St. Giles's.

For four months I persevered in the work, devoting from four to six hours every day to it; and though I never in the smallest degree concealed or compromised the truth, or failed to place in the strongest light its contrast with the falsehoods taught them, I never experienced a disrespectful or unkind look from one among the hundreds, the thousands who knew me as the enemy of their religion, but the loving friend of their country and of their souls. Often, when I went to visit and relieve some poor dying creature in a cellar or garret, where a dozen wholly unconnected with the sufferer were lodged in the same apartment, have I gathered them all about me by speaking of Ireland with the affection I really feel for it, and then shown them, from the Scriptures, in English, or by means of an Irish reader sometimes accompanying me, the only way of salvation, pointing out how very different was that by which they vainly sought it. My plan was to discover such as were too ill to go to the Dispensary for relief, or to select the

most distressed objects whom I met there, and to take the bread of life along with the bread that perisheth into their wretched abodes. I was most ably and zealously helped by that benevolent Physician who had always been foremost in every good and compassionate work for the Irish poor; and to whose indefatigable zeal it is chiefly owing that at this day the poor lambs of that distressed flock are still gathered and taught in the schools which it was Donald's supreme delight to superintend. I cannot pass over in silence the devotion of Dr. Pidduck, through many years, to an office the most laborious, the most repulsive, and in many respects the most thankless that a professional man can be engaged in—that of ministering to the diseased and filthy population of the district. But many a soul that he has taught in the knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal, will be found to rejoice him in the day when their poor bodies shall arise to meet the Lord.

The schools in George-street to which I have alluded are the main blessing of the place: they were established long before the Irish gospel was ever introduced there; and they survive the Irish ministry which, alas! has been withdrawn from the spot where God enabled me to plant it. Those schools are a bud of promise in the desolate wilderness, which may the Lord in his own good time cause to blossom again!

This year was memorable for the great struggle respecting the Reform Bill, a measure rendered ruinous by the fatal act that preceded it, in 1829. It was not passed this year, owing to the steadiness of the peers; but it became too evident that it could not long be resisted by one estate against the other two; and it could not be expected that they who had assisted to open the door to admit the serpent's head would persist in keeping out his body. They had taken the first steps down a rapid descent, and to pause was impossible, unless God gave them such a measure of grace as is rarely accorded to those who have betrayed a trust. He that is unfaithful in little will be so *again* in much; and it was not a small thing to dash down the most sacred bulwarks of our national Protestantism. Tory treachery did the deed; and Tory influence was the first to receive a death-wound by means of schedule A.

Eighteen hundred and thirty-two saw the Reform Bill pass. The first act, almost of this reformed and papalized Parliament was, in the following year, to lop off ten bishopricks from the Irish Church, by means of the majority thus obtained. It was a base and cruel proceeding, and it exhibited in glaring colours the value of an oath taken by Romanists against the interests of their system; for of those who had obtained admission to the British Parliament by solemnly swearing to do nothing prejudicial to the Protestant Church, all save three voted for this deadly blow, which was to be followed up by a series of attacks upon its very existence. The wonder was, that anybody wondered at this: I never did. I should have greatly marvelled had it been otherwise; for who could expect the "mother and mistress of all churches" to sit in contented equality, not to say in acknowledged inferiority, beside one on which she is sworn through all her orders to set her foot, and to trample it into the dust? I am not one of those who would let a hungry wolf into the fold, calculating on his polite or conscientious forbearance not to worry the sheep. "The wicked will do wickedly," Scripture declares; and what can we expect from him who is characterized by the same Scriptures as "that wicked?"

It is solemnly declared, that they who hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; who would none of his counsel and despised his reproof, shall eat of the fruit of their own ways, and be filled with their own devices. That our abandonment of the Protestant principle, which we know to be according to God's will, was a rejection of his counsel, and a departing from his fear, many are now constrained to confess, by seeing how strictly retributive is the dispensation under which we are laid. Look around, and what do we behold of the fruit of our own way in forming papal alliance? it is evidently judicial. The rapid increase of Popish chapels, and the open efforts of proselytizing made on every side; the establishment of a powerful and wealthy "Institute," for the avowed purpose of extending Popery, and the announcement of general

prayer for the restoration of England to the Pope's fold; the powerful wielding of the public press to the same end, and the ready aid afforded by parties who merge their nominal Protestantism in real, heart-felt hostility to the established form of church-government, and other national institutions; all this we might have expected; we did expect and predict it too, openly enough, when striving against the overthrow of our defences. But who among us could have foreseen the dispensation by which judgment was to begin at the house of God; or the marked retribution that makes the sin of the church the punishment of the church, literally filling us with our own devices, by transfusing Popery into the very veins of the ecclesiastical body! Unquestionably this is the most deadly symptom of all; and while we own that the Lord must, in the way of permission, have done this "evil" against his offending people, we cannot rationally doubt as to the means employed. The great object once attained, of a restored footing in the legislature and other branches of public power, all was surely prepared, as under the Stuarts it ever was, to seize in every possible way the advantage gained; and as the Church of England has been found the surest fortress of Protestant truth, the introduction of false principles among those to whom is committed the preparation of her young men for the ministry, was of all things most desirable. How this was first effected, by what means some of the most eminently learned men, of unexceptionable moral character and extensive influence in a Protestant university, and ministering in our church, became active instruments of the papal foe, cannot be ascertained. All the iniquities of Popery are mysterious: the name MYSTERY will remain emblazoned on the Harlot's brow, until the fire of God's wrath shall consume its brazen characters. It is vain to speculate about the origin of what only concerns us in its effects; and in those effects it does most awfully concern us. I have read with attention what is put forth by the promulgators of these doctrines,—erroneously called new, for they helped to form the stumbling-block which Balaam put before the children of Israel, and were received among the Galatians in Paul's days. I have brought them to the balances in which, by God's grace, I had weighed Socinianism, Popery, Antinomianism, and Irvingism, and found them all wanting; and Puseyism kicked the beam no less speedily or decidedly than any of the former. The points on which I most clearly see it to be at once opposed to Scripture, and tainted with the papal leaven, are these:—

I. The actual washing away of original sin, and conferring of the new birth by the rite of baptism, with the painful process by which a baptized person is to work his own way back to God after sinning away the supposed grace then received; for neither of which do I find one warrant in the word of God, but abundant confirmation of both in the catechisms of Rome.

II. The sacrificial character of the other sacrament, its efficiency in conveying grace by the mere outward act, the mysterious change supposed to be wrought in the elements by the setting of them apart for a service in itself commemorative, and the awful reverence with which they are thenceforth to be regarded: in every particular of which I trace approximation to the Romish mass, and a commensurate retrogression from the pure simplicity of the gospel.

III. The investing of one particular point in a building with superior sanctity, approaching it with bodily reverence, and making it a material thing that the minister should turn in that direction while fulfilling his office towards the people. This may seem a trivial and foolish whim; and truly so it is in itself very foolish and pitiably trivial; but when we see to what fearful idolatry the poor Romanists are brought by such puerile beginnings as these, and when we find a spiritual worship insisted upon throughout the New Testament, in direct contradistinction to will-worship, voluntary humility, and all the parade of "carnal ordinances," it becomes important in no common degree. In Edward's days, the martyr Ridley, then Bishop of London, actually broke down a part of the wall of St. Paul's, rather than not wholly remove the Popish altar from its eastern niche; and the plain, decent, scriptural *table* which he set in the chancel for the due celebration of the Lord's supper, was an object of continual rebuke and ribaldry on the part of the murdering persecutors

who, particularly the infamous Bishops Bonner and Gardiner, called it an oyster-table. The "altars" were of course set up again in Mary's reign; and how they now come to appear in so many of our churches, and to retain in common parlance the name of altar, is best known to him of whose devices we are not ignorant, though we cannot fathom their depth: and who no doubt always hoped to use this oversight of ours as a stepping-stone to the recovery of his lost footing. At all events, our Reformers are clear from the offence, for we find in the rubric of our service-book no mention of altar, but these plain words in relation to that which was to supersede it:—"*The Table, at the communion time, having a fair white linen cloth upon it, shall stand in the body of the church, or in the chancel, where morning and evening prayers are appointed to be read.*" From this it would seem to have been put out of the way at other times, probably to afford more room for the congregation during general prayers, and to have been brought out again "at the communion time;" and our parish churches having been principally built in Popish days, afforded a more convenient space for the table where the old altar formerly stood. Be this as it may, idolatry is again creeping in at that very niche; and though in appearance far less formidable than the doctrinal errors preached, this vain practice will cost the church very dear.

IV. The assumption so strenuously resisted by our martyrs, and so manifestly contrary to Scripture, of an authority over men's minds and consciences, based not upon a faithful adherence to the apostolic doctrines, but upon a fortuitous succession to their external office and functions. Fortuitous as regards the individual, for any one may obtain it; but absolute and unchangeable as regards the office itself, not by virtue of the scriptural form in which the privileges are, after apostolic injunction and example, conferred, but because an unbroken series of individuals have been so appointed, of whom some have led the worship of the true God; others have set up idols, and compelled the people to bow down to them; some have preached Christ; others have themselves constituted the body of Antichrist; some have been commissioned and taught by the Holy Ghost; others have been the habitation and the mouth-piece of devils; and now, on the ground chosen by these successionists, the Pope of Rome is a true bishop, sitting in a true church; and Babylon the Great, whom God himself calls the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth, is our elder sister, our venerated sister, in separating from whom we have made ourselves schismatics, and through whose filthy, polluted channel we must draw the waters of life, if we would receive them at all. Who can look at this dogma, and not be inclined to breathe the prayer of good King Edward's liturgy, so foolishly expunged by Elizabeth's temporizing, half-convicted prelates:—"From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us!"

V. The dreadfully unscriptural tenet which they call "reserve." They say that the doctrine of the Atonement is not to be openly nor at once preached to the people: That they are to be taught repentance, good works, and so forth, but not to be told that Christ has wrought out salvation for them, nor to hear the blessed truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." They are not to be invited to "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The Lord has indeed loudly and universally proclaimed, "Look unto ME and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; but these faithful and wise stewards arrest the message on its way, and silencing the voice of Jehovah, say to the people "Look unto US, and we will show you a more excellent way." I would not have taken this fact upon the credit of any report whatever; nothing but reading declarations to that effect in their own books would have convinced me that any ministers of the English church would have so trampled upon her institutions, no less than violated Scripture, as deliberately to withhold from the laity the knowledge whereby alone they can be saved. Many false pastors there have been, and too many there still are in our church, who do not teach, because they do not themselves know, the gospel of Christ; but here is a case where it is supposed to be fully understood by the clergy, and by them suppressed as regards their flocks, except under particular circumstances to be judged of by themselves!

This is a direct instigation of Jesuit teachers who pull the wires alike unseen by the audience and unfelt by the puppets: it is a practice in the Romish system, little known; but I have met with two instances where the priest—whether impelled by conscience, or constrained by the immediate power of God, or else habitually, I know not—being left alone with the person over whom he had been performing the mummeries called extreme unction, or the "rites of the church," told him that all he had done was of no real avail: that the virgin and the saints, to whom he had publicly exhorted him to cleave with full confidence, could not help him: and that unless it pleased Christ to save him he must go to hell. In one of these cases the individual survived long enough to repeat this; in the other he recovered and immediately became a Protestant. I believe if the followers of the sect knew a little more than they do of the tricks and devices of Popery, they would be startled to find what hands they are in. It is fearful to think how near this wicked doctrine of reserve brings its holders to the apostle's anathema; for that which preaches aught but Christ, aught less than Christ "whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through his blood," is "another gospel."

VI. They do not admit the Scriptures in their plain signification as commended to every man's plain judgment, as the sole and sufficient rule of faith. Certain doctors who wrote in the early ages of the Christian church, and who often darkened counsel by words without knowledge, are called "fathers," and invested with a sort of paternal authority which few Christian fathers would desire to assume over their children; thrusting their own notions in the place of God's commands. Truly, in some respects we may say to our Oxford brethren, "The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers; for they often abound in most grievous errors, springing from their being men of many words. Yet to them we are required to yield both God's authority and our own understanding; to shut out the glorious noon-day sun, and read our lesson by the glimmer of their rushlight.

VII. And I feel that this ought to have occupied the first place, for it is the main point—it constitutes the foundation of shifting sand supplied in place of the eternal rock—these tractarians subvert the grand doctrine of Justification by Faith: they build upon human merit; they represent man as a being capable of propitiating the offended Deity by his own works: they stumble and fall upon that stone on which none can fall without being broken. This, the main, essential distinction between real Christianity and every counterfeit that usurps the name, is the grand touchstone whereto we must bring them: coming into contact with it, they shrink, and shrivel, and perish.

I feel that I have scarcely touched upon this subject, though entering on it far more at large than on any of the preceding temptations to which my faith has been exposed. Perhaps I ought not to call this a temptation; for I saw the character of Popery too legibly stamped upon this delusion even from the first, to be in any danger from it; but knowing what deceptions must abound in these days, and deeply feeling the importance of the caution, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," I always strive to feel myself endangered by every form of error that is broached; and fly "to the law and to the testimony" for light, whenever a shadow crosses my path. Many a severe and most angry rebuke have I received from those who were openly or secretly connected with the party in question, and who usually take one of two grounds in their censure: either assuming with clerical authority, which with me is no authority at all unless their succession be that of doctrine as well as of office; or charging me with directing at individuals the remarks that duty compels me to make on opinions. Of this I am wholly innocent: I do not, thank God, personally know a single clergyman whom I believe to be a propounder of these errors: and what enmity can I entertain against others, who in their private characters are wholly unknown to me? I never conversed with one of them: I always prefer to take men's opinions from their published writings, because in conversation, even where no bar exists to its greatest freedom, much may be explained away, and those explanations either forgotten or denied; the same, in a measure, holds good with preaching: but deliberate publications

afford a tangible hold. Popery never could be openly dissected until the Council of Trent was so kind as to tie her down for our operations, by embodying in their decrees all the vague Proteus-like doctrines that she proclaimed and denied at pleasure.

I view this falling away on the part of a great number of our clergymen as a direct judgment on us for our unfaithful confederacy with Antichristian Rome. I dread its progress, by the elevation to episcopal authority of men holding the tenets in question, or the perversion of those already possessed of it; and if this be permitted, a schism must ensue: all true Christians, both clergy and people, separating from a church that will cast them out, and those edifices that now rise before us—the courts of a pure worship, which we love to tread—will become again temples of idolatry, polluted, hateful, and accursed. From such an issue may the Lord in his mercy spare us! We, who consented not to the purpose and deed of those who brought Popery back to power, and others who have repented before God of what they did in ignorance and unbelief, may hope much for ourselves in this peculiar visitation; but alas! who among us is clear from having exceedingly provoked God to chastise us from our many public and private sins! Had Howels lived to this day, how would the walls of his chapel have rung with the warnings that his lips would never have been weary of uttering, while pointing out the finger of God in this domestic visitation of Popery. But he, and Donald who felt it even as he, were mercifully taken away from the evil to come.

During a sojourn of some years a little to the north of London, I devoted myself more to the pen, and found less opportunity for other usefulness than in Sandhurst and London; yet much encouragement was given to labour among the poor neglected Irish, who may be found in every neighbourhood, and to whom few think of taking the gospel in their native tongue—still fewer of bearing with the desperate opposition that Satan will ever show to the work. We make the deplorable state, morally and physically, of the Irish poor, an excuse first for not going among them at all, and then for relinquishing the work if we do venture to begin it. In both cases it ought to plead for tenfold readiness and perseverance. I always found it a perilous task to attack the enemy in this strong-hold: not from any opposition encountered from the people themselves; far otherwise: they ever received me gladly, and treated me with respect and grateful affection; but Satan has many ways of assailing those whom he desires to hinder, and sometimes his chain is greatly lengthened for the trial of faith, and perfecting of humility and patience, where they may be sadly lacking. There are spheres of undeniable duty where the Christian may often almost, if not altogether, take up the apostle's declaration, and say, "No man stood by me." This to the full extent, has never yet been my experience; but I have often found many against me, both without and within, when earnestly bent on dealing a blow at the great Antichrist. It is no good sign when all goes on too smoothly.

In 1834 I was induced to undertake what seemed an arduous and alarming office: that of editing a periodical. I commenced it in much prayer, with no little trembling, and actuated by motives not selfish. That it was not laid down at the end of the second year, was owing to the great blessing just then given to my appeals on behalf of the cruelly oppressed and impoverished Irish clergy through its means: and recommencing, at the beginning of the third year, with an ardent desire to promote more than ever the sacred cause of Protestantism, I found the Lord prospering the work beyond my best hopes; and by his help I continue it to this day. On the subject of the Irish church I must make a few remarks, connected with my visit to that country, whence I addressed to you the "Letters from Ireland," already published.

LETTER XVII.

IRELAND—The Onset—Dr. Hamilton—The Massacre—Cruel Desertion—The Bishop of London—The Archbishop of Tuam—Daniel O'Connell—Progress of Popery—Progress of Protestantism—Church Membership—Antinomianism—Mercies—Conclusion.

IT was my lot to witness, as I have before told you, the first outbreak of what

proved to be an organized war against the property of the Irish church. It did not assume this form avowedly while the question of conceding the demands of the Romanists was yet in abeyance; but all the manœuvres of Captain Rock, his enlistments, drillings, nightly sallies, and the whole system as developed during my abode in Kilkenny, were but preparatory to what had been long decided on as the first forward step after gaining what they had long clamoured for—a vantage ground from which to assail the hated fortress of Protestantism. It was at Knocktopher, within sight indeed of the sweet parsonage of Vicarsfield, that the dreadful slaughter occurred in which thirteen policemen fell, murdered. Dr. Hamilton's extensive union of Knocktopher and Kilmagany was first attacked; the latter division of the parish lies on the very border of Tipperary, just where the nightly marauders entered the county Kilkenny. The men who had been first trained to the work as Rockites, now called themselves Hurlers, from a sport in which the Kilkenny men excel, and under this name they declared open war against the Established Church. One morning Dr. Hamilton was told that some men desired to speak with him; he immediately went to the hall-door, and saw four or five peasants. The carriage-way to that door sweeps through a cluster of evergreens which shade the house in front; but beyond them lies a wide expanse of waste ground. The men requested Dr. Hamilton to step a little to one side, so that the laurels might no longer intercept his view, and on complying he saw the whole plain covered with men, to the number of two or three thousand, armed with the formidable hooked sticks that they use in hurling, and with shillelaghs loaded with lead, besides concealed firearms, and other dangerous weapons. On seeing this, Dr. Hamilton had the presence of mind to retreat backwards towards the door, and I will say the heroism to shut it by means of the stout spring lock, thus at once guarding his house from the enemy, and leaving himself wholly unarmed and defenceless in their power: he had not even a hat on his head. He had taken care to slam the door with such violence as to startle the inhabitants of the house, and thus to apprize them of danger; and now he stood, calm and dignified, awaiting the will of his assailants. Many a sanguinary warning had he received, signed in blood, assuring him that his own should speedily be shed; and now the hour seemed to have arrived when those menaces should be made good.

No violence, however, was attempted; the foremost men told him that he might see how vain resistance must be against such a multitude, perfectly united, and resolved to yield no longer to the demands of a heretic church. They insisted upon his dismissing his proctor, and refraining in future from demanding tithe from the Romanists of his parish; adding many assurances of their determination to put down the system altogether. After thus warning and threatening him, they departed; and he of course lost no time in making known to the government what had occurred, and requesting a strong body of police for the protection of his house and family.

A party was sent down, who lodged in and about Vicarsfield, and for a time all seemed quiet; but at length the Hurlers again appeared, surrounding the house in immense numbers. The officer in command of the police formed his men, and a parley was demanded; when the leaders of the insurgents said they would come to terms, but must have a conversation with the police in the open country some little way off, to which the latter most rashly consented, and proceeded to the spot by the bohreen. This little lane has a fence of loose stones on either side, the ground rising nearly to the height of the rude wall, so that the men within it were much lower than those in the field around them. There was barely space for two men to walk abreast, and of course no room for any movement or manœuvre. The policemen were allowed to proceed for some distance, and then the ruffians on either side suddenly turned on them, pouring down with dreadful impetuosity into the narrow pass, and murdering them almost without resistance.

The terrible work was soon done, and the butchers dispersed. A wounded policeman who had almost miraculously escaped with his life, ran to the Vicarage, and bursting into the hall, staggered and fell, covered with blood. The panic was of course dreadful; and as soon as possi-

ble Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, disguised and in a common cart, made their escape to Kilkenny, taking shelter in the castle with Lord Ormonde, whence they came to England, for ever exiled from their beloved and lovely home, and in fact stripped of every thing; for to recover tithe in that parish was now impossible. The meek pastor, a wreck in body, but evermore cleaving to his Lord, lingered out some years among us, and then departed to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

Several of the murderers were taken, sworn to, repeatedly arraigned, tried, proved guilty, and set at large; because there was not found a jury who could command nerve enough to lay down their own lives and those of their families by finding a verdict against them, though their guilt admitted not of even a doubt. It seemed pretty well understood by both parties that the Irish church was given over for a prey to the teeth of her enemies, and one heavy blow after another from the hands of those who were sworn to uphold her, confirmed the supposition. Attempts were daily made to ascertain how far the enemy might venture; and when it was found that they might use their own discretion, a general resistance to the payment of tithe ensued, and the clergy, particularly in the south, were soon reduced to abide in their unroofed houses the utmost pressure of poverty and actual starvation. Yes, had it not been for the ever ready aid of England, those faithful, zealous, devoted ministers of the everlasting gospel might have been—would have been—literally *starved to death* with their wives and children. Many were nearly so, when they had sold even the last of their books, and every little article that they possessed for personal or domestic use, to purchase a scanty meal of potatoes. It could scarely have been hoped by the friends, or anticipated by the foes of the Protestant church, that through such extremity the persecuted clergy would be conducted, and again restored to their flocks, purified and made brighter by this searching fire. Yet so it was: God gave quietness, and who could make trouble? God had given commandment to bless, and who could reverse it? I was present at a meeting in Freemason's Hall, in December, 1835, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, with a large number of clergymen, noblemen and gentlemen, assembled to take into consideration the afflicted state of their brethren in Ireland. There was at the outset a decided deprecation of all political topics and allusions; but the speakers found, not excepting the venerable Primate who had enjoined such abstinence from secular topics, that it was utterly impossible to enter upon the subject before them without adverting to the plain root of the matter. The Bishop of London distinctly attributed it all to a neglect of vindicating the majesty of the laws in Ireland; and that neglect he plainly charged on the real culprits, assigning the true motive—a willingness to extinguish the Protestant church in Ireland. The effect of this meeting was very important: it cheered the spirits of God's dear suffering servants, not so much by the liberal supply of immediate temporal aid, as by the open expression of warm sympathy on the part of their English brethren. I can bear witness, for I knew the fact, that the Bishop of London laboured in their cause up to the very letter of that sweet command to do even as in similar circumstances he would that others should do unto him. He sought out information; he arranged, and made it available in the best possible manner; and he put so much heart along with his superior head into the business, that I am very sure he did far more to rescue that precious church than even he himself has any suspicion of. Our dear brethren needed encouragement, such as could only be derived from the fellowship of those who had too long seemed to look upon their calamities with a cold, distant eye; and their malicious enemies wanted the encouragement on the same ground. Their language was, "Persecute them and take them, for there is none to deliver them." So Satan suggested; but as usual he told a lie.

And now I must name one whose memory is indeed most precious to me—the late, the *last* Archbishop of Tuam. The last, through the infamous act of striking off the ten bishopricks, including those archiepiscopal sees that had existed from a date long prior to the introduction of Popery into these isles. Dr. Trench was indeed a prelate on the apostolic model:

so lovely a character I have rarely met with. Sweetness and tenderness, combined with decision the most marked and uncompromising, distinguished him. He had a pastor's heart indeed: the mind which was in Christ Jesus being in him, to the praise of the glory of that grace whereby he was so enabled to shine in his high station. His heart was in his work, and with his brethren. He loved his country with the most ardent devotion of Christian patriotism. He protested to the last against the wicked Bill of 1829, and predicted what has followed. He bent all his energies to oppose the anti-scriptural plan of national education in Ireland, which was one of the series of heavy blows aimed at Protestantism, and one of the hardest. He laboured indefatigably to spread the gospel in Irish among the native race; and from its first opening to its lamented close, my Irish church in St. Giles's was the object of his tenderest concern. His life was shortened by grief for the desolation of the Lord's vineyard in his native land; and by the shameless abandonment even of the poor guards still left against Popish assumption, which permitted the turbulent John M'Hale to parade his anti-christian and illegal exhibitions at the very gate of his palace, while the gaudy mass-house lifted its head above his modest, venerable cathedral. That beloved Archbishop is now with Christ; and most blessed is his memory in the church—most dear, and most precious to me. May the Lord grant us many like-minded with him, to stand fast in this evil day of rebuke and blasphemy!

How melancholy is the contrast presented when we turn to another Irishman, who has the name of his country ever glowing on his lip, and her best life-blood reeking on his hands! It is not possible to compute the amount of life lost by assassination alone, through the turbulent doctrines and doings that have "agitated" poor Ireland for the past twenty years, through the perseverance of one individual in seeking the accomplishment of his darling object. What that is, he best knows: what he has sacrificed to attain it, he will know in the day of judgment. What measures of success has crowned his efforts we cannot tell, unless we might venture to determine the precise nature of what he aims at. If it be to benefit his country, he has injured her more than ever any one individual had power to do in the course of a long life. If to replenish his own hoards, and to earn a conspicuous notoriety, he has accomplished it, and it only remains to render up to God an account of the blood shed to secure what cannot avail him in the day of wrath. Unquestionably the Lord has used that man to work out His own high purposes in a wonderful manner. We find him always moving so much like a puppet, that an unseen hand must surely be at the wires, whether an intermediate one between him and the Almighty cannot be known. Probably the master-spring lies in the Propaganda at Rome; but we well know, that even so the spring is wholly under HIS guidance who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. We may shudder when we look on this great apostle of all evil, rending the wounds of his poor lacerated country, and dashing from her the soothing draught of peace; but we cannot fear either him or his machinations, seeing how surely God hath set him his bounds, which he cannot pass. I never saw this man until the day when an indignant burst of right English feeling, not to be restrained by the presence of the beloved Prince Consort, prevented his voice from being heard among the honest advocates for African improvement. I saw him then, and never did I look upon a human being with feelings of such mingled horror, compassion, and disgust. Interested as I was in the abolition of negro slavery, and working with heart and hand for its accomplishment, until it pleased God to crown our efforts with success, still from the moment I heard that Daniel O'Connell had been permitted to stand forth at the anti-slavery meeting, and enrolled with acclamation as a helper in the work, I wholly withdrew from all connection with the society, and laboured alone, uncontaminated by so degrading an alliance. To estimate him aright, we must explore his bleeding country; we must number up the slain, including those who have paid on a gibbet the forfeiture of lives stained with murder, and we must follow the souls of those victims into an eternity of unutterable wo and endless despair. It is an awful thing for man to possess influence over his fellows: no

talent is so rich, none so liable to abuse, and surely none of which the Lord will more rigidly inquire how it has been applied.

It was in the year 1837 that I had the opportunity of judging how far the events subsequent to the passing of that "healing measure" in 1829 had justified the prognostications of its advocates in reference to Ireland. According to their predictions, I should have found the Established Church flourishing in the warmth of that brotherly love so freely promised by the grateful recipients of the long-sought boon, and doubly secure under the protection of their sworn amity. I should have found the Roman population peaceable, contented, every way improved; dwelling in the sweetest harmony with their Protestant neighbours, and encouraged in all loyalty by a priesthood now become the faithful liegemen of the British crown. Happily I was not disappointed, for I never expected aught but the strongest contrast to this picture, and such I found: Popery rampant, insolent, overbearing, and evidently calculating on soon possessing the land in undisturbed security: Protestantism depressed, discouraged, menaced, and barely enjoying an uncertain toleration, on the one hand from government, on the other from the mass of the Romish populace: the children of the poor removed from those scriptural schools which were rising up on all sides during my former sojourn, and placed under the power of the enemy, backed by full government patronage. I fell in with an army, marched at a great expense to the north, which alone was loyal and peaceable, to restrain the exhibition of Protestant principles and devoted attachment to the house of Brunswick; while no movement that I could discover was ever made, of military or constabulary, to intimidate the hosts of Ribbonmen who were known to assemble for preparations, the object of which was a general massacre of all but their own class. Notwithstanding, I also found the persecuted church occupying a higher hill, and shining with clearer lustre than ever before; indicating, not the approaching success of Antichrist, but the preparedness of God's people to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Of course I do not mean in mortal combat; but I do believe that the cause of Christ will never be wholly lost, even for a day, in Ireland; and whatever temporary advantage may be gained by his enemies, I believe it will be followed by the triumphing of truth in a very marked manner. The circulation of God's word has been silently going on, and its effects will show themselves in the hour of need. While the oppressed clergy maintained their posts in the face of even a dreadful death to themselves and their little ones, the work proceeded among the people; and there are tens of thousands among those now most confidently calculated on as the passive slaves of Rome, who, in the moment when their services are called for against the people of God, will openly fling off the fetter which has been privately unlocked, and show themselves on the Lord's side. None can estimate the value of the stand made by those ministers, in its bearing on the christianizing of the country. Had they flinched and failed, the work was at an end. God gave them grace to endure; and they will yet see the glorious event of their patience and faith.

At the time of my writing this letter, we are looking in breathless anxiety for the next movement among the powers of Europe, in reference to the east. Since the great blow was struck at Navarino, the drying up of the Euphrates has been progressive and without a pause. A sudden movement among the mountaineers of Syria has brought all Europe into the Land of Promise as a battle-field; and though only the preliminary alarm has yet sounded, in comparison with what is to follow, still there is a general impression even among those who would scoff at the mention of Armageddon, that in the very spot pointed out by Scripture will the great conflict of warring kingdoms take place. Blessed are they that watch!

My mind is fully impressed with the conviction that we are about to be tried by every device which Satan can put in practice against us. Every old error and delusion will now be new furbished, and presented to us in the most attractive forms, with the addition of whatever new ones can be contrived. Where shall we find security against them? I, for one, know where it is to be found. You have heard in what way the Lord has preserved

me from several snares of Socinianism, Popery, Irvingism, Puseyism; and to these I may add what would certainly have been a great evil, needless schism, in separating from the church of England because it is not altogether perfect, and joining some other communion where it is very questionable whether I should have found so much of the good, or little of the evil, as in my own. I do not take up the lofty grounds that some do: I claim no exclusive privilege for my own church over those of other countries, being Protestant. I set little by the bare succession, however apostolical; and of infallibility I believe we are all alike destitute, all alike liable to err. But I consider episcopacy to be the scriptural form of church government, and that our own comes as near the original constitution as any: I hold it the bounden, the imperative duty of the state to provide due religious teaching and public ministration of ordinances for its subjects; and when such an institution is orthodox and well ordered like ours, I consider it really displeasing to God that we should lightly separate from it. Yet should this church become imbued with the doctrines set forth by the Oxford Tractarians, and require from her members a recognition of them as true, I would shake the dust from my feet as a testimony against her, and go forth to worship God according to my conscience; and according to the real spirit of that same church which would have falsely denied herself.

It was my blessed privilege, four years since, to abridge into two moderate sized volumes the English Martyrology, as recorded by Foxe. In the progress of this work I became better acquainted with the true doctrines of the Reformation than ever before: I compared them as I am wont to do everything, with what God has revealed; and I am satisfied that they are perfectly accordant with scripture: if they were not so, I would reject them. By the same standard let us prove all things, that we may hold fast to that which is good.

I have not particularized the trial of my scriptural principles when exposed for a short time to the pernicious doctrines of a subtile and persuasive antinomian teacher. At first he only appeared to me to insist very strenuously on the doctrine of free, sovereign grace; and greatly to magnify God in the saving of souls, wholly independent of aught that man can do: but a little farther investigation convinced me that the vilest system of moral licentiousness might be built on such a foundation as he laid; and I found the discourses of Peter and of Paul, as recorded in the Acts, especially conclusive against his perverted notions. It is a most deadly thing, this antinomianism; and I believe all extremes in doctrines where good men have much differed to be dangerous; while at the same time they are very deluding, for we all love to go far in an argument, or under the influence of party spirit.

Another ordeal, but one of much less pain in discussion, was found in the inviting aspect imparted by the irreproachable lives and amiable dispositions of the Friends, to their peculiar mode of thinking. Without any direct attempt at proselytizing, some of them made their religion very attractive to me, before I was at all well grounded and settled. On examination however, of their positions, by the aid of scripture alone, I found them, according to my belief, untenable, as regards the rejection of the sacraments, and other minor points. I would deprecate the reading of books, in such cases, beyond the plainest statement of what the party inviting us to join them really hold; and this I would bring to the safe test of God's word, examined *as a whole*, at least the New Testament, in reference to that particular point. Prayer; humble, earnest, diligent, persevering, must accompany the labour, or it will be worse than lost.

Of myself, I have now no more to say than that "by the help of my God I continue to this day," anxiously desirous to devote my little talent to his service, as he may graciously permit. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel, but counted it a privilege to labour with my hands and head, for myself and for those most dear to me. Many trials, various and sharp, have been my portion: but they are passed away, and if I have not enlarged upon them it is from no reluctance to declare all the Lord's wonderful doings, but from a desire to avoid speaking harshly of those who are departed. The Lord has accepted at my hand one offering, in the case of the precious dumb boy, received into glory through his rich blessing

on my efforts: and he mercifully gives me to see the welfare of two others, committed to me as the offspring of my brother, over whose early years I have been permitted to watch, and in whose growing prosperity my heart can rejoice. He has been a very gracious Master to me; he has dealt very bountifully, and given me now the abundance of domestic peace, with the light of his countenance to gladden my happy home. Yet the brightest beam that falls upon it is the anticipation of that burst of glory when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, to reign in righteousness over the world that shall soon, very soon, acknowledge him the universal, eternal King: and the most fervent aspiration my heart desires to utter is the response to his promise of a speedy advent. "Even so, Lord Jesus: come quickly! Amen."

OSRIC,

A MISSIONARY TALE.

CANTO I.

'Tis eve:—ascending high, the ocean storm
Spreads in dark volumes his portentous form;
His hollow breezes, bursting from the clouds,
Distend the sail, and whistle through the shrouds.
Roused by the note of elemental strife,
The swelling waters tremble into life;
Lo! through the tumult of the dashing spray,
The storm beat vessel labours on her way.
With bending mast, rent sail, and straining sides,
High on the foaming precipice she rides,
Then reeling onward with descending prow,
In giddy sweep, glides to the gulf below:
Her fragile form conflicting billows rock,
Her timbers echo to the frequent shock,
While bursting o'er the deck, each roaring wave
Bears some new victim to a hideous grave.
The voice of thunder rides upon the blast,
And the blue death-fire plays around the mast:
Beneath the pennon of a riven sail,
That vessel drives, abandoned to the gale.
Above, more darkly frowns the brow of night,
Beneath, the waters glow more fiercely bright;
Ploughing a track of mingled foam and fire,
Fast flies the ship before the tempest's ire,
While reeling to and fro the hapless crew
Gaze on the wild abyss, and shudder at the view.

Dread was the night: but oh! how doubly dread
That scene, displayed through morning's dusky red.
There, where her headlong course the vessel bends,
One rugged line of frowning rocks ascends,
In giant height magnificently steep,
They rear their towering forms above the deep;
Wild and fantastic, bleak and black they rise,
And pile their mighty masses to the skies:
No friendly port that awful wall divides,
But one impervious bulwark spurns the tides.

To heap new horrors on the yawning grave,
A bounding iceberg glitters on the wave:
In wild dismay the mimic town they near,
Where lofty spires and pinnacles appear:
High and majestic gleams its snow-capped head,
And wide beneath the main its fatal base is spread.

Retiring at the glance of cheerful day,
Far to the west the tempest rolls away,
Yet, with faint hands and sinking hearts, the crew
Resume their posts, and trim the ship anew,
For still the frozen isle, with threatening sweep,
Hangs on their path and thunders through the deep,
Pursues with giant speed its rolling way,
And seems to nod upon the destined prey.
Her doom is past—heaved on the icy rock,
She strikes, and staggers from the thrilling shock:
The glassy base no kind support affords,
While waves rush fiercely through the severed boards;
Foundering apace, with tottering hull she floats
A moment—they have loosed the ready boats:—
In mute despair they gaze upon the wreck,
As playful billows gambol o'er her deck;
One cry of desolation echoes loud,
While sinks the stately mast wrapped in a liquid shroud.

They strain the oars, and spread their puny sails,
To catch the breathing of the softened gales:
Coasting all day along the rocky shore,
Some opening creek for shelter to explore,
Deeming that wild and rugged steep must own
An inlet to Columbia's mountain throne.
As fades the day, the angry breakers rise,
And many an echo to their roar replies;
Drear is the sound, and wild the rustling breeze,
They furl the sail, the diving oar they seize—

In vain—for, hurled upon the ruthless stone,
One boat, with all her little band, is gone!
Through the unclouded azure of the sky,
Resplendent and full-orbed the moon rides high;
But bitter is the wind, and in the wave
The toil-worn seamen view their destined grave;
Behind the summit of a towering height,
Pale Cynthia veils her from the piteous sight;
While a curled billow rears his crest of pride,
And whelms the last frail bark beneath the tide.

"Mysterious Fate! O wherefore dost thou give
A wretch, so thankless for thy grace, to live?
O'er the fond sire, the spouse of faithful soul,
The duteous son, those spreading waters roll:
Why check thy proud repast, insatiate sea?
Why waste this idle clemency on me?"
So spake the sole survivor of the train
Whose breathless forms were tossed upon the main;
From the tall rock the wide expanse he viewed,
And thus his melancholy theme pursued:—
"There rode our gallant ship, while flattering gales
The painted streamers kissed, and fanned the sails;
There, round her path, the wanton waves would play,
The ready vassals of her prosperous way.
Ocean, thou art the world's epitome,
Its friendship and its faith reside in thee;
When Fortune's favouring breezes ceased to blow,
Dark grew thy face, and stern thy ruffled brow,
Those very tides that bent beneath her tread,
Roll in exulting malice o'er her head."

A passing smile of bitter irony
Gleamed, as his front was lifted to the sky—
"And thou, O fickle Moon, that roll'st above,
Thy wandering splendour is the light of love;
How sweetly on our peaceful track, erewhile,
Shone the soft ray of that endearing smile!
But where, kind Goddess, was thy silver beam
When the rock frowned, and death was in the stream?"

And who was he, in dark and thankless mood,
Who lone above the frothy surges stood?
His soul had early writhed beneath the smart
Of base ingratitude, and treacherous art;
But late surrounded by a listening throng,
Theme of the sage's pen, the poet's song;
Best of the good. and boldest of the brave,
Then, a forgotten exile on the wave;
And now, to name, to home, to country lost,
A cast-away upon a desert coast!
'Tis on the fairest bud, the tenderest flower,
The canker-worm displays its venomed power;
'Tis on the mighty oak, the spreading ash,
The thunder-bolt is hurled, and bent the flash.
No longer smiles the flower in beauteous bloom,
Yet its torn fragments breathe a rich perfume:—
Lopped are the boughs, and gone the robes of green,
But still the towering trunk speaks what the tree has been.

Osric had felt the arrow in his heart,
And proudly rose, superior to the smart;
Still, in the glances of his eagle eye,
Shone inward peace, and calm philosophy;
By temperance nurtured, on his native soil,
His hardy frame defied disease and toil:—
Oft when luxurious viands steamed around,
The hermits fare his simple meal had crowned;
He knew the wants of nature to supply,
Those wants unsatisfied, to smile and die.

What lacked he yet?—he lacked the heaven-taught lore,
Prospering to bend, and chastened to adore.
His pliant mind in philosophic schools,
Was warped to systems formed by specious rules;
With reason's dim, unaided eye, he saw
Creation swayed by one unchanging law;
Evil and good promiscuously he found;
Rapture and woe trod their alternate round—
Man seemed the sport of Fortune, made in vain,
His life, a bark launched on the treacherous main;
Reason his pilot, fickle chance the breeze,
Death the sole port on those uncertain seas;
Thence, landing on an undiscovered shore,
The disembodied spirit might explore
Regions, in more than earthly splendour bright,
Or scenes of darkness, and eternal night;
But all was wrapped in one mysterious shroud,
Nor reason's keenest gaze could pierce the cloud.

Yet deemed he not but some Eternal Cause
Formed the high scheme, and fixed the won-d'rous laws;
Wheeled the round earth, upon her viewless pole,
And gave the planetary spheres to roll;
Called Nature blooming from her annual grave,
Swelled the dark tide, and curbed the rising wave;
Gave man the soul that sparkles in his eye,
And formed that soul for immortality:
Creator infinite, and Judge alone,
This God should summon them before his throne,
And speak a doom of bliss or woe on all,
Equal and just, and fixed beyond recal.
Yet more, he knew that, pitying mortal woe,
God's Son, incarnate, had sojourned below;

Had lived in poverty, and guiltless died,
For wretched man some blessing to provide.
But darkly were these living truths impressed,
With dubious outline, upon Osric's breast.

What marvel, then, God's work so faintly known,
Osric should rest his hope upon his own,
And build a towering castle on the sand,
And glory in the labours of his hand?
But clouds unlooked-for veil his summer skies,
The rain descends, the stormy winds arise,
And wave succeeding wave must yet assail,
Ere the strong fabric of his hope shall fail,
Show him the vengeance of a righteous God,
And leave him shelterless beneath the rod;
While the stern voice of Justice, from the sky,
Proclaims, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Ask not the long dark story of his woes,
But view the sufferer, wrapped in sweet repose.
Beneath a crag, with dripping sea-weed hung,
His weary frame the cast-away hath flung;
Ev'n ruthless Memory slumbers o'er the tale,
And Fancy's unsubstantial mockeries fail;
No longer summoned by her idle wand,
Unreal phantoms live at her command—
Shadows of joys for ever passed away,
Mistrustful bodings of the coming day,
Or visionary bliss that Reason spurns,
Though the fond heart to such illusion turns
As deadly like the sun's untempered ray,
Strike to the brain, and while they dazzle slay:
Quaffing unseen the moisture that supplies
Life's fragile stem, they dance, while the poor victim dies.
But all were banished now, and slumber spread
Her darkest, dreamless mantle, o'er his head,
Till morning's ray gleamed o'er the gilded wave,
And cheered the rude apartment of his cave.
The sunbeam resting on the sleeper's eye,
Bade him arise to life and memory:
He felt that strange, mysterious, waking pain
That thrills the heart, and presses on the brain,
When some deep anguish of the former night,
But half remembered, floats before the sight;
The sickening soul turns inward from the view
Of deprivations terrible and new—
A loved-one whose expiring sigh is o'er,
Or living, parted—to return no more.

Osric arose, and gazed upon the scene,
No vestige told where death had lately been;
No corpse was cast upon the stony steep;
No wreck appeared upon the azure deep;
The wind was hushed, and leisurely the wave
Rolled, with soft dirges, o'er the seaman's grave:
And lo! he sees the fatal iceberg ride,
With languid motion stealing o'er the tide.
Wonder and grief with admiration swell,
While his moist eyes upon its movements dwell;
It seemed as broken rocks and ruined towers,
Together met, were clad by snowy showers,
While here and there, a lovely palace shone
In crystal, gemmed with many a brilliant stone;
Prismatic hues, lent by the morning's ray,
In living lustre o'er its surface play;
So beauteous and so terrible, it glows
With summer tints, and frowns with winter snows.
Its frozen bulk seemed destined to retain
A giant strength, coeval with the main;
Vain thought! arrested in its proud career,
The bright destroyer paused, as smote with fear,
Trembled a space, then heaved with mighty swell,
And in ten thousand glittering fragments fell,
Self-rent, and bursting with tremendous roar,
Redoubled thunders echoed from the shore,
A whirlwind swept upon the troubled tide,
Ploughed by its wing, the sullen waves divide;
Engulfed in ocean's bed those fragments lie,
And all is tranquil sea, and cloudless sky.

One gleam of rapture broke on Osric's gloom,
"Relentless murderer! thou hast met thy doom."
Accents low-breathed now fell upon his ear,
The voice was foreign, and the speaker near.
The sudden sound his quick attention drew,
A band of swarthy Indians met his view;
Half menacing they stood, with silent vaunt,
But what the courage of despair shall daunt?
Hunger and toil had faded Osric's eye,
Yet could not quell his inborn majesty:
Equal to him the doom, or life, or death—
His native speech he deemed were idle breath.
With brow unruffled, lips sedately closed,
On their dark visages his look reposed,
Admiring while they held their low debate,
In harsh deep accents, on the captive's fate.

Equipped for chase, yet well prepared for strife,
Each holds the hunter's spear, the warrior's knife;
A bear-skin mantle from the neck depends,
The shoulder veils, and to the knee descends;
A slighter vest, with gay embroidery graced,
In plenteous folds is gathered round the waist;
A belt was furnished by the slaughtered deer,
Where the broad axe and tomahawk appear;
While a young otter's undivided skin
Contains the hunter's simple stores within:
The garment's lower edge strong buskins meet,
And well-constructed sandals grace the feet.
Nor Europe's pale, nor Afric's sable stain,
O'er the strong features of the Indian reign;
Small, dark, and exquisitely formed, the eye
Darts forth an eager glance of scrutiny;

The long straight hair, and thin o'er-arching brow,
Are ebon black; the teeth as driven snow.
In each bold visage might our Osric trace
A semblance to the wild Egyptian race,
Or those who groaning under Egypt's rod,
Were succoured by the arm of Jacob's God.

While yet the strange and warlike group he scanned,
The seeming chief approached him from the band,
And soon, in pleased astonishment he hung
On the loved accents of his native tongue:
With speech imperfect, but in friendly tone,
The Indian bade him make his purpose known—
Unfruitful was the scene; why wander there?
What was his country? and his comrades where?
Short was the tale, and barely was it said,
Ere with rude haste the barren ground they spread.
Sweet as the manna, and the rock-born wave,
That God's free bounty in the desert gave
To famished Israel, was that simple feast
His mercy furnished for a thankless guest:
Thankless to Him whose all-sufficient care
Feeds the unthinking wanderers of the air;
Thankless to Him who snatched him from the tide,
Preserved his being, and his wants supplied.
—Their master's crib the very oxen know,
But man considers not from whom his blessings flow.

Osric in early youth had loved to store
His mind with poesy and classic lore;
With glowing hope, and ardour unsubdued,
The opening vista of the world he viewed;
From academic shades and rural bowers,
That prospect seemed a wilderness of flowers;
He tried the path that bloomed so falsely fair,
The noxious reptile and the thorn were there;
Some foul deception, or some piercing grief,
In ambush lurked behind each fragrant leaf,
And all that shone with such alluring glow,
Three words comprised—vice, vanity, and woe.
Where was the view sublime, the mighty plan,
That almost deified the soul of man?
The flame that lightened o'er the lofty page
Of Grecian poet, philosophic sage?
Was virtue from the world for ever flown,
Or only banished to some clime unknown?
Interest could wear her semblance for a while,
And Falsehood, robed like Truth, could stab and smile.
But he had seen each vizor rent away,
And their dark forms unveiled in open day,
Till heart-sick and ashamed, he half believed
The poet senseless, and the sage deceived.
Yet would the pride of his unhumbled mind
Reject a view so mean of human kind:
He hoped the arts of luxury and gain
Alone had fixed the deep unwonted stain,
And nought of foul corruption had defiled
The poor untutored offspring of the wild.
Oft had he mused on such beguiling theme,
Beside the windings of his native stream;
And exiled now from his paternal land,
Disowned by those who grew beneath his hand,
Houseless and friendless, on a foreign shore,
When the rude Indian gave his little store,
And strove, with untaught hospitable wile,
His hopes to nourish, and his woes beguile,
It seemed as Fate had spread before his view
A living proof that stamped his system true;
And while new joys his ardent soul expand,
He links his fortunes to the roving band,
With them to traverse mountain, wood, and swamp,
And seek a welcome in their distant camp.
To rest they dedicate the passing day,
To-morrow speeds them on their inland way.

In Osric's heart what strong emotions swell,
When wafting to the main his last farewell,
And when, receding from the rocky shore,
In distance he has lost the solemn roar,
And entered on a scene so wildly strange,
It seemed as magic art produced the change.

Since earliest break of morn they had pursued
A narrow pathway through the tangled wood;
In one unbroken mass above their head,
The canopy of woven boughs was spread,
So closely blended, that the noon-tide ray
Died as the glance of faint departing day.
Crossed and recrossing still on every side,
A thousand ways the endless paths divide,
That he who dared the vent'rous maze, nor knew
The secret symbols and mysterious clue,
Should in a cheerless labyrinth wander on,
Till strength and courage, hope and life were gone,
But, bold and confident, the Indian guide
Pressed on his way, and plucked the boughs aside;
Oft where he passed, his knife, with tempered blade,
In the strong bark the quick incision made;
With keen, cool eye, unhesitating tread,
Through the long day th' unvarying march he led,
And now, at evening's golden hour, they stood
Upon the farther confines of the wood.
O! never had fair Albion's bright domains,
Her fertile meadows and enamelled plains,

Her graceful hills, rich groves, and shining streams,
And harvests, ripening in autumnal beams,
Thrilled Osric's bosom with such full delight,
As the wild scene now bursting on his sight.

The farewell tints of day, retiring slow,
Reflected on a crystal surface, glow;
The sportive windings of that lake display
The pigmy harbour, and the mimic bay;
A thousand wave-born flowers, in naval pride,
Spread their broad leaves, and rest upon the tide:
Dappling the bank, in rival grace, are seen
The many coloured offspring of the green;
There the huge granite rocks abruptly rise,
And sparkle bright, in variegated dyes.
Above, dark groves their leafy honours bow,
Like nodding plumage on a warrior's brow:
The lofty cedar, and majestic pine,
And fragrant spruce, their towering shade combine:
Of giant growth, the maple spreads around,
Distilling honey from the casual wound;
The changeful beechen tree, and mellow larch,
And silver birch, that broken crag o'erarch;
The endless garland of the woodland vine,
Round each tall trunk aspires, with graceful twine,
Then flings the light festoon from spray to spray,
And bends, with playful sweep, her downward way,
Falls on the frowning precipice beneath,
And decks its rugged brow with verdant wreath,
From frequent fissure, trickling soft and slow,
The loitering streamlets whisper as they go;
A broad cascade foams down the mountain side,
Springs from the rock, and plunges in the tide.
Soft melancholy stole o'er Osric's breast,
As the fond thought arose—"here could I rest!"
And when at night the trembling moon-beam played
On the far bosom of the white cascade,
Whose mighty murmurs, half in distance drowned,
Scarce called an echo from the rocks around,
Where leafy shades expanding deep and wide,
Waved in rich contrast to the shining tide:
Oh, then he felt, as they can feel alone
Who bear some sorrow, to the world unknown,
And shun, with sickly jealousy refined,
The cold, half sympathy of human kind,
Yet fancy every idle breeze that blows,
Sighs in compassion and partakes their woes.
Dreaming of unsubstantial solace here,
They cannot rise beyond their native sphere.
Though heaven-born Mercy gives the mild command
To rest each weight upon Jehovah's hand,
Although Omnipotence would stoop to bear
Our puny burdens, and to soothe our care,
The lofty littleness of wayward man
Cleaves to his own, and scorns his Maker's plan,
Endures, with stubborn hardihood, the rod,
But hears not the appointing voice of God,
Nor listens to that long-enduring cry,
"Turn, thoughtless one—Oh wherefore wilt thou die!"

Still had the musing wanderer held his way
Beneath the spangled sky, and soothing ray,
But now, with sudden burst of splendour, blazed
The crackling pile his Indian friends had raised
To scare the prowling wolf—the crimson glow
Flashed on the lake, and dyed the mountain's brow.
Where is the beam that robed erewhile the hill
In silvery beauty? It is shining still,
But seen no more. From man's dark bosom driven,
How oft will earth-born flames chase the pure light of heaven!

The morn arose, and many a morning sun
Must rise, ere yet their changeful task be done;
To wind through woody solitudes their way,
Or bide on shadeless plains the sultry ray:
To pause, with some expansive lake in view,
And fell the tree, and form the slight canoe,
Launch that frail bark upon the level tide,
And fleeter than the circling swallow glide;
Then draw their vessel to the farther strand,
Poise its light form, and bear it o'er the land.
With panting breath and weary foot, to climb
Where more than Alpine summits tower sublime;
Or, with deliberate, cautious step, to pass
The verdant treachery of the deep morass,
Where flowers, in wild uncultured beauty blow,
To shade the watery death that yawns below;
Fed by the liquid store, they shoot on high,
To court the gaze of an unclouded sky,
And tints so glowing, forms so passing fair,
Had never crowned the florist's choice parterre;
So frail the sod that bears those living gems,
It trembles underneath their waving stems,
Where snakes, in vest of painted armour gay,
Amid the glossy foliage glide away:
The humming-bird steals to the flower's embrace,
Loveliest and least of all the feathered race,
Reclined in silken bells, concealed from view,
Feasts on perfume, and sips the honied dew,
Then spreads the azure wing, and tiny crest,
And seems a blossom severed from the rest,
And stolen by the breeze, who came to bear
Some velvet trophy from a scene so fair

Such was the morn, and when the closing night
Called from repose the winged bands of light,
The sparkling fire-fly tribes, and bade them rise
A brilliant transcript of the starry skies,
Spangling the leaf, and sporting round the flower,
Cheering, with mimic ray, the moonless hour,
While here the ruby, there the topaz glowed,
And emerald tints a glassy lustre showed;
Where, darting through the gloom, they rose on high,
As bearing some mysterious embassy
To distant shrubs, and o'er the glittering plain
Returned, in busy idleness again;
A scene so wild, so beautiful, so new,
And so intangible—to Osric's view
It seemed the very book of fate displayed,
Destruction's self in witchery arrayed;
And all the sullen joy the cynic knows
Shone in his eye, as rapid thoughts arose
Of flowery snares, that lure mankind to pass
O'er the deep hollows of the world's morass
Where noiseless ruin unsuspected lies
To watch her victim and secure the prize.

The Indian guide, Ayuta, long had sate
In solemn councils, skilled in deep debate;
For wily prudence famed, by close intrigue
To form with stronger tribes the favouring league;—
Oft when some angry nation came from far,
To lift the ruthless tomahawk of war,
Ayuta's policy would calm the breast,
And smoothly lull the rising storm to rest,
Above the dreadful hatchet close the ground,
And hand the calumet of peace around.
His fluent tongue could echo every tone
And call each various dialect its own;
Nor could the eye of keen observance trace
One changeful passion in his studious face.
Late had he travelled through the eastern lands,
Long colonized by European bands,
And when in woods of game their journey lay,
And wide dispersed, the hunters sought their prey,
Ayuta would recline by Osric's side,
Where the dark spruce a fragrant shade supplied,
And tell how first to that unconquered shore
A floating house the white invaders bore,
Who craved a shelter from the piercing gale,
Till Spring's young breath should waft their homeward sail.
Preserved by Indian pity, they surveyed
The goodly land, and their kind hosts betrayed.
Departing with the Spring, ere Autumn fell,
Once more upon the coast their streamers swell,
A various crew; by numbers bolder grown,
They claimed a tract of country for their own,
And when repulsed, from tubes with sulphurous breath
Their bursting thunder roared and scattered death.
Back to his woods the fear-struck native fled,
Whose labyrinths long defied the stranger's tread;
While these, increasing to a countless band,
Spread deep and wide, and triumphed o'er the land.
To ampler bounds their growing hosts aspire,
While far, and farther still, the hapless tribes retire.
Remote from ocean, toward the rosy west,
A mighty space the Indian yet possessed,
And leagued in amity the nations stood,
To guard the spreading lake, the sheltering wood;
Should rival chiefs, in their sequestered dell,
Bid the wild war-whoop for a moment swell
The evil impulse of the white man came
To rive the wound, recal the dying flame:
His cruel wile by sad observance known,
First to divide, then conquer each alone.
But the Great Spirit, foe to wrong and ill,
Loved his red children, and preserved them still.

So told the chief.—Through Osric's every vein,
Resentful pity thrilled, and stern disdain:
"These are thy trophies, proud, enlightened man;
This is thy high design, thy generous plan;
This grateful meed the artless Indian won,
By Christian piety these deeds are done!
Far nobler light illumed the savage breast,
That unsuspecting warmed a viperous guest,
Than spread religion's pageant o'er the sod,
Where ruffian's ravaged in the name of God!"

Thus vaunts Philosophy; but deems she right?
Can deeds of darkness robe the sons of light?
Religion owns them not who bear the brand
Of Mammon on their front, and in their hand;
Go, view the record—he may run who reads—
What says it? "Ye shall ken them by their deeds."
O who can tell the horrors of their lot,
When the stern Judge exclaims, "I know ye not!"
Woe, double woe, be to the souls that lay
A stumbling-stone across a brother's way!
Woe, treble woe, to those who give a theme
That bids the vaunting enemy blaspheme,
While deeds of rage, and avarice, and shame,
Mar the sweet savour of the Christian name!

A mountain's brow the travellers had won,
And lo! their weary pilgrimage was done.

Borne from the deep recesses of the glen,
Ascending sounds told the abode of men;
And there, o'ercanopied with living green,
Low and uncouth, the Indian huts were seen,
Where lofty pine, and oak with ample breast,
Enclosed in guardian care each feebler guest.
Of conic form the lowly dwellings stood,
Detached and scattered through the sheltering wood,
Built of rude stems, with beechen bark o'erlaid,
And boughs yet mantled in their leafy shade.
A broad, deep river, bending to the right,
Swelled in a lake, and rounded on the sight.
Beyond the spacious stream blue mountains rose,
Stretched in the majesty of calm repose.

The scene was nature's own, and wild, as man
Had feared to trespass on creation's plan:
No patient hand had smoothed the rugged soil,
No harvest crowned the labourer's early toil;
Though female industry perchance might raise
On vacant spot, some patch of yellow maize,
Slight care to these the untaught farmer gave:
Canoes unnumbered dancing on the wave,
And nets of curious work, spread forth to dry,
Told where the Indian gained his best supply;
While hunting-spears, and trophies of the chase,
The rude interior of each dwelling grace.

When day's last beam was fading from the west,
Ayuta's hut received his willing guest;
With native fare the rugged board was spread,
And fragrant leaves composed the stranger's bed.
Visions of peace on Osric's fancy stole;
A current of unruffled years to roll,
Calm as the stream that softly murmured near,
And soothed, with plaintive note, his dreaming ear.
Free as the zephyr of the wood, that swept
The open hut, and fanned him while he slept.
And let him sleep—such visionary theme
May best befit the fabric of a dream.

CANTO II.

Where'er thine eye can turn, or foe can tread,
Behold, O man! the books of knowledge spread.
Thy reason cons the lesson they impart,
But God alone can grave it on thy heart.
Thou seest the blossom open to the day,
Bloom for a little space, and fade away;
Thou seest the verdant leaf, like silken vest,
Clothe the dark tree, and shade the songster's nest,
Then pine and perish.—Not a breeze can blow
But tells thee all is vanity below,
While, rending some poor insect's web away,
It mars the labour of a summer day.
That breeze, if tainted by infected breath,
May to thy bosom waft the seeds of death;
Or, swelled by angry storms, the ocean sweep,
And whelm thy trusted treasures in the deep.

In vain the page of wisdom courts thine eyes—
Though always learning, thou art never wise
While all is changing, waning, dying round,
Thou dream'st some favourite spot may yet be found,
Where cloudless suns on flowers unfading shine,
To form a perfect lot, and that be thine.
Welcome each vision folly can pourtray,
So it beguile thee of the passing day,
Hide from thy guilty sight the threatening rod,
And drown that awful cry, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

How sped our Osric, in his ardent chace
Of virtuous bliss among the savage race?
The fleeting hours of summer-bloom are past,
And winter's dreariest night approaches fast;
The camp is black with wreaths of eddying smoke,
And tempests whistle through the leafless oak,
Rocking the hut where Osric courts repose,
A death-doomed captive, guarded by his foes.

Long had he basked beneath the specious smile
Of Indian faith, nor deemed the friendship guile.
He wore their garb, and bent his towering thought
To each rude task his wild instructors taught.
Farewell the polished lore of Rome and Greece!
The dance of war, the calumet of peace,
The rapid chace, the archer's deadly aim,
Divide his moments and his efforts claim.
On each traditionary tale that tells
Of Indian deeds, his pleased attention dwells,
While his eventful years of sorrow seem
A passing thought, a half forgotten dream.

Yet one there was, who, with prophetic fear,
Would breathe the frequent caution in his ear;
And Osric marvelled when young Zaila spoke
Of reeds that bowed beneath the hand, and broke;
Of icy plains formed on the level wave,
That tempt the step, then yield a liquid grave;
While the keen glance of her expressive eye
Would in mute eloquence the tale apply.

An aged chief had mourned a valiant son,
And now in Zaila blessed his only one;

The brightest plumage he would cull, to deck
The raven hair that flowed upon her neck;
The costly bead and precious metal graced
Her well-turned arm; and bound her slender waist;
But Nature's hand, more bounteous than his own,
The spell of beauty round the maid had thrown.
Upon her brow, in simple majesty,
Peace reigned, and meekness in her downcast eye;
A pensive contemplation marked her mien,
As though she communed with a world unseen.
And Osric heard the sigh, and saw the tear,
When vice or folly urged their wild career;
And oft her firm rebuke their madness quelled,
If not convinced, yet humbled and repelled.

Months rolled away; and still Ayuta's guest
Abode in peace, confiding and caressed.
At length an embassy from far appears,
Of chiefs in war renowned, and sage with years,
The leaders of the camp in council meet,
With solemn words of amity to greet
The martial tribe, whose measured steps are led
Where mats and skins, in circling order spread,
Receive their wearied frames. With looks profound,
Silent and motionless, they sat around:
The vapour of the peaceful pipe arose,
And Osric, fearless of impending woes,
Pleased with the novel scene, attentive viewed
The savage pomp displayed by men so rude.

The elder chieftain of the stranger band
Rose, with a belt of wampum in his hand,
Of doubtful hue, as though his nation's mind
To peace or war was equally inclined.
Grave was his gesture, and his accent slow,
Calm wisdom reigned upon his furrowed brow,
Though half-quelled flashes from his eagle eye
Bespoke a spirit martial, stern, and high.
The steady curb of politic control
Restrained the swell of an impatient soul.

"Tribe of the valley! harken and behold—
This wampum-belt fraternal hands unfold,
In token that your brethren of the hill
With ancient amity would greet ye still.
When yonder sun rose from the briny deep,
He saw our steps descend our native steep,
And when he sank beneath the mount again,
He left us journeying o'er the dreary plain:
Rising and falling, still from day to day,
He marked us pacing on our lengthened way.
Our feet have bent the grass, impressed the sand,
Been laved by streams, bruised by the stony strand—
And wherefore this? Brethren, a voice was borne
On the strong breezes of the opening morn;
It told of leagues, and calumets of peace
With white invaders; of your camp's increase
By foreign bands. We credit not the tale:
We love our younger brethren of the vale,
But fear them not. Behold! your choice is free
To raise the tomahawk, or plant the tree."

He said, and waving his uplifted hand,
With dauntless eye surveyed the circling band,
Resumed his matted seat, and calmly spread
His wampum strings, of sable, white and red.
Short was the silence, for Ayuta stood,
With looks of peace, and their attention wooed:
Breathing, in terms of long accustomed art,
The guileful purpose of his faithless heart.

"Fathers, attend—your ancient brethren view—
Your hills have echoed to a voice untrue:
Not ours the deed to give a treacherous hand,
And greet the foreign spoilers of the land,
Who pluck the rose that decks our Indian ground,
And with the naked thorns its master wound;
A morning mist hath led your mind astray,
The sun shall rise, and darkness fade away.
Behold a stranger of that evil race
Who hunt our nation like a beast of chase:
We lured him to the snare, we soothed his soul,
We made him joyous with the juicy bowl,
Nourished with care, and trained with Indian skill—
Lo! Fathers bear him to your distant hill;
And while his lingering death-pangs feed your view,
Confess your brethren of the vale are true.
The calumet receive, and aid our toil
To hide the hatchet in our native soil;
The peaceful tree, raised by united hands,
And fed with white man's blood, shall shade our mingled bands!"

While yet he spoke, the dark and wary foes
In double files their hapless prey enclose,
With spears and arrows pointed at his breast,
He deemed it all a vision or a jest—
Throughout his frame one chill of horror ran,
Then bitterly he smiled, "Aye, such is man!—
Strangers, ye bear the aspect and the name
Of fathers, statesmen, chiefs of conquering fame:
Can perfidy uphold, and fraud defend
A nation's glory? Will ye thus extend
The sanction of your age, your high applause,
To the foul breach of hospitable laws?
Is such dishonest triumph meet to crown
The brightness of your martial tribe's renown?

I came—no foe, in warlike garb arrayed,
Armed with the fiery tube, or burnished blade,
But a defenceless stranger, wooed to share
The social board, nor deeming it a snare."

The Chief rejoined, "Let prudence be confessed,
Rapacious wolves our peaceful camp molest;
We capture one—say, must the fact be proved,
That he, the prize, with ravening purpose, roved?
No—he's a wolf; in that his crime we trace,
He dies for crimes committed by the race.
'Tis self-defence, the same instinctive plan
That guards the reptile's nest, the home of man:
It teaches thee to spend thy fleeting breath,
Pleading for life, and us to will thy death."

Midnight arrives;—no careful hand supplies
The lingering flame, that all unnoticed dies;
Yet falling fragments yield a transient blaze,
While on the rugged hearth the fire decays,
Too feeble now to pierce the distant shade
Where the poor captive's care-worn limbs are laid.
His savage guards had watched from twilight's hour,
In all the stern security of power,
Yet wakeful and alert; each grasped the spear,
The quiver and the well-strung bow were near,
And oft a lowering glance with keen survey,
Explored the couch of skins where Osric lay.
A sullen calm had hushed the stormy swells
Of his indignant thought, and memory dwells
On many a strange vicissitude of woe,
That marked the windings of his path below.
The skeptic doubt, the glowing hope, in turn
Would cloud his soul, or bid his spirit burn.
No guiding Providence could he survey
Through the wild lab'rinth of his chequered way;
Then wherefore deem that aught of love divine
Should on his last dark hour of anguish shine,
Or bid the disembodied spirit rest
In the unclouded mansions of the blest?
Again, his conscience, unawakened saw
No flagrant breach of his Creator's law,
In his short life; yet with unsparing hand,
The scourge had followed him by sea and land,
And justice would require a blissful doom
Of peace and rapture in the world to come.
But all was speculation wild and vain
Within, and all without was feverish pain,
Rest, thou afflicted one! a Saviour's love
Hath willed thy glory in the realms above:
He girded thee, although thou hast not known
His saving strength, and He will seal thee yet His own.

Three warriors from the stranger tribe combined,
An ample guard, with false Ayuta joined.
No thought of rescue or escape had cheered
The captive's mind, no human hope appeared,
He knew their Indian watchfulness could keep
At wondrous bay the leaden wand of sleep;
But now, each fitful flash of light that played
On the dark group, their slumbering state betrayed:
With sudden start, the swarthy hand would clasp
The spear, and then relax its eager grasp;
At length Ayuta to the entrance crept;
Stretched his tall form across the door, and slept;
While, in a deep, unwonted torpor, near,
Each warrior bent upon his trusty spear,
Reclined, then sunk unconscious to the ground,
And dark oblivion spread her mantle round.
Osric beheld, and kindling, half arose
From his low couch, and gazed upon his foes;
He longed from false Ayuta's side to wrest
The knife he bore, and plunge it in his breast—
To brave the hazard of uncertain strife,
And dearly part with a devoted life.

While yet he pondered on the daring thought,
A rustling sound his quick attention caught,
From the low ragged roof—again it came,
Frequent and near—Oh for one glancing flame
To gleam upon the spot! His head he raised,
And vainly through the deepening darkness gazed;
Few moments passed, soft on his wondering eye
Shone the pure azure of a moonlight sky,
While through the breach he saw a figure bend,
And heard the words, "be silent and ascend."
A cord of solid strength is flung below,
The bending figure beckons him to go,
And could he pause? The cooling air of heaven
That kissed his brow, had new existence given—
He springs to freedom, from the gloomy cell,
And bids his sleeping guards a glad farewell.

The lonely hut, that formed his prison, stood
Midway between the camp and neighbouring wood;
Two silent guides appear, his steps to lead,
And swiftly from the haunts of man they speed;
No voice or sound the cautious stillness broke,
Till on the wood's dark confines Osric spoke—
"Ere yet we pierce the shade, your purpose say,
And whither ye conduct my dubious way?"
"To safety and to peace thou goest," replied
In gentle accent, his more youthful guide.

He started—'twas a well-remembered tone—
Yet urged again, "Nay make your object known."
"Osric! we censure not thy doubting mind,
By sad experience taught, thou know'st mankind,
And Indian faith hast proved; yet fear not now,
For treachery never lurked on Zaila's brow;
This heart abhors the wile. I set thee free—
My life upon thy safety. Follow me."

With grateful wonder, with confiding love,
He followed through the mazes of the grove,
Wrapped in a rayless gloom, so deep and dread,
Some angel seemed to guide the Maiden's tread
In the wild path, and to her timid heart
A more than mortal energy impart;
While through the dreary wilderness around
The savage howls of hungry wolves resound;
The fox barks fiercely through the trembling break,
And at their feet uncoils the hissing snake;
But onward they pursue their steadfast way,
Till, pale and feeble, gleams a distant ray;
Brighter it smiles, and soon their gladdened view
Rests on an open stream and slight canoe.
They pause, and Zaila motions with her hand
To launch the fragile bark, and leave the land:—
"Osric, farewell! thou freely may'st confide
In the firm faith of this thy future guide;
His care will lead thee to a safe retreat,
Where Christian love shall bathe thy weary feet;
And when thou offerest up thy grateful prayer,
Oh let the Indian Maid thy benediction share!"

A tear is bursting from the Wanderer's eye,
While his soothed bosom prompts the fond reply:—
"Zaila! a poor unfriended Exile gives
The only gift his wayward fortune leaves,
A heart long steeled by stern adversity,
Now won, and softened into love by thee.
O let thy unprotected steps no more
The blood-stained haunt, the faithless camp, explore,
Lest the deep thunderbolt of vengeance dread
Fall on thy gentle and defenceless head!
Share thou my lot; the Christian race will give
The means for patient industry to live;
Be mine—and sweet will seem the daily toil
That tills for Zaila the penurious soil,
Pursues the flying deer through tangled woods,
Or snares the gliding tenant of the floods.
In boyhood's days, in wild impetuous youth,
And riper years, I sought the phantom Truth;
My fancy robed a form in rainbow dyes,
And fondly chaced the visionary prize,
Till, weary of delusion, vice, and woe,
I deemed she never could reside below.
When Hope had spread her pinions to depart,
I find the treasure lodged in Zaila's heart.
Thou gav'st the caution, when my heedless ear,
Held it the language of ungenerous fear;
Thy pity came to succour and to save
The dupe who scorned thee, from a well-earned grave;—
Reject me not; my grateful soul shall rest
On the pure truth of thy unspotted breast:
Let summer friends, like summer blossoms fly—
Thy faith, an evergreen, can brave the winter sky."

The maid, unmoved, his glowing cheek surveys,
Reproach and pity mingled in her gaze;
Then from her lip the solemn accents part—
"Can such deliverance move thy stubborn heart?
Light was the risk, to drug thy treacherous foes
With drowsy herbs, and the low roof unclose;
Poor is the boon—a few uncertain years
Of lengthened progress in a vale of tears.
Thy love devote, thy praises breathe to Him
Who took the cup, kissed the o'erflowing brim,
And drained the very dregs of woe and wrath,
To save thy soul from everlasting death.
I see thou marvell'st how these wilds have heard
The joyful tidings of salvation's word—
Nay, rather blush they were not heard from thee;
Thy mind was fearless, and thy speech was free.
But no compassion in thy heart was found
For souls unnumbered perishing around,
Thy fellow-men, who drew their natal breath
In lands of darkness, and the shades of death,
Bound in the chain of ignorance and sin,
No help without, and not a hope within.
Thine had it been to see the day star rise
On the deep gloom of these benighted skies,
To lift on high the banner of the Word,
And wield with dauntless hand the Spirit's word,
Champion of heaven;—O hadst thou thus been found,
A thousand seraphs had encamped around
Thy shining path; the everlasting arms
Supported, led, and guarded thee from harms:
Yea, He who bade through every nation preach
The Gospel, and his free salvation teach,
Had been thy shield, thy counsellor, and friend,
'Lo I am with you, even to the end!'"

"Zaila, that sacred privilege is given
To holy men, the ministers of heaven;

The solemn truths of such mysterious theme
Would ill my uncommissioned lips beseem."

"Nay, rather say those truths could never rest
In the dark cell of an unholy breast.
If in thy path a bleeding wretch be found,
Wilt thou deny to staunch the flowing wound,
Nor dare with pitying hand to soothe the smart,
Because unlicensed in the healing art?
But fare thee well! may God direct thy feet
In peace and safety to a far retreat,
A sandy vale, where life's glad river flows,
A wilderness that blossoms as the rose;
'Twas there the heaven-born ray of light divine
Burst upon Zaila's soul—O may it gladden thine!"

Wondering, ashamed, and half-displeased, he stood,
Till that light form was lost within the wood,
Then slowly turned him to the stream, whose wave
To the pale ray a faint reflection gave;
The shallow boat was rocking on the tide,
And there the Indian stood, his future guide,
Whose folded hands and eye upraised, declare
The deep devotion of a mental prayer.
Unusual was the sight, and Osric saw,
With peevish scorn, half-quelled by solemn awe;
His conscience told that simple prayer was said
For him, a thankless wretch who never prayed;
And Zaila's keen reproof had lodged a dart
Of strange disquiet in his swelling heart:
To meet the humbling guest high thoughts arose,
What! should the soul that scorned a thousand foes,
That through the world, defying and defied,
Bore high the banner of unvanquished pride,
Before such puny arms that banner furl?
A praying savage and a preaching girl!
In haughty silence to the bank he drew,
A rough warm bear-skin lined the light canoe;
Gladly he stretched him on the narrow bed,
Another hide the careful Indian spread,
His little bark then hastened to unmoor,
And, nicely poising, paddled from the shore.

How sweet and soothing is the moonlight beam
That breaks the cloud, and smiles upon the stream
How soft the calm that stills a throbbing breast,
When toil and anguish yield to tranquil rest!
And oh, how pleasant is the breeze that blows
Across the cheek where new-born freedom glows!
Osric confessed the charm, and soon subside
The angry waves of discontent and pride;
Beneath the still solemnity of night,
The shifting scene, robed in a silvery light,
Presents more varied beauties to his view
Than fancy's airy pencil ever drew.
Now, swiftly gliding on their liquid way,
Through the entangling wood their progress lay,
Whose bending stems inclined from either side,
And bowed to commune o'er the darkened tide.
And now they pass, where to the struggling wave
Unwilling rocks a scanty passage gave,
And, sternly frowning, overhung the bed,
Their giant sides with rugged heather spread;
While birds of night, with heavy pinion, soar,
And, screaming, ask who dares their haunt explore.
And now, retiring to a wider bound,
The rocks in ample crescent sweep around,
A grassy lawn slopes to the river's brink,
Where graceful willows bend the head, and drink,
While fading stalks of many a flower declare
How bright the garb by summer woven there.
Enriched by frequent streams the current grows
To more majestic width, and freely flows.
But now the moon steals down the shaded sky,
And gentle sleep hath sealed the wanderer's eye.

A lovelier morning beam had never smiled,
To gild a spot so beauteous and so wild,
Than that soft ray which through the foliage broke,
And cheered the lonely scene where Osric woke.
A bank adorned with all the forest's pride,
Rose in a gradual slope on either side;
Mixed with the fir, and cedar, ever green,
Some leafless stems of oak and birch were seen,
And all the rich variety of hue
That cultivated woodlands never knew;
While dew-drops, small as clustered diamonds, gleam
Beneath the splendour of the rising beam.
With soothing sound the gurgling waters roll,
But sweeter notes along their surface stole,
When from the Indian's lip, in artless lays,
Rose to the Lord his morning hymn of praise,
Soft was the tone, not meant for mortal ear,
Too faint for earth to mark, but not for heaven to hear.
Yet Osric in such fixed attention hung,
He caught the meaning of the words he sung:—
"O Thou! who, through the perils of the night,
Hast safely brought us to the morning light,
While thousands have resigned their vital breath,
And all unsuccoured, slept the sleep of death,
Lord, what are we, that thou should'st thus display
Thy wondrous love, and guard us on our way,

Bidding the tempest of the winter cease,
And saying to the troubled waters, 'Peace!'
Touched with a feeling of our wants and woes,
Why ever thus thy pitying love disclose,
If not to lead us to a gracious throne,
To make our deeper need and sorrow known,
To mourn the curse of sin's polluting stain,
Pardon, and peace, and strengthening help to gain?
Thy covenant, O Lord, with night and day
Unbroken stands, while ages roll away;
The brighter covenant thy love hath given,
Survives this fleeting world, and reigns in heaven.
O seal that promise on our inmost soul,
There write thy law, there fix thy firm controul,
And since thy word the sweet assurance gave
That 'twas thy chosen work to seek and save,
Lord, let the Sun of righteousness arise,
With healing on his wings, to glad those darkened eyes."
He turned with gentle look, and, gazing, wept
O'er the poor wanderer, who in semblance slept.
Then the light oar with double speed he plied,
And urged his bark along the glittering tide.

Now to the stream a crisper curl was given,
And clouds were drifted o'er the face of heaven;
Deep folds of grey, tinged with a dusky red,
Above the eastern hills ascending spread;
Each following gust more piercing cold became,
Striking a painful chill through Osric's frame.
His pilot marked, with ever-watchful eye,
The quick transitions of the wave and sky,
Then spoke—"How close those gathering vapours crowd!
A tempest rides upon yon eastern cloud:
To-morrow's dawn may see an icy chain
Check this bold tide, now speeding to the main.
Now seek we some propitious spot, and form
A timely shelter 'gainst the coming storm;
Sure tokens of the falling snow appear,
A wintry visit, sudden and severe."
The first fair landing place the travellers seize,
And hide their little boat among the trees;
For Jacob (such the Indian's chosen name,
When to the sacred font erewhile he came,)
Feared lest the baffled foe might yet pursue,
And trace their cautious route by that canoe.
His careful hand his comrade then supplied
With hatchet, musket, and a bear's black hide.
A light repast they took, and onward went
To cross the wood, and climb the near ascent.
The summit gained, they find the rugged ground
With mountain-pines, and towering birch-trees crowned.
No fit retreat their anxious eyes survey,
While through the tangling shrubs they rend their way:
But downward slopes bespeak the neighbouring vale,
Whence rough and broken sounds the ear assail;
Those welcome notes rejoiced the Indian guide,
"Hear'st thou the roaring of that mountain tide?
Urge we the quick descent, secure to breathe
From our long labour in the vale beneath."

Now mingled with the stately pine, they view
The lowlier fir, and beech of changeful hue,
While in a smoother course, they lightly pass
O'er many-coloured moss, and velvet grass,
Till, issuing from the grove, in liquid light
The torrent bursts upon their dazzled sight.
Steep was the path, and wide the rocky bed
Where on their eager chace the billows sped:
Huge broken fragments in the channel lay,
To fret, but not impede its forceful way,
Above their heads the sparkling waters bound,
Then in a dark deep eddy whirl around,
Now for a tranquil space forget to rave,
Now leap another rock, and curl the foaming wave.
The countless, undiscovered springs, that rise
Among the hills, combine their large supplies
And here, engaged in never-ending race,
The dancing currents hold their noisy chace,
And seem among their native wilds to raise
Proud songs of liberty, and joyous hymns of praise;
While bowing woods, robed in eternal green,
Echo the sound, and smile upon the scene.
The rocks that scarce that headlong stream confine,
Dripping with spray, like polished marble shine;
The trees, luxuriant, wear a brighter hue,
For ever freshened by the scattered dew:
Abruptly rising from the further side,
A lofty mountain waves its leafy pride;
Th' opposing bank presents a softer shade,
A swelling hill more sparingly arrayed;
And here, in silent joy, the pilgrims stood,
Tracing the progress of the mighty flood,
Which, bounding on its way with ceaseless roar,
Passed a rude angle, and was seen no more.
Still on the breeze tumultuous murmurs rose,
Till died the cadence in a distant close.

Behind a little plain, on sloping ground,
A clump of trees the travellers' search had found,
Whose taper stems, in native order placed,
A small rude circle sheltered and embraced.
Within the narrow bound they first proceed
To clear the brushwood and intrusive weed,
Then mounting high on two inclining trees,
With straining arm each bushy top they seize,
These firmly bound present a crested dome;
And next by several paths the builders roam,

From birchen trunks the pliant rind they tear,
And spreading branches to their dwelling bear;
Wove with the circling stems, and overlaid
With moss and twisted bands, the fence was made,
While solid bark, warm, light, and water-proof,
Patched the rude fabric, and secured the roof.
Smote by the axe, the neighbouring branches shed
For fuel, wood, and leaves to form a bed.

Osric with glowing smile the dwelling eyed—
"Thus, and so soon, are nature's wants supplied!
Yet senseless man inhales the tainted breath
In crowded dens of folly, shame, and death,
And scorns the richest boons his God has given,
The simple fruits of earth, the beam of heaven,
The stately canopies of waving woods,
The solemn music of the rolling floods,
The note of feathered harmony, the rest
So dear and sacred to the reas'ning breast.
Free as the air by birth, by choice a slave,
He spurns a native throne to clasp a painted grave.
Throughout creation's wide and wondrous plan,
The speck, the blemish of the work, is man."

"And is there then," the thoughtful Indian cried,
"No balm in Gilead for the wounds of pride?
Pride is the deep-struck malady within,
The root of sorrow, and the gate of sin:
God's word was this, 'Transgress, and ye shall die;'
'Transgress, and be as gods,' the tempter's cry;
Pride heard, nor paused Jehovah's wrath to prove,
And pride rejects the message of His love.
Pride brought the ills thy hasty words condemn,
And pride hath wrought on thee to censure them.
Plain is my speech, and slight the lore I know,
Yet can my lips the latent evil show,
For long I bowed beneath the yoke of sin,
And served that tyrant lord, enthroned within;
The voice of conscience and of God defied,
In all the daring impotence of pride.
Chief of a num'rous tribe, in war renowned
My name was echoed through the lands around;
Placed on a giddy eminence I stood,
By nature bold, by men accounted good,
For from this lofty station glancing down,
My heart condemned all vices but its own,
And deemed itself a pure and hallowed spot,
A bright exception from the general blot.
But God in mercy drew me to the cross,
And shewed my richest gain to be but loss.
He bade me pray, heard the imperfect prayer,
Raised my sad soul from darkness and despair;
His hand the quickening stream of life hath given,
And fed me with the living bread from heaven
Though round my course conflicting billows roar,
He guards and guides me to the happy shore,
And gives an anchor that can never fail,
Moored to the mighty Rock, and fixed within the vail."

A glow of hope, a gleam of holy joy,
Tinged his dark cheek, and sparkled in his eye.
But now the dreary night comes on apace,
And blacker clouds the scowling sky deface,
The torrent rages with a louder swell,
And sweeping blasts th' approaching storm foretel.
Their fire the wanderers rouse, but slowly came
From the damp wood a pale reluctant flame;
Sparely they diet on their slender store,
And form with pointed stakes a nightly door,
On either side the central fire they spread,
A bear-skin mantle on each leafy bed,
Nor can the raving of the tempest keep
From lids so wearied the repose of sleep.

CANTO III.

The morning comes, but clouds of falling snow
Obscure the beam, and veil the wonted glow,
While not a feature nor a tint remains
Of all that marked the hills, the woods, the plains,
Save where between the banks of dazzling white
The rapid torrent bounds from height to height;
But dark and dingy dyes the waters bear,
The sparkling spray appears no longer fair,
For all is black, contrasted with the hue
Of glaring white that palls the sickening view.
Beneath that snowy mass the groves have sunk,
It loads the boughs, and drifts upon the trunk,
Hems round the strangers in their narrow home,
And crowns the pigmy hut with alabaster dome.
While Osric viewed the scene with pensive eye,
The Indian came, a comment to supply.
"Praise be to Him, the prayer of faith who heard,
For wind and storm fulfil his awful word,
And he alone the burdened cloud restrained,
Till thou, poor captive, hadst deliverance gained.
How had thine own, or Zaila's gentle tread,
O'er yielding snow all undiscovered sped?
How could my frail canoe the blast abide,
Or stem the fury of the storm-lashed tide?

Smooth thy bent brow, and breathe the voice of praise
To Him whose mercy crowns thy thankless days;
And spares thee yet, to learn the joyful song
Of ransomed souls that in his temple throng."

Osric rejoined, with mingled pride and shame,
"Know'st thou not, Chief, I bear the Christian name?
My earliest steps that sacred temple trod,
My lisping tongue confessed the living God,
The cross was signed upon my infant brow,
And riper judgment ratified the vow,
To Him whose will my thread of being twined,
And Him, the bleeding Saviour of mankind.
No other hope, no other faith I own,
But seek eternal life through Him alone,
For He, my righteous judge and pitying Lord,
The sin will pardon, and the good reward.
Such is the creed my native land receives,
Each tongue proclaims it, and each heart believes.
But why thine own and Zaila's faith agree
With God's pure word, I yet must learn from thee."

Now to their cold but needful task they go
To clear a pathway through the drifted snow,
And seek the cowering game in covert near,
In wildness yet, unknown to man and fear.
With interest keenly wakened, Osric eyed,
Faithful in both, his monitor and guide;
And rarely had the deep scanned book of men
Displayed a theme so worthy of his ken.
The outline of his story, slight and brief,
Shewed Jacob what he seemed, a warrior chief,
Though mantled in the simplest garb of those
Who rouse the woodland quarry from repose.
While deed and word a mellowed judgment speak.
The bloom of youth still glowed upon his cheek;
And much was there to tell of lineage high,
The bold expansive brow, the piercing eye,
The mind's deep fervor beaming from his face,
His port was majesty, his movement grace.
Sedate of look, yet o'er his smile there stole
A joyousness—the sunshine of the soul.
If glance of pride, or flash of rising ire,
Burst from the embers of a martial fire,
A moment, and 'twas gone—the harsh and rude,
By Christian love were softened and subdued:
Vanished the passing cloud of native pride,
Ere he could shake the parted locks aside,
And raise the placid brow, the beaming eye,
Stamped with the gentlest seal of meek humility.

Closed the short day, the shades of evening came,
Again they rest them by the cheerful flame,
And Osric, pleased, a deep regard bestows,
While from his comrade's lip the story flows,
How the good Shepherd in compassion sought,
And to the folds his straying Indians brought.

"My former state 'twere needless to describe;
I reigned sole chieftain of a warlike tribe,
And when I saw my nation's foes increase,
I fought, and purchased a victorious peace.
Youthful in years, but deemed in counsel sage,
Renown and power my every thought engage;
Still seeking, still of all I sought possess'd,
An aching void was yawning in my breast,
The craving of a soul that never dies,
And cannot live on earthly vanities.
While goaded by disquiet, I pursued
With feverish haste what seemed the public good,
My restless purpose, changeful as the wind,
Wore the fair garb of love to human kind.
Half deified, and ruling with his nod,
The worm Azmourai seemed a nation's god;
Applauding throngs would press upon my tread,
To war or council when the way I led,
Or bowed in impious rites my reason scorned—
Within all vile, and all without adorned.

"Such was my state when first the man of God,
Alone, unarmed, our martial valley trod.
Round his sweet home the eastern billow rolls,
But love impelled him here, the love of souls,
Not his to praise a God obscurely known,
Or with a Saviour's merits blend his own;
Not his of virtue and reward to dream,
Far other thoughts inspired his lofty theme.
He spoke of man, rebellious, ruined, lost,
His pardon purchased at a countless cost,
So dearly purchased, yet so freely given
By Him who vanquished hell and opened heaven.
He told, that as the branch, the leaf, the fruit,
All draw their being from their living root,
And severed from that root are worthless, spurned,
Bound in a bundle for the flames, and burned,
So nourished, so supported, and allied,
In Christ, their root, His branches must abide;
He, the true vine, the mystic sap conveys;
Unfed by Him the drooping bough decays;
And man's best work, in his Creator's eye,
Is but a shrivelled leaf, a dead deformity.

"'Go,' he would say, 'and in the forest near
Plant the dry polished shaft of yonder spear,
There bid the rootless stem to life expand,
And wave luxuriant branches o'er the land:
The hope were vain—closed is each pliant pore,
The circling juice revisits them no more.
By guilt dissevered from the living tree,
Through Adam's fault, so dead and dry are we;

Nor profitless alone, for tainting sin
Pollutes our lives, defiles our hearts within;
Jehovah's purity our race disclaims,
His justice dooms us to eternal flames:
But mercy hath revealed an open path,
A covert from the tempest of His wrath.'
And day by day the oft-repeated strain
We heard, 'Repent, believe, be born again.'
With inward joy I listened to the sound,
And deemed it well applied to all around;
My conscience loathed the crimes I daily saw,
My mind did homage to the moral law:
Pleased with the code that heav'n-sent preacher taught,
Oft by his side the lowly hut I sought,
Approving, while he urged his message home,
'Forsake your sins—flee from the wrath to come.'
The law and reason to my view had shown
Their deep corruptions—Satan veiled my own.

"Ardent in all my schemes, I purposed now
To plight in public my baptismal vow.
I knew a thousand voices would combine
To echo promptly back the tones of mine,
For I was loved:—my heart will not forget,
I loved them well—and well I love them yet."

While to his brow his dark-brown hands he press'd,
A stealing tear relieved the chieftain's breast,
And all the tides of troubled memory roll
In melting sadness over Osric's soul;
Short was the pause, returning peace illumed
The Indian's mind, and calmly he resumed.

"Soon to the preacher's dwelling I repaired,
Revealed my purpose, and my hope declared,
With boastful smile; I pause for his reply.
No answering hope beamed in his downcast eye:
Deep solemn thought was teeming in his look,
And strong emotion struggled while he spoke:
His form he raised, his open brow displayed,
In truth's unbending majesty arrayed,
Awful, as one commissioned from above,
Tender, as yearning with a brother's love,
Calm, as unheeding aught that man could do,
But kindling while his theme to deeper import grew.

"'I grieve, O chief, thy infant plan to blight,
Thy wish is laudable, thy purpose right,
To banish idols, and to build a shrine,
For purer worship formed, and rites divine,
And thus thy nation by example draw
To own Jehovah's name and keep his law.
And if indeed the strict command he gave
To sinful man, could justify and save;
If outward washing could remove the stain,
And blanch to pristine purity again,
My willing hand the cleansing stream should give,
My joyful lips proclaim, obey, and live;
But vain such empty rite, and vainer still,
Who deem that strict commandment they fulfil,
For though the mind assent, and call it good,
Alas! we cannot do the things we would;
For we are carnal, vile, self-sold to sin,
Offences multiply, lust wars within,
While for one tarnish of corruption's breath
The righteous law condemns, and thunders death.
O think not the baptismal stream is given,
That man by pious works may merit heaven!
I cannot cause iniquity to cease,
I will not soothe you in a treacherous peace,
Nor dare I seek my Master's fold to fill
With flocks that do not heed his voice and will
To heal a healthy soul he was not sent,
Nor call the just and righteous to repent,
Nor o'er the rags of pride to which we cling,
A veil of specious holiness to fling:
He heals the sick; He bids the outcast come
To find a welcome in his Father's home;
He clothes the naked in a spotless dress,
The garment of imputed righteousness,
And those who madly would exalt their own,
Despise the word that makes his mercy known.
Hast thou, Azmourai, through his teaching seen
That thou art sick, and naked, and unclean?
And wouldst thou come, and lead thy kindred race,
Poor helpless suppliants to the throne of grace,
And casting all self-confidence away,
Live on that unbought grace from day to day,
And seek through faith alone the blessings given,
A heart renewed, and purged from ancient leaven,
Direction for the mazy road of life,
Strength for the race and courage for the strife?
The race, the strife, where fierce malignant foes,
Unseen, shall cross thy path, thy way oppose.
If this be thy desire, my hand shall shed
Th' appointed stream upon thy favoured head,
And may the Lord before thy spirit place
The laver of regenerating grace!
May new creation to thy soul be given,
Born of the Holy Ghost, and sealed an heir of heaven!
But if thou com'st to act the trifler's part,
Content to change thy creed, but not thy heart,
If policy would make the right her own,
Ordained for penitence and faith alone,
Oh what am I, that I should dare degrade
Jehovah's mission to a sordid trade,

And with a hollow vain illusion snare
Th' immortal souls of men, that claim my deepest care!'

"Offended and amazed, I turned away,
Though with mild tone he wooed my longer stay,
Withdrawn beneath the forest's twilight shade,
His words I pondered, and myself surveyed.
I asked, could such deception dwell within?
Condemning sinners, could I cherish sin?
Dishonour and disgrace the name I loved,
And violate the law my mind approved?
The barb had struck; I felt the stern controul,
And deep conviction laboured in my soul.
My spotless fame and boasted virtues seem
The mocking shadows of a feverish dream,
My outward deed, my secret thought I saw
Weighed in the balance of a perfect law,
While conscience, bursting through the riven veil,
Viewed TEKEL written on the mounting scale.
When meted by the sinful race around,
Righteous and pure my every act was found,
But to the spirit of the law applied,
I called for rocks my guilty head to hide.
Who can declare the agonizing smart,
The keen disquiet of a sin-sick heart,
When God, the way of mercy to prepare,
Reveals the hidden nest of vipers there!
The embryo crimes that hourly spring to life,
Malice, and lust, and blasphemy, and strife,
Crush one with vig'rous hand; ere that be dead,
Another and another rears the head,
And to the tortured soul with poisoned breath,
Each whispers judgment and eternal death.

"Slowly but surely, thus the Lord withdrew
The mist of nature that obscured my view,
And many a day reluctant pride confined
From mortal eye the anguish of my mind;
Till racked and wearied with accusing thought,
Once more the slighted man of God I sought
In his far hut, whose little lonely light
Guided my footseps through the gloom of night.

"Methought that narrow spot of sacred ground
Diffused a halo of repose around,
For when I gained the meek abode of peace,
I felt the tumult in my bosom cease.
Wishing unmarked the dwelling to explore,
With noiseless step I reached th' unfastened door.
The teacher sate—upon his knee there lay
The chart that guided his mysterious way,
The word inspired:—a glimmering taper shed
Its downward ray upon the page he read,
But purer light upon his spirit beamed,
A holy joy in every feature gleamed;
And as the starry diadem of night
In ebon darkness glows more clearly bright,
That Christian's soul, illumed with peace divine,
By contrast deepened all the gloom of mine.
Anon his lifted hand he slowly spread,
And raised with sudden smile his bending head,
Full on his broad fair brow the taper shone—
I gazed and listened to the low-breathed tone;
First indistinct, then swelled in triumph high,
While expectation sparkled in his eye.

"'Lord of all lords, of kings the mighty King!
Saviour, to thee the lands shall incense bring—
Yes, from the rising to the setting flame
The Gentiles shall adore, and magnify thy name!'

"He ceased; with throbbing breast I nearer drew,
And still reluctant met his wondering view,
My humble guise his glad attention won,
Ere my o'erburdened heart the tale begun,
But oh the rapture of the smile that played
Across his furrowed cheek when all was said!
Awhile he probed the wound with needful care,
Lest aught of dark deceit might fester there;
But when he saw the self-abhorring shame
That rent my conscience, and my soul o'er-came,
While to myself my stubborn nature seemed
Too hard to melt, too vile to be redeemed;
With every winning call his mind had stored
From God's own Book, he drew me to the Lord.
'Behold the Lamb! the spotless sacrifice,
For thee He suffers, and for thee He dies!
Lo, the rich stream that murderous malice drains,
In the last drop from those exhausted veins,
Shall in a tide of mercy o'er thee roll,
And wash and purify thy guilty soul.
His dying agony thy pardon wins,
He bore thy sorrows, and sustained thy sins.
His stripes have healed thee, He was bruised to save,
For thee the Lord of life hath slumbered in the grave.
With glory fraught, behold the Conqueror rise,
While shouting seraphs throng the bending skies,
Captivity is bound in captive chains,
Vanquished are death and hell, and Jesus reigns!
For rebel man receiving gifts divine,
Hark! he invites thee: sinner, they are thine.
He makes repentance, faith, and hope thy own,
Thy pardon seals, removes the heart of stone,
And gives, while confidence and love increase,
The spirit of adoption, grace, and peace:

With God's whole armour girds thee for the fight,
And bids thee more than conquer in His might;
Steadfast through Him, thy everlasting friend,
Pledged to uphold, and keep thee to the end.
With tenderest accent thy regard he wins,—
'Come ye who groan beneath a weight of sins,
My hand shall ease ye from your labouring care,
My yoke is mild, my burden light to bear.'
Ye homeless crew, to want and woe resigned,
Naked, and poor, and hungry, maimed and blind,
No longer through the lanes and hedges tread,
Slain is the victim, and the feast is spread;
The King invites you to His royal home,
The Spirit and the Bride re-echo, come,
Let him who hears repeat the joyous sound,
Bear it, ye gales, the circling globe around!
The stream of life is flowing broad and free,
Poor parching soul, it flows to nourish thee!'

"Soothed and assured by God's unchanging word,
My fainting heart found refuge in the Lord.
And soon surrounded by the gazing crowd,
With contrite tears before the font I bowed,
Nor from the frowning throng disguised I aught
Of what Jehovah's pardoning love had wrought.
The many heard me with a stern disdain,
A few more favoured listened not in vain;
A little flock was gathered to the fold;
But rumour's voice of rising faction told.
Had I, whom conquest to my tribe endeared,
With warrior boldness at the font appeared
In regal pride, they had been lightly freed
From the frail trammels of their careless creed.
But when I bent a mourning sinner there,
My guilt and God's compassion to declare,
Fiercely against the Gospel's humbling plan
Rose all the in-born enmity of man.
Awhile in stifled murmurs they complained,
As though disgrace the Indian name had stained;
And long with every soothing word I strove
To win their souls, and to regain their love;
But now revolt grew loud—the council sate,
And discord triumphed in the hot debate:
Intestine war was nigh: the choice was mine
To yield the sceptre, or the cross resign;
The Lord forsook me not; I bade farewell
To the blue mountains and the verdant dell,
The flowery chains that bind the heart to home,—
What were they, balanced with the joys to come?
We wandered forth, a little exiled band,
And found a dwelling in a distant land.
Pilgrims and strangers on this rolling sphere,
Why seeks frail man a habitation here?
Enough—too much—if we possess a shed,
Where Jesus had no shelter for His head.
Let it, O Lord, our portion ever be
Cheerly to take the cross, and follow thee;
Content, if through the wilds of woe and pain
The power of thine arm our feebleness sustain!"

The midnight tempest raged, but all was rest
Within the patient Indian's peaceful breast;
Sleeps he not well, who knows the Lord has spread
A guard of angels round his lowly bed?
Nor smile in scorn—that thought is not allied
To erring folly or presuming pride:
Such wondrous love the word of Truth declares,
And seraphs tend upon salvation's heirs.
Seest thou a Christian, outcast and forlorn
Exposed to hatred, calumny, and scorn?
Know, though embattled worlds conspire to wound,
The angel of the Lord encamps around
That child of woe; and brings deliverance near,
In the dread moment of distressful fear.
Why doubt ye this? because the carnal mind,
By nature dark, incredulous, and blind,
Shrinks from the Gospel light that would expose
The cowering ambush of infernal foes,
And, reckless of their number, craft and rage,
Would in its own good strength the battle wage,
And dreams it yet unaided shall prevail,—
A feather warring with the driving gale!

E'en such our Osric was, and long he braved
With courage undismayed, each storm that raved,
Man was his study, nature all his book,
Whence his dark view of human kind he took,
And haughtily maintained his towering place,
The self-appointed censor of the race
But warily his comrade had supplied
With skilful hand a caustic to his pride;
He, an unlettered Indian of the wood,
On the same fancied eminence had stood,
And in the sketch that simple tale had shown
Of Jacob's mind, the wanderer viewed his own,
He strove to trace him through his blissful change,
But all was dark, and intricate, and strange.
Amid conflicting feelings, undefined,
One clear impression dwelt upon his mind;
The deed, the purport of his Indian friend
Sprung from a motive—pointed to an end—
His motive was untarnished, pure, sublime,
His object fixed beyond the grasp of time,
And all the tenor of his upright plan
To God was glory, and good-will to man—
To his own soul contentment and repose,
A life of usefulness, a tranquil close,

While more than hope seemed to his spirit given,
A calm assurance of the joys of heaven.
What was his own design? through certain woe
To chace imaginary bliss below:
His life a vision, and impervious gloom
Shrouding the wide domain beyond the tomb.

Restless he pondered through the stormy night,
And gladly hailed the welcome blush of light.
The tumult of the elements was lost
In the still, deep intensity of frost;
No swarthy clouds repelled the heav'nward view,
The pleasant vault above was clear and blue,
And half transparent shone the dancing tide,
While sparkling crystal fringed each stony side.
Now the keen frost that bound the truant spray,
Arrests the little streams that steal away,
Transfixed on rocky fragments ere they pass,
They rise in slender pinnacles of glass,
In feathery plumage seem to nod above
In wreaths depend, spread in a mimic grove,
Or fling the pigmy arch of triumph wide,
Brittle as fame, and vain as human pride.

The sharp rude air more vigorous life supplies,
Bidding the nerves contract, the spirits rise;
Emboldened now, the various game around
From covert move and try the frozen ground;
The bear unwieldy, and gigantic deer,
With cautious step at their invaders peer,
Then fleetly speed away, and as they go,
Dash from the trembling woods a storm of snow.
The startled birds from forth the branches spring,
And for new shelter spread the shivering wing;
Braced by the air, enlivened by the beam,
Gaily they float and flutter near the stream,
And yield, their little pains and pleasures o'er,
Victims to swell our travellers' needful store.
These, while pursuing their uncertain prey,
With cheerful converse sped the short-lived day,
And Osric found they journeyed to behold
The British Pastor and his Indian fold,
Who far from warring tribes a spot possess,
That piety and peace combine to bless,
A plain whose soil a rich abundance yields,
Where patient labour tills the fertile fields,
While circling hills a native bulwark raise,
And every cave resounds Jehovah's praise.

"Here Zaila, with her wounded sire had fled,
While raging foes pursued their doubtful tread;
A hunter, beating through the woods around
The fainting fugitives exhausted found,
Supplied their craving wants with glad relief,
And to the Pastor led the bleeding chief.
And as beside its captive dam, the fawn
Unshackled trips, by filial fondness drawn,
So fraught with young simplicity and grace,
His Zaila tends upon her father's pace.
The wounds were rude, and tedious was the cure,
But native courage armed him to endure,
And native stubbornness, alas! could blind,
To the clear Gospel ray that chieftain's mind.
Like the deaf adder, from the charmer's tongue,
Frowning he turned away: but Zaila hung
On every tone that sought her heart to move;
With the sweet theme of her Redeemer's love;
Yet secretly believing, she repress'd
Before her sire, the zeal that warmed her breast.
'Twas so the preacher counselled, for a while,
Until the Lord with pitying grace should smile
On prayer unceasing, that besought His might,
To turn that sinner's darkness into light.
Homeward at length he wills his way to wend
And Zaila on his step will still attend.
His stern displeasure into silence awed
The timid voice that wooed him to his God.
With lamb-like meekness bending to his frown,
She took the cross sure prelude to the crown.
Her heart was sad, yet all resigned her mien—
But wherefore thus describe what thou hast seen,
What thou hast loved?—She dwelt for many a day,
A harmless dove among the birds of prey,
And on th' unhallowed spot where Satan reigned,
A secret worshipper of Christ remained.
Thou cam'st an honoured guest, and Zaila deemed
The light revealed from heaven would then have beamed
On her dark country: for she simply thought
The white man's lip must of his God have taught.
The hope was vain—yet pity was awake
O'er thy misfortunes, for her teacher's sake;
His countryman thou wert, and well she knew
Her tribe was hollow, and their heart untrue;
Their selfish policy, unjustly wise,
Beheld in thee some future sacrifice,
And prized thee well. A secret envoy sought
Our peaceful plain, and Zaila's greeting brought;
Told of thy state, and her foreboding fear
Of treachery within, and danger near.
I came, and while our doubtful schemes were planned,
From distant hills arrived that warlike band.
'Twas Zaila freed thee. To the Lord alone
Be praise, for all the mercies He hath shown."

While side by side our hunters ranged the wood,
Bounding o'er broken rock and rolling flood,
Osric his guide with growing friendship viewed,
His mind with native dignity endued,
Affection beaming in his guileless look,
And noble candour breathing when he spoke:
The manly soul in peril undismayed,
And manners gentle as the noontide shade;

Strange to his breast was that self-righteous pride,
Unseemly boast conveying, "Stand aside,
For I am holier far." Ye favoured race,
Of faith partakers, and renewed by grace,
Take heed, lest oft ye lay a stumbling-stone
Between the sinner and a Saviour's throne;
Thankful that ye are not as others are,
The Pharisee remember, and beware.
Where should the leaven, where the light be found,
But leavening the lump, shining on darkness round?
Each blending with its contrast, each with good
Quelling the evil mind, the sullen mood:
The chilling aspect of rebuke austere
May blight the budding promise of the year.
Commend with joy, reluctantly reprove,
By sufferance win, and overcome by love.
O for the gentleness of Paul, who press'd
His wayward nurslings to a fostering breast!
Whose heart, to yearning tenderness awake,
A curse could welcome for his brethren's sake,
Excusing others, while himself he paints
The chief of sinners, and the least of saints.

Now Jacob deems, that, from obstruction freed,
The frost-bound earth invites them to proceed:
Equipments meet they hasten to prepare,
The smoke-tanned covering of the slaughtered bear,
To form a double guard from piercing cold,—
Hard pointed staves their footsteps to uphold,
Wide spreading shoes to cross the yielding snow,
Where dangerous hollows might be veiled below,
A store of flints, and pouches well supplied
With game, or newly dressed, or firmly dried.
A few short days, and they forsake the spot,
Yet turn to gaze upon their snow-capped cot,
And list once more to the enlivening sound
Of the rude waters that unheeding bound;
For tyrant winter in his sternest mood
Could never quite enchain that sportive flood.
Whence comes the pangs that Osric's heart assail?
What linked him to the narrow frozen vale?
Who taught their rugged dwelling-place to wear
Aspect so sweet? The son of peace was there;
And such the charm of heaven-descended peace,
Her breathing bids the war of passion cease
In rebel hearts that pass her quiet cell,
While half they sigh, "Here it were good to dwell!"

Now sterner tasks the travellers' strength demand,
With slippery step they mount the frozen land,
Or through the mazy forest labouring go,
Surrounded, bedded, canopied with snow.
Unequal paths deceive their sinking tread,
And crystal showers descend upon their head,
For when they pluck th' opposing branches by,
Ten thousand spars fall glittering from on high.
While from each pore the toil-drawn moisture steals,
It turns to frost: their very breath congeals;
No respite must relieve that panting breath,
They may not pause, for here repose were death;
Yet nought from Osric's lip one murmur drew,
To him 'twas welcome all, for all was new.

As evening fell, a warmer spot they found,
Where firs of fadeless green stood clustering round.
Each loaded bough its feathery freight resigns,
Bends to their will, and in a fence entwines;
They clear the narrow ground, extend the skin,
And slowly raise the lingering flame within,
Then take a short repose, and speed their way,
Long ere the mellowing east proclaims the day.
A mighty plain before their sight is spread,
Heaven's spangled arch is stretched above their head,
The moon is hovering on the distant west,
And more than half-extinguished glides to rest,
Revealing where a ridge of mountains high,
In dark, dim outline, breaks upon the sky.
Through frosty ether viewed, the stars appear
Intensely brilliant, beautiful, and near;
It seemed as that resplendent vault would show
Her new-born myriads to the world below,
The blazing orbs their shifting rays combine,
In throngs so vast, and lustre so divine.
Yet no increase was there of native light,
Ether more pure unveiled them to the sight.
So, in Jehovah's great accounting day,
When each delusive mist is purged away,
And truth, unclouded, bursts from mortal eyes,
How many to eternal joy shall rise,
And sparkle like the stars who now pursue
Their willing task obscured from public view,
And, like the stream that glides beneath the ground,
Bid the rich fruits of righteousness abound,
Themselves unseen—unnoticed they depart,
And no man lays their destiny to heart;
Yet in the Lord they rest, for they are His,
Their works shall follow to the world of bliss,
And though the earth be wrapped in endless night,
Their splendour shall abide in everlasting light.

How wistfully the mourner's tearful eye
Rests on the softness of the starry sky!
Those gentle fires, so kindly, brightly glow,
Contrasted with this cold, dark world of woe,

The pensive soul such sacred music hears
In the majestic movement of the spheres,
The wounded heart so opes to drink the balm
Distilling in this little hour of calm,
I would not bid a human voice intrude
At such mute season, with reflection rude,
But seek the Lord, in deep and silent prayer,
To meet the heavenward gaze, and fix it there,
And lead it on, by paths of man unknown,
Through the bright barrier to the brighter throne.

While countless fires above our pilgrims glow,
Unsullied whiteness veils the plain below,
A mimic sea, whose every hillock gave
The semblance of an undulating wave,
And tracks where rapid deer had ploughed their way,
Rose like a curling ridge of foamy spray.
The western hills supplied a rocky coast,
The rest was in the dim horizon lost.
It seemed a desert, where no vital breath
Could long abide; the very realm of death.
Day came and went, and night returning found
Our patient travellers near the utmost bound
Of that wide plain; Aurora's northern beam
Breaks on their path, with light and changeful gleam,
A tall and radiant column first it stood,
Whose base was resting on the darksome wood,
Then, quickly spreading on the dazzled sight,
O'er the broad heaven expands a sheet of light;
Now in a thousand forms evolving parts,
In glittering spear and blazing arrow darts,
Now in a yellow lambent flame decays,
Then emulates the sun, and sets in vivid rays.

For ever lovely and for ever new,
Oh how can nature pall upon the view!
How at her charms can sickly fashion sneer,
The worldly slight them, or the pious fear?
Though some there be, by rigid scruples taught,
To deem e'en flowers and stars with peril fraught,
Go thou, and learn of David to descry
The glories of the firmament on high,
God's works and wonders in the mighty deep,
In earth, and all that on her surface creep;
Yea, wisely ponder in thy frequent thought,
How fearfully he hath thy body wrought;
And learn of David's Son the lesson given,
In lilies of the field, and fowls of heaven:
Creation typifies redemption's plan,
God gave his marvels to be marked by man;
He who beholds them with regardless eyes,
Contemns the hand that formed them as unwise.

So thought the Indian Chief, and aptly drew
Some sweet instruction from each passing view
Philosophy and native taste combined,
Enriched with all their treasures Osric's mind,
But Jacob's spirit, taught by God alone,
With light so pure, and joy so holy shone,
Such glowing thoughts his simple faith inspired,
His wondering comrade listened and admired,
And bore unconscious witness to the word
Of holy writ, "who teacheth like the Lord?"

Succeeding suns in watery splendour rose,
Ere their long task was tending to a close.
Then smilingly the Indian spoke—"At length,
One trial more of courage and of strength
Will place us on a safe and pleasant road,
Whose windings open on our sweet abode.
To-morrow's dawn upon our sight will beam
In bright reflection from a mighty stream,
Whose frost-bound surface shall our steps uphold;
That past, three sleeps will bring us to the fold."
Short seemed the fleeting day that cheerly led
Through a thin forest their enlivened tread,
But Jacob inly trembled, when he saw
Unwelcome tokens of the humid thaw;
The crystal rind that wrapped the branches round
Bursting untouched, was strewed upon the ground,
Unwonted dew stood on the fingery leaf
Of each green spruce, as in prophetic grief,
And, for the biting breeze that shortly came,
Uneasy languor steals upon the frame.
"Haste, with redoubled speed," the Indian cried,
"This moisture will unchain the impatient tide.
A short delay, all art and strength are vain,
Our only prospect now the stream to gain,
Ere from their brittle bound the waves find vent—
No game is here—our slender stores are spent:
Onward, with speed:"—they urged their rapid way,
Nor paused for respite at the close of day;
And while the night in gloomy blackness reigned,
Wearied and sad, the river's brink they gained;
To the dark east they turned their steadfast gaze,
And, sleepless, watched to greet its lingering rays.

CANTO IV.

Abode of sin and woe, polluted earth!
Thy palaces resound with guilty mirth;
The cities echo to the mingled cries
Of lamentable want, and shameless vice;
Crime, disappointment, fear, and sorrow, stain
The rural cottage and the sylvan plain;

Unbridled cruelty, and lust, and blood,
Fix the deep dye upon the savage wood:
Sin fetters all who draw the vital breath,
And flings the captive to his follower, Death,
Who gnaws the fondest ties with ruthless fang,
Bursts the divided heart, and triumphs in the pang.

And can it be, that, to so dark a scene,
So hateful, so rebellious, so unclean,
The kind regards of pitying love are given
By the unsullied, blissful hosts of heaven?
Yes, hover o'er this dying world,
Where floats redemption's banner wide unfurled;
And when some guilty mortal turns to look
In faith on Him the sinner's form who took,
Strains of new joy through God's high dwelling sound
An angel's hymn, "A long-lost child is found!"
And when that ransomed one, with failing breath,
Bends to the stingless dart of conquered Death,
The seraph guards their dying charge enclose,
A fiery bulwark from assaulting foes.
Catch the low whisper of his parting moan,
And bear the spirit to Jehovah's throne.

That shining host in bright array were drawn,
Where Jacob waited for the early morn.
While many a brow encircled by a crown
Was racked by furies on a couch of down
The radiance of celestial peace o'erspread
The snow that pillowed the poor Indian's head;
And sweet communion with the Lord he loved
Assured his soul, and every fear removed.
Cheerly he rose, at morning's feeble beam,
And hastened to explore the treacherous stream.

In summer-tide, when light-winged zephyrs blow,
Those waters rolled majestically slow;
And, lashed by autumn's gales, with prouder force,
Yet all unruffled, held their silent course;
But when rough winter would their speed restrain,
Indignantly they spurned his frosty chain,
Rising in wrath, and swelling to oppose
The hand that seized the billows where they rose,
And fettered them in ice: the waters breathe
Their angry murmurs in the depths beneath,
And raging to resume their wonted sway,
With ceaseless friction wear the links away;
And if the humid air awhile befriend,
In fierce revolt their prison bars they rend,
Scatter the broken wrecks, and gushing rise,
With loud acclaim, to greet the favouring skies,
In triumph premature; the despot reign
Of iron frost awards a firmer chain;
But long the fissure and the gap will show
That lurking peril still abides below,
Warning the ventrous pilgrim to forbear,
Nor rashly plant a step unguarded there.

With folded arms, the pensive Indian eyed
The yet unbroken surface of the tide,
With heedful ear he caught the hollow sound,
Gazed on the heavy mist that floated round,
Then, while submission marked his placid look,
To Osric turned, and, sadly smiling, spoke:—
"Still on the water floods Jehovah reigns,
The hollow of his hand their bulk contains;
At his command they spring from depths below,
Stand when he speaks, and at his breathing flow;
'Tis He alone the pliant stream employs,
When life it nurtures, or that life destroys;
And as He wills to bind or loose the wave,
This river yields a passage or a grave.
'Tis ours with care the prudent path to choose,
His to direct, and bless the means we use;
Deliverance may attend our onward way,
Destruction surely triumphs in delay."
Now struggling in the east, the rising beam
Athwart the vapour shoots a dusky gleam,
The mist ascends, yet long the landscape shrouds
Beneath a canopy of curling clouds.
The steadfast gaze might dimly trace below
A dubious line, a broken ridge of snow;
Unequal, indistinct, that outline gave
The utmost boundary of the frozen wave:
No farther view would the dull morn unfold,
'Twas vapour all, in swelling volumes rolled.
Towers not a mountain there, in lofty grace,
While vassal clouds are floating round its base?
The mountain disappears, the clouds unite,
And new illusions mock the wearied sight,
While Jacob seeks a landmark, meet to guide
Their dark and ventrous way across the tide.

As warily along the bank they go,
The Indian spoke—"Such is man's path below!
Before his reckless foot a gulf is spread,
And mists impervious roll around his head.
No guide, no guard, through the dim maze is given,
Save the unclouded beam revealed from heaven,
And He who bade the light from darkness shine,
Has promised, 'seek it, and it shall be thine.'
That word unknown, neglected, or forgot,
Man will not seek it, for he loves it not.
Yet on he fares, self-confident and proud,
Embodies and adorns some fleeting cloud
With fancied good, gives it a sounding name,
And calls it honour, pleasure, virtue, fame,
Keeps the deceptive shadow in his eyes,
And, hopeless, in the fond illusion dies,

Dies in his sin :—as fails his struggling breath,
The armed law drives home the sting of death,
And shows the phantom he had served so well
A painted mask upon the mouth of hell.
The mighty, and the noble, and the wise,
Truth's lowly garb and simple speech despise ;
And soon, dread retribution ! such shall hear,
From mocking fiends, the everlasting jeer,
While tempting forms of glory and delight,
In gay succession, dance before their sight,
And the loud cry by withering anguish wrung,
' One liquid drop to cool this flaming tongue !'
Is answered by the fierce tormentors' jest,
And distant hallelujahs of the blest."

With sudden pause his listening friend he eyed,
" Lo, here we venture on the brittle tide !
Perchance ere yet the sun yon mist o'erpowers,
Death, judgment, and eternity are ours."
Osric undaunted smiled ; " Then farewell life,
Farewell to disappointment, pain, and strife !
Clad in a thousand forms, from day to day,
Hath the grim tyrant scowled upon my way,
And still unmoved I gazed upon his brow ;
I feared him not, nor do I fear him now.
Wedged in the ice above, or whelmed beneath,
A few short gaspings, and we cease to breathe ;
Nature, our mother, yields a peaceful grave,
And cradles us within the rocking wave ;
Our lofty funeral vault, the spacious sky,
The whispering breeze our endless lullaby.
Let thundering tempests rave in upper air,
They cannot break our quiet slumbers there,
While the slow moving finger of decay,
Defacing, steals each lineament away.
Well may the wearied frame, the care-worn breast,
Hail such serene repose, and deep unbroken rest !"

" Can dreams so wild thy parting spirit cheer?
Con wisdom's earliest lesson, learn to fear.
Is death a silent sleep, a closing night?
No, 'tis the flashing of eternal light
On the astonished soul, when rent away
From its dark tenement of breathing clay,
It launches forth on space without a bound,
Ten thousand legions of immortals round
To gaze upon the guest: a thronging band
Of stern accusers, who their prey demand,
Here spreading in our path the wily snare,
Proclaiming each forgotten trespass there.
Poor naked soul ! canst thou Jehovah meet,
In flaming fire upon the judgment seat,
When earth and ocean all their dead resign,
And trembling flee away before that face divine ?
Can thy stout heart endure, when forth is brought
The long full roll of each unhallowed thought,
Each deed of darkness, all thy words of pride,
Thy squandered time and talent misapplied ?
Know'st thou for whom expands the gulph of hell ?
For whom yon waiting bands of demons yell ?
That place, by angels and by men abhorred,
Burns for the people who forget the Lord.
Of God's presumptuous foes the common spot
Is, their Creator they remembered not.
And if a fiercer flame, a keener fang,
Be yet reserved, theirs is the trebled pang
Whose unbelief a Saviour's name withstood,
Despised His cross, and trampled on His blood.
Less wretched they of Sodom's sulph'rous fire,
Of impious Sidon, and of purple Tyre,
Than those who turn away their heedless gaze,
When Christ the banner of his love displays,
Resist the grace His striving Spirit brings,
And grovel in the mire of earthly things.
No more with dauntless front thy Maker brave,
But know thyself a sinner and a slave.
Cast down the rebel arms, and bow the knee
To Him, whose blood alone can cleanse and set thee free.

" O that the conqu'ror, with resistless hand,
Would bend that stubborn neck to His command ;
Flash on thy spirit with conviction bright,
And on thy darkness pour the fount of light !
He hath not met thee in the stormy blast,
Nor in the fire, nor rocking earthquake passed:
Perchance the whisper of the still small tone
May reach thee yet, and there the Lord be shown ;
And if thy quailing heart no more desire
To brave almighty wrath, untempered fire,
Kneel, ere the path of peril yet be trod,
And cast thy soul upon the Son of God,
Jesus, the sinner's hope." Then bending low
In the deep hollows of the softening snow,
While Osric, in despite of swelling pride,
Abashed, with head declining, knelt beside,
He prayed—" O Thou, the Everlasting One,
Thy name be hallowed, and Thy will be done.
From men below, and shining hosts above,
Eternal praise be to redeeming love !
'Tis to that love alone we make appeal,
O be it thine to pardon and to heal !
And may the spirit with unuttered groan,
Waft our weak cry to thy celestial throne,
And bid the sweet response our bosom fill,
' Fear not, thou worm, for I will help thee still.'
Be with us while we cross the treacherous stream,
And if it be thy will our lives redeem ;
But if entombed beneath the gushing wave,
Stay from the pit, and rescue from the grave,

The forfeit souls, that know no hope, no plea
But the high ransom paid, thou bleeding Lamb,
by thee."

Now with the quick despatch of anxious care
The stake they sharpen, and the thong prepare;
Broad even slips, cleft from the stoutest hide,
Selected warily, and firmly tied,
They coil, and fix upon the lengthy pole,
And soon beneath their tread the sullen waters
roll.
The Indian leads the way, his piercing eye
And cautious foot the rugged surface try,
On tiptoe raised, he drives with forceful blow
His trusty staff deep through the drifted snow;
And still the stubborn ice repeals the shock,
Unmoved, unbroken as the solid rock.
Slow but secure, they gain the central way,
And the long line of distant shore survey,
That banks the mighty stream; the stone is
bare,
And trickling waters find a channel there.
The Indian strikes, and marks with boding pain
A mourning echo rise—he strikes again,
More loud and hollow comes th' unwelcome
sound,
The ice in faint vibration trembles round,
In that still pause which ventures not to breathe
He hears the struggling current chafe beneath,
And notes that in the distance gurgling swell
A tale of deeper fear, and wilder peril tell.
Then Osric spoke, "Delay is idle here,
Speed with swift pace the sheltering shore to
near;
Brittle, but yet uncleft, the frozen plain
May the light form and rapid step sustain."
"It cannot be," the Indian cried, "for lo,
Beneath yon bank the stealing waters flow,
And infancy itself, with playful bound,
Would pierce the surface of the deep profound—
Hark to that sudden swell!" and while he
spoke,
With echoing crash the frail enclosure broke,
As smote by giant arm; it bends, divides,
And high upon the heaving waters rides.
The rugged fragments, whelmed and crushed,
and riven,
In wild confusion by the torrent driven,
From many a scattered heap, and fresh be-
tween,
Bending their circling course, the victor waves
are seen.
The giddy wrecks opposing currents hurl,
Tossed on the tide, and swallowed in the whirl.

Now elemental war is raging loud,
A storm of hail breaks from the sweeping cloud,
That blinding deluge hides the friendly shore,
Beats on the rattling ice, and swells the roar.
Still had our pilgrims' firmer wedge withstood
The fierce assault of each succeeding flood,
Though angry waters, raving as they pass,
Tear the thin edge from the diminished mass,
But hark! a louder crash—and gliding slow,
Borne on the rolling cataract they go,
Poising their frozen raft, which, deep and wide,
Unwilling floats upon the conquering tide.
No word they spoke; for who shall utterance
dare
When God's tremendous outstretched arm is
bare?
When He in thunder speaks his sovereign will,
Man, lordly man, must tremble, and be still.
And still are they: in awful pause they stand
Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's hand,
Which girds them round, and holds at fearful
bay
The spirits of the deep, that clamour for their
prey.
On goes the crystal bark, with gratings hoarse,
An unseen pilot guides its reeling course;
In vain the roaring waters chafe around,
In vain the frequent wreck, with thund'ring
sound,
Is dashed and rent upon its plunging sides;
The wave it masters, and the shock derides,
The adamantine keel, with changeless form,
Still cuts a broad dark furrow through the storm.

The clouds, disburthened of their liquid store,
Receding now, unveil the welcome shore,
And brighter beams to the glad sight display
The firm enclosure of an icy bay,
Where all subdued a limped current glides,
To lave with silent stream the massive sides.
Across their way the friendly crescent bends,
And an arresting arm so wide extends,
They cannot fail, when slowly drifting nigh,
By one bold feat to gain the land and liberty.

Each sparkling glance the glowing thought
bespeaks,
And Hope's young smile half dimples on their
cheeks;
But far that spreading bay and shore appear,
And succour is remote, and danger near;
For still the fretful eddies wheel around,
The waters gush, the whirling fragments bound,
And the choked stream still threatens to delay
Their labouring course, and bar their onward
way.
And now the raft is turned with wavering
sweep,
And now it rests, among a shapeless heap
Of frozen wrecks, in thick disorder piled,
Rising like mountain-crags, abrupt and wild,
And forming, as by sight unpractised scanned,
A rude but solid pathway to the land.

Then first the voice of man unfettered broke
Through the loud wat'ry tumult, Osric spoke—
"Amid the choice of perils how decide?
To scale this rocky bridge, or here abide?
Yon tumbling spars, that crowd with clashing din,
Ere long shall wedge our brittle bulwark in,
And lingering death ensues;—what brave we more
Than speedier death, if hasting to the shore?"

"Tempt not that faithless bridge!—the shattered mass
Will part and plunge thee headlong ere thou pass.
Fresh eddies shall engulf, and currents strew
Those lesser blocks of ice, and thus renew
Our slow but certain progress: here abide
With patient mind; the Lord will yet provide."

"Then rest thou here, and mark while I explore
Yon path, inviting to the recky shore;
If haply thou behold'st me rescued there,
Then follow me, and if I fall forbear.
Oppose me not:—bold enterprize may gain
The meed that timid caution seeks in vain;
Or failing, this unfruitful life of mine
Shall be a willing forfeiture for thine,
Blest to preserve thy being's useful span:
Azmourai, Jacob, true to God and man,
Farewell!"—and bounding o'er the narrow deep,
With venturous step he mounts the frozen heap.

The Indian marks the deed with flushing brow,
"And shall I pause, and see thee perish now?
In darkest peril Zaila's charge forsake?
Gen'rous and rash! thy doom I must partake."
His heavy mantle at his feet he flings,
Poising his staff aloft, and lightly springs.
Fleet as the mountain goat he bounds along,
And hurls with nervous arm the whizzing thong
In Osric's path: he turns his wond'ring view
Where the bold Indian's steps his course pursue,
Who passing, smiles, "Subdue thy roving pride,
And deign to follow:—I am still thy guide."

Through the wide maze their winding path they wreathe,
The loose, unsteady fragments quake beneath;
And from their base the growling murmurs creep,
As roused unwilling from a short-lived sleep.
And now they glide afar, and parting show
The wild and gloomy gulfs that gape below,
Unlike the frozen raft, a glassy field,
Those rolling blocks no equal surface yield,
Awhile they shine above, then dive away,
Like ocean-monsters sinking mid the spray;
And barely can the rapid step speed on,
Ere the last moment's frail support is gone.
Lo! where the panting travellers, side by side,
Press one weak block:—it breaks and they divide!
And where is Jacob? In an eddy strong,
Borne on a whirling wreck, he spins along,
And disappears. Osric with desperate leap,
Of life regardless, springs from heap to heap,
Stung by remorse, and goaded by despair,
His only wish the Indian's fate to share:—
Reckless where lies his path, each nerve he strains,
And the firm ground, unmoved and thankless, gains,
Mounting a rock, whose rising peak displays
The widest range to his impatient gaze.

Abruptly darting through his cloudy screen
The sun now breaks upon the dazzling scene,
Strews rainbow tints upon the crystal wrecks,
And with a silvery foil the water decks.
Nor tint nor beam was fair to Osric's view,
One lone dark speck his fixed attention drew:
And is it life? or doth fond fancy give
Creative power, to bid that object live?
It moves—it heaves;—down from the rock's moist side
Once more he launches on the imprisoned tide,
That bears him well, and still the cheering ray
Illumes and guides him on his eager way,
To where with pallid brow and gasping breath,
The Indian meekly waits the barb of death.
Rent in the mighty crash, that spot reveals
Where through a narrow cleft the water sleals,
And here a transient rest the Chieftain found
From his wild conflict with the waves around;
For long with dauntless mind and daring hand,
He bore them down, and struggled for the land;
By wary skill oft shunned th' impending blow,
Bent the wide circuit round, or dived below;
And oft to board that frozen plain essayed,
But still the brittle verge his grasp betrayed,
And mocked his hope; till, wounded and o'erspent,
He gained the sheltering creek that fissure lent.
Firm in his teeth retained, the stubborn thong
Had drawn a remnant of his staff along,
And now across the narrow streamlet spread,
That rod sustains his arm and drooping head,
Propped on the solid ice; and, thus upraised,
While with calm eye on heaven's clear vault he gazed,
Yet half engulfed beneath the greedy wave,
He seemed a living tenant of the grave.

With what triumphant joy our Osric bore
His faint and wondering comrade to the shore,

Whose soul, already winged, and blithe to go,
Seemed loath to turn, and tarry yet below,
Till with reviving sense, the Wanderer's need
Within his gen'rous bosom rose to plead,
With strong appeal, while through the scattered grove
In hot impatience he beheld him rove,
And dash away the snow, and rudely seize
The quivering branches of the bending trees,
To form a bower—the silvery birch-bark peel,
And shower the hasty sparks from flashing steel,
Before the rising flame his mantle spread,
Chafe the cold limb, and smooth the rugged bed,
Disguising many a throe of boding fear
Beneath the smile of hope, the tone of cheer,
And breathless, bending with enquiring eye,
To catch the whisper of the faint reply.

So sped the day; and now the wintry King
Comes, borne by Night upon her ebon wing,
Resumes his sway despotic, and again
O'er earth and water flings the crystal chain;
And all is sleep, save in that slender bower
Where the lone pilgrims pass the wakeful hour;
Yet rest was there, and hope, and glowing joy,
And holy triumph, bliss without alloy;
The peace of him who feels his course is done,
His faith established, and the battle won,
And lightly flings the spotted garment down,
To take th' unsullied robe, the destined crown.
His dewy brow and pallid lip betray
How soon that battered frame shall melt away;
But the bright tenant lingered yet to raise
The prayer of patient faith, the note of praise,
And Osric deemed that, through the darksome night,
Heaven's shining gates stood open to his sight,
And bending seraphs listened to the tone
That breathed celestial fire, and echoed back their own.
Deep and majestic as a mighty stream,
His language bore the impress of his theme,
A lofty prelude to that thundering swell,
Where golden harps and ransomed tongues shall tell
Th' eternal praises of the great I AM,
And learn the mingled song of Moses and the Lamb.

As morning lent her pale and feeble glance,
Calm slumber sealed him in a death-like trance,
While Osric gazed upon the leaden eye,
And deemed each heavy breath the parting sigh.
But sweetly he reposed; and when the sun
Had half his short diurnal circuit run,
Once more the eye-beam shone with native fires,
That latest flash which brightens and expires.
He smiled upon his friend, and bowed to sip
The welcome draught that cooled his parching lip:—
"Thanks for thy care, albeit thou canst not save
This mouldering body from a frozen grave;
But grieve not thou—the spirit pants to go—
Enshrine my relics in the drifted snow;
Then to the Christian tribe with speed repair,
My fate record, my last fond blessing bear,
And there abide. O be it thine to own
The Lord hath led thee by a way unknown,
Straightened thy crooked paths, and deigned to shine
Upon thy darkened eye with rays divine!
Thine may it be, through rolling years, to grace
With brighter gifts, my vacant dwelling-place,
With shepherd care my little flock to keep,
And where I sowed, do thou the harvest reap.
Then follow me. Methinks I can survey
The dawn that ushers in salvation's day;
That beam is rising in thy troubled breast—
The Lord hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed.
Snatched from an idol world, preserved to prove
Redeeming mercy and chastising love,
The dewy showers of grace shall melt thy soul,
Made willing in the day of His supreme control."

Again the silent earth is wrapped in night,
And heaven is spangled with her lamps of light.
Their twinkling beams have glanced on Jacob's bed,
And, half revived, he rears his dying head.
"Now bear me forth; these lonesome shores have rung
To many a wild disdainful death-song, sung
By warrior captives: 'neath this scanty wood
The dwellings of a warlike nation stood.
And here the fiends who joy in mortals' woe,
Have bade the lip blaspheme, the life-blood flow;
The victor and the vanquished here supplied
With racking cruelty, and hell-born pride:—
Oh let one Indian Chief his death-song raise
In these black regions, to Jehovah's praise!"

Borne from the narrow hut, he lies reclined,
His dark hair streaming on the midnight wind,
Earth, sky, and water, spread before his view,
While thus he greets them with a calm adieu:—
"Ye rolling tides, that heave the cyrstal wave,
Ye rocks that glitter, and ye woods that wave,
Farewell:—your little day will soon be o'er,
And liquid flame your crackling wrecks devour.
And ye, resplendent orbss, ho still proclaim
Throughout this heedless ball th' eternal name,
And, eloquently mute, to all below,
Declare His glory, and His wonders show,

Ev'n ye shall fade—these heavens shall pass away,
And nature one terrific blank display,
Reft of her gorgeous majesty and pride,
And, like a tattered garment, cast aside.
Nought shall survive of this stupendous plan,
Nought but the naked soul of trembling man:
And where shall I, a helpless sinner, flee?
O let me find my hiding-place in Thee!
On Thee, O Lord, my burthened spirit cast,
My Alpha and Omega, first and last.
Before this earth emerged from pristine shade,
Ere the foundations of the hills were laid,
Then, Lord, wert Thou; the Father's best delight,
Dwelling in rays insufferably bright.
Each bending angel, as thy praise he sings,
Conceals his dazzled eye beneath his wings.
Ye seraphs turn, unveil the wondering gaze,
Suspend the song, and pause in deep amaze,
For He, erewhile in heavenly power arrayed,
Is now a mortal babe, in a rude manger laid,
There, for the hallelujahs of the sky,
The pale, fair Virgin chaunts her lullaby,
And strives with feeble arm to ward away
The rough intruders from his couch of hay;
For rudely pressing nigh, the hungry beast
Claims from that narrow crib his wonted feast.
No more from cherub lips, the hymns resound,
But oxen low, and camels snort around;—
And wherefore thus?—why on thy creature earth,
A wand'ring outcast from thy mystic birth,
Lord of unnumber'd worlds!—why hast thou borne
The barb of calumny, the jeer of scorn,
The fierce temptation, and the pang of woe,
The shudd'ring dread, the agonizing throe,
The wile of treachery, the felon's doom,
The buffet and the scourge, the cross and tomb?
Had not thy slightest beck, thy glancing eye,
Summoned a thousand legions from the sky,
And the stern fiat of thy bidding hurled,
Down to the deep-most hell this rebel world—
If such thy will?—but thou hast bowed the head
And drain'd the cup, and slumbered with the dead,
And ris'n.—Ye seraphs shout the joyful strain,
Echo thou earth, the Lord is risen again!
Behold the mighty victor homeward ride—
Unbar th' eternal gates and fling them wide,
And who shall close them now? I come, I come,
Through that broad entrance, to my Father's home.
Heir of immortal life through faith revealed,
Bought by thy blood, and with thy Spirit sealed,
My Lord, I come.—O let my failing breath
Resound thy name e'en in the gasp of death,
Jesus—Redeemer!"—and the soul had flown,
To meet the Lord of life, in that triumphant tone.

The gazing eye was closed, and Osric lay
Immoveable as that unconscious clay:
A deep and fearful awe, a sullen grief,
Spurned far the aid of slumber's soft relief.
The flame expired, the hours unnoticed rolled,
A loneliness so drear, a chill so cold
Pressed on his aching heart, that nought beside
Might claim a feeling, or a glance divide,
Till dawn appeared with mournful pace, to shed
Her blue sepulchral light upon the dead.

If thou would'st blunt the edge, and calm the smart,
Of disappointment's fang and sorrow's dart,
Quell mortal fear, disgrace and want abide,
Shame thy rude lusts, controul thy daring pride,
And still the war of passion's angry breath,
Go gaze upon the leaden brow of death.
It is a book of wisdom, written plain
By Him who never traced a line in vain.
Deck as thou wilt that stern and ghastly hue,
Disguise with laurels, or with roses strew;
In silken gear the rigid limbs unfold,
O'ertop with waving plumes, and crisp with gold—
'Tis yet the face of death, and yet must thrill
Through thy cowed spirit with a boding chill.
The sweetest tongue that ever knew to pour
The flood of eloquence from learning's store,
In all the flow of breath, could never speak
So well, so wisely as a clay-cold cheek;—
And when the glance of morning, chill and pale,
Pourtrayed in livid lines that awful tale
On the fixed traits of death, and feebly shone
To light the earthly house whose guest was gone;
That scene so deeply stamped, on Osric's thought,
The seal of life on every truth he taught,
It seemed as though his heaven-appointed guide,
Who lived to teach, had to enforce them died.

With heavy step the silent wanderer goes,
A grave to hollow in the firmest snows
Beneath a bank: then from the lifeless breast
Strips the broad girdle and th' embroidered vest;
His rugged mantle wraps around the dead,
And gently sinks him in his lonely bed.
One last, long, farewell look:—and must he part?
Resistless grief is heaving on his heart;
And yet, amid the struggles of despair,
A new triumphant joy is rising there.
Half-oped within his soul, Faith's infant eye
Kens the bright mansions of eternity;

Can they be Osric's? Yestereve he heard
Incredulous his friend's prophetic word,
Aug'ring the good he willed; but now desire
Kindles to prayer, and hope augments the fire.
Behold, he prays! beside the lowly grave,
He calls on One omnipotent to save.
O louder far than echoing thunders, roll
The feeblest wailings of a new-born soul
On the great Father's ear: that cry can quell
Satanic rage, and daunt the hosts of hell.
The contrite sinner's prayer a tone hath given
Of melody more full to all the songs of heaven.

CANTO V.

Sweet is the Sabbath eve, to those who tread
The Temples of the Lord, and love to spread
Their wants and woes before his footstool there,
Confess his bounty and his praise declare.
A little flock, led by their Shepherd's hand,
Who know his voice, and bow to his command;
And such a fold of simple sheep was found
On the wide plain, by hills encompass'd round;
And such a Pastor as the Lord approved,
Raised holy hands amid the flock he loved,
And scattered on the calm unruffled air
Th' accepted incense of his evening prayer,
Within a homely fane.—The moon's young light
Was softly stealing round the brow of night—
But stronger rays the oily tapers shed,
Where the rich stores of wisdom lay outspread,
And one of darker hue and Indian speech,
The truths of that pure record rose to teach.
Beside, with cheek reclined upon his hand,
Sate the white father of the swarthy band,
Who travailed for their souls: his eye of blue,
And shining front, and locks of silver hue,
Bespoke the ancient Missionary guest,
The Indian's friend, Apostle of the West.
With pensive smile, and meek declining head,
He listened while his dark-haired pupil read,
And seemed to say, as those glad accents cease,
"Lord, now thy servant can depart in peace,
Since to the Gentile lands thy light is shown,
Thy truth proclaimed, and thy salvation known."
Slowly he rose, the portion to divide;
To every case and every soul applied
The sustenance of life—and mildly grave,
The warning uttered, and the counsel gave.
No breath was audible; no motion broke
The deepening stillness while the Teacher spoke;
The balmy softness of his theme distils
Like Hermon's dew on Zion's circling hills;
Awhile he dwelt upon th' eternal word,
Then humbly kneeled, "now let us seek the Lord."

He prayed for all, but chief for one beloved,
Who far amid the wintry desert roved
To find a wandering sheep—to Him he prayed
Who came to seek and save the flock that strayed,
That he would guard the pilgrims through the wood,
Safe from the foe, the tempest, and the flood,
Unharmed conduct them to that sacred dome,
And gather them in a celestial home.
Whence came that stifled sob? down many a cheek
The rolling tears a brother's love bespeak,
But one there is, low in a shaded place,
Who deeply in his mantle veils his face—
A stranger he—his hand and chesnut hair
An alien to the Indian race declare;
Yet from his breast the struggling sorrow breaks,
And all his frame with keen emotion shakes.
And now the patriarchal blessing given,
Slowly the aged minister of heaven
Moves through the filial throng, a broader light
Shows the advancing wanderer to his sight,
And they have met—the gazing crowd divide,
And now enclose them in a circle wide,
Boding some ill unknown; but not a note
Can yet find vent from Osric's swelling throat.
He hastes upon the simple bench to lay
The girdle and the vest, and turns away.
Near and more near, each awe-struck Indian draws,
But yet no voice hath broke the solemn pause—
Though Osric's trembling lip and panting breath
Too well and truly tell the tale of death.
The Pastor's cheek hath turned to ashy white,
Those well-known objects swim upon his sight;
Now his thin hands are raised in silent woe,
And now they clasp upon his silvery brow,
While the unfettered sigh is bursting loud,
And low lamentings echo from the crowd.
The Pastor turns, their rising griefs to quell,
And bids a hymn of holy triumph swell
To Him who rent away th' envenomed sting,
And crushed the conquests of the gloomy king.

Now Osric welcomes each enquiring eye,
To each fond querist gives the full reply;
And all have parted, in their huts to dwell
On the sad tale of him they loved so well.
The wanderer in the Pastor's tranquil home
Recounts the fate that led his steps to roam—
The shipwreck and the coast his lips describe,
His long sojourn among the savage tribe;
Ayuta's falsehood, Zaila's vent'rous deed,
And Jacob's faith, in rapid sketch succeed.
And last, and half reluctant, came behind
The new convictions of his wakening mind.
With tearful smile, the good old Pastor hung
On sounds so long unheard; his native tongue

By native taste refined, and wondering viewed
The mighty vanquished, and the proud subdued,
While each event, his labouring thoughts retrace,
And yield new glory to the God of grace.

A band of Christian brothers have withdrawn
Tow'rd the wide river with the earliest dawn;
Marshalled in willing pilgrimage they go
To bear their chieftain from his grave of snow,
And give, in his lamenting people's sight,
The last sad honours of the fun'ral rite.
The spot they know; and Osric stays to rest
His worn and weary frame, the Pastor's guest,
Whose converse time redeems with sacred skill,
While love and wisdom from his lips distil.

Joyous he tells, how, led by patient toil,
Hath teeming plenty crowned that snow-clad soil.
Where dinted rocks the long defiance rung
Ere from the softened earth a harvest sprung.
These, from their sandy beds reluctant torn,
In sculpture rude the sylvan town adorn,
To the light hut a firm foundation yield,
Restrain the tide, or bound the narrow field.
"Down yonder slope, with smiling cots arrayed,
A tangled forest frowned in twilight shade;
Where gardens bloom in cultured beauty fair,
The serpent bred, and foxes formed the lair
On noisome weeds; the she-wolf growling trod
Where the light dome o'ertops the fane of God.

"But sweeter yet, the rose of love adorns
A soil where sprung contention's briery thorns:
Subdued by potent grace, no more abide
The glooms of hate, the stubborn rocks of pride.
No longer thrive the noxious weeds of sin,
The desert smiles, and all is calm within.
Infernal tyrants quelled, and peace restored,
Man's heart can yield a temple to the Lord,
The heart that still, in nature's hand, had been
A den of vipers and of beasts unclean."

"Say, wherefore doth resistless sin control
The high aspirings of a deathless soul,
And evil in her serpent folds embrace
With wide polluting stain our lordly race?
Tells not the form erect, the musing eye,
Of loftier birth, and prouder destiny,
Than the dark fortunes of each earth-born slave;
A captive in the womb—a victim in the grave!"

"A little lower than the angels found,
Yet with superior glory man was crowned;
Pure in his nature, royal in his birth,
He rose, sole monarch of the new-made earth.
The brightest seraph in Jehovah's train
Was formed a servant—man was born to reign.
Stamped with the image of th' eternal mind,
When the first parent of the human kind
In native majesty unsullied stood,
The Lord beheld him and pronounced him *good*.
'Me as thy God and Father still obey,
And rule the earth with undisputed sway."
'Twas in such terms the high commission ran
From heaven's great King to his vicegerent man.
Turn to the sacred page—let that unfold
How wretched Adam his possession sold;
Sold,—for such bribe as man may blush to tell,—
His reign to Satan and his soul to hell,
Dooming sad myriads with his tainted breath
To inborn guilt and everlasting death:
For all our race in Adam was contained,
And fell in him, with one transgression stained.
The light of holiness was quenched by sin,
The foe admitted, fixed his throne within;
The sire a bond-slave, could the sons be free?
Grow wholesome fruits upon a pois'nous tree?
That foul rebellion into ruin hurled
Creation's work, and wrecked a beauteous world:
Bade dark corruption like a deluge roll
On nature's form, and man's immortal soul,
The impress of the God it dared efface,
While evil, only evil, filled His place."

"If helpless thus, from every good estranged,
Divorced from God, and to a demon changed,
Ere yet the mind can list to reason's voice,
Ponder the end, and fix the awful choice,
Why chides the Lord? his creature can fulfil
Nought but the dictates of his sovereign will."

"Hush to thy proud retort! O man beware,
The tempter lures thee to a deadly snare:
Would'st thou explore, with dim and blinking eye,
God's fathomless decrees? to HIM reply:
Thine erring reason's flimsy web forego;
The Lord hath said it, and it must be so.

"Yet mark, how dawning sense, throughout our race
The bondage seals, confirms the deep disgrace.
See wayward infancy its monarch choose,
Prefer the evil and the good refuse.
Ere from its lip the lisping phrase can flow,
See malice, envy, flush the polished brow,
See baby lust extend its eager grasp,
The one forbidden toy intent to clasp,
Impatience, rage, and dark rebellion shroud
The cherub features in a sullen cloud.
Go, Disputant, and in the cradle scan
Each embryo wickedness of fallen man.

"Or leave thy fellow's heart and view thine own,
Canst thou the tyrant's willing chain disown?
Who first on thine enamoured sight unfurled
The gorgeous banner of this painted world,
And bid the worthless toys of sense and time,
Outweigh the treasures of a heavenly clime!
Was it not he who turned thy youthful gaze
From the bright beams of truth's meridian blaze,
And bade thee choose the false and meteor glare
Of human wisdom, fancy, folly, care?
Was it not he who drugg'd the sickening draught
Of mortal tenderness thy lip hath quaffed,
And wrung the poison in that honied bowl,
Sweet to the lip but anguish in the soul?
And when thy Eden of delight was lost,
Who sent thee idling to a foreign coast,
To seek a shade? and when Jehovah's hand
Snatched from the wreck and bore thee to the land;
Who closed the lip, strung the unbending limb,
That could not move in gratitude to Him,
Thy Lord, thy Saviour—shame on human pride!
Who fill'd with perfidy thine Indian guide,
Mocked thy proud hopes, procured that shameful doom,
And thought to close thee in a sudden tomb,
And bear thy spirit to the dark domain,
Where victims like thyself gnaw the eternal chain?
The Lord hath saved thee from the fowler's snare,
The Lord hath led thee with a father's care,
He reined the storm, dispersed the tainted breath
Of pestilence, and marred the aim of death.
And yet how long thou wrought'st thy stubborn will,
Preserved by miracle to brave him still!
And oh, how long the slighted voice of love
Thrilled on thy ear, and sought thy soul to move,
Ere thou wouldst turn, forsake the beaten road,
And view the gate that led thee to thy God!
Yes, man is vile, a self-devoted tool
In Satan's hand; his purchase and his fool—
But man may rise from ruin: thou hast viewed
One in the image of his God renewed,
And seen, in that believer's parting breath,
How faith can triumph over sin and death.

"In martial might, in human virtue proud,
Azmourai tower'd above the savage crowd:
Each kindlier feeling dwelt within his breast,
A native produce or a welcome guest;
Adoring throngs his every deed approve,
Light of their eyes and centre of their love.
He fought, and conquest sate upon his spear;
He counselled, and prosperity was near
Ambition ruled his soul; he joyed to reign
The prince, the father of his native plain,
And rather had he heard the knell of death,
Than the low hum of disaffection's breath.

"O ne'er can the remembranco fade away,
Of the stern gaze, the menacing array,
The bristling spears, the nicely balanced dart,
Winged for the flight and all prepared to part,
The narrowing ring that round the chieftain press'd,
When the baptismal stream was trickling on his breast.
The self-abasing portraiture he drew
Had roused their rage; they could not brook to view
In him, the good, the noble, and the brave,
A pardoned sinner and a ransomed slave.
His people were his all, no other tie
Twined round his heart or shone upon his eye;
They were his heritage, his regal dome,
His father, mother, children, wife, and home;
And them he gave; his graceful head he bowed
Beneath the clamours of the raging crowd,
And when a faithful band their will made known
To quell th' opposers and restore his throne,
A secret fugitive he sped away—
Yet more than conqu'ror—from the ripening fray,
Lest eager friends and stubborn foes should roll
The charge of blood upon his shrinking soul.
O wond'rous power a stony heart to change,
And man from all his native self estrange!
Had the proud chief, ere yet by grace subdued,
In glory or in love a rival viewed,
His soul had kindled into vengeful ire,
And blood alone had quenched the scorching fire;
Yet when he heard thy pleading lips declare
Thy love to Zaila, his revenge was prayer.
Through midnight shades he saw the maid depart,
The lone defenceless treasure of his heart,
And broke a murmur forth, as then he bore
Thee, his unconscious rival, from the shore?
Or did a deed, a word, a glance betray
One jealous pang upon thy lengthened way?
This last great triumph over self was given,
To crown the fight, and ripen him for heaven.

"O friend so gently kind, so meekly sage,
The staff, the solace of my bending age,
And shall my failing eyes no more behold
Thy shepherd love amid this weeping fold?
Wilt thou no more my awful burden share,
Trim the weak lamp of faith, and raise the hand of prayer?
Wilt thou no more my wandering thoughts recall,
Cheer when I droop, and lift me when I fall?

No more to rouse my slumbering soul withdraw
The veil, and show the terrors of the law:
With sweet assurance all my doubts remove,
Or pour the cordial of a Saviour's love?
Wilt thou no more—ye sinful sorrows, peace:
Lord, bid my hope revive, my murmurs cease.—
Dare I rebuke thee? thou hast claimed thine own,
And placed that priestly king on an eternal throne.

"His was a lot above the common race,
A sterner conflict and abounding grace:
Yet many, in the humble flock around,
If theirs the trial, were as constant found;
Heirs of a faith as pure, a hope as bright,
And meet partakers with the saints in light.

"O let me, Lord, in wondering joy adore
Thy name, who led me from my native shore!
Taught by thy Spirit, by thy love constrained,
And by thine everlasting arm sustained,
E'en I could from the mighty rend the prey,
And bear the captives freed by thee away.
Thrice blessed privilege! for thee to feel
Hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and steel,
The dreary wilderness for thee explore;
And where the living surges wildly roar,
To cast the Gospel net, and to thy hand
Present the tribute of a heathen land—
The first-fruits off'ring—Lord, before our sight,
The fields are teeming, and the harvest white:
And shall it fall, and perish on the ground,
For lack of reapers? bid the summons sound;
Send forth a missioned band, ordained of thee,
And let the armies of the mighty flee
Before the beauteous feet of him who brings
Tidings of peace and joy from thee, the King of kings.
When shall the tide of soft compassion flow
O'er the sad story of a brother's woe,
Throughout the polished race? oh when shall love
To human kind, the selfish bosom move,
And musing crowds in solemn wonder scan
The priceless value of the soul of man!
Av'rice would ope his chest, and folly pour
Her glittering trinkets in the sacred store,
And send, where Christian foot hath never trod,
A peaceful host to fight the battles of their God.

"On us be all the peril, shame, and toil,
But let thy household, Lord, divide the spoil,
And the broad blessing share; O now inspire
Thy gathered churches with intense desire,
And fervent supplication; bid them pray
For us, who bear the burden of the day,
The brunt and fury of the combat prove,
Far from the soothings of the friends we love,
Far from the hallowed house of thine abode,
And sweet communion with the saints of God,
To them so free: O tell them we explore
The dens that echo to the lion's roar,
Our foe and thine:—we come to wrest away
From his terrific grasp the helpless prey,
Ourselves as weak, as impotent to save,
Frail as the leaf, unstable as the wave.
O tell them how on burning sands we trail
The blistered limb, and drink the poisoned gale;
Pant in the shadeless ray, and crawl to sip
The stagnant drop that curdles on the lip;
Or count, in weariness, and want, and woe,
A night of months beneath a dome of snow·
While, still beset with unbelief and sin,
A sadder, drearier winter glooms within;
The strong temptation and the fiery dart,
At hand to wear the flesh, and wound the heart,
Let them in thought our wasted forms survey,
And think they hear us murmur, 'Brethren, pray.'
And do thou hear, in heaven thy dwelling-place,
And pour unmeasured forth the golden stream of grace!"

Six days are gone; the sun retiring throws
A glance of light upon the sparkling snows:
The gathered group are sadly gazing still,
On the pale outline of the eastern hill;
For there a distant speck the semblance gave
Of a dark sea-bird on the crested wave.
And plainer now, the deepening line extends,
And down the sloping path-way slowly wends.
Each on his fellows gazed, no word was spoke,
The thought was seen, the soul was in the look.
With one consent they form in long array;
Close by their path the Pastor's dwelling lay,
They pause not there, but passing wave the hand,
Full well he knows the purport of the band;
Fast in his aged eyes the tear-drops swell,
Yet for a smile he struggles, "It is well."
And while he totters forth on Osric's arm,
The Christian's hope would human grief disarm;
Oft from his lip the broken accents fall,
Of meek submission; "He is Lord of all.—
He lent, and shall he not resume?—The same
In mercy,—judgment—glory to his name!—
It is His children's privilege to lay
Their all on Him, and trust Him though He slay;—
The chastening rod is felt by every son;—
It is the Lord, and may His will be done!"
Thus in short phrase the soothing word he speaks,
But hectic pain is flushing on his cheeks;
And often as the winding train he spies,
The lip will quiver, and the sob will rise.

Approaching now, the low lament they hear,
In soft sad cadence breathing on the ear;
And as the plaint in measured numbers flows,
The sighing breeze responds each lingering close.

"No more we speed thy bounding step to greet,
Light as the roe, and as thine arrow fleet;
Nor deck thy lowly hut with duteous care;—
A dark, a lonesome dwelling we prepare.

"Azmourai! brother! can thy people's cry
Resound so near, nor move thee to reply?
And must we shroud in solitude and night
Thy form beloved, from our reluctant sight?

"Alas! how soon upon thy blooming day
The blast hath blown, and withered thee away:
The sweetest flower that graced the dewy morn
Beneath a noon-tide blight untimely shorn.

"Oft, oft regardful of our weeping song,
The plain and valley shall thy name prolong,
And bid the hills with solemn echo tell,
How in the dreary wild their pride and beauty fell."

Lamenting thus, the mountain's foot they gain,
And meet their Pastor on the darkening plain.
The bier they rest, and mutely parting show
The cold still object of their artless woe.
O'er that pale form the aged mourner bent,
"My son, my son!" no other words found vent.
His streaming tears the faded visage steep;
A glad relief; but Osric could not weep.
His burning hand upon his brow he press'd,
And self-accusing anguish wrung his breast.
That inward pang the pitying tribe could read;
They raised the bier and motioned to proceed;
And while they bore the sacred freight along,
In mingled chorus rose a loftier song,
The silver moon-beam brightening on the plain,
Crests the tall trees that bow responsive to the strain.

"Joy to the victor, whose unearthly sword
The combat dared, and triumphed in the Lord!
Called to receive an everlasting crown,
Before the bleeding Lamb he casts the trophy down.

"Though loved and lost, not ours the pang of those
Whose earth-born grief no heavenly balsam knows:
We would not call thy spirit from its home,
Where sin assails thee not, and sorrow cannot come.

"And when the trumpet's awful note shall sound,
The dead to summon from the teeming ground,
E'en these, the mortal wrecks that pain the eye,
Shall rise to light and life, and immortality.

"Hid in the kindred dust from whence they came,
Sown in corruption, weakness, and in shame,
We know these feeble clods of earth shall shine
Pure, incorruptible, immortal and divine.

"Where then thy triumph, Grave; and where thy sting,
O sullen Death? what terror dost thou bring?
We burst thine iron band, and soar on high;
Glory to Christ the Lord, who brings us victory!"

Full many a rolling year hath pass'd away
Since rose upon the breeze that funeral lay,
And childrens' children press upon the sod
Where sweetly sleeps the old white man of God.
But if thou will'st to list the simple tale
Of the dark Patriarchs in that lonely vale,
Their falt'ring lips in broken speech can tell
Of one who ruled them long and loved them well;
Whose life reflected like a lucid stream,
The splendours of his ever-during theme.
Whose arms of love through all the nations reached,
Whose lowly spirit bore the cross he preached.
Whose glowing zeal, in mission ardour bold,
Assembled many in that sylvan fold.
He lived to feed, to shelter and to guide
That cherished flock, and in their bosom died.

Then will they guide thee to a broken crag,
Where waves the woodland vine her verdant flag,
And bid a turf-clad mound thy notice claim,
And rudely sculptured rock, impressed with Osric's name.

And canst Thou pause, while sin and wrath abound,
And darkness reigns, and souls are dying round?
Canst thou with close and niggard hand withhold
The slender pittance of thy snaring gold,
Whose rust may as a canker eat away
Thy lingering hope in the tremendous day
When conscience re-awakens at the word
Of stern appeal, "What ow'st thou to my Lord?"
Where are the two prolific Talents, given
To store thy coffers in the bank of heaven?

Those Talents with abundant produce fraught,
Thy TIME and MEANS, what int'rest have they brought?
Turn not—from this appeal Thou may'st not flee,
The solemn query is addressed to Thee.
To Thee who readest, Thee who hear'st the tale;
To Thee whose every earthly stay must fail;
Whose present joys, the baubles of an hour,
And secret griefs that now thy peace devour,
Shall fade to nothing:—thou, who soon must stand
Before the Lord with that unnumbered band
Of souls that battle in the glorious strife,
And souls that perish for the bread of life,
And souls that for a toy their birth-right sell,
And slumbering souls, that dream till they awake in hell.

O may the Lord, who yet shall conquer sin,
Whose strong right hand shall yet the battle win,
May He with thundering call thy bulwarks shake;
And if thou yet art sleeping bid thee wake;
And if thou hast poured forth thy scanty store,
Bid thee increase, abounding more and more;
And if thy secret prayer ascends on high,
Swell that weak murmur to a mighty cry.
O for the startling call of faith! that knows
To rouse the Lord, and give him no repose
Till He, responsive to the voice, again
Rends the blue vault and comes in majesty to reign!
Then earth her bright attire shall don once more,
The bridal robe that spotless Eden wore;
Then tenfold day shall burst upon the gloom;
The thorn shall wither and the flower shall bloom;
The thousand tribes of ocean, air, and land
Pay willing duty to man's mild command,
And he the homage of creation bring
Through Zion's golden gate to Zion's dazzling King.
Oh, joy for Zion, when her towers shall bear
That name ineffable "THE LORD IS THERE."
The Lord of life, death's gloomy path who trod,
The man of sorrows—the eternal God!
Not hid, as when his cloud-wrapped glory shone
In mystic guise above the golden throne,
But visible, unveiled as when of yore
Through Zion's streets the felon cross he bore,
His feet, his wounded feet, shall press again
The soil once crimsoned by his flowing vein.
Beneath his pierced hand the world shall bow,
And all earth's diadems shall gleam upon his brow.

O labour now, improve thy little span;
Full soon will cease the puny work of man,
For he who deigns thy feebler aid to own,
Ere long shall take his power and rule alone.
And thou rejoicing in thy lot wilt stand
While his bright sceptre waves o'er every land;
And the resplendent stream that issues forth
From his high throne, o'erspreads the yielding earth;
And as in lunar tides the sounding sea
O'er barren sands holds his majestic way,
The ocean billows of his glory roll,
And his salvation's song resound from pole to pole.

THE ROCKITE,

AN IRISH STORY.

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.

PREFACE.

In revising the following story for a third edition, the author could not but be forcibly struck by the rapid, the literal fulfilment of what was recorded in its pages more than seven years ago, as her anticipation of coming events in Ireland. Predictions in which very many far wiser and more experienced heads concurred; though laughed to scorn by some whose acquaintance with the word of God might have led them to see the fallacy of their hope, built as it was on the hollow cry of Peace, Peace, from those in whose hearts war constantly rages against our scriptural faith: predictions that already, from being matter of conjecture, have passed into matter of history, showing the Romish Papal power advanced to a station more commanding than her most sanguine adherents would have dared, or her most conscientious opponents could have endured to believe possible, within so few years. In 1829, there was no pledge too solemn, no assurance too unequivocal for the nominal bishops of that church in Ireland to tender, as a guarantee for their future loyalty, fidelity, and non-assumption of their empty titles. In 1836 there is no language too fiercely seditious for them to utter, to print, to circulate through the land; no infraction of existing laws too gross for them to countenance; no doctrine of exterminating persecution against heretics too sanguinary for them to authorize; and no parade of their assumed state and titles too open for them to exhibit. We behold already ten Protestant dioceses sacrificed at the demand of these exulting enemies, while to grace the opening of a new and splendid Popish cathedral, in one of our Archbishoprics thus doomed to extinction, Protestant officers of justice are compelled by magisterial authority to attend: but when, within a few weeks from this indecent display, the Protestant cathedral in the same place is assailed by a ferocious mob, bent on its destruction, no defence, save that which individual attachment afforded, is found for the appointed ministers of Christ's gospel officiating within its walls. The sickening detail of events resulting from popish ascendancy in Ireland at this day, of one branch of our legislature prostrated beneath the rule of Irish demagogues, and a higher branch openly menaced with annihilation for daring to be true to their plighted oaths, and to rally round the fragments of our once glorious constitution—of a national church in Ireland actually subsisting on the private bounty of English Christians, and trampled so far as God permits under the heels of the rampant apostacy,—can find no place here; they will form a fearful page in future history; and are only noticed as justifying in their fullest extent the strongest of those predictions already referred to.

Although the narrative here given is rather a combination of incidents, occurring to different persons, and in different places, than the strictly veracious history of an individual, nothing is

overdrawn—nothing *can* be overdrawn in pourtraying the horrors of a system at this day in full and ripened operation: neither has the cheering augury of widely extended good, by spiritual means in the hands of spiritual men, been in any wise falsified. Blessed be God! there are THOUSANDS, yea, tens of thousands, who, having been wrapt in the deepest gloom of popery when this work was written, are now either swelling the ranks of Christ's militant church on earth, or echoing the song of the redeemed in his triumphant church above. Not, as some fondly anticipated, by means of that fatal surrender of our national faith, but in spite of it; not by impiously mutilating the word of God to suit the motley creeds of Papist, Socinian, and Atheist; not by patronising and maintaining a nest of persecuting intolerance and moral depravity, for the nurture of Popish priests; but by sending the Bible, the whole blessed Bible, through a thousand quiet channels into the mass of perishing people, providing it for each individual in the tongue wherein he was born. Oh that every one who, to while away an unoccupied hour, looks over this volume, would lay these solemn truths to heart; and resolve, in the strength which is derived from above, to come to the help of the Lord: to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

THE ROCKITE.

Among civilized nations, Ireland may be said to stand alone in the peculiar hardship of a destiny from the inflictions of which other countries are generally exempt. The singularity of her misfortune consists in this:—Nations may in their turn have been assailed by the hostile arm of foreign invasion, but the inhabitants have bravely united in defence of their hearths, or sunk down together, powerless, beneath the overwhelming stroke. Ireland alone has been fated, from age to age, to furnish, from among the children of her soil, those enemies who should drench it in kindred blood; and devastate their mother land more effectually, more hopelessly, than a host of stranger foes would have aimed to accomplish. At different periods have these poisonous excrescences formed upon the tree of her national prosperity, and eaten into its heart's core, under the various denominations of United Irishmen, Peep-o'day-boys, Whiteboys, Ribbon-men, and other combinations differing in title, but actuated by the same principle: until in 1821 the assumption, as a *nomme de guerre* of the title, "Captain Rock," by some provincial chief of village banditti, led to its general adoption; and gave name to a system which might claim to itself a more solid influence in the actual government of the country than aught that emanates from the vice-regal throne. This is a lamentable, a humiliating fact; but a fact it is: the commands of the invisible power, under whatsoever form and title it declares itself, are more absolute, its denunciations more terrible, its inflictions more inevitably certain, than those of the legal executive.

Let those who, in 1822-3 and 4, resided, for any length of time, in the southern counties, more particularly of Cork, Limerick, or Tipperary, say whether any spectacle so gladdened their eyes, or whispered so much of confidence to their hearts, as the parade of a military force in their neighbourhood; or, if considerably removed from the regular garrison, and from its numerous detachments scattered about the country, whether the distance, strength, and activity of the nearest police station was not a frequent theme of anxious calculation, often carried on in the low and cautious tone that bespoke a shrinking mistrust of the domestics who ate their bread, and on whose fidelity their lives might hang. In 1823-4 the lying predictions of Pastorini, denouncing inevitable destruction on "the Locusts" before the expiration of 1825, were industriously circulated throughout the land, and were brought within the reach of the most necessitous among the Roman Catholic peasantry, who had learned that they must consider them as the authorized fulminations of a church that could not err. So great at this time was the panic on one side, and on the other so undisguised and sanguinary the anticipations of a terrible catastrophe, that it is surprising any of the former could be found hardy enough to abide the issue in the scattered villages, and solitary habitations of the south. Many deeply rued their temerity, but the appointed period passed away, leaving "the Lo-

custs," as a body, still in being, and unharmed.

But although the English government, and the Protestant religion, formed the ostensible, and no doubt the real objects of attack, with the main party of rebellion, private hatred, avarice, and revenge, did not fail to use the Rockite system as an efficient system in their gratification: and, perhaps, to these frequent perversions from its original intent, we may trace, in a great degree, the failure of its more general and important design. Nothing could be better imagined to confound the calculations of the wise, and to paralyse the arm of the bold, than its proceedings; sudden, summary, and enveloped in deep mystery, its movements resemble more nearly those of the Inquisition, than of any insurrectionary or bandit corps. Like the familiars of that iniquitous institution, the Rockite agents are bound by oaths and ties, before which the fondest endearments of domestic attachment melt into nothing; treachery towards man's nearest connections is held a duty—towards his confederates, a sin punishable with instant death, and darkening the prospect of eternity.

But the horrors of this secret tribunal may better be displayed in a simple narrative, than in a laboured disquisition.

In the Autumn of 1821, several regiments of cavalry were disbanded, both in Dublin and the provincial towns of Ireland. This step was inevitable; reduction to a moderate peace establishment having been for some years in progress; but those who best knew the actual state of public feeling among the lower classes, beheld with dismay a body of fine enterprising young fellows, long unaccustomed to manual labour, and burning for distinction, thus turned loose into the mass already fermenting in an alarming degree. The worst evils of the late war, perhaps, were those of which the pressure was not felt until after its termination.

Two troops of the —— Dragoons were ordered into the town of ———, considerably south of Dublin, there to receive their discharge; and a crowd of gaping rustics surrounded the spot on which they were to assemble: many countenances displaying somewhat more of eager and watchful solicitude, than the occasion was calculated to call forth among strangers. These were chiefly of the small farmers and graziers, with whom the neighbouring country abounded.

Previous to the final dimissal of the men, they were ordered to lead their horses to the watering place, beside a bridge, which connected the two portions of the town. Here, with unusual seriousness of look and deportment, the dragoons slowly walked their noble, but unconscious companions, from whom they were about to separate, and with downcast eyes watched their movements as they eagerly quaffed the refreshing element.

Somewhat apart from the rest a fine athletic young soldier, whose bronzed visage and black mustachios greatly heightened the martial effect of his appearance, sat, absorbed in reverie, upon a beautiful animal, for whose indulgence he had selected a spot where the water flowed with more unsullied freshness than in the open space occupied by the rest. He was observed by a loitering countryman, who with some abruptness addressed him—

"Musha! Honey, and is it this that's the end of your soldiering!"

The dragoon slowly turned his eyes upon him, with a look by no means indicating satisfaction.

"Eh! my fine fellow," pursued the other, "and isn't it a burning shame to set you adrift now, like a parcel of beggarly spalpeens, after draining the best blood out of ye?"

"Get out of that!" exclaimed the soldier in a most peremptory tone; but the accent and mode of expression encouraged the intruder, by satisfying him that he addressed an Irishman.

"Fait, man, and you'd better say that to the rascally English: the heretic cowards that staid snug at home while you"—

Irritated by the sarcastic tone of consolation in which these reflections were uttered, the soldier impetuously pushed back his foraging cap, and while his eyes flashed with rage, asked the countryman whether he supposed he had worn the king's uniform eight years to sit there and hear him abused!

"Uniform! Is it joking you are? Why an't they going to strip it off your back this very day, and leave you as naked as you were born?"

This was too much for the dragoon; he sprung from his horse, who, obedient to his hasty movement, had left the water, and pursued for some paces the retreating steps of his tormentor: then, muttering a few indistinct phrases of displeasure, led back his steed to complete the unfinished draught.

With his arm thrown over the horse's back, he now stood pensively leaning against him, lost in thoughts of perplexity, and with the cloud of displeasure yet lowering upon his brow.

"What a beautiful creature;" said a voice near him; and as he turned with a look boding no good-will to the speaker, his eye rested on the cheerful open countenance of an elderly man, in whose respectable appearance he saw nothing portending farther annoyance, therefore again silently averted his face.

"Good luck to the noble beast; he's going to lose a kind master: but the fellow that would ill use him must know little of horse-flesh."

"True for ye," remarked the dragoon, more complacently, as he prepared to remount his steed. The other motioned to detain him.

"My good fellow," said he, "you have done a great deal for your country, and she ought to do something for you: just now you may be flush of pay, and take little concern for to-morrow's wants: this town is a bad place for idle young men, and I, having seen enough of it, would fain take an old man's freedom to caution you. Are your family settled near?"

"No," replied the soldier, doubtful as to his new friend's object; and unwilling to commit himself too far.

"Well, I am a poor man, 'tis true, and farm a trifle of corn-land to support my family; but there's a seat in my chimney corner, a dish of potatoes, and may be a sprinkling of mountain dew, for a brave young fellow who has fought to protect them all."

"Thank you," said the dragoon. "I have not been so long abroad, as to wonder much at the hospitality of ould Ireland now."

"Then, there's my hand, lad, and you're welcome to Dennis M'Carthy's farm whenever you please."

Before the soldier could reply, a bugle note summoned him to his temporary quarters: he mounted his impatient charger, and trotted away.

The parade was over, the troops disbanded, and many a gallant steed snorted and pawed the ground with delight, under the parting caress of his master's hand, little suspecting for how different a fate he was thenceforward reserved. Maurice Delany pressed his cheek to that of his mute companion: and if, as some say, a tear was by this manœuvre dispersed unseen, let us not censure as unmilitary the kind feeling that drew it forth. A soldier is still a man; and among men, the impulse of affection, the spring of sensibility, is no where more keenly alive than in the bosom of an Irishman.

Scarcely had Maurice withdrawn his reluctant hand from stroking once more the face of his charger, when M'Carthy met his sight; and another hour saw them on the road to his farm.

Maurice was not so ignorant of a world in which he had largely expatiated, nor so deficient in the characteristic sagacity of his kindred, as to give the farmer full credit for disinterested generosity in this proceeding; but with a spirit ripe for every species of frolic, and a full share of the most dauntless intrepidity, all calculations on the possible issue of his adventure were to him a source of amusement; nor was his cogitation on that subject either deep or protracted. "If the old fellow means well, why, I'll be grateful, and may be take some pretty daughter or niece off the strength of his establishment; if not, faith, he'll catch a Tartar; and foraging in the enemy's quarters is no bad sport." This was the sum total of the soldier's reflections, and when at the end of a short stage the jaunting car set them down at a stile by the road side, Maurice swung his bundle across his shoulder on a stick, and marched away by M'Carthy, as light of foot, and as jocund of heart as the favourite spaniel that bounded forward to greet his returning master, long before they approached within sight of his abode.

In its external appearances, and internal arrangement, the house somewhat surpassed Maurice's expectations; there was an air of substantial comfort about it, and the numerous family appeared to be actuated by one impulsive feeling of cordial

hospitality towards him. He was not long in discovering that several tolerably pretty girls were numbered in the groupe; and reflected with some complacency on the very superior figure and address that must distinguish him from the most favoured of their rustic admirers.

Assailed by flattery, plied with good cheer, and thrown off his guard by the frank cordial manners of his host, Maurice gave to the winds every lingering vestige of suspicion, and resigned himself to present enjoyment; taking care, by no very measured description of his past perils, sufferings, and exploits, to keep an eye on the creditor side of his account with his grateful country, now represented in the persons of the M'Carthys. In all these recitals, his horse received the tribute of animated applause and fond recollection; while the exclamation, "poor fellow," with the sigh and the shrug that usually concluded that branch of his subject, marked a lingering solicitude on the mind of Maurice, concerning the present and future lot of his irrational, but attached comrade.

By insensible degrees, Maurice had become habituated to a style of conversation from which, had it abruptly been forced upon him, he would have started away with indignant resentment. Affecting representations of national distress were first brought in frequent recurrence before him; then the presumed source of these evils was casually glanced at. Patriot pride was awakened, Roman Catholic superstition revived, and made subservient to the worst designs; and lastly, the soldier's spirit learned to kindle when the sentiment of latent vengeance escaped over a brimming bowl, and the low roofed apartment echoed with the songs of other days, artfully adapted to modern times, and situations bearing no real affinity to those which called them forth. Maurice had learned to smile with secret acquiescence in the remark that followed some rhetorical flourish in celebration of his own and his horse's exploits: "And if we had you on his back again, my lad, at the head of our native cavalry, and the Palatines before ye, Ireland's wrongs might be righted yet."

In truth, this was the very purpose for which Maurice Delany, and not a few of his comrades, had been beguiled into the society of secret emissaries, like M'Carthy. Men were enrolled in formidable numbers: arms could not be wanting, while the private fund of the party was daily accumulating; and thanks to the unprotected state in which the peaceable inhabitants were suffered to remain throughout those remote districts, horses could be obtained, at the expense of such slight trouble, as lifting the latch of a rustic stable. The grand desideratum was discipline; unless trained to act with effect in a body, numbers would only perplex and embarrass their movements. To supply this important need, every possible inducement was held out to deserters from the regiments quartered in Ireland: and when a troop was regularly disbanded, the event spread a general feeling of encouragement and exultation throughout the disaffected baronies. Doubly welcome was a scene of this kind, because, while it afforded individual accessions to the secret band, it disarmed an entire body of dreaded opponents.

Enlisted in his very boyhood, scarcely sixteen, though on the strength of his manly stature he claimed to an additional year or two, Maurice left in his native valley little to regret; and that little he had forgotten, or only remembered with disdain, after a few years commerce with a proud and profligate world. He had shared in the engagements that closed the triumphant career of our army, from the Tagus to the Garonne; and a bright silver medal announced him as a gatherer of laurels on the sanguinary field of Waterloo. He was, indeed, an active, enterprising, dauntless young fellow, attached to his profession, and extremely well qualified for the office to which M'Carthy destined him.

The immediate neighbourhood of his present abode was not, however, the assigned sphere of his action; the farmer, more than once, hinted at an approaching journey, and with expressions that conveyed more to the mind of Maurice, than he could perhaps have analyzed. M'Carthy saw little to render him apprehensive of failure, and resolved by one bold stroke to secure his game.

Dismissing his family at an early hour to rest, he circulated the whiskey with more than wonted freedom, round the little table where sate Maurice, and a young man of reserved deportment, who

visited the farm as an approved admirer of one of the daughters. Maurice gave his song in the style of a bold campaigner, which was followed by a plaintive, but passionate appeal in behalf of injured Erin, from the tuneful lips of the young suitor. M'Carthy, his cheek resting on his hand, with knitted brow, listened to the numbers; and at their close, suddenly and severely struck the table with his fist, exclaiming with all the vehement gesticulation of thoroughly awakened feeling, "Our country is bleeding, our altars are falling; famine sits upon our hearths; our sons are marked for slavery, and our daughters for dishonour! Delany, O'Brien, shall these things be?"

"No," answered O'Brien, with deep emphasis; "not until the burning flame of oppression have dried every drop of patriot blood that runs in Irish veins."

"Maurice!" again exclaimed M'Carthy, grasping the soldier's hand, "Maurice, you have served England well, and repaid with the spring-time of your youth whatever she bestowed on you. You are quit with her now, she no longer needs you; and shall the prime of your manhood be thus wasted in sloth and inactivity, when Ireland, your own sweet Ireland, cries to you for the succour you can so well afford?"

"Aye, Maurice," rejoined O'Brien, "Waterloo medals are bright, but brighter are the smiles and tears of grateful maidens, as they follow with blessings the footsteps of their deliverers, and cry, 'there goes a descendant of our ancient heroes!'"

Had Maurice been perfectly sober, he must have detected, in this studied and unusual phraseology, something prepared to produce effect: but under the influence of drink, his reasoning powers, never conspicuously alert, were lulled into perfect quiescence; and borne away by momentary enthusiasm, he re-echoed the sentiments of his companions, swearing that England should never boast that he could serve her better for money, than for love he would devote himself to his own dear Ireland.

"Meet me then," said M'Carthy, "at the very first dawn, behind the fox-cover; and hear what I have farther to communicate."

Maurice was punctual to his appointment, and if his step appeared less light, or his brow more thoughtful than was his wont, still M'Carthy saw nothing to damp his resolution, in carrying this matter on to a decisive issue. A few words in reference to the preceding night, were followed by an earnest inquiry on the part of the farmer, whether he was to place those noble sentiments to the account of Maurice's genuine feeling, or to that of a passing fancy? "What I say, I always mean," was the reply. "Well spoken, but if you join our sacred cause, you cannot expect to be placed among the novices in arms—we must have you for a leader. At the head of a troop, Delany, you may gather the laurels that Ireland now waters with her tears for you." Gratified vanity lightened up the soldier's clear eye; but a shade was perceptible too, as he said, "Ah, if Blucher, poor fellow, were with me now"——

"I would every patriot wish were as easily gratified!" interrupted M'Carthy, while, leading him round an abrupt corner he showed the gallant steed quietly grazing close beside them.

A shout of uncontrolable delight burst from Maurice; the horse started, and with quivering ear and snorting nostrils listened to the well-known voice. A moment, and the dragoon was on his back, scarcely touching the slight thong that depended from his neck, while the animal bounded, pranced, and went through successive evolutions with instinctive participation in the almost boyish ecstacy of his rider.

"Now, Captain Delany," said M'Carthy, as soon as he saw any chance of being heard, "what more do you require?"

"Nothing, my gay fellow: nothing on earth, but some hundreds of white-livered Sassenachs to dash into." This sally was followed by a profusion of thanks and promises to the friend who had re-united him to his old comrade, with fearless anticipations of future triumph. M'Carthy suffered not the fervour to cool until he had wrought upon him to seal the treasonable compact; and Maurice, on the spot, took those fearful oaths that must be ratified in blood.

M'Carthy had easily fathomed the young man's character: the restoration of the horse was a master-stroke of policy, though achieved with little expense and less trouble. Blucher was a handsome,

good-tempered, and spirited animal, but displayed no such brilliant points as might have saved him from the hammer; and he was purchased by an agent of M'Carthy's. But Maurice readily believed the tale of his having been drafted for service in another corps, and redeemed at a vast price by his friend, who thus established a stronger hold on his gratitude. The same plan, varying in its details as circumstances required, had dispersed many of his old comrades through the country, to become the trainers and leaders of midnight banditti: but care was taken to guard against the collision of these individuals, by assigning to them stations as far apart as possible.

Maurice found his destination lay much to the south; and thither he bent his course, accompanied by M'Carthy, who was too vain of his prize, to relinquish the eclat of his first introduction. The ride was pleasant; Blucher in excellent condition, rejoiced beneath his burden; and if Maurice in a thoughtless moment, cheered the way by whistling such heterodox tunes as "God save the King," or "The Duke of York's March," his comrade reproved him in no more direct terms than by volunteering on his part a few bars of "Garryowen," and other airs once consecrated to the spirit of patriotism, now perverted by the demon of rebellion, to become the war cry of desolation.

We will not accompany Maurice through all the minutiæ of his first reception: he was surprised to find so many of the superior order of farmers engaged in what was supposed to be confined almost exclusively to the lowest class of labourers and mechanics. Kindness and respect marked their deportment towards him; and his opinion was anxiously sought on subjects where he was best qualified to impart information.

"Fine night for a brush, Captain," said a bold-looking fellow, "if the moon does not play hide and seek."

"Are you one of us, my lad?"

"One of your honour's troop," replied the other, with an attempt at a military salute.

"But where are your horses?"

"Och! isn't it in the field they are already?"

"You don't understand our system, Captain Delany," said an elderly farmer, smiling: "we forage on the enemy altogether. The cattle now drawing home the harvest from the fields, will rest no longer than till towards midnight; we then make bold to borrow them for the benefit of our cavalry forces."

"But, how do you get at them?"

"Sure, we've only to open the gates."

"Och! the cowardly poltroons, to let a parcel of unarmed fellows take out their horses beneath their very noses!"

"Sorrow a bit can they help it though," said another, "Captain Rock will be served, or the thatch burns over their heads."

This system of midnight violence, practised against their unoffending neighbours, did not exactly accord with the military feeling of the regular dragoon; but he was leagued, for life or death, with the marauding bands, and endeavoured to gulp down all troublesome qualms with the whiskey that flowed freely into his cup.

Night arrived: the men in detached parties sallied forth, on such horses as they had, frequently mounting two or three on a back. To the pasture-field and the farmyard they bent their course; and laying hold of all that they could find, by degrees the troop was furnished with a sufficient number to afford a tolerable display. It may be readily imagined, that with all the prompt assistance of the veteran Blucher, Maurice found his professional skill severely put to the test, and his patience still more so, in the novel task of disciplining such a squad; in which it was hard to say whether men or horses presented the most uncouth appearance, and contempt of military tactics. The former were formidably, though unequally armed; and generally furnished with cross-belts: nor did they scruple to discharge musquets and pistols, as caprice directed; assured that whatever terror the sound might excite as it reverberated through the woods, no foe was at hand in sufficient force to chastise their temerity. Exulting in the wantonness of unresisted power, they carried to excess these braggadocia displays, until Maurice seriously remonstrated on the useless expenditure of ammunition, and prevailed on them to confine their experiments to the trial of those arms which were suspected of being less serviceable than others.

On the conclusion of their parade, as they called it, the troop started off at full gallop, and clattered away through several villages, shouting as they passed, to the unspeakable terror of the trembling inhabitants, and the surprise of Maurice. He could not help secretly muttering expletives of indignation against the governors who could leave a population so cruelly exposed to the inroads of nocturnal enemies; and in his heart he despised the poor exploit of terrifying women and children. Still the rapid motion, so congenial to his habits, the fresh breeze of an autumnal night, and the magic beauty of hill, grove, and streamlet bathed in purest moonlight, and continually shifting their outlines to the horseman's passing glance, lent a charm that would make itself felt, though it might not be understood, by the rugged minds of that midnight assemblage. Long before day-light approached, the weary beasts were quietly and punctually consigned each to the near vicinity of his home; though caution, lest an ambush might await the return of straggling parties, prevented in most cases a close approach to the building. For some time the proceedings of Maurice's troop were very little diversified, if we except two or three midnight attacks upon the abodes of inferior farmers who were suspected of providing themselves with arms for self-defence. These assaults were well-timed, judiciously planned, and so promptly executed, that in no instance had any serious resistance been attempted. Sometimes half a dozen of the Rockites would appear in a detached dwelling at twilight, and ransack every room for weapons, which the trembling inmates gladly yielded up as the price of their personal safety. It was a favourite exploit to enter the house of a Protestant Clergyman, or private gentleman, while he and his family were in attendance at the parish church on a Sunday; and, intimidating the person left in charge of the dwelling, to strip it of every description of weapon; but as yet no violence had been committed towards individuals, nor was any other description of property removed; although shining plate, valuable trinkets, and various articles of intrinsic worth, continually invited the grasp of these predatory gangs. Such was the order of Captain Rock; to whose commands the most unhesitating and implicit obedience was yielded by his followers.

Who was Captain Rock? This question frequently occurred to Maurice, who for a length of time had mentally embodied the terrific name in the exterior of some majestic warrior, such a man as he had often beheld mounted on a noble charger, his white plume tossing amid clouds of smoke, his sabre reflecting the crimson flash, as it pointed in this or that direction, illustrative of the order issued by a voice, the commanding tones of which were drowned by the trumpet clangour, the roar of artillery, and the groans of mangled victims, in whose gore that proud steed trampled, fetlock deep. To such scenes the thoughts of Maurice would revert, and a sigh would almost force its way, when he contrasted with the horde of midnight plunderers around him those gallant comrades who with him had followed brave warrior chiefs to victory,—who had fallen beside him in the battle, and whose dying pangs were soothed by the consciousness of purchasing with their heart's blood the security of such rustic abodes as now were nightly invaded by the ferocious threats of the Rockite Banditti. But Maurice strove to repress those compunctious visitings—to subdue each kindly impulse of a soldier's spirit—and to assimilate, in every point, his character with that of his new associates.

He soon comprehended that Captain Rock was less the designation of any particular individual than that of a junta, whose names were unknown, whose persons concealed, but to whose will the whole mass of rebellion appeared subservient. He heard threatening notices dictated by different men; he saw them written by various hands, but all bore the dreaded signature, which every one appeared authorized to affix on such occasions. The posting of these notices was a favourite occupation with Maurice, not that he derived gratification from inspiring terror in the object of their menaces, but at these times he rode alone, and indulged a momentary fancy of being the bearer to whom was entrusted some important dispatch, and on whose circumspect fidelity perhaps depended the issue of the morning fight. It was then, that, bending over Blucher's

arching neck, he would whisper to him in military phrase, and urge on his fleet but quiet step with many a kind caress. With his sabre's point he would affix the almost illegible scrawl to some cottage, the slumber of whose unsuspecting inmates he would have been loth, on any occasion, to disturb—for Maurice was naturally generous and kind-hearted—and brush away through the darkness to the Rockite rendezvous.

This was generally a low cabin, sheltered beneath the abrupt acclivity of a hill, on whose summit lingered the stately ruins of an ancient castle; a large sod of turf, transfixed on a rude pole, and elevated about a foot above the scarcely perceptible chimney of the hut, indicated that *potheen* was there forthcoming at the call of any casual guest. By thus openly trafficking in the produce of an illegal still, its inmates escaped suspicion of participating in deeper crime; but Maurice, although not fully entrusted with the secret, was satisfied that some private communication existed between this cabin and the vaults which doubtless occupied the hill's cavity, where an extensive magazine of arms lay concealed. Nor were symptoms lacking that some part of a subterranean abode served as occasional stabling. Inquisitiveness formed no trait in his character, or Maurice had perhaps made curious discoveries; but in a case of abduction, in which he had obtained great applause, both in planning and executing the barbarous exploit of tearing an innocent girl from her home, and delivering her up to a heartless ruffian, he was certain the victim had been ultimately concealed within the circuit of that hill.

In this atrocious deed Maurice engaged from mere love of adventure, pride in displaying the mingled prowess and docility of Blucher, who figured conspicuously on the occasion, and a thoughtless faith in the assurance that no real harm would happen to the girl, unless the acquisition of a good husband might pass under that denomination. By this hearty and effectual aid, he gained considerably on the confidence of his directors, who had appeared to mistrust for some time the lurking principles of loyalty and generosity, not always to be eradicated from the bosom of a British soldier. But Maurice was ignorant, and proportionably superstitious; he had worshipped in Protestant churches, when with his corps, and for this due penance was enjoined, and double zeal in the cause of "the true faith" required. He was punctual at confession, where the priest fortunately omitted to question him on the subject of conspiracies; and as he deemed it needless to criminate himself, he soon learned to divest rebellion of all its darker shades, and to consider the cause in which he was engaged as being most strictly in unison with his daily appointed prayer for the extirpation of heresy. By degrees, it became with him, as with thousands more, a matter of real merit; and the promulgation of Pastorini's effusions about a year subsequent to his junction with the Rockite body, completely set his heart at rest on that point. He easily understood that locusts were predatory insects, sent as a scourge by an offended God, to eat up the fruits of the earth: that in Scripture these locusts, issuing out of the bottomless pit, with Apollyon at their head, prefigured the Protestants under Martin Luther. That for neglecting to exterminate them, the Roman Catholic church was permitted to groan under the tyranny of their increasing numbers; and that by putting forth their hands unanimously to destroy them at the expiration of the appointed three hundred years, they would appease the Almighty, and ensure His special help, so that by the end of the year 1825 not a single Protestant should remain on earth; with the exception of those, who, having abjured in toto their heresy, could no longer merit the denomination.

Such was the powerful auxiliary brought to aid the deep designs of political rebellion; and on the strength of such prediction, in anticipation of the rich reward promised to the zealous soldiers of Rome, many a hand was led to embrue itself in innocent blood, under the firm conviction that by the deed it was doing God service.

In appearance, as in principle, Maurice was greatly changed; the daily sleep and the nocturnal ravage, the reign of fierce passions, and habitual recurrence to that liquid flame which fed them, contributed to mar the beauty of a manly countenance; the open brow was clouded by uneasy thought, and the bold straight-forward gaze of a sparkling eye vanished in the

leer of suspicion and mistrust. Even the martial gait, the exact personal neatness, that had become with Maurice a second nature, almost ceased to distinguish him from the surrounding clowns; and if ever Maurice displayed the apparition of his former self, it was when the unabated ardour of his gallant Blucher imparted to the rider a portion of that fire which had borne them onward together in the path of military daring.

Maurice was now considered as trusty an agent as he was an efficient coadjutor; no enterprise was engaged in without his deliberate sanction; and having undertaken to superintend an exploit, he was sure to carry it through. A deed was soon proposed to him, from which, if his spirit recoiled at the first mention, he was now too wary to betray the mental struggle. It was the perpetration of cold-blooded, deliberate murder; and the destined victim was a gentleman, alike respectable for age, and a character in which piety, benevolence, and every domestic virtue, formed a beautiful assemblage; but then he was a PROTESTANT, and a TITHE PROCTOR.

Against this latter class of persons, hatred the most implacable, and violence the most sanguinary, were carefully encouraged among the Rockites. Fiercely opposed to the tithe system, they sought, by intimidating its agents, to render its operations impracticable. Nor was their vengeance confined to those who received the tithe; its payer was menaced, and not unfrequently visited with utter ruin; and the wretched alternative alone was left of seeing his little household stock seized for the arrear, and sold before his eyes, in payment of exorbitant costs, or experiencing, amid flames of devastation, the tender mercies of his patriotic advocates, the Rockite legislators. Maurice would have gloried in firing an enemy's powder magazine, though sure to perish in the fierce explosion; but igniting the haystack, or the thatched roof of a poor family—his countrymen—those of his own religion too—was a deed to which no sophistry could reconcile him; and when he assented to the murder of the Proctor, perhaps his plea of self-justification rested mainly on the hope of thus terminating these more frequent and most cruel visitations on the peasantry.

The ambush was laid; and the venerable man was struck from his horse while riding peaceably towards his home. The confusion did not prevent his rising again, and he would have addressed the murderous party, but they drowned his voice with clamorous demands that he should immediately make the sign of the cross: this he refused to do.

"Why, what harm can it do you then, you cursed old heretic villain?" exclaimed one of the gang.

"No more harm than any other movement," replied the Proctor, calmly, "if made indifferently, but you require it as the token of abjuring my religion, and as such I dare not do it."

"Won't you do it to save your life?"

"My life you will not spare; but were it so, my soul is far more precious; rather will I die this moment than purchase prolonged existence, by even an apparent apostacy from the faith in which I stand."

"Insolent, obstinate old ruffian! your soul will be in hell in a few minutes."

"No; for my Redeemer is in heaven."

"Kneel down, and cross yourself!" vociferated several voices.

"I will not cross myself; but I will kneel to Him who died upon the cross, and through his precious blood implore forgiveness for myself, and mercy for you, who" ———A bullet through his head cut short the prayer.

A tumult of bitter feelings raged in the breast of Maurice during this scene of butchery; it ended in leaving him more desperately hardened than before. Such will ever be the case where man struggles against the dictates of natural conscience; and that its secret voice did not for a moment drown all the pleadings of superstitious sophistry, on the occasion of this frightful atrocity, no one can believe.

Among the Rockite party, there was a man who seemed to hold a superior station, and who evidently was better taught than the appearance which he made would indicate. In his dress he was slovenly, and in person most uncleanly; his manners were savagely repulsive, and the notices penned by him were couched in language more dreadful than those of any other per-

son. In his mirth he was boisterously rude, in his anger malignantly bitter. Maurice never liked the man, but was flattered by the marked exception made in his favour by this tyrannic leader, who neither bullied nor contradicted him, but always sought to conciliate the Dragoon. It was he who planned the recent murder; and not long after its perpetration, communicated to Maurice a project in which he claimed the aid of his skill, courage, and bodily prowess.

"There is," said O'Rourke, "about twenty miles from hence, a small estate, occupied by a fellow, whose prolonged life is at once a curse and a disgrace to our party. Not that the man is old; but by his pernicious activity, he has cramped our movements continually, and by his impudent resolution, set us at defiance. I know that he is about to redouble his importunity with the Government, not only to bring the Peelers here, but also to let him equip a regular force, and put himself at their head. He is a cursed locust, and has a young fry that go about spreading the poison of heresy among the cabins, and canting like so many begging friars." O'Rourke paused, as was usual, when he found his contempt for his own church breaking out, whilst reviling every other.

"Well, Delany, this Orange rascal cannot be shot. I believe the devil has made him bullet-proof, not being able to spare such a choice tool: and if he was out of the way, he has sons of the same metal, ready to wade knee-deep in Catholic blood. Och! the curse of the whole kalender be upon them! But, Delany, there is one chance, and that a glorious one: the spalpeen has daughters too, and the prettiest creatures that ever tripped the emerald sod."

"Faith then, I smell your plan, comrade: a moonlight wooing, to horse and away, is it?"

"Just so, Maurice; there is no man but yourself, to whom I durst confide the management of the business, but difficulties only spur you on. I have made choice of one, she is the father's darling. Once I have her snug in my quarters, we give the law to the whole clan at Slieve-moran."

"And I another of them," said Maurice.

"No, no—not of these. You must rob some other nest—good husbands are too scarce to bestow two on one family." He laughed grimly as he spoke; and Maurice, in his heart, pitied the fair girl for whom such a wooer was destined: but to the exploit itself he had no objection; indeed, he rather longed for such a skirmish, as the father's character seemed to promise. He was tired of butchering old men, and frightening babes.

O'Rourke farther unfolded his plan, which was to dispatch Maurice with half a dozen of the most efficient among his troop; and to wait in the vicinity of Slieve-moran such farther information as might lead them forward more confidently. Mr. Butler, he said, was as prudent as he was bold; and must be warily dealt with.

"We have settled two of that name, already," observed Maurice.

"Yes: but not of this family—they are very high, I promise you."

To Slieve-moran went Maurice and his select party. O'Rourke met them at a cabin about two miles from the spot, and told Maurice that every thing depended on their seizing the right individual. It was evident that his own gratification was concerned especially in this point; but he prudently assigned, as a reason for being so particular, the high estimation in which the young lady stood with her family.

To give Maurice an opportunity of deliberately viewing his future victim, so as to guard against mistake, a plan was devised which sufficiently illustrated the characters of those engaged in it. The father was careful not to let his daughters pass the boundary of his pleasure grounds unattended, or otherwise than in a body: to obtain a sight of the one in question, a messenger was sent to the house, stating that an old woman, known to be a great devotee of the Roman Catholic church, was dangerously ill; that she wanted to see Miss Butler alone, and seek comfort from her. Such a plea, they told Maurice, could not fail; for the young lady would overrule all her father's scruples, and obey the summons. She did so; the old woman was laid in her bed, groaning most piteously, and Maurice, seated in the darkest corner of the cabin, his hat pulled over his eyes, and busily employed in budding potatoes, when the light step of the fair visitant crossed the uneven floor, and a soothing voice enquired of old Katy's welfare.

A few hypocritical expressions of bodily and mental pain, with a hint at the comfort it would give her to hear some good words read, soon drew forth the little pocket Bible, and her straw bonnet laid aside, the young lady advanced to the discoloured pane that constituted a window. The light streamed downward upon a face as beautiful as a pictured seraph, to Maurice more terrible than a destroying demon—a face and a form that he could have longed to bury a thousand fathoms deep in earth, or sea, rather than expose them to their impending fate.

Julia Butler was the daughter of an officer who had led his troop to victory abroad, and watched over it at home with paternal care. She, who stood there, the unsuspecting object of conspiracy so atrocious, had once saved Maurice from the disgrace of the lash, by disarming, with smiles and tears, her father's rigid discipline. There was scarcely a man in the regiment who would not have interposed his life between those fair motherless girls and danger: but none among them felt the devoted attachment of Maurice Delany. He was their father's orderly many a time, when temporary command devolved on the Captain; and as he looked on their playful countenances, and watched over their heedless steps, for they were then mere children, Maurice felt as if the guardianship of some costly treasure was confided to him. With Captain Butler too, he was a marked favourite: and if Maurice had a heart, that family was enshrined within its centre.

The Captain having obtained his majority, they had left the regiment four years before the disbanding of Maurice's troop, and whither they had gone he knew not; but neither the lapse of time, nor the ripening beauty of womanhood in which the giddy girl was hardly recognizable to a careless eye, could leave Maurice for one single instant in doubt as to the identity of the being before him. Quick and violent in all his feelings, the emotion of that moment left him so completely stupified, that it was long ere he could comprehend what was uttered by the compassionate young visitor, to the supposed invalid. She had read a portion of the inspired volume aloud, and was bending over the low couch, when Delany first caught the import of what passed within his hearing.

"Heart and flesh are failing you now, Katy," said Miss Butler, "and where will you find succour if you turn not to the living God—to Him who is mighty to save."

"Och, and it's I that am a miserable sinner, Miss!" groaned the old woman.

"We are all sinners, Katy, miserable sinners, indeed. Our hearts are deceitful and desperately wicked: full of all evil, continually departing from God, and delighting in sin. We naturally love to lean on broken reeds—things that cannot support us—for conscience bears witness that "our God is a consuming fire," and we tremble to approach Him. Only one way is appointed by which the sinner may stand before this holy Lord God: but from that safe path also we turn, and choose the crooked ways of man's invention, trusting to things that cannot profit, and looking for heaven without preparing for it."

"Oh that I was prepared for heaven!" cried Katy.

"That will never be," returned the young lady, "while you seek it in your own merit, or in those of saints and mediators whom God has not appointed. There is but one name under heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved, and that is the name of Christ Jesus, who stands more ready to receive and pardon, to sanctify and bless you, that you are to seek these gifts at His hands."

"True for ye, Miss Butler, and you speak like an angel."

Julia shook her head. "While you give heed to the words of your fellow-mortals, Katy, without knowing in whom or what you believe, it cannot be well with you. A day is coming—and how soon may it not arrive! when your soul must leave this body, and stand alone and helpless before the Judge of the Spirits of all flesh. Do you not believe this, Katy?"

"Sure and I do, Ma'am."

"Then, believing it, how can you, how dare you, trifle with a single hour of this transient existence, and remain in such a fearful uncertainty as to your eternal state? Your Priest tells you confidently that certain forms, prayers, and ceremonies will save your soul. *I* tell you, Katy," and her face glowed with animated earnest-

ness, "that all these things are nothing, less than nothing, and vanity. Nay, they are exceedingly sinful, as robbing Christ of His glory, dishonouring the truth, the holiness, the majesty of God; and substituting for spiritual worship such mocking lip-service as the heathen offers to the shapeless stick or stone that he calls his god. Now, Katy, between these contrary assertions, how can you tell which to believe?"

The old woman was silent.

"See," continued Julia, holding up her little Bible, "Your Priests dare not deny this book to be the revealed will and word of God. But this book contradicts their doctrine, and therefore they hide it, and forbid you to look in it. I appeal to this book, Katy, and charge you to believe my words no farther than as they are confirmed by it. Oh! that you would get some neighbour to read it to you, and pray to be taught of God! At least, you can surely pray; and He will instruct your ignorance, lighten your darkness, and hide you under the shadow of His Almighty wing. There alone is safety. These are days of darkness and alarm;" she proceeded in a faltering voice, "and how precious is the faith by which we can dwell quietly in the midst of peril, knowing that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them!"

The old woman feigned drowsiness, and muttered something indistinctly.

"You had better sleep," said the kind instructor, "but do not let your soul continue in the slumber of unrepented sin. The sickness now upon you is surely a message from above. It will be blessed to some, perhaps,"—and her look slightly glanced to where Maurice sat,—"but while we pray that a good work may be done in you, remember that you must also strive to work out your own salvation: not by the vain and sinful forms of an idolatrous religion, but by that faith which worketh by love: believing what God has spoken in Christ, and obeying because we believe. Farewell, Katy," and after depositing something on the pillow, she left the cabin.

To Maurice the whole scene bore the character of a dream, rather than a reality; and rudely was he awakened from it, when old Katy jumped from her bed, and taking up the donation left on her pillow, exclaimed, "Are ye sure, honey, ye'll know the lady again?"

"I'll engage for it," answered Maurice, with bitter emphasis.

"Troth, and it isn't for the like of you to see such faces every day. They are three roses on a stalk; and though this be the queen among them, they're as like as red roses can be. The Virgin be good unto us!" she continued, crossing herself, with low genuflexions, "and take away all heresy, and forgive me for hearing the words of an ill book. It was done for holy Church's sake, and a ten-penny bit shall go out of this little gold, or a five-penny, any how, to next Easter dues. And now I'll just sprinkle the holy water where she sat, and where she stepped." This she did, and proceeded: "Merit I shall have, and may be an indulgence; for Och! it's unknown the charity these Butlers have given me. And sure I'll do a holy deed in going against my feelings to harm them for Church's sake, and the Virgin, and the Saints—heretics that they be, root and branch, ill luck to 'em!"

Before Katy had concluded her contradictory harangue, Maurice left the cabin. He could no longer endure the display of daring hypocrisy and relentless treachery, justified by the plea of religion; and following too close upon an appeal which had sunk deep into his heart and conscience. When Julia Butler spoke of the serenity of those who made the Lord their refuge, an Amen had nearly burst from his lips; and he now rushed after her, with a vague purpose of confessing all his meditated guilt. But she was leaning on the arm of a tall youth, whom he judged to be her younger brother, and dreading the effect of an unadvised disclosure, he retreated into a neighbouring corpse, and sat down, burying his face in his hands.

To rescue, at the expense of his life, the family of Butler, appeared to Maurice as natural and inevitable an act, as to inhale the element that he moved in: how to accomplish it was a formidable difficulty. The failure of one assault would not discourage his desperate associates from more violent attempts; while the premature discovery of his defection, must deprive the victims of their only chance of ultimate escape. He was bound, too, by

oaths of tremendous import; and they had nerved his hand to deeds of cowardly assassination: but oaths were ties of gossamer, and the deeply woven sophistry of false patriotism was as a fractured cobweb when opposed to the impetuous dictates of passionate feeling. How inexcusable, then, was his participation in the crimes of his confederates, during many past months! He felt it to be so; and never did conscious guilt, combined with the impotent and feverish eagerness that would compass an unattainable object, so league to torture the mind of man, as now in the case of Maurice. The brow knit in an agonizing labour of thought, the teeth continually gnashing, and the hand unconsciously plucking locks from his head, gave but a faint indication of the outrageous madness with which the tempest foamed within.

But Maurice was to meet O'Rourke in two hours time; and every moment became more precious than the preceding. Failing to devise some plan for the victim's escape, he felt that he must inevitably betray to the ruffian destroyer his excited feelings, and perhaps do him some actual violence. Every bad and ferocious passion so carefully fostered in his bosom by his guilty and designing companions, now turned in fearful malignity against themselves; while with the image of Julia Butler returned all the proud and fascinating pageantry of his former profession, all the pride and pomp of military array, in such intolerable contrast to his present degradation, yet further aggravated by the new and alarming truths which he had just heard under circumstances so touching, that every stern and stubborn feeling sunk subdued beneath the rush of unwonted emotion, and he wept till exhausted nature could no more.

Relieved in some degree by this ebullition, he at length arose, comparatively calm, and proceeded to find his horse. It may readily be supposed that the very eye of the gallant steed seemed to his disordered fancy to glance reproach upon him. He felt it, and answering the imaginary appeal, whispered, as he grasped the rein. "True for ye, Blucher, but we'll save her yet."

Had Maurice been a scribe, the caution might have been conveyed to Slievemoran in security: but here too his idle and volatile temper, his neglect of all that might really profit, and his blind adherence to the ignorance in which the sluggard loves to feel his soul becalmed, bore bitter fruit in the hour of extreme need. Rejecting Captain Butler's frequent advice, he had slighted opportunities of usual information, and refused to attend the regimental school. No person could be trusted to commit his thoughts to paper; for a failure would be irretrievable ruin on both sides. He resolved to loiter about the vicinity of the house, and trust to chance for an opportunity of doing more. Somewhat cheered by this prospect, he endured to hear O'Rourke expatiate on the beauty of his victim, and the triumph that such an exploit would secure over "the whole gang of Slieve-moran."

"No time must be lost, Delany; the nights will soon be moonlight."

"That's what we want," said Maurice, resolved at all events to gain time.

"Nonsense! you'll only be marked the easier, and shot like dogs."

"If I undertake this campaign, Mr. O'Rourke, I must carry it on in my own way."

"Well, don't be affronted; I depend on you; for, let alone personal regard, I confess that you are the only lad to cope with these bloody-minded Butlers."

On the next night, Maurice undertook to post a notice some miles distant, which he tore to atoms as soon as he was fairly out of sight, and gallopped away to Slievemoran. It was clear starlight, and the outline of the building could be distinctly traced, while Maurice softly walked his steed around the plantation, and strove to derive new spirit to invent, to plan, to execute, as he looked upon its light battlements and fragile towers: for it was a castellated building. He had not made two circuits when his path was suddenly impeded by another horseman, who, in a gruff, and not very natural voice, exclaimed, "By the powers, my gay fellow, but you're making a liesurely round on your post."

"What are you?" asked Maurice in a threatening tone, half suspecting O'Rourke in the disguised voice.

"And is it at me you're asking it, jewel? may be it's you that should tell."

"I'm a friend," said Maurice impatiently.

"To the family?"

"Of course."

"Och, then it's myself that will be beholden to you for a good word with the Butlers—come on;" and he seized Blucher's bridle; then transferring the grasp to his rider's collar, nearly dragged him down by the unexpected movement.

The coarse brogue, the jeering language, the violent attack, all combined to strengthen Delany's suspicions of espionage on the part of O'Rourke's gang; he struggled, but the tenacious grasp resisted his efforts: his blood was on fire, and he discharged a pistol at his opponent, who instantly loosed his hold, exclaiming in an altered tone, "You have done for me." Certain that the report must alarm the household, and that the wounded man, whether friend or foe, would be discovered immediately, Maurice gallopped away.

The next morning brought to his retreat the news that young Butler was wounded by some unknown assassin; mortally, some said; others not. Maurice made no remark, but inwardly swore tenfold vengeance for the blood that he had unwittingly shed.

Days passed on; there was no prospect of longer delay: young Butler's hurt was slight, and no danger apprehended; but Maurice hoped the rencontre would lead to greater caution on the part of the family. However, it was ascertained by means of a treacherous female servant, with whom some of the gang had successfully tampered, that the young gentleman appeared convinced his midnight enemy was merely a poacher, as he at first surmised; and therefore no particular defensive preparations were made.

The plan was now ripe; and a second night was to witness the perpetration of the deed. Young Butler's wounded state seemed to favour them; as much attention would be paid to guarding him in the event of a hostile entrance. Maurice heard the room minutely described, in which they were to search for Julia; he heard the reiterated directions that would ensure the delivery of his prize into O'Rourke's brutal hands; and nerved to attempt impossibilities, rather than behold the triumph of his villany, the soldier quitted the party, and rode off, by a circuitous route, in the direction of Slieve-moran.

Aware that an emissary of the Rockites was concealed among Captain Butler's domestics, he dared not venture to the house; but in an agony of mind, revolving a thousand undefinable plans, he loitered in its immediate vicinity; until in the adjoining copse he caught a view of three female figures, among whom he was certain that of Julia was discernible. Springing from the saddle, he led Blucher to a shaded spot, and fastened him up beneath a tree, stealing with wary, but impatient steps towards that point from which he calculated on best intercepting the progress of the young ladies. Ere he could proceed far, a sudden call, uttered in a voice well used to command, arrested his steps; and Major Butler, supporting on his arm his son, appeared a few paces distant from him.

Startled by this unexpected apparation, and struck with shame, Maurice half averted his face, while the question was yet more peremptorily repeated. "What seek you here?" and a sword-stick, which he well recollected, was firmly grasped by veteran's hand. But a deep sense of the invaluable opportunity, overcame all other feelings; and he eagerly approached the gentlemen, who appeared to expect a hostile onset, and evidently stood on guard.

"One word," he exclaimed, in a smothered, but eager tone.

"Stand where you are, Sir," interrupted the young man sternly; "we can hear you."

But Maurice still approached, unmindful of the pistol which the wounded youth now produced; and of the father's warning voice, "Beware; we have watched your motions, and a step too near hazards your life."

"Take it if you will; only take my counsel with it."

"By my soul," exclaimed young Butler, "'tis the very fellow"——

"Silence!" interrupted Maurice vehemently; "and you, Sir, mark me as you value heaven. Remove your daughters, guard your house, trust no one, be secret, be resolute."

"And for what?" said young Butler, drawing nearer, "you appear a likely fellow to give friendly advice."

But Maurice heeded him not. "Waste not a day, not an hour. Neglect my words, and you are lost: repeat them and you lose your only friend; *there* is treachery:" pointing to the house, "and there," waving his arm around, "are foes you little think of." All this was spoken with the utmost rapidity, and while speaking he retreated.

"Seize him, father!" cried young Butler, too conscious of his own weakness to make the attempt himself; but raising the pistol which he held. The Major, however, turned his arm aside, shaking his head, while he intently looked upon Delany, and said, "Supposing your motives were friendly, and your counsel worth heeding, how are we to account for the strange fashion in which you deliver the warning?" and while speaking, the gentleman contrived to intercept his path to where the horse was left.

"Botheration!" exclaimed Maurice, impatiently, "What would I get by giving you such advice, if it were not needed?"

"You might chance to get off better than you deserve, from some disappointed scheme of villany," answered young Butler.

"'Tis false," cried Delany, "and you may learn that to your cost, ere long:" then recollecting Julia, he vehemently added, "For the love of heaven, Major Butler, for the love of an angel now in heaven, and an angel still upon earth, slight not my counsel. My life you may take, and no great matter; if I valued it, I had not come here alone, and unarmed, to warn you, but"——at this moment he perceived several men hastening from the rear of the house, in which direction young Butler's eye had frequently been turned with a glance of impatient expectation. No time was to be lost; by a sudden dash he passed the gentlemen, and springing over a low fence, was on Blucher's back in a moment. Again the pistol was aimed; and again Major Butler pushed it aside, exclaiming, "At your peril, Tom;—don't touch him." Maurice rapidly wheeled his horse round them, crying out, "You'll regret your ingratitude; and if you neglect my warning, you'll weep tears of blood for it. If you repeat it"——here he found it necessary to start off at a full gallop, and pursued by the shouts of men, who had, by this time, approached very near, he was speedily out of sight.

Highly irritated, young Butler withdrew his arm from that of his father, and asked if it was his will in future to abet the escape of every unprincipled ruffian with whom they fell in; adding, "I never yet disobeyed, you, Sir, nor have I now done so, although the rascal who shot me was within my reach; but there are claims, even stronger than parental authority; and situated as the country is"——

"Pho, Tom," interrupted the Major, "you are hot and hasty. Let us send these fellows back to the house, and not a word of what has passed until we have talked the matter over. Ruffian he may be, and probably is; 'but bold he can speak, and fairly ride.' I have looked upon him and his horse before now."

Dismissing the men, who returned from their unavailing pursuit, the gentlemen slowly proceeded towards the pleasure grounds, where the unconscious maidens were still strolling; and here we leave them to accompany Maurice.

Chafed by a reception so little accordant with his warm feelings towards the family, for whom he hazarded his all, and yet relieved from an intolerable oppression of mind, he continued his course, taking care to reach the lowly cabin by a route far different from that which led to Slievemoran. He thought somewhat unusual twinkled in the sullen eye of O'Rourke, at his approach, and before any question could be put, proceeded to narrate the imaginary adventures of his morning ride; giving himself credit for having prudently reconnoitred a pass concerning which he professed himself to have entertained some doubts, now happily solved. O'Rourke heard him out; and then opened more fully his nefarious designs for the ensuing evening.

Professing unlimited confidence in his dear Captain Delany, he represented the danger that must accrue from a sudden pursuit, and the probability of a large force being brought to bear upon their movements; ending with a broad hint of the service they would be rendering their country by extirpating, as far as might be, this pestilent nest of locusts.

Maurice listened very coolly, tapping his boot with a little switch; and when

O'Rourke concluded, raised his eyes suddenly with a piercing gaze, and asked whether he had altered his designs concerning the young lady.

"No, faith, Captain, I'm no such fool. The best concerted plans may fail: and in case of accident, we have a sure hold on them, while we hold her: but the boys will be for a general finish among these sassenachs, and why should we bar them of their just revenge? The house may take fire, for aught we know; and who's to pay us for quenching it?"

"True enough," said Maurice, who saw the infernal design was already fixed, beyond his power of interference; the traitors within being doubtless prepared to render efficient aid to the ruffians without. "And, therefore," continued O'Rourke, "it will be best for you to leave that business entirely to the boys, and hasten away with your prize."

"Alone?" asked Delany, with something like a gleam of hope darting across his mind. "Alone? St. Mary forbid! we know your worth too well to venture your safety in such odds. No: Hennessy, Conlan, and Fitzgerald will accompany you: and myself be in waiting at the Kilmurtagh pass."

Apparently acquiescing in what he had no means of opposing, Maurice led Blucher to his shed; and apostrophized him with muttered invectives on the gross abuse of a system, the mischievous tendency of which he now saw in so glaring a light. That O'Rourke was actuated by passions as selfish as they were base, and that he would as readily sacrifice those of his own creed, religious and political, to the same private ends, he could not for a moment doubt; yet did this fellow, who so far unmasked to him his atrocious character, support the appearance of a most devoted patriot among the more despised dupes of his villainy; and assume the glow of enthusiasm, in a cause where he felt no real interest whatever; because, by kindling in their untutored spirits the reality of what he feigned, he could weld them to his purpose, as heated metal beneath the hand of the artificer. Maurice bitterly felt that he had blasted his own fair name, tarnished his honourable achievements, imbrued his hands in innocent blood, and stood pledged to more and deeper enormities, not for the advancement of his religion, not for the amelioration of his country's ills, but to become a despicable tool in the employ of an obscure bandit, who would doubtless deliver him up to an ignominious death, with as little scruple as he now led him into such damning guilt, for the safety of his own person, or the gratification of any one among his sordid appetites.

Thus reasoned Maurice, while he prepared his horse, by an unwonted allowance of repose and good cheer, for the dubious service of the morrow's night. His weapons, too, were carefully examined, and a plentiful store of ammunition deposited in his cartouch box. O'Rourke marked, well pleased, these decisive tokens of anxious preparation, and recompensed his zeal with a more copious communication of his own vile plans, and merciless purposes. Maurice listened with clenched teeth; while some imaginary impediment to the progress of his work, by affording an excuse for an occasional stamp and violent imprecation, supplied him with a vent for feelings that might otherwise have burst out in a manner more perilous to the wretch who in reality provoked them.

A long and deep carouse closed the night, and Maurice was tempted to drown, in the vortex of intoxication, the maddening thoughts that preyed upon his spirit; but dread of betraying the actual state of his mind withheld him; and he remained sober. Tossed in a whirlwind of passions, his soul found no resting place: he could have wished to pray, but the crime of perjury, the overwhelming horror of his church's curse, and a total ignorance of that Being whom he almost longed to seek in the extremity of his distress, all presented a bar that he could not over-leap. Visions of the past, even of his innocent childish days, floated before his sight, till it became dimmed with gathering dew; and Julia Butler, as she was when Maurice Delany bore the proud character of a British soldier; Julia Butler, as she breathed the words of heavenly peace over the bed of feigned sickness in old Katy's cabin; Julia Butler, as she would shortly be, unless a miracle were wrought for her escape—for Maurice feared his cautions were suspected, and would be de-

spised—all came in a succession of maddening images to heat his blood into the fever of frenzy. At times he utterly despaired of the slightest help for any one bearing the name of Butler: at other times he fancied impossible feats of prowess, effecting their deliverance. One stern resolve he had formed, almost unconsciously; it was, in the event of total failure in his every hope, to despatch at once the destroyer and the victim, yielding himself a ready prey to the vengeance of his comrades.

Day gleamed through the many crevices of their miserable abode, as palpably as through its patched and crazy window: exhibiting the bacchanalian crew, stretched in the heavy sleep of debauch. Maurice raised his head from a troubled doze, and as the dawning light fell on O'Rourke's bloated and dogged visage, where he lay snoring in helpless inanity, Delany unconsciously grasped a weighty stone jar, and scarcely refrained from dashing it against the head that hung so temptingly exposed to his aim. But any deed of violence would assuredly recoil on himself; and the gang were too highly excited to the enterprize for the loss of two or three among them to effect its abandonment.

With a mixture of dread and impatience did Maurice watch the varying shadows that betrayed the lapse of day; and no sooner had evening closed in than the bustle of active preparation was heard. Horses appeared as if by magic, at the rear of the cabin; but it was only to select five or six of those whose deportment promised best for fleetness and strength. Blucher, refreshed by his master's careful attention, pawed the ground in high and eager spirits, nor would it have been an easy matter at that moment, to convince Maurice that the steed in whose mouth he secured the bit, was unconscious of his destination, or failed to participate in the emotion that bounded through his own veins with exhausting violence.

The moon was young, and had made far progress towards the western horizon, when the cavalcade set forth, marshalled under a leader who fervently wished the earth to cleave asunder and engulph them in her entrails. He was armed with a keen sabre; holsters, rudely fashioned under his directions, were fixed to the saddle; a carbine was slung across his shoulders, and a spear-head, daggerwise, was stuck in his belt: but that on which he most relied, as a concealed friend, was a case of pocket pistols, so disposed in the inner breast of his coat, that he could in a moment draw either from its hiding-place, when apparently disarmed. Young Butler had already experienced the effect of such manœuvre; and deeply did Maurice swear, as he screwed the bullets down, that the blood so disastrously split should be avenged tenfold.

Winding along the unfrequented, and indeed trackless route chosen for their march, the Rockites approached Slievemoran. Six were mounted on picked horses, and ten more not so advantageously. All were armed, although unequally, and by no means in such military order as their captain. Maurice was indeed the Captain Rock of the night, and most cordially did he loathe the distinction.

Peeping over the little copse wood, the frail battlements of Slieve-moran now exhibited their ill-defined outline in imperfect relief against a hazy sky. The object thrilled through Maurice's eye-balls to his heart: while it provoked remarks from his companions, that grated on his ear with intolerable discordance.

"I'm thinking," said one, "that the clouds look half inclined to cry over the sassenach."

"Fait, honey," replied another, "we'll give them a blaze shall soon dry up their tears."

"There will be red rain enough, my boy, to put out the blaze," rejoined a third.

"By Holy Mary!" cried another ruffian, "this Master O'Rourke does not play us fair; like a fisherman, he picks out the best of the haul, and flings back the remainder, when he might bestow them on a hungry sowl. What say you, Captain? shall we take his example before his commands, and carry off all three?"

"Silence!" said Maurice, in a deep stern voice, "your brawling is out of place."

"Civil words, Mr. Captain Rock, if you please," answered the fellow angrily. "A

farmer's son is as good as a common trooper, any day; and, by my sowl, I'll make it appear."

"Are you mad, Pat Hennessy?" asked one of the party. "Is this a time to be swaggering over your private conceits?"

"Oh, let him alone," said Maurice, contemptuously; "tongues will wag when hands are disposed to be quiet."

"Eh! Spalpeen! what do you mane by that?" cried the offended Rockite.

"Musha! what would he mane, but just to touch up your memory consarnin the fair of Cloneen," said a fellow, whose tone conveyed even greater sarcasm than his words; and the fierce rejoinder of Hennessy, who felt himself galled on a tender point, threatened, as Maurice had calculated, a row among the assailants, ere they could reach the house: but by the earnest remonstrances of two more reflecting heads, the wrathful champions were induced to repress the impending recurrence of an unforgetten feud; and this *ruse* of Maurice failed.

They were now near upon the abode of Major Butler, and silently advanced to make a sudden and simultaneous attack upon the entrance, which they were assured could offer least resistance. The horses were secured, so as to allow of instantaneous release; two sentinels were posted near them, two at either end of the mansion, and three on the farther side. The remaining seven moved to the assault, two armed with heavy crowbars, wherewith to force the door.

It was a moment of the wildest agony to Maurice; whither could he turn? a symptom of defection would prove his death warrant, and ready executioners stood around him. Assured that his only and desperate hope must be confined to the possibility of rescuing Julia, in the deepest confusion of the fray, he dared not pause on his path to what he felt as a deed of unpardonable sacrilege. Cold damps were diffused over his brow, and but for the veil of night, he must have stood convicted among his comrades of unmanly cowardice. Still they drew nigh; and as the iron bars were lifted for a thundering salute, a well directed volley through the apertures of closed window-shutters laid two of the assailants low, and drove back the remainder in the confusion of astonishment.

A loud huzzah burst from the lips of Maurice; it was that of rapturous exultation; but his comrades understood it as a cry of encouragement, and immediately rallying, poured an irregular fire into the window, the glass of which was of course shattered, but no impression appeared to be made on the inner barricade; while a more concentrated volley from another part of the building startled the gang, and disabled a third fellow. Enraged to the highest pitch, the Rockites vociferated their war cry of "Captain Rock! Down with the Palatine! death to every locust! death to the bloody Butlers!" and regardless of the fire still briskly plied against them, they rushed upon doors and windows, in reckless desperation, convinced that a sudden manifestation of treachery from within would shortly give full scope to their murderous revenge. But nothing of the kind appeared; and one of the party proposed drawing off, out of gunshot, to allow time for such event to take place.

"Twill blaze in a moment," said he to Delany, "and then we can return, and stab the bloody dogs back into the flames."

His advice was adopted; and as they stood impatiently eying the devoted mansion, a sudden light, bursting at once through a considerable part of the upper windows, fulfilled their expectations: with loud whoops they again rushed forward, Maurice eagerly pressing in the van, when another regular and tremendous discharge of small arms staggered the party; and Delany fell, shot through the ancle, in a way that utterly disabled him from standing.

His fall redoubled the fury of his comrades; they again fired, and again rushed on; while foaming with rage and despair, Maurice rolled and writhed on the ground. The smoke prevented him from distinguishing any object, but a violent crash, followed by a shout of exultation from the assailants, bespoke some advantage gained; yet a repulse evidently drove them back in confusion, and they had well nigh trampled on him. Then, once more discharging their pieces, they dashed at the house again, with a louder and more

triumphant yell than formerly; their retreating voices told that they had entered, and were proceeding through the mansion; Maurice made one supernatural effort, raised himself from the ground, to his knees, and fixed a fearful stare upon the building. But a mist passed over his eyes, every sound appeared to die away in dreamy indistinctness, and he fell senseless upon the earth.

When Maurice awoke to consciousness, his first sensation was that of extreme cold. A damp chill was upon his limbs, and a shudder ran through his frame, expressive alike of bodily and of mental suffering. He looked around, and beheld on every side the over-hanging branches of trees that dripped with dew. Ere reason had fully re-assumed her power, a vague idea of his presence being immediately required elsewhere, impelled him to start from the ground; to which, however, he again fell, groaning with the intense agony of his forgotten wound. Recalled to a full recollection of the circumstances under which that wound was inflicted, Maurice again half-raised himself, anxiously endeavouring to catch, through some casual opening, a glimpse of the dwelling, the object of his most racking solicitude, but in vain. A high bank, profusely covered with brambles, overtopped by trees, half-encircled him; while immense bushes of hawthorn, interspersed with elm and ash, formed an opposite barrier, through which the eye could not penetrate, even if assisted by a much stronger light than was afforded by the faint gleam of a dull morning.

That he had been conveyed to some corner of Major Butler's plantation, appeared quite evident to Maurice, but beyond this he could surmise nothing. Long and breathlessly did he listen for any sound that might assist his conjectures as to the quarter in which the mansion lay; but all was still. The little birds, indeed, as they fluttered among the boughs, accompanied with a rustling noise the scattering of the dew upon his head; but this, and their faint twittering, alone broke in upon the dreary silence that surrounded him.

It was not the first time that Maurice had found himself disabled and alone, after an engagement. An adventure, not dissimilar, had before occurred, when in the heat of a triumphant pursuit after the retreating foe, his comrades had been necessitated to leave him. Although wounded, his military ardour had carried him onward to some distance from the field of victory; but enfeebled by loss of blood, he was compelled to dismount, and fainted. How different where then his reviving sensations from those that now oppressed him! His comrades had laid him beside a shallow stream, the waters of which he could reach; his gallant Blucher was cropping the green blade beside him, and, as they had anticipated, speedy succour was afforded by the advancing troops. Then, too, his bodily anguish was soothed by the proud satisfaction of a conquering soldier, who had just won an expression of marked approval from his beloved commander—that very Major Butler upon whose peaceful slumbers he had now led a party of midnight assassins.

Unable to endure the poignancy of such reflection, again and again did Maurice essay to rise, and work his way through the perplexing shrubs. The only fruit of his efforts was a conviction that, besides the wound in his leg, he had received some violent contusions in various parts of his body. The desperation of his mind would have overcome all sense of pain, had that been the sole obstacle to his success; but exhaustion proved an insuperable barrier, and after a few convulsive efforts, he lay still, powerless, but fully awake to all the horrors of his lot. A lingering death seemed now his certain fate: it was improbable that any human eye should be led to explore a spot apparently chosen for concealment, whether by the treachery of his comrades, or by their mistake in supposing him dead. By degrees his intense anxiety gave way to the overpowering interest of his own situation, and since death must speedily be encountered, he resolved to meet the last enemy with fortitude.

Had Maurice been conducted to the gibbet, a fate to which his recent crimes well entitled him, he would probably, in the language too lightly applied on such occasions, have evinced great penitence and resignation. Beneath the deceptive soothings of his priest, and the curious gaze of a thousand eyes, superstition and

pride would have contributed to produce a decent composure of manner, and even to drown the inward voice of fearful anticipation. But, destitute of these excitements, Maurice had now to meet his God, alone and unsupported; with a guilty soul and burdened conscience, he must launch forth upon eternity, and receive from the lips of his Almighty Judge, the final doom. How terrible was the thought! Trembling on the verge of an untried gulf, how fain would the wretched spirit have beheld some hope to which it might cling, have heard some pitying voice exclaiming, "stay him from going down into the pit. I have found a ransom." But no such comfort beamed upon Maurice; he had his patron saint, and his creed included a long list of names, to which he had been accustomed to pay a blind adoration: but these visionary beings afforded him now no stay. The misdeeds of his youth rose up against him, and darkened as they rose into the sanguine hues of robbery and murder. Violence and spoil seemed the sum of those exploits in which, as a soldier, he once boasted; assassination was the mark stamped on his later crimes. Through the canopy of branches that crowned his comfortless bed, he almost imagined that the visible eye of incensed Omnipotence frowned upon his ghastly visage; while every rustle of the leaves swelled to the whispered menace of vengeance and destruction.

Man does not love, in the days of his strength, to examine the chronicle of his deeds, and words, and thoughts;—who shall speak the writhings of the hardened criminal, when, flung prostrate in his iniquitous career, the page is opened in all its horrors before an eye deprived of the power even of closing itself against the blasting record! Man seeks not to rest on an invisible arm, while proudly walking on his venturous pathway, in the dream that future years are reserved for thoughts of eternity: but the vision deceives him, his course unexpectedly terminates, and while earth glides from beneath his feet, how wildly, and alas! too often how vainly, does his soul cry for the help so long despised, so often rejected, in its fearful passage to the scenes of an unchangeable existence.

The sun arose and shone dimly through the haze of an autumnal morning; the breeze whistled among tangled boughs, scattering many a seared leaf on his damp resting-place, and still Maurice lay in such helpless agony of body and spirit, as wrung the moisture from every pore. He was sinking into the very lethargy of utter despair, when a sudden sound of light rustling among the bushes attracted his faint gaze, and presently a beautiful setter dog stood beside him. The sight of any living creature would have been a welcome break upon the terrible solitude of that hour; and the short quick bark that burst from the intruder, sounded like the voice of reviving hope. The dog still stood at bay, and barked incessantly, until a distant whistle was heard, the signal of recal, which he slowly obeyed, often looking back, and growling in his retreat. The feelings of Maurice may be conceived, under this desertion; he attempted to utter a shout, but a faint cry was all that his lips had power to articulate; too faint to summon relief.

The dog, however, proved true to the wonderful instinct of his race: a few minutes only could elapse, ere Maurice distinctly heard the short bark at intervals approaching; and presently the rending asunder of inwoven branches bespoke the difficulty with which some person was working his way through the underwood. Another minute, and the dog lightly bounded to his former station, followed by a man in the habit of a decent labourer; to whose countenance the intelligent animal raised its bright eyes, while with gestures of delight it seemed to claim approval for its sagacious exploit.

"What are you doing here, my man?" asked the stranger, in a tone of surprise.

"Dying," replied Maurice, faintly.

"Troth, and you've taken a snug corner to die in, if it's a real case:" then observing the blood in which the lower part of the soldier's dress appeared to be drenched, his manner changed. "Indeed, you seem to have got a bad scratch there; how did you come by it?"

"Water, water!" Maurice articulated, as the sense of burning thirst became more intolerable every moment.

"Well, it's no use bothering you now with questions. You want help sure enough; but 'tis an odd place to be found

in, and how to get you out of it, I know not. You must have jumped, or tumbled down the bank that's behind you: but you're in no condition to climb up again at present." Then, after a pause, "I'll do what I can though; lie still awhile; and Rover, sir, stay there till I come back;" so saying he disappeared. The dog seemed duly sensible of the charge which devolved on him; lying down, and resting his chin on the knee of Maurice, he looked affectionately in his face, then licked his hand; and in the thick pantings of this mute attendant, Maurice found a voice of sympathy and consolation. So gladly does proud man sometimes turn for solace to the meanest of the creatures over whom he too often exerts with cruelty his unresisted power.

Rover's master was not long absent; and, on his return a tall lad accompanied him, who held to the lips of Maurice a small can of fresh buttermilk; and proceeded to consult on the best means of removing him. "How far off is your home?" asked he. This was a perplexing query; and while Maurice hesitated for a reply, the elder stranger rejoined, "Never mind his home, Pat, 'tis not in this neighbourhood, that we know, any how: our place is the nearest, and there we'll take him."

Pat assented: and with much caution they raised the sufferer between them, making first an opening among the trees and brambles to some distance. In the midst of all the agony occasioned by the movement, Maurice fixed his whole heart on one object; the glimpse that he expected to catch of Slieve-moran, on emerging from his leafy retreat: but before they had proceeded sufficiently far to look out on the surrounding country, perception entirely forsook him, and he remained unconscious, until the severe pain inflicted by a partial examination of his wound recalled his torpid senses.

Maurice was lying on a small, but neat and comfortable pallet-bed, in a room, the chief recommendation of which, was the cleanliness that prevailed in every part; while a decent middle-aged woman supplied bandages to a stout young fellow, who, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, was carefully dressing the mangled limb.

"Is the ball there still, Honey?" enquired the woman, in a tone of compassionate anxiety.

"No, Mother; it's clane through the leg, and the better luck for him, poor fellow; we may manage it yet without the doctor."

"The Lord be praised!" she ejaculated.

Of all that passed, Maurice was perfectly sensible; but partly from weakness, partly from a desire to escape some disagreeable interrogatories, he gave no indication of more than a mere return of suspended vitality. His wishes were seconded by the considerate care of his attendants, the young man saying, "Don't worry yourself with talk now; you are in good hands, and, please God, you'll do well enough: only be asy."

Easy, however, poor Maurice could not be; for with the hope of prolonged existence came all the torturing anxieties of the preceding days. Slieve-moran, Julia Butler—these were the themes that haunted him; and the natural desire for salutary repose was combated, in a feverish eagerness to hear every word that passed in the room; assured that some allusion to the butchery of last night must be dropped in the course of conversation. Nothing of the kind rewarded his painful attention: but a new, though very inferior source of curiosity presented itself. In the young man who had dressed his wound, Maurice was certain that he recognized a person and a voice to which he was no stranger. In vain did he seek to identify the object of vague recollections; the confusion of ideas, incident to his state, added tenfold perplexity: and the unconscious subject of his reverie, as he sate quietly reading or conversing with his mother, assumed in turn the shape of Tom Butler, of O'Brien, and even of O'Rourke, in the half-closed eyes of Maurice; until weariness overpowered him, and he slept soundly.

Late in the evening, he awoke, with faculties much brightened; and stealing a look across the apartment, beheld the family assembled; consisting of his two deliverers, and his two nurse-tenders. Apparently the young men were brothers, but Pat was quite a lad; the other seemed about eight-and-twenty.

The first sounds that saluted the awak-

ened ear of Maurice, were exceedingly strange, though not unknown to it. They were words to which he had listened from the lips of a Protestant minister, when attending garrison duty: for the elder son was reading a Psalm to his attentive little congregation. It was the 90th, and the verse, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance," smote the heart of Maurice. He listened to the end, and wished it had been longer; when the solemn pause that succeeded it, was broken by the young man. "Now, mother, as the next Psalm is so full of comfort, I'll read that too;" and he did so, until he came to the seventh verse, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." Here the reader stopped, and resting the book on his knee, said, "How well I remember, dear father and mother, when at the battle of Waterloo my comrades lay, I may say in piles around me—my poor horse was shot under me; and I fell entangled in the stirrups. Before I could rise, I was actually galloped over by more than one of my own regiment, and soaked in the blood of many a dying comrade. Yet here I am, in my own sweet home, without even a scar to remind me of that day. The Lord grant that I never may forget it though!" he added, in a voice of deep emotion, and resumed his book.

A sudden light had broke in upon the mind of Maurice; it was no longer doubt and perplexity: the fine manly figure and intelligent countenance before him, were those of an old comrade; one who had actually been in the immediate service of Major Butler, and who stood deservedly high in his esteem. Thady Connor, alike gentle and brave, had been a favourite with the whole corps; and Maurice could have sprung from his bed to claim the friendship that always had glowed brightest in the day of a comrade's distress. Distress! aye, but Maurice was *disgraced;* would Thady Connor recognize the tie of ancient good will, now that Delany was a rebel, and an assassin? He could not bear the idea of making such a disclosure, nor would he plunge more deeply into guilt by feigning and deceiving. A bitter sigh, almost a groan, bespoke the conflict of his mind; it was heard, and Thady having finished his reading, was beside him. "What cheer now; how goes it with you, comrade?" said he, kindly. The appellation almost led Maurice to conclude that he was recognized; but he avoided looking up.

"May-be he doesn't speak English," observed Pat; and Thady immediately addressed him in the Irish tongue.

"Thank you," murmured Maurice, "I am better; but not well able to talk.

"Time enough for talking, my lad," remarked old Connor; "time enough to the fore. Take a sup of broth, and go sleep till to-morrow."

The broth was swallowed, and a kind good night exchanged; but Thady still held the hand which involuntarily grasped his.

"There's a little fever upon him, mother," said he, "but let him keep still and he will sleep it off. A good night to you, my poor fellow, and God bless you." He shook his hand kindly, and seemed to resign it with a reluctance similar to that of Maurice: "but he knows me not," thought the latter, "or he never would have spoke Irish to me."

Some hours of agonized reflection ended in a determination to confess all, and throw himself on Thady's compassion, rather than to remain in this horrible suspense respecting the Butlers. How strange that not a word relating to that family, and their fearful adventure, had passed the lips of one so long attached to them! Was he known to be a sharer in that infamous crime? he could not suppose so. Besides, this family were Protestants; and as such must be doubly opposed to a member of the Rockite association. Still he resolved to confide in Thady; and at length fell into a slumber that lasted until the smarting wound forbade longer repose. The family were at breakfast, with the exception of one, whom he most desired to see; but Thady appeared not. Connor and Pat went out, and the good woman prepared to dress his wound. Traces of recent tears were on her cheeks, and her eyes again filled as she prepared the bandages: the operation was carefully performed, and slight nourishment administered, but few words passed. At length, Maurice, weary of watching the door, abruptly asked, "Where is Thady?"

The mother looked surprised, but gratified. "Troth, honey, ye may well ask that; for the likes of my Thady you will not soon meet to dress your poor leg, like a doctor, and to spake to you like a brother, and to read the Bible like the minister himself. Blessings on my Thady!" and she wiped her eyes.

"But where is he, Ma'am?"

"It's many a long mile off, where he is now; and a sorrowful house he laves when he's out of it," said the fond mother.

"And when will he come back?"

"Och! if myself could tell that, wouldn't I be joyful? Thady's gone to service."

Days passed on: the irritation of his wound was so much increased by mental suffering, that Maurice grew worse and worse. He had not courage to speak of Slieve-moran in presence of the Connors; for he soon discovered in their minds such a rooted horror of the Rock system, as filled him with apprehensions of the consequences, should a suspicion be awakened. It was to him a matter of wonder that no enquiries had been made as yet, respecting his previous adventure; but this was owing to the generous consideration of Thady, who had over-ruled all his father's objections, and won a promise that no questions should be pressed while the stranger remained in a state of suffering. Alarmed, at length, at the obstinate resistance of the wound to all their little arts of healing, the Connors despatched Pat to a town about seven miles off, to summon the assistance of an apothecary.

It happened that an old army surgeon was present, when Pat made his report of his guest's situation; and whether from benevolence or curiosity, he volunteered to accompany the apothecary in his little outside car. Pat was also accommodated with a seat, and by dint of cross-questioning, was led to reveal more of the mysterious circumstances under which the patient fell into their hands, than accorded with the cautionary injunctions of his father.

An examination of the wound, and proper directions for its future treatment, were followed by an invitation to partake of an humble luncheon in the cabin: an offer accepted, in the hope of eliciting something concerning the stranger.

Maurice, however, had too much tact to discover more than he thought proper to relate; and Mrs. Connor prudently referred the gentlemen to himself for any information they required.

Some conversation passed in a low tone between the medical gentlemen; and the surgeon remarked in a more distinct voice, "It could not be the Slieve-moran affair."

The effect produced by these words on Maurice, may be conceived. The surgeon proceeded with military enthusiasm. "I never in my life heard of a more masterly manœuvre: the fellow who planned and executed it deserves a Field Marshal's baton."

"It was cleverly done, no doubt," muttered the apothecary, apparently not so well pleased.

"And so completely successful too!" resumed the other. "a victory in the moment of seeming defeat. Setting aside the cause in which it was achieved, could any thing be finer?"

"Aye,—setting aside the cause, Sir," said the apothecary, as he rose somewhat abruptly from the table.

The impression left on the mind of Maurice by this short conversation, was torturing in the extreme. That O'Rourke had succeeded, he dared not doubt. The "victory" noticed as having been obtained amid seeming defeat, must have consisted in bearing off his victim, and to what a crime had Maurice been accessary! Fain would he have made enquiry of the apothecary, who repeated his visit twice or thrice; but conscience held him mute. He had internally sworn too, that renewed strength should find him in the road to revenge; that he would trace O'Rourke, be his hiding place where it might, and visit his crime with unpitying vengeance.

Inconsistent man! He had lent his aid in a former case of forcible abduction, and scarcely reproached himself for the deed; it was not the crime, but the individuals concerned, that now fired his resentment, and tortured his conscience. Nor had the harrowing convictions of what appeared his dying hour, left an impression capable of restraining him from future atrocities, providing the cause should be of his own choosing. Daily had he heard a portion of Scripture spelled, rather than read, by Pat, to his illiterate parents, and every night the simple prayer was offered up be-

fore the family retired to rest; but although Maurice secretly felt the superiority of such rational worship over the unmeaning repetitions that his own creed enjoined, no benefit accrued to him, where an humble and teachable spirit might have learned enough to tranquillize and to guide it. Maurice had been entirely subservient to his church, until he found to what detestable purposes her assumed infallibility could be perverted. Irritated and disgusted, he began to despise her authority: but his mind, in shaking off the trammels of degrading superstition, took the bias to which man, under such circumstances, is prone: it imbibed the kindred poison of infidelity. Kindred in its nature and effects, however dissimilar in appearance. To debase the Deity by a false and idolatrous worship, which elevates the sinful children of the dust, nay, the very stocks and stones which that dust bears on its surface, to an equality with the invisible Majesty of heaven; to separate holiness from the character of Him whose name is Holy, and represent him as sanctioning a pecuniary traffic in pardons for the most flagitious outrages of his laws; to sanctify with the title of exclusive Christianity, such deeds as its pure Author has sworn to punish with everlasting fire; these, and similar mockeries of a divine revelation, are surely near akin to the plain bold blasphemy, that, in open terms, denies altogether an authority which the other prostitutes to purposes as foul as unblushing Atheism would dare to justify.

Maurice had ascertained that his present abode must be distant many miles from Slieve-moran. How, or to what intent he had been conveyed so far, he could not possibly conjecture; his ancle was bound with a handkerchief, when Connor found him, and this betokened some care of his person. But then, that he must have been flung down the bank appeared the conviction of his preservers: and he had allowed them to gather from his discourse a probability that he had been engaged in a smuggling affair, and that his horse had thrown him so near the edge as to occasion his falling into the coppice, from the high ground which overhung the spot, as he understood from their description.

No sooner was he sufficiently recovered to journey, even by the shortest stages, than he took a grateful leave of his hospitable friends. He had been careful to supply himself with money, previous to the fatal night, and so well had he concealed both it and his pistols, that they remained safe about him. His watch, too, was of some value: but although assuring them of his ability to afford it, he could not prevail on the Connors to accept the slightest remuneration for all the expense incurred. A long debate on the subject was terminated by Mrs. Connor saying, "And if you must know, then, it was Thady sent us the money out of his wages, and charged us not to touch the silver nor the gowld from ye."

"And where is Thady?" asked Maurice, more affected than surprised by this instance of generosity, on the part of one who was famed for the virtue throughout his regiment.

"No matter where," replied Connor. "An honest lad like him will do well everywhere."

Maurice had observed the caution of the family, in never satisfying him as to Thady's present abode. In fact, they had acted a Christian part, by one of whom they by no means thought well; and were laudably desirous to preserve their valued child from the possible allurement of a stranger whom they suspected to have become possessed of his comparative wealth in no creditable manner. To the next market town Maurice went, accompanied by Connor; who never left him until he was seated in a van that passed through on its way to Dublin.

In mentioning that city, however, as the place of his destination, the wariness which accompanies conscious guilt was perceptible in Maurice. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth;" he dreaded making known his real route; but on the arrival of the van at its next stage, he slipped away, forfeiting, of course, the full fare to Dublin, which he had paid, the more effectually to mislead Connor.

Once more alone, pursuing his way in the direction of Slieve-moran, the houseless and friendless wanderer brooded over his most melancholy recollections, which, harmonizing as they did with the dreary prospect around him, the leafless trees, and louring sky, and the accession of pain to his wounded leg, after a few hours ex-

ercise, plunged him into a gloom of despondency far removed from the natural hilarity of his disposition. He had entered upon a scene that forcibly recalled the aspect of his native valley: and as he slowly paced the unsteady plank thrown over a little rivulet, and watched the bubbling of its lucid waters among the stones beneath, a spot long banished from his recollection, a streamlet, a rustic bridge, and a romantic dell, arose in visionary beauty to his sight, and suffused his eyes with tears before he could well comprehend the cause. "I used to gather blackberries and hazelnuts there," thought Maurice, "and they were riches enough for me then: mother was content if I earned the ten-penny bit at the week's end, by clamping the turf, and hoeing potatoes. What have I earned now by rebelling against my king, and murdering my countrymen?" The association awakened by this scenery was pursued in the mind of Maurice;—once more the gay ribbands of a recruiting party fluttered gaudily through the village; once more the gaping boy yielded to the allurement of the glittering bait; Maurice Delany was again taking his first equestrian lessons; and the Pyrenees, Waterloo, Captain Butler, Julia, arose in rapid succession to his mind's eye, until Slievemoran, with all its fearful and mysterious incidents, re-occupied his thought, and every vein throbbed in maddening impatience to ascertain the worst, while his faltering limbs more imperiously demanded an interval of rest.

The sun was already declining fast to the western horizon, and as yet not a thought of his night's lodging had occurred to the traveller. But a December evening gave no promise of a tolerable bivouac to an invalid; and the fear of being disabled from farther progress by the effects of such exposure, now induced him to seek for indications of some human abode. The track of cart-wheels afforded him a clue; but how far it might extend he could not surmise; particularly as, to all appearance, he was now on the verge of an extensive bog. Slowly, and painfully, he pursued the track; and just as the evening faded into perplexing twilight, he beheld a human figure approaching in a cross direction, at no great distance, whom he immediately hailed. The summons was obeyed, leisurely enough, and a turf-cutter, bearing on his shoulder a large spade, stood before him. "Where does this path lead to?" asked Maurice. "Where are you going?" was the interrogatory reply. "Wherever I am likely to find a night's lodging," rejoined Maurice.

"Fait, then, honey, it's dry lodging you'll get, unless you walk into a bog-hole; for, by my sowl, sorrow a house you'll find before day-break, if that's all the horses you've got to carry you," pointing to the staff on which Maurice leaned.

"If you are better mounted yourself," said the Dragoon, "lend me a lift: but I'll engage your own cabin is not far off; and, wet or dry, you'll not grudge a corner to a benighted traveller."

"Let alone Peelers, and Captain Rock's boys?" added the other, in a tone of inquisitive suspicion.

"I am neither Peeler nor Rock; but a farmer's man, hurt by a fall, not long ago. I have missed my way: if you give me a night's lodging, well, if not, I must rest where I am; for much farther I cannot walk." This was spoken with an air of blunt indifference, that seemed to weigh with the other, who, in a tone of sulky acquiescence, muttered, "Then you may come with me;" and struck off to the right of the carriage way.

A few minutes walk brought them among the pits, interspersed with low piles of some black material of which the mere outline alone was visible. "'Tis late in the year to be turf-cutting," observed Maurice. His companion's reply was not intelligible. After winding some time among these dubious objects, the guide suddenly stopped before what seemed a shapeless bank, and addressed his companion, "Little is the comfort of the lodging I can give you,—but the poor must take shelter where the rich man wouldn't stable his horse. Come in; fair play, and you're welcome."

He pushed open a sort of door, and Maurice following his example, stooped himself to half his natural height, and entered. Two or three abrupt steps, down which the visitor had nearly fallen, brought their feet to a sufficient distance from the roof to admit of an upright position; and a farther advance led them to another low door, on one side, through which the host

conducted his new acquaintance. The bustle within, occasioned by this arrival, convinced Maurice that the abode was by no means destitute of inhabitants, although the thick darkness prevented his descrying a single object. A little voice exclaimed, in an under tone, "Daddy's come, and we'll have light now." The striking of flint and steel verified the child's prediction, and a very small candle, stuck in a lump of clay, speedily shed its glimmering lustre through the dreary apartment.

Maurice had seen too much of his country's misery to be surprised at the excess of poverty and destitution which characterized the dwelling, or at the number of human beings congregated within its narrow bounds. To them, however, he was evidently an object both of surprise and alarm; and the keen scrutiny of his conductor, carried on amid the exercise of that hospitality which appears less a habit than an inherent quality in the poorest Irishman, proved that he too had his lurking suspicions. The apartment was low, long, and very narrow: a rude partition of sticks and sods of turf screened off a portion of it, while a coating of mud, laid on in patches, at once strengthened the walls and concealed their substance. Large stones appeared to occupy the place of tables; seats being provided by loose bundles of bog-wood, and little heaps of turf. The latter, indeed, seemed to answer all domestic purposes; for, crumbled very small, and mixed with dead leaves, it formed the only substitute for beds throughout the dwelling; of which, in all probability, it served both for foundation and superstructure. Nothing resembling a fire-place was to be seen, nor a single utensil for cooking. A large broken pitcher stood in one corner, and near it what seemed to be the remains of a milk-pail.

The family party consisted of several children, whose ages might vary from ten months to as many years. A woman bent nearly double with age and infirmity, and two more considerably younger, completed, with the man before mentioned, the circle on which that candle cast its sickly glimmer. Maurice looked around him, and felt yet more dejected amid the cheerless scene; until his host, having furnished him with a commodious seat of turf, and cast many a penetrating glance on his features, inquired how he found himself.

"Thankful, at any rate, I hope," replied Maurice; "for by the feel that comes over me, I should have been making my print on the bog before now, if you had not brought me under cover so kindly."

Apparently gratified by this acknowledgment, the host turned to one of the younger females, and observing that the poor sowl was both sick and tired, asked whether she had any thing to offer him, barring the potatoes?

"Sorrow a bit else," she replied in a faint voice.

"Cowld pratees and buttermilk?"

"No: the children," she said, "had cried till she emptied the pail to pacify them; but there was the pitcher."

"Cowld pratees," resumed the man, "and clane water, that's all we have to give a sick friend"———

"Cold fare, with a warm welcome," said Maurice, "is what I'll never grumble at."

There was a hearty frankness about the soldier which never failed to engage the good will of strangers, when his natural character was allowed to appear. Softened by the distresses of those around him, as well as by the retrospection of his early days, he now met the shrewd observing looks of his entertainer with a countenance at once so placid and so sympathizing, that the poor family began to regard him with confidence and good-will.

The potatoes were spread on a stone, and Maurice enriched the scanty feast with the untouched luncheon provided for him by Mrs. Connor; and a small bottle of excellent spirits conveyed into his pocket by the same generous hand. A sup of the whiskey appeared to banish every vestige of caution from the breast of the turf-cutter; and Maurice felt that, had he introduced himself with any sinister intent, the exploit of deceiving his companions would not have cost him an effort.

"A good health, and a hearty welcome to ye," said the host, as he lifted to his lips the inspiring beverage. "If Tom Nolan had a house over his head, you were welcome to the best room in it; but atween the two factions, they've left him to kennel his little ones, like vermin, inside a clamp of turf,—bad luck to 'em!" and he tossed off the liquor to the latter sentiment.

"Bad luck to 'em!" repeated the old woman. "Ireland, that was a garden for the saints to walk in, is made a bloody slaughter-house, and the morsel is snatched from the starving babe, all to satisfy the wicked hatred of those stony-hearted factions."

"What factions?" said Maurice.

"What factions!" thundered Nolan, "why the Orange faction, of blood-thirsty heretics: and the Rock faction, that is righting our wrongs by destroying us.

"You shall hear," he added, "for why shouldn't you? Do you think I brought *her* from her father's house to pine in a bog-hole? No, no, Judy, machree! it was a nate cabin, with its cow and its pig, and its plot of corn, let alone the pratee garden, that you came to at the hauling-home,—wasn't it, girl?"

"Troth, and it was, Thomas honey; and it's no fault of yours, that ever John Rock, with his bloody notices, darkened the sunshine above us."

"True for ye, Judy: and here is your health, and long life to ye; for a better girl doesn't shadow the green sod she walks over. So, as I said," addressing Maurice, "I was living comfortable and respictable, and paid my dues to holy church, and my rint to the landlord, aye, and taxes and tythes to them that have the might, wherever the right may be. Our landlord kept up the old notion of improving his estate, and seeing that rich and poor had justice done them. No rascally agent durst wring the tenpenny bit from our hands; his lordship looked over his own accounts, and many's the rood of reclaimed bog, and many the barren acre brought to bear corn and pasture, that rewarded his oversight of them. Barring that he was a heretic, a better sowl couldn't be: and his wake was a sorrowful meeting! Laugh and talk we couldn't: but the low moan, and the loud sob, and the respectful whisper that told of his goodness to the poor, all these might prove how grief for the present was made more grievous by fear for what was coming next.

"The young lord we had seldom seen; he came over indeed, now and then, to shoot and to fish, and to fill up his purse from his father's bounty: but he despised the poor of his country, and ould Ireland herself. Och! bad luck to the unnatural child that scorns his parent! Sorrow and shame to the Irish heart that wouldn't beat and burn, aye, and bleed too, to right the wrongs, and cheer up the face of ould Ireland!

"Well, you may judge for certain, that our young lord didn't care to soil his bright boots in the bogs of his native land; nor go poking his frizzled pate into the mud cabins, after the fashion of his noble father. No; he had married a bird of the same feather with himself; and a grand house in London, with its scores of idle servants, must be supported out of the produce of the old acres. What was an Irish estate good for, but to pamper the pride of my lord's English gentlemen, and my lady's London maids, down to the very shoe-boy that picked the rich meats from his teeth, while he sat by the kitchen fire?"

A look of bitter feeling scanned the hungry circle of shivering creatures that surrounded him; and Maurice expressed a momentary flash of the kindling enthusiasm that first awoke its destructive flame beneath the roof of Dennis M'Carthy.

Nolan proceeded. "Not content with griping to the utmost the poor of his master's tenantry, the spalpeen of an agent, chosen by the young lord, one would suppose, for the very qualities that ought to have hanged him, added insult and cruelty to robbery. It wasn't enough that the rent was paid to the last farthing; bribes must be given, or some claim was just conjured up, or a flaw found in an old lease, or else by all manner of brutal persecution, he was sure to send the unfortunate tenant's family off the premises. Bad it would be at any time, but coming after the just and generous old lord, it was too bad. The boys couldn't stand it; and when a poor widow was *drove* for a trifle of rent not worth the gathering, and her cow, and a little winter stock of pratees, put under a brute of a keeper, the whole village *riz*. The lord's people got some raps about the head: the keeper was ducked by the women, and the bailiff's wig clawed to tatters by the children. It was a nate bit of a scrimmage as one might desire to see; but the agent called out the military from the garrison, fifteen miles off; and long after the poor craturs were as quiet as lambs in their cabins, just talking over the bumps and scratches

they'd picked up in the row, down comed a vast army of full twenty men, riding like mad; and frightful enough they were! Beards on their faces, and hair just like the tail of a horse, flying down their backs; they carried short guns behind them, and swords like scythes, and were muffled up in sheep-skins and gold. I'll engage that so many wild beasts couldn't stand the compare beside 'em, either for a show, or for the mischief they'd do."

This formidable description of a handful of cavalry, extorted from Maurice a smile; soon followed by a heavy sigh.

"Well," pursued Nolan, "the agent paraded his bugaboos for some time among us; and having sold the widow's cow and pratees under their protection, and given those he was pleased to call the ringleaders of the rebellion into the hands of justice, he marched them off.

"'Tis but fair to them, though, to say, that they privately scribed for the poor old widow more than her cow's worth; and pretty openly cursed the agent for a cowardly tyrant. So they did.

"The army being gone, what did our boys do, but got desperate; and to revenge themselves made common cause with John Rock! I'm spaking of the hot-headed fellows that first brought the alpeens into play, on behalf of the widow. Myself hadn't a finger in it, for why? the cabin was over me that my father, and his father too, had been both cradled and waked in. I was strong and active, and could earn the penny; and for love of the good ould lord's memory, I wouldn't league against his unworthy son. So I paid my rint, and my dues; and for peace's sake I carried the little gift of new pratees to the agent—if they didn't choke him, it wasn't for want of praying for that same.

"But the tenantry had now another lord: and an army of their own. John Rock was about us! A coffin was laid at the door of the ould castle, with the agent's name chalked upon it; bloody notices were posted all over the grounds, cattle was houghed, hay-ricks were burned; and not a night passed, but all was terror and dismay, while the Rocks clattered along the road, and frightened the women into fits with their fire-arms.

"I never could understand how it was, but the parson, who, for a heretic, was very charitable and kind, came in for a bigger share of John Rock's anger than the agent himself. He was a timid man; but his proctor was resolute, and not to be daunted: so you might see outside the cabin door a notice, threatening death if the tithe was paid; and inside, the process-server, with a warrant to distrain for the last farthing. What was a peaceable poor man to do in such a case? I didn't like to see my little furniture seized and sold with heavy costs, and all to pay what I had laid by the silver for, in a box. I thought John Rock wouldn't be so hard on his own poor countrymen, and fellow Catholics; why should he? So I paid the demand; and sure enough, in two nights the thatch was a-fire over our heads, and glad we were to save the bare lives of us from the burning flame."

Again Nolan looked upon his family: while his wife covered her face with her tattered apron, and sobbed aloud.

"Be asy, Judy, machree: though I can't blame ye to cry, dear, for that sorrowful night when the babe died in ye're arms. It was a sickly little cratur, you see," to Maurice, "and somehow, with cowld or fright, or a hurt that wasn't known in the moment, it died poor thing; and we hadn't a bench to lay it out upon. The neighbours were afraid to show kindness, for John Rock had indeed marked us out, in red letters, till the proctor himself opened his doors, and gave us a shelter, and a dacent burial to our poor babe. He was murdered himself, not long after; bad luck to the bloody hands that did the deed!"

"Aye, the curse of the broken-hearted be upon them!" cried the old woman in a shrill voice; "Never a shelter may they find, in the stormy night, nor a friend to spake comfort to their souls! They that took the roof from over us, and sent us to burrow in holes of the earth that is red with their butchery."

Some acquaintance with the superstitious horror with which a curse thus solemnly uttered is regarded by the lower class of Irish Roman Catholics, would be necessary to convey an idea of the thrill that crept through Maurice's frame at this moment. He, who now partook of their compassionate hospitality, he had been an active agent in bringing this desolation of ruin on the perishing creatures around

him; he had dipped his hands in the innocent blood of that benevolent proctor; and the curse was insupportably heavy upon his soul. Nolan remarked his altering countenance, and in a more concise strain concluded his narrative.

"To be sure we couldn't expect to be supported, Catholics as we were, in the house of the bereaved widow; for somehow it was reported that the proctor's life was offered him to recant. Still the agent, out of spite and opposition to Rock, would have kept us on the estate: but we were hunted out of every cabin we took; and all because I wouldn't join their wicked party. Matters got worse, and at last I discovered a fellow, who was busy posting notices, and informed. Thanks and praises I had, but no protection; and for my life I was glad to leave that part of the country altogether, and dug out this hole in the bog for my family, till John Rock is off the scent, or has forgotten the ill turns we done one another. Poor lodging we have, to be sure, and not a spark of fire durst we light in it; for the smoke would betray us, let alone the danger. In dry weather, Judy boils her kettle out on the bog; and the pratees must keep till the next cooking. Money I have none, beyond what I can get by selling a trifle of turf, and Judy with knitting a stocking now and then. But winter is coming in hard; and we must either perish with cold and hunger, or else I must make my terms with —— whoever will keep us from starving."

"Not with Rock," exclaimed Maurice: "keep clear of him, as you value your soul." Then pleading pain and fatigue, he lay down on the broken turf, and resigned himself to thoughts of agony. At early dawn the family arose; and Judy drawing from its dark corner a kettle, took out her potatoes, to boil over the fire of bogwood already prepared by her husband at some distance from the hovel. Partaking of the repast, with many expressions of thankfulness, Maurice at length prepared to depart; and, with the feeling of a man who is discharging a very small moiety of a heavy debt, he laid upon the uncouth table a handful of silver—a mine of wealth in the eyes of his astonished entertainers. "We an't going to rob you," said Nolan, the longings of poverty struggling against the national spirit of gratuitous hospitality.

"'Tis no robbery," hastily answered Maurice, "I shall not miss it; use it prudently, and, with a blessing, it may help you on for awhile."

"Look ye, Sir," said Nolan, after eyeing his guest for a long time with suppressed emotion, "I have had hard thoughts of ye. Whether to think you an army man or a Rock, I couldn't exactly tell. One of them I did suspect; but I did my duty and wanted no return. You've snatched *them* from the untimely grave, may be, and me from the gibbet; but mark my words. If ye be a government man, remember that it is by letting the poor fall within the gripe of cruel, mercenary agents, and taking no thought about them, that the landlords and great men of Ireland are ruining her and themselves. If ye be one of Rock's law-makers, wash your hands of the innocent blood: and depend on it, you'll never right the wrongs of the country by doing worse than those that you call your oppressors."

Pursuing once more his lonely way, Maurice again revolved in his thoughts the events which had so rapidly followed each other, from the hour which witnessed the disbanding of his corps. Wonder, dismay, and self-abhorrence, increasing as the circumstances passed before his mental vision, were again the sole results of his irksome investigation. The curses of the old woman, uttered with that wild energy so characteristic of her race, yet thrilled through his soul, rousing a sensation of mingled terror and resentment; whilst conscience bore witness that they were richly merited at her lips. "It is so unchristianlike to curse!" thought Maurice. "And yet I have brought on myself the curse of the church, by breaking my oaths and forsaking her cause; and where God had cursed, why should not man, woman, and child, do the same!" Again was it suggested to his mind, that the oaths to which he alluded were in themselves more evil than the breach of them could be; and that it was in the punctual fulfilment of those iniquitous vows that he had incurred the imprecations of the helpless poor. Wearisome beyond endurance, and perplexing almost to madness, were

his ruminations; but to banish the subject from his thoughts was utterly impossible. It now haunted him like the voice of some invisible being; producing alternately the deepest dejection, and most bitter irritation of temper. The day was gloomy as his spirit, and for many a long mile his track lay across the same unvarying expanse of bog, on the confines of which hung a sullen mist, while the clouds, gathering thick in all directions, portended a heavy fall of rain. Towards night he reached a little hamlet, consisting of a few miserable looking cabins; and well knew that he was at length within a short distance of the old Rockite haunt.

Entering an obscure public house, Maurice beheld the welcome blaze of a fire; and seated himself beside it, wet, weary, and heart-broken. One solitary old woman was squatted in the chimney corner, whose general appearance bespoke an outcast driven there, like himself, for temporary shelter, rather than an inmate of the abode; and she would have engaged but little of his notice, had not the act of stooping to rekindle her broken pipe at the embers brought her features within so short a distance of him, that, by the aid of that light, he in a moment recognised old Katy, by whose perfidious contrivance Julia Butler had been lured to the presence of one selected to act a conspicuous part in the tragedy of her destruction.

To lay violent hands upon the worthless creature, and extort from her a full detail of all the atrocities committed, was the first impulse of his passionate indignation; but the remembrance of her connection with the gang restrained his outstretched hand, and forced upon his mind the necessity of concealment. Accordingly he drew his hat over his brows, and shrunk, as much as possible, behind the shadow of a projecting beam, which favoured his design. He well knew the old woman, ignorant and degraded as she was, to be an adept in low cunning and dissimulation. The possibility too, that she might still be employed in active agency for the gang, perhaps as the gaoler of Julia Butler, excited in his mind the strongest emotions of which it was capable: it overpowered alike bodily fatigue and mental depression, it rekindled his ardour, and called up all the circumspection of a military scout, conscious that the slightest inadvertence on his part might irretrievably ruin the cause in which he was engaged. Leaning back in his seat, with hands thrust into his side-pockets, he stretched out his feet before the glowing turf, and seemed listening to the rain which now fell in torrents on the thatch.

It was not long before Katy herself commenced a conversation, by inquiring whence he came; and Maurice, restrained by no dread of sin, told her a long series of falsehoods, representing himself as returning from a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, and repeating some incredible tales of miracles wrought at that celebrated place. Katy listened with the semblance of deep devotion, interrupting him with many invocations to the Virgin, and thanksgivings to various saints, until Maurice, wearied with such trifling, began in turn to interrogate her. "Is it your own house, this?"

"Och hone! Is it the likes of me, a poor lone cratur, to have a house? No, no; I comed here to look for my Nevoys, poor lads! and they are not back from driving their mother's ould cow to sell for rint, that will be griped out of them, or they be sent to beg the wide world over, with the ould mother—musha!" And she finished with a piteous whine.

Maurice perfectly well knew that Katy had no nephew, nor male relation, within the degree of third or fourth cousin. He likewise knew this to be a *ruse*, one amongst many, by which the gang were accustomed to disguise their real purposes. Such tales, artfully contrived to excite a feeling of indignant sympathy even in the breast of a passing stranger, were generally invented, to colour their preconcerted interviews with her, and with other confidential but unsuspected agents of their nefarious proceedings. The prospect of a sudden meeting, and inevitable recognition, among his former associates, was by no means agreeable; and a hasty retreat already presented itself to his mind.

While he thus pondered, Katy rose; and saying, "May be you'll be feeling the cowld, Honey," suddenly flung on the fire a parcel of crisp bog-wood, which blazed up instaneously, and cast upon the soldier's features a much stronger light than he would wittingly have exposed them to.

Startled and vexed, but not disconcerted,

he thanked her, bent down to rub his hands over the lively flame, and enquired whether there were means of obtaining a drop of something to warm the inside as well as the out. The old woman replied that it couldn't be long before "the master" came back: and added that may be he'd light on her Nevoys, and all come together.

Before Maurice could decide on his next step, a low whistle sounded close by the door; and immediately after a fit of coughing seized the old woman. Retreat he now knew to be impossible, for these signals were not strange to him; and he resolved manfully to stand his ground, amicably or otherwise, as the conduct of his late comrades might suggest.

But a keen glance at the three men who now entered, assured him that they were perfect strangers to him; and as he had no reason to imagine that Katy had discovered or suspected his identity, the hope of farther information rendered their appearance rather welcome than otherwise. Still he resolved to preserve an air of superiority. "So, landlord," he began, addressing no one in particular, "it seems you depend on bad weather out of doors to make sure of a customer, for not a bit of comfort is there to be found within, saving the drying of one's brogues before the fire,—and one's throat too."

"Arrah, shure, and your honour's not thankful for the blessing of good company, then?" cried one of the fellows, with a roguish glance at old Katy; while another, amid many apologies, brought forth the contents of his larder and cellar; both of which were combined in a small cupboard rudely petitioned off in a corner of the room.

"And where's my Nevoys?" asked old Katy, in a querulous voice.

"Hoeing potatoes in the moon, may-be," answered the fellow who had not before spoken; and Maurice knew that, in the wild jargon of O'Rourke's gang, the phrase indicated that the parties alluded to were tracked by the police.

"Och, hone!" groaned old Katy, and seated herself in a corner considerably removed from the party: where, to the great relief of their guest, who could no longer avoid taking a seat with them round the little table, she buried her face in her knees, and seemed asleep.

"She's quiet at last, any-way," muttered the former speaker, with a wink to the rest.

Maurice now apppeared to engage the sole attention of his companions. He who officiated as master of the house was profuse in his compliments, and affected an air of extreme openness, wearing on his features an expression of joyous hilarity. His countenance was handsome, his complexion florid; and the white teeth incessantly appearing as his lips unclosed in a perpetual smile, rendered the *tout-ensemble* decidedly attractive. But Maurice, who had of late studied physiognomy, as well as other things, in the school of experience, secretly classed his host in the same line with Dennis M'Carthy. The other two wore the characters of undisguised ruffianism, in the respective garbs of sarcastic levity and sullen ferocity. Still to Maurice they were utter strangers, and so long as old Katy remained aloof, he felt tolerably well at ease.

After repeated attacks upon a jar of powerful *potheen*, and various commonplace remarks, the dragoon resolved to lead the discourse into a channel favourable to the attainment of the information that he panted for. Describing himself as a stranger out of employ, he enquired whether any extensive land-holders resided in the vicinity, and what sort of terms they were in the habit of giving.

"By my sowl," exclaimed the jesting fellow, "the biggest land-holder here is John Rock; and as for wages, he'll pay what he promises. Here's long life to him, boys!"

"Barrin nearer acquaintance with him," said the smiling host, "I've no rasonable objection to drink the jontleman's health."

"Then," continued the other, "next comes the church: not the true church, mind, but the tithe-clenchers. Och! but the proctors are nate fellows, for lining the ould nest with every bird's feathers: and sweeping the best of the heap into the black basket!"

"Why don't you fill your mug again, Clare?" asked the host.

"And I'll fill it yet to the brim, Fitz,

with other guise liquor than potheen," he answered with a flash of the eye, that spoke a deadly meaning. "But I havn't satisfied the jontleman's questions yet. Then, Sir, there's the army, holding the land in a bloody bridle, and spurring it into a lather of gore. By St. Patrick! the old Jade may still make a plunge, and jerk them out of the saddle, before they finish their gallop."

"If your tongue galloped no faster," growled out his surly comrade, "it would break fewer squares."

"Botheration! Hear the English Spalpeen. Its yourself, John Sharpe, that would go to your knees in Orange blood, and spit birds two and two, to save drawing the iron out: but the wind mustn't whistle 'Erin go bragh,' under your nose, for fear of turning approver the next gale."

"Great cry, little wool," retorted the Englishman, as he tossed off his liquor, and rose from his seat to occupy another, which, while it brought him nearer the fire, likewise left Maurice more completely surrounded by the trio.

"The rascal has turned my flank," was the dragoon's mental remark. He had purposely declined the several opportunities afforded him of claiming fellowship with the Rockites, although perfectly aware that the speeches above-mentioned were thrown out for the purpose of eliciting such declaration. Like the signs by which free-masons ascertain a brother, they had their regular rejoinders, known to all the initiated; at the same time so worded, as to appear like casual observations, springing out of the enquiry put by the stranger. That it was extremely perilous to sham ignorance in such society, Maurice well knew; but had he acted otherwise, a few hours might have brought him into contact with O'Rourke and his gang, of whom he stood in far greater dread. Conscience told him that he had played them false: the warning so wisely acted upon by the Butlers, might already be traced to him; and the manner in which he was disposed of, after the attack, argued no favourable reception among his former comrades, who doubtless must believe that he had perished long since. He had therefore no alternative but to preserve an unsuspicious air, and pursue the conversation.

"The land-holders you've spoke of will not serve my turn, gentlemen. Captain Rock isn't much known at Lough Derg, where I've been doing rough penance; and as to the proctors and the army——"

"Bad luck to them both!" said Clare, impatiently; "what sort of work do you want?"

"Farmer's work in general."

"Can you build?"

"I can overlook building, and repairs."

"Och! you're a jewel of a cratur then; and your trade's like to thrive."

A loud laugh from the whole party followed this sally; Maurice cast a glance to ascertain whether it had disturbed Katy; and as he looked, she was in the action of hastily burying her face again in her lap—he was sure it had been turned towards him.

However, he joined in the laugh; and then asked the names of some among their friends who were likely to need his assistance.

In the same jesting tone, Clare enumerated half a dozen, among whom he named Major Butler; but when Maurice enquired a more particular detail of their various cases, Fitzpatrick interposed, and demanded whether he should prepare a bed for him.

Maurice was greatly fatigued, and repose could not but be desirable; yet neither to leave himself defenceless in such company, nor to venture out with them on a dark stormy night, in a place of the localities of which he knew very little, would be consistent with prudence. He therefore decided on sitting up; giving as a reason that he must start at "the top of the morning." No opposition was offered. Fitzpatrick threw fresh turf on the fire, and an enquiry passed respecting the hour. Maurice consulted his watch, upon which the scowling eye of Sharpe was immediately fixed with an eagerness that led him to regret having exhibited it. From the slang that passed among his companions he gathered that they expected some additional guests in an hour and a half. Conversation flagged, as is usual in a state of expectancy; and Maurice began to amuse them with extravagant stories and legends respecting Lough Derg, which he was able very accurately to describe, having lately heard from a pilgrim, who rested at Con-

nor's house, a full relation of its appearance and observances. Still he had resolved to make his escape before the expected reinforcement should arrive, even if he must fight his way out. The village, a few straggling cabins, lay near the spot; but he well knew that by its inhabitants the worst possible character was borne; and to seek succour from them would be idle, while he had about him a single article that could invite the grasp of dishonesty.

At the end of an hour, Sharp was snoring aloud; and Clare imperceptibly yielding to the drowsy influence. Fitzpatrick alone continued alive and alert: the sparkle of his eye, and the gaiety of his smile, knew no diminution: he listened attentively to Maurice's stories, put very sensible questions, and baffled every hope of seeing his watchfulness lulled to rest. A quarter of an hour only remained: O'Rourke himself might be near; and already had Maurice determined on a forcible exit, when old Katy began to moan piteously, but not sufficiently loud to disturb the sleepers. The landlord kindly enquired the cause, and with many contortions of countenance she replied, "Och! and blessings on the kind heart of ye, that wouldn't see a desolate ould cratur lost! The least sup—holy Virgin be gracious to me! The least sup of the peppermint tay, up yonder"——

"Wouldn't the whiskey do it?"

"No; no—och! the breath is out of me! for Mary's sake, the tay, Master Fitzpatrick dear!"

"Well, I'll get it—but just to waken the boys first"———

"And it's they that will be mocking and mouthing at a suffering ould cratur, the hard hearts!" and she whined.

"'Tis the spalpeen"——and he whispered,

"Lave him to me, honey, jewel, Och! he's a holy pilgrim, and may be he'll have some blessed relic"——Fitzpatrick took the hint, and conveyed old Katy's request to Maurice, who, glad of a pretext for a move, obeyed it: and while he approached his patient to ascertain what charm would best suit her purpose, Fitzpatrick left the room in quest of peppermint tea.

In an instant, quick as thought, Katy drew herself to her full height, and in a most distinct whisper exclaimed, "Away with you! or a bloody winding-sheet you'll have afore morning. To the left, over Clough's Acre to Byrne's Pass, and the old tower beyont St. Kevin's Well—lay close—rin, rin!"—and Maurice needed little exhortation. Passing rapidly, but softly, the half-drunken slumberers, he darted from the door, the slight fastening of which yielded to his touch; and Katy, resuming her contracted position, and covering her face with her hands, rocked herself from side to side, moaning more piteously than ever.

The return of Fitzpatrick, the upset of tables and chairs, and a furious sally from the cabin, were the transactions of an instant. Maurice found his weakened leg a serious disadvantage in flight; and he had made but little way when he heard the trampling of heavy and hasty steps close behind him. His sight, remarkably keen at all times, had better recovered the effects of a sudden transition than that of his pursuers, so recently awakened: he drew up close to the bank, beneath an over-hanging mass of brambles, and allowed them to pass on. Emerging cautiously from his concealment, he crept forward, still pressing against the bank, until an angle was turned; and scarcely had he proceeded ten paces, when a man sprung from the opposite side of the road, and seized him in a powerful grapple, muttering with an imprecation, "I have you now, my lad." Maurice recognised the voice of Sharpe, and experienced the force of his athletic arm, while every manœuvre of a practised wrestler was put in play to throw him. Roused to the utmost pitch of his constitutional courage, and equally well versed in every mode of defensive as of offensive warfare, Maurice withstood his adversary on more even terms than might have been expected from his state of previous exhaustion. He knew that Sharpe had a large clasp knife in the pocket of his waistcoat: and the struggles of the ruffian to pinion him with one arm, convinced him of the purpose for which he desired the liberty of the other. Maurice had his trusty pistols, and could have anticipated the death-blow with ease, but dread of the unavoidable consequences that must follow their report, withheld him from using the weapons. Steadily, and with equal science and force, he resisted

the enraged free-booter, who setting at defiance every rule of what is called fair fighting, attempted to plant some desperate kicks in his stomach and body. Exasperated by this, Maurice made a feint, which succeeded in throwing the other off his guard; and following it up, flung him with considerable violence, but not without accompanying him in his fall.

The struggle was long and fierce; but the advantage decidedly rested with Sharpe, who succeeded in clenching his opponent's throat with a tremendous gripe. With instinctive movement, Maurice raised both hands to dislodge the deadly grasp; and at the same instant the case-knife was drawn forth from Sharpe's pocket, and opened with his teeth. Amid the almost delirious agony of suffocation Maurice heard the sound, and ere the blade could touch the bursting vessels of his throat, a bullet sent through the murderer's brain stretched him on the earth a helpless corpse.

Maurice sprung up, and reeling under the semi-strangulation that he had endured, leaned against the bank, holding his remaining pistol, in expectation of being immediately surrounded. Neither step nor voice, however, gave signal of approaching foes; and reflecting on the continual reports of fire-arms that the Rockite troops were in the habit of letting off, at that hour of the night, he began to entertain a hope of ultimate escape. The moon had arisen, and though greatly upon the wane, afforded sufficient light to guide him onward. The dense clouds, still partially obscuring the sky, were often rolled across her unequal disk: but the night cleared rapidly, stars were seen here and there twinkling through the gloom, promising to the guilty and unhappy wanderer, as much of comfort as outward tranquillity could impart to a spirit so harassed, and a frame so exhausted.

Clough's Acre was a small triangular field, well known in the Rockite vocabulary, as a direct approach to Byrne's pass, a defile situated about three quarters of a mile beyond it. From the latter, three rude and unfrequented roads diverged, of which one led to the spot described as St. Kevin's Well, another to the highway, communicating with a considerable village, near which was held the fair of Ballynamanagh; and the third terminated in a painful ascent to some broken rocks and crags, which overlooked an extensive country, and commanded, among others, a fine view of Slieve-moran.

Whether, or not, old Katy had recognized the person of Maurice Delany, he had no direct proof: but that she concluded him to be better versed in the topography of the neighbourhood than consisted with his feigned character, was evident. She had undoubtedly interposed between him and the sanguinary designs of her companions; and probably at some risk to herself. But for what purpose must still remain a mystery, unless he afforded her the opportunity for explanation, by repairing to what she evidently pointed out as a place of future rendezvous. Maurice was naturally daring in the extreme, and had never counted his life worth a day's purchase, from the outset of his military career, until he internally vowed it to the service, or if that might not be, to the revenge of the much injured Butlers. The recent awakening, and continual accusations of conscience, did indeed clothe eternity in horrors, before unthought of; but the very dread that wrung his soul with anguish, also tended at times to increase the reckless desperation of a wounded mind.

To the Pass, therefore, Maurice made the best of his way. He gained it without molestation, and having entered the narrow defile, seated himself on a projecting stone to take breath, ere he pursued the up-hill path. Indeed, the soreness of his limbs, no less than the general effects of cold, weakness, and fatigue, painfully reminded him how sweet was the repose so long enjoyed under the hospitable roof of Connor; and rendered even the comfortless habitation where Nolan burrowed an object of envy. But long he must not loiter, for the increasing pain threatened to incapacitate him from further progress: and a passionate desire to learn, even if at the gasp of death, the particulars of the Butlers' fate—which he resolved to extort from Katy by force, rather than endure to be longer trifled with—inspirited him to renewed exertion. He charged again the pistol which already had done him such important service, and slowly mounted the ascent.

St. Kevin's Well had formerly been a favourite place of resort to the peasantry of the surrounding district. Certain miraculous properties were of course attributed to its limpid treasure; and in truth the spring was highly medicinal in some cases, although the virtues of its waters were little comprehended by those who had recourse to them. As it frequently happened in other places, some rival saint in the vicinity had out-miracled St. Kevin, with the assistance of the neighbouring parish priest, who found it more conducive to his own ease and profit, to assemble the votaries within a reasonable distance of his abode.

St. Kevin, and the mendicant friars who officiated at the old well on holy seasons, being thus superseded, the spot retained nothing more of its ancient honours than the name of its patron, and the deeply indented marks of many a bony and sinewy limb, which, during succeeding generations, had there bent to honour the creature above the Creator, wearing into a hollow the old grey stone upon its brink. The surrounding scenery was exceedingly romantic and beautiful. Itself situate on the top of a considerable ascent, it formed but the base of a far loftier eminence; and exhibited tokens of having once been the site of a massy building, and cemetery; while one of the mysterious round towers, famed for bidding defiance to antiquarian research, lifted its slender form at no great distance, apparently concealed in a glen; yet in reality overlooking a vast tract of country, and presenting a conspicuous land-mark for many miles in an eastern direction.

Maurice reached the boundaries, faint and weary. Cold as he was, and drenched with rain drops shaken from the trees on his passage hither, he hailed with joy the sound of bubbling waters, for it told him that his pilgrimage had so far reached a termination. With some difficulty his eyes singled out the tower; and groping his way, with pistol cocked in his hand, he entered the narrow aperture.

"A poor quarter it will be," thought he, "for these ould towers wouldn't afford room to swing a cat round."

However, his expectations were agreeably surpassed, when he found the base of the tower merely served as a sort of anti-room to a very comfortable apartment; formed indeed of slender materials, but neatly joined upon the ancient edifice. The first breath of air that he inhaled, convinced him that turf embers yet smoked within; two or three mouldering sods, carefully covered up on the hearth, speedily gave light whereby to discern a hoard of fuel, and in a little time illuminated the apartment. With the aid of a rush, dipped in tallow, Maurice cautiously explored his new abode, satisfying himself that no inlet existed, save that by which he had entered: while some oaten cake, cheese, and a naggin or two of whiskey, stored on a little shelf, supplied him with welcome refreshment.

Maurice certainly considered himself as laying under the ban of his church; yet sometimes turning against her the weapon of her own specious sophistry, and stout in the self-righteousness that will cleave to the most hardened of sinners, he secretly encouraged himself, that by doing evil with a good end in view, he had not swerved so grossly as her rulers might deem, from the path of her commandments. His catechism told that he should do no murder, and denounced heavy woe upon the commission of such sin. Yet no troublesome enquiries were made at the confessional, no vengeance threatened, no penance enjoined, when Maurice kneeled there under much more than a suspicion of having dyed his hands in innocent blood. And why was this? "Because," replied Maurice to himself, when the query arose in his mind, "because it was done for holy church's sake, and according to an oath." Thus he persuaded himself that his church could dispense with God's law, when her own interests were found to clash against it; and why should not Maurice in his turn, strain a point in his obedience to holy church, where the safety of his benefactress, the lives of a family who had heaped kindness on him, and that honour, which, as a military man, he had learned to hold dearer than his life, were at stake?

The bubbling of St. Kevin's consecrated waters had struck a chord in the heart of Maurice, long since strung by the hand of superstition. It awoke a train of self-apologetical thoughts to the above purport; distinct alike from the infidel carelessness, and the deep and terrifying con-

victions that had by turns possessed his mind. "Well, I'll may be confess it all yet, and do penance, and take a pilgrimage in earnest, and pacify the Virgin. And I'll vow a wax candle or so to St. Kevin, if I get safe out of the same."

And thus cherishing the delusion that wrought on him to believe a lie, no less opposed to man's reason than to the revelation of God, Maurice secured the door and resigned himself to repose. Short and broken it was, yet not unrefreshing; and when he roused himself on the first twinkle of dawn through the crannies, he felt very little the worse for his previous sufferings. Slieve-moran had not ceased to flit before his dreaming eye, with all its inmates; and reflecting that an hour's labour would at least bring him within sight of the mansion, he resolved not to lose the golden opportunity. Taking, therefore, a hasty breakfast from the remains of his supper, he sallied forth; bestowing on the holy well a passing genuflexion, and the sign of the cross, while he sprinkled himself with its pure waters, and quaffed them also.

The morning gave promise of a clear bright day; frosty, yet fine: and Maurice scarcely felt fatigue or pain, even in recollection, as he lightly paced along the descending path. Instead of returning to the Pass, he crossed the ridge of a line of hills, and made for an elevated spot, from whence to take a view of Slieve-moran. Most violently did his heart beat, and his teeth chatter, as he neared the place: he had to climb upon his hands and knees up a narrow gulley between two rocks, where the frequently descending waters left a loose bed of pebbles and sand. To the summit at last he came; and at a point which brought the object of his search much nearer to him than he had formed any expectation of. So near, in fact, that he started with astonishment on beholding it laid out like a map almost beneath his eye.

An abrupt and irregular slope, scattered with trees and shrubs, now leafless, and here and there a mass of grey stone, slightly clad in short brown moss, jutting forth like the fragment of a ruin, conducted the view downwards, until it terminated in the grove and shrubbery, which half encircled the grounds. Immediately beyond, lay the extensive garden, where, amid the natural desolation of winter, evident marks appeared of unwonted disorder. Espaliers were torn down, and vegetables had rotted on the soil, as if a season of neglect had succeeded to some violent inroad on the order and beauty of the spot. Farther on, was the very space where the Rockites had formed for the assault; and here arose what had been the simply elegant mansion of Major Butler: now changed to a most unsightly ruin. Not only was every pane of glass demolished, and the wood-work torn from out the window-frames, but the roof had nearly fallen in—one solitary chimney alone overtopped the edifice, of which a large aperture in the blackened wall betrayed the internal work of devastation to keep peace with what was manifest without. Gates torn from the hinges, out-houses half-demolished, gaps through every fence, and a mass of rubbish scattered on all sides, bespoke the violence of a protracted struggle, and seemed to indicate too that the hand of spoliation had not yet ceased from its task. The window of Julia's room was full in view: in that direction no fire appeared to have spread, but a rich profusion of woodbine, jessamine, and other climbing plants, with which that window had formerly been gracefully overarched and encircled, hung from the wall, as if torn away by extraordinary force, in one dense mass; while the only shutter visible throughout the ruin occupied the space of the demolished casement, and marked the apartment with a character most singularly blank and funereal.

How long Maurice continued to gaze upon the scene with clenched hands, grinding teeth, and the stare of maddening desperation, cannot be said. Not one gleam of hope penetrated the darkness of his despairing thought. The little incident of the window-shutter spoke volumes to his superstitious mind; and a long groan of horror burst at last from his bosom, which, reverberating from the rocks, appeared to be answered by the corresponding lamentations of unseen beings.

The sun arose, and flung over the dreary spot a brighter beam than is accustomed to gild a winter morning. To the eye of Maurice, this was a mockery hardly endurable. It heightened the fever of his

brain: and while in passionate thought pursuing the supposed issue of the bloody contest, a sudden idea that Julia Butler might be concealed near St. Kevin's well darted across his mind. In another moment, his rapid steps were retracing the way to that recess. But it was more difficult to keep the path by which he had ascended than it had been to find it at first: and after a few turns he became conscious that he was proceeding in a different direction. Too impatient to reflect coolly on the bearings of the various land-marks, certain that he might readily gain Byrne's Pass, from whence he could not fail to reach the tower, he dashed over the intervening rocks and hillocks, until he found himself on the verge of a road, which, as he concluded, led to the village of Ballynamanagh.

Some remains of caution, even in that hour of desperate adventure, induced him to avoid committing himself on the open carriage-way—he therefore kept on the farther side of a straggling hedge; and hearing the approach of several voices, took care to screen himself effectually from the passers-by. The nature of the road, however, admitted of his accompanying them, although unseen; and so near to Slieve-moran, there was a motive for listening to every articulate breath.

The party advanced, and evidently on horseback; but Maurice could not venture a look, lest he too might be descried by them. The animals were walked at a moderate pace, and he heard the following words, concluding a remark from one whose voice bespoke authority—"Nevertheless, my good woman, it is greatly to be wished that you could yourself identify the person of this ruffian."

"And is it me, your honour, that could do the likes of it? Musha, wasn't I laid in my poor bed, *wrinched* out of all shapes with the rheumatiz, and know'd no more than the child unborn of that same? and didn't my Nevoy, who tould me of the bloody work, mind me how that spalpeen came looking for arms into my cabin, and threatened to burn the tatch on us long afore?"

"But then, it would appear, you have really seen him; and why not depose to his identity?"

"Troth, and long life to your honour's lordship, I couldn't 'dentify the moder that bore me, if she comed wid pikes and pistols to frighten the life out of my old bones!"

"There may be truth in that remark," observed the gentleman, apparently turning to some one beside him, "but she insists on the sole enjoyment of the reward; and yet refuses to confront the fellow. I think a share at least of the hundred guineas should go to the witness who swears to his person."

"True," replied another voice; "but so long as the rascal is caught, and identified as an active participator in that infernal outrage, we may leave the old lady and her Nevoy to settle the disposal of the prize-money between them."

"Arrah, now, plase your honour," broke in old Katy, "you'd better 'light at yonder turn, and lave the bastes, and the gossoons; and myself'll shew you the way toward St. Kevin's well, praise to the holy Saint! and I'll say an ave, or may-be a rosary, in the cave where I'll wait till you be back, wid the prisoner, and the reward——"

Maurice considered it needless to listen further. The motives that actuated Katy in her interference were fully explained, as were her hospitable designs concerning him. He couched still lower, until the magistrate and his party of police had passed on, and then made all speed in a direction as remote as possible from Slieve-moran, Ballynamanagh, and St. Kevin's well.

Bitter, most cruelly bitter, were the feelings of the wanderer, who seemed to bear, and justly, the brand of Cain upon his brow. A vagabond, against whom all conspired; but whom none might slay. Could any circumstance have banished from his mind the predominant theme of his anxiety, what had now occurred would have disposed him to seek refuge in the distant glen of his nativity; but no, it was impossible. The assault on Slieve-moran he had just heard characterized as an "infernal outrage;" and his own wrongs, as he deemed the retributive justice that followed him, only added fuel to the fire of his revengeful cravings.

Journeying for some hours, he reached a market-town, and mingled with the crowd; but thirsting as he was for information, he dared not put a query, since it

now appeared evident that a large reward was offered for his apprehension. Still hoping for chance tidings, he entered a low public-house, got unwillingly involved among some drunken rioters, and barely escaped the grasp of the police, with the loss of his watch in the scuffle.

Maurice next resolved to try his fate in Dublin, where he knew that Major Butler had a residence: and here he was sure by personal observation to make some discovery. But his stock of cash diminished rapidly; an accidental blow falling on his wounded leg laid him up on the road for a week; and the high spirited soldier approached Dublin at length, under every characteristic of a beggar, save that of having actually asked an alms.

It was a season of dreadful distress: famine and pestilence were desolating the land. The exhausted purse of charity was necessarily closed against the cries of starving creatures; and many were lying insensible, from exhaustion, many totally dead, on the public roads. Maurice too was nearly famishing: but as yet the words of supplication had died in his throat, as he attempted to utter them. Now, Dublin lay full before him; and without present relief he could not reach it. Urgent necessity vanquished pride. He resolved to beg, but with fastidious reluctance held back until he should behold a countenance where encouragement was legibly written. At length two ladies on horseback approached, and preferring an appeal to female compassion, the unwilling mendicant stepped forward, pulled off his hat, and without raising his eyes, ejaculated, in a faltering voice, a petition for charity on a weary, wounded, sick soldier.

"Not a penny have we left, my poor man," replied one of the ladies, in a tone of commiseration: "'tis all asked and given already."

"Ah, but, Maria," added her companion, reining in her horse, "a soldier, a poor, sick soldier,—he has the look of one indeed. Thady!" and the servant, who followed them, rode up, obedient to her call. But what further passed was unintelligible to Maurice, so overpowering was the rush of astonishment, when, hastily looking up, he recognized in one groupe, Julia Butler, her sister, and Thady Connor.

The party had long since proceeded on their way, and the broad piece of silver still lay glittering at the feet of poor Maurice, whose imagination, disordered by the long pressure of guilt, pain, and anxiety, regarded the whole transaction as a dream. The event was, in itself, simple and natural enough; he came to Dublin to search for the Butler family, whom he knew to be then residing within its precincts; and to have met them enjoying a morning ride on one of its pleasantest outlets, was no way extraordinary. Connor, too, he was aware, had engaged in some respectable service; and that his old commanding officer, whose especial favorite he had been, should have selected so trusty and courageous a character to strengthen his household, after the discovery of so much domestic treachery at Slieve-moran, could hardly excite surprise. Yet surprised he was, and that to such a degree of stupefaction, that the relief just bestowed might have become the prey of any hand stretched forth to grasp it, had not a gentle tap on the shoulder startled the bewildered Maurice, and a voice bespoke his attention.

"Excuse me, friend; but you seem in no condition to afford the loss of what Providence has sent. You had better take up the money."

The soldier obeyed; and looking in the face of the speaker, enquired, "Do you know who they were?"

"No;" replied the other, half smiling, "but it is easy to see *what* they are: most compassionate, kind-hearted young ladies, taught to consider the poor and needy."

"Which of them gave it?" asked Maurice, whose intellects at the moment, were hardly clear, as his new acquaintance perceived.

"Neither of them gave the money: the taller of the two requested the loan of her servant; and he, to do him justice, seemed only waiting permission to answer your appeal; for his hand was in his pocket the moment he heard the word soldier."

"You must have been pretty near us," observed Maurice, whose habitual caution began to revive.

"I was close behind you, and with no unfriendly purpose," answered the other, mildly; "for I had observed your look, as expressing even more and deeper suffering than that with which we are, alas! on all sides surrounded."

Delany was now again thoroughly on his guard, and taking a leisurely survey of his companion, whose dress and deportment bespoke a somewhat dissimilar tale. The former was homely, almost to shabbiness; the latter most gentlemanly. His countenance seemed the index of a superior mind, and of a feeling heart; while every tone of his voice confirmed the favourable impression that it was calculated to make.

But the Rockite had both witnessed and practised too deeply the arts of dissimulation, to give credence to feature or tone: he thought of M'Carthy, of Fitzpatrick, and of himself, as capable of using smooth words, and assuming honest looks to cover the most flagitious designs. He likewise considered his perilous situation, obnoxious to the vengeance of outraged laws on one hand, and on the other to the most unmeasured, vindictive wrath, of those whom he had assisted to violate them. To no quarter on earth, or in heaven, could he dare to turn: outcast from all, he seemed to stand an isolated being, against whom every shaft from above, and every arm around, was justly levelled. He dreaded even the mild eye of the stranger, who yet lingered near, as unwilling either to abandon him altogether, or to intrude yet farther, where his advances were hitherto so coolly received.

At length the person spoke, though with some hesitation. "I am perfectly well aware that the trifling addition which my own limited means will allow me to make to the bounty so mercifully sent, can hardly justify the seeming impertinence of my unasked advice; but you represent yourself as a sick, wounded man; probably a stranger in Dublin. Contagion of every kind dwells in the places whither you must necessarily resort for rest and refreshment. Poverty, disease, and vice prevail to a fearful extent in those crowded abodes; and, unsoftened by the sight of such aggravated miseries, the agents of more secret and still darker evil, prowl about, entangling the thoughtless, purchasing the destitute, and alluring the enterprising, for purposes of which the origin, the progress, and the end, form but one tissue of soul-destroying crime."

"That is like enough," answered Maurice, coolly, "and it's kind of you, Sir, to put a poor stranger on his guard. To say truth, I'm not much inclined to throw myself in the way of temptation."

"Half a mile farther," continued the stranger, "there are some poor but decent houses, at one of which you might obtain a lodging, equally cheap as in the heart of the city; and far more safe."

This had already occurred to Maurice as the wisest plan that he could adopt: but the suspicions inseparable from a state of feeling like his, rendered him unwilling to follow any counsel, lest it might prove the covering of a snare. Still the remark of his new acquaintance was so just, and his advice so general, that he was half disposed to give credence to a face which pleased him better on every renewed examination.

"Please your honour, where would you recommend me to lodge then?"

"At no place in particular, for I believe that all are tolerably honest in the quarter to which I allude: and the fever has not yet made its appearance on this side."

"I'll take your counsel, Sir, and thank ye for it."

The stranger looked earnestly at him for a moment, and then said, "My friend, do you ever seek counsel of God?"

"In what way, Sir?"

"By reading His word, and praying for the direction of His Spirit."

"As to praying," answered Maurice, "I am not a heathen; but reading is out of my line; little's the scholarship I can boast of."

"Then you could not make out the meaning of these, I suppose?" said the other, producing from his pocket some little tracts.

Maurice shook his head. He had seen such things in Connor's house, and listened to them with some interest; and this he mentioned, only suppressing the name of his friends.

"And if you would hear more of the same sort," said the stranger, "and like to trust yourself with me—for I see you are wary and guarded—I will promise you a night's lodging and a day's board, without diminishing your little stock of cash."

The offer was tempting: Maurice was faint, weary, hungry, and solitary. The production of such books, combined with the questions that preceded it, certainly accorded well with the stranger's manner,

and the expression of his gentle, thoughtful countenance. Besides, as the perfect safety of Miss Butler was now become a matter of certainty to him, the grand object for which his own prolonged existence had appeared desirable was attained: and somewhat of former recklessness returned, mingled with curiosity to know what should be the real character and station of his singular new acquaintance; to whom he signified his grateful assent to the offer so hospitably made: adding, "You must put me in the kitchen, Sir, any how; for I shall be no ornament to your house in this trim."

"The house is not mine; I occupy a room in it, and there is a spare closet for an occasional guest. We are all strangers and pilgrims, having here no abiding city; and happy is it for us if, with a pilgrim's heart, we seek one to come!"

"A pilgrimage to Lough Derg,"—said Maurice; and there he paused, ashamed to volunteer the unprincipled fabrication to which he had formerly had recourse.

The stranger smiled. "Is Lough Derg an abiding city, an everlasting habitation? The pilgrimage to which I allude, is our path from the cradle to the grave: and that city alone hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. A glorious city, a place of rest and joy, a dwelling where nothing can in any wise enter that defileth. A place of which God Himself is the light; where His servants shall serve him: they shall see His face, and His name shall be written in their foreheads. No sin is there: no fear, no pain, no curse. All is bright, all is glorious, and all is eternal!"

"Sin, fear, pain, and curse," thought Maurice; "He knows my case, sure enough," and the idea confounded him. The stranger, however, proceeded, as they walked along—

"See those miserable creatures, scarcely able to drag their emaciated forms along the road. You heard their imprecations, when their clamorous entreaties for relief were disregarded by the gay party of horsemen. Alas! cursing and bitterness are in their hearts, destruction and misery in their paths. They turn not to Him who smiteth them with disease and famine: they gnaw their tongues for pain; but they do not repent."

"'Tis all aimed at me," thought Maurice.

"And look yonder, how brightly that equipage glitters in the sun-beams. A light weight for four such well-fed horses to draw. That costly harness, those abundant decorations, the expensive dresses of the ladies within, all bespeak the children of affluence."

"Full purses and hard hearts," interrupted Maurice indignantly, "for did you see how they tossed their fine feathered heads another way, when that poor wretch held up her starving child; and the rascally coachman almost drove over the creature?"

"Aye, it is a sad sign: for 'whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and yet shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' Are they not too surely travelling to the same dismal abode, the blaspheming pilgrims in rags, and the merciless pilgrims in the coach and four?"

"We can't tell that," replied Maurice.

"True! the case is indeed too clear on the one hand, for out of the abundant evil in their hearts those unhappy creatures are uttering language that proves them daring sinners. The mere withholding of alms, in the other case, will not enable us to say, that the love of God and of man is not there; since a shower of gold from the hands would not prove the existence of true charity in the heart. But I know to whom that equipage belongs; and I know them to be altogether enslaved to a world lying in wickedness, living in dissipation, and lavishing on their own perishing bodies what God hath committed in trust to them, that they may be ready to give, willing to distribute. If such be their pilgrimage through life, must not the end be, that they should lie down in sorrow? There are but two roads, a broad one and a narrow; there are but two eternal homes, hell and heaven. All are pilgrims, while they breathe this mortal air. I am a pilgrim, you are a pilgrim: and whither are *we* going?"

"I rather think," said Maurice, wishing to evade the query, "that we belong to different religions."

"We belong to one family, the family of Adam, by whom we all came into the world, sinful, rebellious, and accursed.

Out of this generation of evil doers, God has chosen to Himself a family, created anew, by a second birth, after the image of Christ, who is its Father and Head. This family He also calls His church, and on earth He owns no other. Are you of this church? That you belonged to Adam's family, conscience and experience will bear you witness, for has not sin reigned in your body, and iniquity ruled your heart? And if now you belong to Christ's family, looking to Him your Almighty Father and King, you find sin controuled, fear cast out, and believing you rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

These were strange sounds to Maurice Delany; so strange, that he almost doubted whether his companion was not a little out of his senses; yet was there something within, that bore a deep, strong testimony to the fidelity of the picture, as regarded the children of Adam—the pilgrims on the broad way; and the general tenor of his discourse recalled the words spoken over old Katy's bed by Miss Butler. The looks, the characters, the conduct too, of Thady and his parents, argued a kindred feeling to that which shone in the features and language of this unknown person; and Maurice almost forgot the peculiarities of his situation in the deeply excited interest of a soul that began to ponder on its own immortality.

The abode to which his new friend conducted him, was a respectable little shop, where the produce of a large garden was exhibited for sale. An elderly widow woman, assisted by a boy of fifteen, appeared to be the principal manager; and the lodger's apartment was a most comfortable parlour, with a press-bed neatly folded up, a few books disposed on hanging shelves, and a table covered with writing apparatus, in addition to the usual furniture of a decent sitting room. A smile of mingled affection and respect welcomed him in his passage through the shop, where Maurice modestly paused: while the landlady's enquiry of her son, whether he had placed Mr. Doyle's slippers by the fire, introduced the soldier to the name of his hospitable inviter.

Settled in a warm corner of the kitchen fire-place, and supplied with an excellent dinner of meat and vegetables, Maurice entered into cheerful conversation with the lad who sat near him; while the mother pursued her employments, alternately there and in the adjoining shop. "You seem to have had a long march of it," observed the boy.

"True for ye: and a snug house I'm now billetted on, many thanks to that same Mr. Doyle, and long life to him, and your mother, and yourself. But how he came to take me up, as it were, by the road-side, and bring me into such quarters, I'm bothered to guess."

"It's nothing extraordinary with him," said the boy. "He's always doing one good turn or another: and many's the poor body he has refreshed in this way."

"And many's the poor soul he has helped with his prayers," added the mother, who now entered, "and many the simple traveller he has stopped from going to wander in the streets of Dublin; aye, and often put them in a better road than ever they thought of looking for."

"What road may that be?" asked Maurice, in whose mind suspicion was ever on the alert.

"The road to heaven," answered the lad, smiling. "Our lodger seems to think himself sent into the world for nothing but the good of his fellow-creatures. He is not rich, any way, but somehow, he seems always to lay hold on the very people that he can be most useful to. Mother and I might be starving now, only for the trouble he took about us, when father died; he got a long lease of the old garden for us, and recommended us far and wide: for though he lives so humble and quiet, his character makes him looked up to by many who ride in their coaches. He is a jewel of a man, and a true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Maurice pondered on this strange meeting with a person whose character it was, to lay hold on the very people to whom he could be most useful; and while wondering of what use he might prove to *him*, fell into a refreshing sleep, from which he was only roused to partake in a cup of good tea, and then to accompany the widow and her boy to their lodger's apartment; where he heard the parable of the prodigal son read, and most beautifully commented upon by Mr. Doyle. They kneeled in prayer; and Maurice could have kneeled for hours to listen to petitions which he scarcely dared to join in. Not

that the anathema of his church would have weighed one feather in the scale against the influence of his awakened feelings, but he was impressed with an awful consciousness that the Lord God was too dreadful in majesty, too glorious in holiness, for one so vile, so altogether lost as he appeared in his own eyes, to breathe that name from his polluted lips. No mention was made of saints or virgin, neither did he miss them. One Mediator was appealed to, and with confiding boldness, reminded of his immutable promise to cast out none, but to save to the uttermost all who should come unto the Father by him. And "Oh that I knew how to come to Him!" was the secret groan of that wounded spirit.

A night of repose was followed by such another scene of family worship; and then Mr. Doyle enquired of Maurice the object of his journey to Dublin, expressing a willingness to aid him in any upright design that he might have in view. But to open the dark pages of his blood-stained history to such a man, was impossible in the thought of Maurice.

"He would curse me," said he mentally, "and I'd better go with the blessing warm upon my heart. I would rather have the church's curse than his." So rapidly do the chains of superstition melt before the first beams of divine truth.

Our self-condemned, and too guilty Rockite, therefore, evaded all the questions of his generous friend; expressed with unfeigned warmth of gesture, look, and tone, his deep sense of the kindness bestowed; and even asked permission to apply for counsel, should any unforeseen difficulty cross his path. He declared himself in expectation of meeting with friends to whom he would be welcome; and departed from the hospitable little mansion, enriched by several useful presents, and returning from his inmost soul the benediction of its inhabitants.

Once again in a large busy capital, Maurice experienced a loneliness of spirit more deeply felt amid the hum and the jostle of a crowded street than in the silence of the distant glen. The ever-varying scene, the succession of busy or inquisitive countenances, the subject constantly adverted to, either in the under tone of anticipating menace, or the hurried voice of open curiosity, or the loud vaunt of confident security, all failed to excite in his mind an interest sufficient to banish the engrossing theme to him so new, and strange, and wearisome.

Self-applause had formerly been a leading trait in his character, although seldom perceptible beneath his gay and unaffected joyousness of manner; and this feeling had still survived, though combined with occasional self-abhorrence, whilst he moved, in guilty, yet acknowledged pre-eminence, amongst the blood-thirsty gang, whose deeds of unmanly violence and treacherous assassination he contrasted with the more orderly and licensed outrages of open warfare;—where murder becomes glorious by being committed publicly, and dealt in by wholesale. He counted himself in every respect superior to the banditti who surrounded him; and thus was bound by self-love, in its most degraded form, to that which he felt to be a brand of dishonour and disgrace. Ashamed and mortified he had often been; but never until now was he humbled. Maurice could well remember the day, and that no distant date, when the bare act of soliciting an alms would have appeared to him less tolerable than death itself: yet to this had he recently stooped: and to this he would fain have traced his present dejection of spirit, but he was conscious that the source lay deeper. A callousness to external circumstances had been perceptibly stealing upon his once sensitive feelings; while dark forebodings of an unknown future, beyond the limits of time and space, resisted all his endeavours to shake off the unwonted gloom. Casual thoughts on such a theme had indeed been awakened on the battle eve, or by the words of exhortation that he had heard from garrison chaplains, when attending with his troop the regular service of a Sabbath-day: but those thoughts were speedily lulled again beneath the powerful opiate of blind superstition. His spiritual concerns he regarded as the exclusive charge of his own clergy: and the first conscious resistance of his mind to this fatal delusion had been produced by the animated address of Miss Butler, to the hypocritical old woman who assisted to plot her destruction. The hours of agony which preceded his providential rescue by Connor, assisted to drive

the arrow yet more deeply into his soul, and increased its writhings. But these, and the impressions that immediately succeeded them, were transitory; they were swept away by the rapid current of passing events, or drowned in the whirl of eager excitement, perpetually revolving around the mysterious theme of Slieve-moran.

The sudden and most satisfactory termination of this engrossing anxiety, left the mind of Maurice peculiarly open to the vivid impressions which Mr. Doyle so incessantly laboured to make, wherever his singular and ardent benevolence found an object meet for its exertions: and the soil being thus prepared, what marvel that the seed of divine truth sunk deep into it, and commenced that unseen process of vegetation which works a change in the soul, alike wonderful and abiding, quickening unto life that which was dead, doubly, hopelessly dead, in trespasses and sins. Sunk, as he was, in the depths of poverty, obscurity, and guilt, fettered as he was in ignorance, that iron manacle with which despotic superstition most securely binds her captives, still was he an immortal creature, a meet object of that grace which liberates, purifies, enlightens, and enriches the most despised of beggars on the dunghill—What more can it do for the mightiest monarch on a throne? what less would avail to bring salvation unto either?

Maurice could not analyse his feelings, neither could he comprehend their origin or ultimate tendency: of the harmonious chain that binds a soul to the only sure and stedfast anchor, he as yet saw but the first link, and that was his own utter destitution of every imaginable plea, even in palliation of his flagrant crimes. Although in the contemplation his heart sickened, he could not avert the mental gaze from that dark chronicle which his last instructor had so forcibly described as being laid up against the day of revelation of God's righteous vengeance. Where now was his blind faith in the potent efficacy of priestly absolution? gladly would he have been again deluded; but the single ray of light which had shot into his heart was sufficient to expose the mockery of that unsubstantial hope. Auricular confession he would have shunned, from prudential motives; well aware, from even such superficial observation as he had formerly been capable of making, that the confessional was dedicated to other uses than those of penitence and spiritual reconciliation: but lightly would he have regarded temporal safety, as the price of that tranquillity which no word of man could now have power to give—or sell. Yet, wavering and irresolute, he strolled, or rather stole, into a chapel, amid a small number of votaries who assembled to celebrate the festival of a patron saint: and when the officiating friar mounted his pulpit, Delany listened with an eagerness proportionate to the hungering of a soul made sensible of its wants. The result was absolute disgust. An unconnected narrative of most extravagant absurdities, culled from the legend of the saint in question, interlarded with ejaculations of wonder, and epithets of adoration, most blasphemously misapplied to a created being, ending with an importunate appeal to the charity of an almost mendicant congreation, formed the total of the discourse; and Maurice made the best of his way out, from a scene, the glaring impiety of which alone checked the laugh of scorn, provoked by its childish puerility.

A Protestant church was the next resort of the restless and reckless visitant; but here he was equally at a loss. He did indeed listen with breathless earnestness to some very beautiful and affecting portions of scripture, read in due course; and heard confessions repeated which spoke much of his own wretched case, and supplications offered up, in which he would fain have joined, had he dared to ask for blessings where he felt a curse lie heavy on his soul: but when the minister addressed his audience, the uncultivated mind of Maurice was utterly unable to attach a definite meaning to the well-turned sentences; and all that he could gather was a general commendation of virtue, an exhortation to keep the commandments, and a highly-wrought picture of the eternal felicity wherewith God would reward his obedient people. In all this there was not a word of that which Maurice sought: nothing suited to his case: and he departed to brood in secret over his unmitigated griefs.

His scanty supply of cash, barely sufficient for a few days' maintenance, warned him, however, that he must seek some means of present support: and by the

advice of his landlord, a porter in a considerable warehouse, Maurice applied for occasional employment in the same line. On the recommendation of his humble host, himself an old soldier, he was permitted to take charge of some packages, conjointly with persons better known, and more responsible than himself. A few days subsequently to his commencement in this novel, and rather unproductive line, he was commissioned to bear a hamper of goods to a more fashionable part of the town than he had hitherto visited; and the name of Butler, pronounced in his hearing to the young man who was to superintend the delivery, aroused him to a greater interest than he had felt for a long while. Indeed the certainty of Julia Butler's perfect security had well nigh banished that family from the memory in which they had been so tenaciously cherished; a subject of more powerful and absorbing solicitude taking possession of every faculty, although in the form of gloomy and misanthropic discontent. In like manner had he lost the sense of outward peril to himself, which had at first withheld him from frequenting the more public streets of the city: through which he now plied his daily occupation.

Arrived at the house whither they had been directed, Maurice watched with considerable anxiety the opening of the door to his companion. A female servant appeared, and at the young man's request summoned her master's valet. The absence of livery of course prevented Maurice from positively ascertaining that the establishment belonged to his old commanding officer; but on raising his eyes to the countenance of the valet, he instantly recognized the features of O'Brien, the wily and unprincipled associate of Dennis M'Carthy.

The effect of this rencontre was electric: it bounded through his every vein, and Maurice Delany was once more the being of former days. Fortunately, O'Brien did not cast a look towards the insignificant porter, who, recovering instantaneously his presence of mind, took care to preserve the *incognito;* and having delivered his burden to a lad, whose stable-dress he recognized as confirming the identity of the family, he withdrew, by the most retired route, to his own miserable abode, revolving once more in his agitated mind plans of rescue for these devoted Butlers.

That O'Brien was introduced into the household for some nefarious purpose, Maurice could not doubt: but how to convey the requisite warning again perplexed him. The obstinacy with which he had formerly resisted his Captain's wishes to enrol him on the list of the school-master Sergeant again recurred to his thoughts. He had scoffed at the proposal of being taught to write, and now, not daring to employ another hand, while the dread of being remarked by O'Brien forbade a personal application, how invaluable appeared the despised opportunity, for ever past! But regrets were vain; and Maurice resolved to watch in the vicinity of the house for a sight of some member of the family, to whom he might communicate the peril that still seemed to impend over them.

He stationed himself accordingly: and on the second morning, early, he had the satisfaction of seeing a mounted servant, leading a fine hunter, issue from the gateway of the Major's stables, for the evident purpose of exercising the animals. The rider's tall and upright figure was altogether too unlike O'Brien to excite any apprehension: and Maurice slowly proceeded in the direction whither he must necessarily follow, in order to get out of the town, on the extreme skirt of which Major Butler's house was situate. The hoofs of the horses soon rattled close behind him.—"So, so, Blucher; softly my fine fellow!" exclaimed the servant, as he reined in the frolicksome steed on which he rode. The sound made Maurice start, and face about; the next instant saw him planted directly in Blucher's front. "Get out of that!" cried the groom; "are you drunk? Don't you see the horse doesn't fancy being put out of his line of march?"

But Maurice came close up, and attempted to catch the bridle; a sudden jerk disappointed him, while the groom, much exasperated, exclaimed, "If I'd had the sense to bring my whip—begone, fellow, or I'll ride you down. Madman!" he vociferated, as Maurice clasped the horse's neck with his arms.

"Blucher knows his poor master, Thady, though you've forgotten your comrade."

"He certainly does," muttered Connor,

"or he wouldn't be handled in that fashion:" then, raising his voice, "Stand off—don't you see how t'other beast is plunging?"

Maurice retreated a step; and Thady gazed at him in astonishment, mingled with much perplexity. "What's your name?"

"Maurice Delany."

"Surely it cannot be; and yet I've seen you many a time, and later too than that"——

"Aye, Thady: you saw me in your father's house; and, may be, saved my life."

Thady bent from the saddle, and caught his hand. "My poor fellow! and was it yourself, Delany? You are strangely altered though—sadly changed."

"Changed, indeed!" groaned Maurice, then suddenly rousing himself—"Connor, I must speak with you! Are you in Major Butler's service?"

"Yes; and great reason I have to be thankful for it." "So have I," ejaculated Maurice; then added, "Is O'Brien your fellow-servant?"

"I know no such person."

"Sure, and I saw him with my own eyes, at the house; out of livery, but taking messages, and settling accounts for the family."

"Oh, its Rowley you mean, the Major's man."

"Botheration! hasn't he a scar inside of his lip?"

"That he certainly has," answered Thady, surprised.

"Then, by the powers, 'tis as I tell you; 'tis O'Brien, the most hardened villain that ever signed 'John Rock' to a bloody notice, or fired the cabin over a sleeping family."

"Incredible, Delany! Why this Rowley is a most steady, quiet man, and a Protestant."

"He a Protestant! and I have seen him kiss the blessed cross upon the prayer, that every river in the land might run red with Protestant blood. He and O'Rourke; Slieve-moran!"—— and between rage and shame, his voice became inarticulate.

"Delany," said Thady, with a serious and penetrating look, "do you know any thing of Slieve-moran?"

"Do I? ask O'Brien. But no, Thady, say no word to him of this meeting, if you wouldn't destroy your master's family. Where can I see you—and how soon?"

"I am not quite satisfied"——Connor began, but Maurice impetuously broke in on him. "Call the police, then; send me to the gallows, and take the reward. You deserve it, and I deserve the halter; but for all that, Thady, though it be with the rope round my neck, I *will* save the Butlers!" and he stamped with the violence of a maniac.

"Compose yourself, Maurice," said Thady, mildly: "I am not the rascal to sell the life of an old comrade. Promise to meet me, if such be your wish, and say where I may find you this evening."

"I have no home fit for the purpose," replied Maurice, "but I will come to you wherever you please, only let it be soon—very soon."

Thady named a house where they might be undisturbed and re-mounted.

"Stop!" cried Maurice: "how came Blucher in Major Butler's possession?"

"'Tis yourself that must answer that, I believe, Delany."

"And I will; is he kindly used?"

"Like a child."

The noble animal had plainly shewn his recognition of his old master. When Maurice stepped back, Blucher followed him; and the outstretched hand was continually met with a thousand little gambols of impatient delight. But even Blucher was almost forgotten in the agitation of Delany's feelings, on thus finding his worse surmise realized in the assumption of a false name, and the profession of protestantism, by one who was too fiercely bigotted to his own faith to scruple any deed of treachery or hypocrisy for its supposed advancement.

True to their appointment the soldiers met; and Connor, with mingled sensations of compassion, horror, dismay, and thankfulness, listened to Delany's unreserved statement of his eventful career; a minute description of O'Brien was included in it; and Thady could no longer doubt the just foundation of his friend's alarm. But the catalogue of crimes spread before his view in the narrative so frankly given, appeared to harrow up his very soul; and, in a voice of deep and earnest emotion, he exclaimed, "O Delany! how many a time have I warned you, that he who lives without

God in the world must, sooner or later become both the instrument and the prey of satan."

"You have, Thady: and a true prophet you proved: but it's all past now, and cannot be undone. Sure enough I've worked hard in the devil's service, and must e'en pocket his wages at last."

"And can you, dare you, rest with this frightful load of guilt upon your soul; without peace, without hope, exposed to the vengeance of every law, both of man and of God? Maurice, do you never think of eternity?"

"I dare not think about it, at present, Thady."

"Neither dared I, if I did not know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Delany, He can save even you."

Maurice was silent: the confession of his multiplied iniquities to this upright friend, had greatly increased his self-abasement, yet it had likewise afforded a partial relief to his mind, so fearfully overburdened, and a few words of encouragement from Connor would have produced a sensation of greater and more abiding comfort than ever followed the delusive absolution, the unauthorized "Go in peace," from the lips of his priest, after the heartless ceremony of the confessional. But Maurice still retained a portion of that pride inseparable from a lingering belief in the infallibility of his own church, and the heretical character of protestantism. Individually he regarded Thady Connor as a being immeasurably exalted above himself, and as secure of gaining heaven, as he was certain of exclusion from it; but the "strong delusion" which has ever wrought on the votaries of the apostate church to "believe a lie," was not banished from his mind; the spirit of party, too, survived in some degree; and for a son of the true church to humble himself beneath the spiritual admonitions of a heretic, who had more than once, in former days openly assailed the tenets of his Roman Catholic comrades would have been, in his eyes, a cowardly desertion of a post, the untenable nature of which, however, he began secretly to be conscious of. A long pause, therefore, ensued: and Maurice at length exclaimed, "Tis of no use dwelling on the past, Thady; let us consider what's to be done concerning this villain O'Brien. You must warn the Major without delay; and paint me as black as you please, provided you convince him that it is no false alarm."

Connor prevailed on Maurice to take up his abode in a quarter of his providing; and then, seeking an interview with his master, entered upon a recital, which at once laid open the frustrated scheme of former violence, and awakened him to a sense of present danger. The consequence of this communication was an unexpected visit from the Major, who surprised Maurice on that same evening, as he sat, lost in a deep melancholy reverie, by the apparition of his well known form; and the piercing gaze of an eagle eye, that seemed prepared to read his inmost thought.

The interview was of some duration, and ended in an arrangement, by which Maurice was to confront O'Brien and identify him. On the trial of the criminal he also engaged to appear; but when Major Butler assured him of effectual protection on the part of government, a faint smile that passed over his features, and an involuntary shake of the head, betrayed a feeling of incredulity which could not escape the vigilant old officer. "Upon my word of honour, Delany," said he, "I hold myself pledged to see you protected. And more than this;—your outrages against the laws of God and man, disloyalty to your king, and abuse of your military knowledge to the worst of purposes, all cry aloud for punishment; and I, as a magistrate, as a member of society should be bound to brandish over your head the sword of just requital. But to me and mine Delany, you have been faithful in a degree that shews there is somewhat of sound principle yet unextinguished within. As an individual, as a father,"—his eyes glistened, "I owe you a debt, never to be forgotten. Again, I engage my word, that no harm shall accrue to you."

Maurice silently bowed: he would not damp the satisfaction of his protector by developing the plans of deadly retribution so universally successful in visiting the breach of trust in a Rockite, deeply sworn as he was. To sacrifice his life in defending the Butlers, had long been his determination; nor did he shrink from the prospect of thus deliberately inviting the de-

struction, from which he felt assured that no arm of mortal power could preserve him, when once he appeared as an approver.

He had not failed to ascertain from Thady the issue of the midnight attack upon Slieve-moran; and found that to his warning might be traced the preservation of the family. Major Butler secretly summoned a party of resolute friends, from a short distance; and commenced operations early on that evening, by locking every domestic into a secure apartment, while he with his guests and their servants barricaded doors and windows, in the most effectual manner that military skill could devise. An abundant store of arms and ammunition was already collected; and the young ladies, going out as for a walk had been conveyed under a strong escort to a place of safety some miles distant.

Thus prepared, the Major and his friends had only to watch the approach of expected foes. Young Butler, indeed, still was, or appeared to be, incredulous, and somewhat sullen; but the advance of O'Rourke's party speedily put an end to conjecture, and animated him to the most strenuous exertions.

How the assailants were received, has already been related. Their final triumph as witnessed by Maurice, was occasioned by the treacherous servant having escaped from confinement, on the momentary opening of her prison door, and fired some light drapery, unobserved, in one of the apartments. On bursting into the house, however, the villains met a reception so hot, from its undaunted defenders, as held them at bay, until the rapid approach of some cavalry, whose patrol had brought them within hearing of the repeated discharge of musquetry, warned them to fight their way out: an exploit in which they only succeeded by the increasing fury of the flames, which called for the united exertions of the inmates to check their course.

Leaving two of their party dead in the house, and one mortally wounded, they snatched up Maurice and another, who lay in the court-yard, and conveyed them to a considerable distance. Maurice had not exhibited any sign of life: the fugitives tied a handkerchief round his wounded leg, but believing him to be either dead or dying, and conscious that every incumbrance increased their peril, they assented to the opinion of one who had never been a friend to Delany; and hearing, as they believed, the trampling of pursuers close behind, they waited not even to plunder their comrade, but flung him down a sloping bank, at the bottom of which they surmised that a pool of water lay. They had, however, mistaken the place; and Delany escaped.

Blucher, meanwhile, was plunging on the spot where his master had left him; and became the prize of the family. Young Butler recognized him immediately; and he was lodged in as comfortable a manner as Maurice could have desired. Major Butler, determined to purge his household of all whose faith held them subservient to the hostile party, recollected Thady Connor as a character highly eligible for his service; and Thady, by some old mark identified Blucher as the property of his former comrade, although that comrade had himself escaped his recognition. He was indeed held in trust for one to whom Major Butler felt himself under weighty obligations; and enjoyed all the privileges of an acknowledged favourite.

The morning subsequent to the interview between Maurice and the Major, beheld the former secreted in the immediate vicinity of the residence, where Rowley, unsuspecting such an event, was summoned to the breakfast parlour immediately after the ladies had quitted it. He underwent an examination with respect to his family, faith, and past adventures, throughout the whole of which he manifested a degree of nerve, and presence of mind truly astonishing. His tale was consistent, his replies ready and satisfactory: and when the magistrate, who had taken his breakfast there to avoid suspicion, asked him whether he knew Dennis M'Carthy, a calm negative seemed to leave his examiners completely at fault.

At this juncture, Maurice was introduced, unperceived by Rowley, until he had made nearly a circuit round him; and they stood confronted. A very perceptible change took place in the countenance of the latter: he started, and looked as if doubtful whether his senses were not deceiving him.

"Do you know this person, Rowley?" asked the Magistrate.

"No, Sir; I had a brother-in-law very like him, so as to strike me at first; but this man I never saw."

"Didn't you so?" said Maurice, fixing on him a look where triumphant vengeance sparkled. "It's not civil, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, to be denying your friends to their faces. A sup of M'Carthy's potheen would, may-be, refresh your memory."

"You mistake me, my man," answered the other quietly; "my name is Rowley; and of you or M'Carthy I know nothing."

"Faith, and your name may be Rowley after all! yet it was as Patrick O'Brien that you plotted treason with M'Carthy, and murders with O'Rourke."

"Will you swear to what you now say, my good fellow?" asked the magistrate.

"In the face of the country, your honour: and I'll bring those that shall prove it true."

This last assertion evidently startled O'Brien, but he remained silent. The deposition of Maurice was taken, and the accused committed to prison.

Judging that the detection of their emissary would stimulate the gang to new acts of desperate enmity, the gentleman now enquired what clue Maurice could afford to the discovery of the other ruffians: and it was with indignation, no less than surprise, that they heard the soldier's decisive reply. Respectfully, but firmly, he declared, that with the exception of O'Rourke and O'Brien, he never would betray an individual among his former companions in guilt. It was in vain for them to plead the duty which he owed to his country, the tacit pledge already given in consenting to appear against O'Brien, and the peril in which he must place himself by refusing to answer the inquiries of the judicial authorities. Maurice remained firm. He said, that, had he not recognized a traitor in the household of Major Butler, nothing would have induced him to do more than convey a general caution to the family, since Miss Butler had escaped. That he purposed to hover about their dwelling wherever they might be, and give the alarm on the approach of any concealed foe: but never to be false to his iniquitous oath, farther than his duty to Major Butler's family demanded.

"This is madness!" exclaimed the officer.

"May be so, your honour; but I'll not flinch from my principles. Let O'Brien turn approver if he will; but I'll not bring my poor deluded countrymen to the gallows, to save myself—the greatest rascal among them, barring O'Rourke."

"Let him have it his own way, father," said young Butler. "The fellow has a conscience, though of a somewhat singular texture. He has done much for us; and of the two I would sooner invest O'Brien with the honourable badge of an approver. He is probably a more marketable villain than this hero of ours."

Maurice looked his thanks; and Major Butler acquiesced. It was determined to use every means of gaining O'Brien over; and the young man requested that Maurice might be permitted to accompany him on an excursion, as a means both of keeping him out of the way, and giving a chance of meeting with O'Rourke; whom Delany solemnly pledged himself to point out, and secure, at the risk of his life, wherever he found him.

We leave the travellers to pursue their road along the eastern coast, and return to Byrne's Pass, where Katy, the magistrate, and four or five attendants well armed, proceeded towards St. Kevin's well, in search of Maurice. The gentleman had served as colonel in the army: and was equally wary as enterprising, prepared to use stratagem or force; and no less so to encounter either.

Katy hobbled along the road, as fast as avarice, her ruling passion, could urge the weary limbs of age. In the prospect of securing the reward, she had ventured on a perilous game. The associates with whom Maurice had last seen her, were not sworn members of Rock's fraternity, but mercenary plunderers, whose object was immediate gain, and who would have deemed the traveller's clothes and watch a justification for putting him to death. Cautious, however, to give no offence to the formidable body of Rockites, they had contrived, partly by means of Katy herself, to acquire as much knowledge of their established signs of recognition as sufficed to guard against such implication; and the old woman connived at their barbarities, while permitted to share the plunder. From these men she had rescued Maurice, in order to sell his blood at a higher price

than they dreamed of valuing it at. She foolishly imagined that the money would be paid to her as soon as the prisoner was in custody, and with this she purposed immediately to decamp: but finding that a mere trifle would be the only recompense until better assurance was received of prosecuting him to conviction, she resolved to keep out of sight, and to find some personal enemy of Maurice who would dare the consequences of appearing against him, on the united allurement of profit and revenge; or else to suborn one of the straggling freebooters in aid of her design.

Guided by their worthless conductress, the colonel and his party wound up the wild and romantic pathway, until the gurgling of St. Kevin's spring warned them that the next turn would bring them close upon its margin: and here Katy pointed out the little niche in the rock, where she purposed awaiting their return; while a stout fellow, formidably armed, was stationed at its entrance.

The rest proceeded; and cautiously turning the angle of the rock, formed themselves in the wildly beautiful area to which the well and the round tower imparted a character of interest, as monuments of antiquity—records of man's footsteps, where, but for them, nature had seemed, on a cursory glance, to have reigned unrivalled, since those rocks were fashioned. There was a charm of loneliness, a melancholy sweetness not unmixed with grandeur, over which even the denuding hand of winter had little power. The fir-tree and the holly abounded, wearing their verdant mantle as in the bloom of spring. A leafless oak stretched its gigantic arms over the well, its rugged bark brightened with the young foliage of an ivy plant, that had already won its way nearly to the summit of the trunk: and on its principal branch flourished, in pale green, the consecrated mistletoe.

At a short distance rose a most majestic yew, whose dark and venerable head towered in rivalry above the forest king: and clusters of red berries, peeping forth amid leaves of variegated holly, lent a glow more vivid than that of summer flowers. The deep azure of a frosty sky, and the clear sunbeam darting its radiance on the antique tower, left nothing for the eye of taste to wish for. The colonel's nephew forgot his occupation, on the first view of so unexpected a scene; and in the undertone of genuine feeling, ejaculated, "Beautiful, most beautiful!"

"Aye, William," replied his uncle, with a sigh, "our poor country is a paradise, desecrated by spirits of darkness."

They approached the tower, and loudly summoned its inhabitant to surrender, but save from a most powerful echo, no response was heard. It was found necessary to explore the apartment, and after a strict and cautious search, unsuccessful of course, one of the party was despatched for Katy, who reluctantly obeyed the command, and more than participated in the disappointment.

"You have deceived us, woman," said the colonel sternly.

"And what would I get by that, but a weary walk, and the fear of death! See here, isn't the sods half burnt, and the cake crumbled about? and—bad luck to the spalpeen, but he's left some token," and she picked up a bright object; on inspection, it proved to be a regimental button; which, partly for "good luck," and yet more for "auld lang syne," Maurice had most tenaciously preserved about his person; but on the preceding night it had rolled from his pocket unperceived, and now invited the scrutiny of the young police officer. "This," said he, "so far confirms the old woman's story of a discharged soldier, that its owner certainly belonged to the ——— Dragoons, who were disbanded in this country at the last reduction."

"Keep it then," said the colonel: "it may serve as a clue yet."

The distress of old Katy was extreme, and evidently real. She not only saw the anticipated reward snatched from her grasp, but stood committed with the vindictive confederacy, in a manner the most alarming. Naturally shrewd and sagacious, she now endeavoured to dissuade the colonel from giving publicity to the transaction; calling to witness every saint in the calendar that she would leave no means untried still to place within his power the object of their fruitless expedition. She told him, that all hope of capturing the culprit was totally vain, if it were once publicly known that he was marked and traced: while a prudent

silence on the subject would leave them still a fair chance of lighting on him. She recommended a strict search throughout St. Kevin's boundary; and lamented her hard fortune in losing the reward of her loyal fidelity, in terms strongly characteristic of her reigning passion. A consultation was held by the gentlemen; and Katy's counsel finally adopted; an injunction to secresy being laid on all concerned, while the colonel and his troop remounted, bearing away the sole and unsatisfactory prize of Maurice's regimental button.

Katy's next step was a pilgrimage to the distant rendezvous—the concealed head-quarters of Captain Rock. Since the affair of Slieve-moran, the former haunt of the gang had been deserted by all but the accustomed retailer of potheen; and a place widely dissimilar from it was selected, as affording better promise of security.

Through a bog of considerable extent, flat, dreary, and neglected, a narrow but deep river wound its eccentric course. Scarcely a shrub arose within the circuit of some miles, to vary the cheerless monotony; and so swampy was the ground, that few footsteps cared to try its supporting power. Yet almost in the centre of this desert, and close upon the river's brink, rose the remains of a stupendous fortress, seated on an artificial elevation, and to all appearance unapproachable, unless by water, to any but forms of fairy lightness. The river, too, was rendered so unsafe by the immense masses of ruin that had fallen into it during the lapse of ages, that a boat had not, within the memory of man, been seen to venture there; and tradition told of spikes, and other perilous defences, thickly planted beneath its lazy waters, which generally accumulated against the stony obstructions, until they overtopped them, and flowed to a great extent beyond their banks, in the rainy season: the droughts of summer still reducing them to a compass proportionably narrow.

Yet across this stream there was a ford of moderate depth and perfect security; along the bog there was a firm track; and to the lawless despots, the midnight legislators of Ireland, these approaches were familiar. The Rock of another district had here established his seat of sanguinary power: and hither did Katy bend her course, with more serious misgivings than had ever before embittered her progress to the Rockite council table.

On the second evening of her journey, she arrived within half a mile, and proceeded, wrapped up in her blue mantle, whose large hood, shrouding her head and face, supplied the place of bonnet. The bog was uncut, its nature affording little encouragement to speculate on the produce of such operation; and over the obstinate ridges of coarse knotted grass and stunted shrubs, the old woman passed with a difficulty which increased as she approached the building. A mine had been sprung on a small scale, to effect the demolition of its stubborn fortress, when Cromwell laid siege to it: and many a massy fragment lay deeply buried in the bog which had grown up around it. Obstructions thickened in the traveller's path, with every step that neared the ruin; and on gaining the foot of the eminence, Katy was glad to rest awhile before she ventured farther.

Night had not as yet closed in, but the black clouds were gathering in the west, with every indication of a storm; and the depth of gloom was more than sufficient to envelope in obscurity the diminutive figure lately moving along the swamp, and which had now become stationary beneath the shadows of gigantic ruins. The remains of an arch-way stood, or rather impended, over the unequal ground; while its corresponding section lay half buried in moss and underwood, at a distance of thirty feet below. Beyond this shattered gateway was a bridge, crossing the ancient moat of the castle: and farther on the site of a tower, of which scarcely six feet of unequal wall marked the boundaries; but a deep excavation within, thickly choked up with stones and rubbish, shewed where the dungeon was situated. From this spot extended an entire angle of the building, rising to the original height, and displaying its rows of windows in unbroken regularity, but entirely roofless. A turret of considerable dimensions, flanked it to the left; and retained in fine preservation its steep and winding stair-case, illuminated by successive loop-holes, and terminating in a projection, from whence a noble view of the surrounding country might be en-

joyed. This look-out had commanded, at one glance, the full sweep, from the drawbridge on the left, to the river that meandered on the right of the castle, separated from it only by a strip of ground, so swampy as to repel every footstep, even in its droughty state; and at other seasons overflowed to the very base of the fortress.

But, however interesting to the antiquary, this relic of feudal prowess possessed no charms for Katy. She heartily wished it would fall, and furnish a tomb to the party whom she expected to find assembled within its recesses. Beyond the allurement of present gain, she had no tie to bind her to their faction. A devotee in religion among those to whom such sanctity might recommend her, she wanted the excuse of even genuine superstition to palliate her outrages on those whom her church anathematized; a sworn leaguer against the government which she charged with oppression, she would for a bribe have sold her country, to a yoke as galling as that which Egypt laid on the necks of the Hebrews. She served the confederacy while it protected and paid her. Incurring, as she had done, the peril of its vengeance, she would now have rejoiced in its utter annihilation. And such generally is the character of the instruments with which the work of iniquity is effected.

Katy had never yet entered the present abode of the conspirators, but her directions were too full and circumstantial to hazard any error in seeking admission. She waited until the last gleam of twilight was fading, and then making her way across the bridge, she gained the aperture already described as the mouth of a dungeon. A minute or two elapsed before her signals were acknowledged; and then an opening being formed by invisible means, among the heaps of crumbled fragments at her feet, a man's face appeared, in the faint glimmer of a half smothered light, and some questions were put, in the usual figurative style, to which she made the established rejoinders. The aperture widened; and assisted by the hand of her companion, she descended: and soon found herself proceeding through a long, low, narrow vaulted passage, thickly scattered with loose stones, and charged with an atmosphere scarcely endurable to one just translated from the fresh breeze of the bog. The path was far from being either level or straight; and Katy's resolution began to fail, when the scene suddenly changed. The vault became higher, the air circulated more freely; and she found herself in a misshapen apartment, the centre of which was occupied by a long table, of uncouth construction, round which were seated the members of the gang, gathered into parties of three or four, at considerable distance from each other. In one place, illuminated by a thin rush, sat two fellows engaged with an imperfect pack of dirty cards; while two more eagerly watched the game, intent on the success of their bets. A little farther on, appeared some whose enjoyment was derived from the broken can of whiskey, while their haggard countenances displayed a character of heightened ferocity, as they recounted their deeds of blood. Some were busily employed, fitting flints into their musquets, and repairing the belts, and other accoutrements of their lawless warfare: while a solitary, dark-looking man turned over a large heap of soiled newspapers; selecting and marking such paragraphs as he deemed calculated to excite the bitter feelings of rebel hostility against the government in church and state. At the end of the table, a lamp burned brightly; and beneath its glare lay a heap of notices, already penned, and bits of paper prepared for a similar use; on one of which a diligent scribe was tracing, from the dictation of his companion, a threat of extermination to plunge some defenceless family in despair.

In all this there was nothing new or surprising to Katy, unless in the form and size of the apartment; but at the extreme end of it, stretched on a rude bier, lay what was evidently a corpse, covered with a sheet; and on a sort of table close by it stood the usual insignia of death—a crucifix with two candles, stuck in hollow stones of different sizes; a cup of holy water, and three wooden platters heaped with snuff, tobacco, and coarse biscuits.

A wake was what Katy little dreamed of enjoying in such a spot; and she bridled up with delighted anticipation on beholding the promise of good cheer. The orgies had not yet commenced; and she surmised

that the party would experience an addition previous to entering upon them. She had leisure to complete her survey of the abode and its inmates, before any notice was taken of her entrance, beyond the side glance of careless recognition. Secure of her services, under the strong tie of personal interest, the gang never wasted upon her any courteous attentions. Seating herself at one end of the rude bench, she commenced singing and groaning in an under key, and proceeded to expatiate on her devotion to the general cause.

"Silence, you mercenary wretch!" exclaimed the newspaper student; take your pay, and cease from canting." He flung her a few pieces of money, and resumed his employment.

"What *is* it, honey?" asked Katy, after a pause, glancing towards the bier, while she addressed the young man who had been writing the notices.

"Troth, and it is a sad tale, Katy," he replied, in a low, and dejected tone; "he's fallen early, like the green ear beat down in a summer storm. There's blood under that white sheet, and blood must flow to wipe it away."

"And you'll tell me every word on't, Andy dear! Ah, but you're a jewel of a lad; and the civil tongue that never wagged to hurt man or child; nor to mock at ould age."

The young man sighed; and a faint colour rose to his cheek, as he glanced on the papers spread before him; but ere he could answer, another roughly interposed. "Bad luck to your blarney, you old bugaboo! Have we nothing to care for but tickling your ears with long stories? Pat Hennessy's dead, and he's left many a better man to revenge him. An old crow has a sharp scent after carrion; and you're come for a howl at his wake. More fools they that got broken heads in fighting for the carcase," he concluded in a surly, muttering tone.

Katy's temper was violent; and now disappointed curiosity, combined with offended pride, completely threw her off her guard: she angrily responded—

"And a bloodier hate than you bore him never gave the death stroke to Pat Hennessy. A nate boy was he. Carcase! Och, if you took better care of some carcases—let alone your own, that's well enough looked to—you'd not be lettin the best lad among ye be lost and perverted, to fatten your spite!"

"What's all this?" cried the newspaper man, in a voice of authoritative enquiry.

"Ye'll get no more from me," muttered Katy, who felt, with alarm, that she had gone too far.

Many questions were put, to which she gave no reply, or such as were provokingly evasive; and the altercation was running higher, when a signal from the mouth of the vault, occasioned the whole party to arise, and range themselves in a line, with looks expressive of reverence, real or assumed, according to the bent of their several characters.

Escorted by two or three fellows, wrapped up in blue surtout coats, and followed by half a dozen others variously equipped, a tall and portly personage now made his appearance, slowly proceeding along the apartment, motioning as he passed the sign of the cross, and pronouncing a benediction. Advancing immediately to the corpse, he placed himself at the foot of the bier, while the rest formed a circle about it, as wide as the confined space would admit of. More candles were lighted, holy water sprinkled, and Latin prayers, accompanied with as many ceremonies as could under such circumstances be performed, were gone through. The priest then demanded the particulars of the event.

The detail was furnished by him who had been so busy with the newspapers; and nothing was left untold that could excite the indignation, or stimulate the vengeance of his hearers. For what purpose the deceased and his comrades were abroad in the dead of night, was not explained: but, according to the narrator, they had been wantonly attacked by armed foes, and after a gallant resistance, had succeeded in escaping with their bleeding comrade, who died before they could gain a place of concealment. In conclusion, he removed the sheet, and exhibited the still gory wounds that yawned on the face and breast of the ghastly object beneath.

"It is hard," said the priest, after a solemn pause, "It is hard that manhood should be thus cut off, in its best prime; but when was it otherwise? Persecution is, and must be the lot of the faithful, where heresy triumphs. Our country has

deeply sinned in that she suffered the poisonous plant to take root in her soil, to overshadow and drop its baneful dews upon the wholesome verdure. Yet she *did* resist," he added, in an under tone, perfectly audible, however. "She did shed her best blood in defence of her holy faith; and the power which now crushes her won the mastery, as it still maintains it, by the violence of superior strength. You have brought me to a strange place, my children; and I doubt whether all is as it should be among ye. Ireland was not wont to hold the wake of her brave sons in the darkness and mystery of such dens as this: but wherever the blood of a patriot has flowed, there should the voice be heard of the holy church for which he died, comforting, upholding, strengthening, the faithful few who remain to deplore where they cannot avenge." He paused for a moment; then raising once more the covering from the mangled body, so as to exhibit it to all around, he proceeded. "It is a sad, sad sight. A persecuted church can only honour her martyrs with tears and blessings now: but their reward is sure. Yes, my slaughtered brother!" he exclaimed with increasing energy, as he bent towards the corpse, "Yes, this blood which has flowed for the land of your birth, for the religion of your fathers, is to your soul instead of all holy rites; and ensures you a blessed rest in the paradise of God!"

This blasphemous climax to an artful and inflammatory harangue failed not to produce its anticipated effect on the wretched dupes who listened to it. Pride, superstition, and revenge, were alike roused. The lifeless body before them was that of a murderer, a wretch stained with almost every crime that can outrage humanity; yet because he fell in an act of rebellion against the laws of his country, the companions of his guilt heard him deplored as a victim, eulogised as a martyr, and represented as entering heaven by the efficacy of his own blood; and all this from the lips of one whom they were taught to look on as the commissioned oracle of an authority which could not err.

But on none was this effect so strikingly apparent as on the young man whom Katy had addressed by the name of Andy. He was a new and valuable acquisition to the gang, having enjoyed a superior education, and possessing considerable talent. In patriotic ardour he was by no means deficient; but religious enthusiasm formed his prevailing characteristic; and it may be doubted whether Pat Hennessy's decease would have been thus honoured, had not the expediency of fixing Andy Driscoll's half-wavering mind suggested a means of all others best calculated to produce decision. He now stood erect among the conspirators: the pallid hue of his cheek succeeded by a hectic flush, and his eye kindled with passionate thought, while the muttered vow of misguided zeal bound his soul to the commission of crimes, from which his gentle nature had hitherto recoiled.

A few more ceremonies performed, the priest was easily prevailed on to take part in the good cheer with which the table presently abounded. Excellent mutton—the rearing of some industrious farmer, now enriching the hand of midnight plunder—with poultry and game, were forthcoming: and neither strong ale nor powerful potheen were lacking at the feast. Katy, with officious zeal, took up her station by the corpse; and from that distant corner her suppressed "Ullaloo," the low dirge of death, came with an effect, the mysterious wildness of which, little calculated to strike the uncultivated taste of the majority, was yet strongly felt by Driscoll, and not lost upon the priest.

"Hould your croaking, there, ye old raven," growled out the fellow nearest to Katy, on perceiving that the priest suspended a remark to listen to her notes. "Bad luck to the leathern throat of ye! Isn't his reverence bothered with your confounded noise?"

"Go on, go on, Daughter," said the priest. "It is right that in the midst of our comforts we should be kept mindful of him who lies cold and still in his gore, in the dungeon which his joyous spirit so lately enlivened."

"Is it not wonderful, your reverence," said the newspaper reader, "that these vaults should be kept so entire and safe; when, as tradition tells, the building above was blown to pieces with gunpowder, and the very earth rent around it?"

"That miracle," gravely answered the priest, "is the work of holy St. Patrick, to

whom the place was dedicated; and who doubtless foresaw how valuable the retreat would become in after days to the children of those who once ruled in its princely halls." He paused—then added, "I need not tell you, boys, that the castle whose ruins now totter above our heads, was one of great strength, and extraordinary size. At the period when the native heroes of Ireland were fighting, inch by inch, for their parent soil—when England poured her successive armies from the Welsh coast, and held on her march through the blood that flowed in torrents to repel the aggressor"—he made an abrupt pause, and looked to the corner where Pat Hennessy lay—"at that time the house of O'Toole were in possession of this magnificent fortress. Allied, by marriage, with the famed O'Moore, the chieftain of Leix, whose sturdy opposition so long held the English at bay, and confined the pale within narrow limits, and yet more closely united in the sacred bonds of patriotic fellowship, wherein they had sworn to liberate their country, or to die,—this O'Toole maintained his ancient possession, and bade defiance to the foe. Reach me the can, Dermody; and pledge me, all round, my lads, to the memory of the heroes. May Ireland never want such hearts to feel her wrongs, or such hands to right them!

"Well! an immense reinforcement arrived from England. The Irish were beaten back—beaten back! no; I correct myself, they were trodden down. Back they went not; but perished in repulsing superior numbers; and over their slaughtered bodies the strangers rode, parcelling out among themselves the lands yet reeking with the heart's blood of their gallant defenders, who had died on the sod which they claimed as their own from the days of Brian. O'Toole and his eldest sons fell in battle: his daughters were chased through their father's domain, and his young boys butchered in the nursery. An English adventurer, named Dunne, had the good luck to obtain a grant of these lands; and became lord of O'Toole's castle.

"All this occurred before the Protestant heresy was invented, before the commencement of the three hundred years which are just about to close; and with the end of which, heresy will be utterly swept from the face of the land, and of the earth. It remained for the great heretic, Cromwell, whose soul is now burning in hell, to lift a destroying hand against this noble edifice. Dunne, who held the castle in his time, though an usurper, was not an apostate; and in revenge for his fidelity to the Christian faith of the Catholic church, his fortress was first battered from the neighbouring hill, and then blown up. To repair the damage was impossible: the ruin was forsaken, the surrounding country by degrees laid waste, and for several generations it has been the desolate spot which you now behold it."

While in conversation of this inspiriting character, the hours wore away, Katy congratulated herself that the suspicions evidently awakened by her unguarded words were lulled to rest, and forgotten: but ere the priest rose to depart, a long and whispering communication was made to him by one of the gang, shortly after which he approached her, and inquired whether her mind was burdened with any thing that she wished to reveal. Trembling in every limb, she answered that she had been very lately at confession, and had no trouble of that sort; adding, however, that when the holy business of waking poor Pat was over, she had something to tell her friends, that concerned them, and herself too.

"It is well," rejoined the priest. "I seek not to pry into the affairs of any, beyond what their spiritual welfare demands. Nevertheless, daughter," he added with some asperity, "as your pastor, I counsel you to avoid deceit; and to deal faithfully with those who seem ready to shelter your helpless old head, while they are obliged to hide their own:—for what cause I know not. Choice would hardly lead them to inhabit such an abode."

He departed: and Katy commenced her tale to the apparent captain of the night. She said, that Maurice Delany was yet alive. She had seen him in company with some whose dubious characters prevented her making him known to them; and therefore she had contented herself with lodging him in a place to which she purposed immediately summoning the captain. But, to her dismay, Delany had secretly absconded, she knew not whither: and she had travelled night and day to apprize them of the circumstance.

"And a great hurry you were in to tell us the same, you ould thief!" said one. But Katy's defence of herself was not heeded. The principals were intent on discussing the subject of her communication; and the rest had recourse to the whiskey and ale, until they were unfit for any other exertion. When the corpse-lights had burnt to their sockets, Pat Hennessy was interred by his drunken comrades; and before the gray tints of the morning had spread, those who were capable of action departed, leaving the rest to slumber away the effects of their debauch.

We now return to O'Brien, who, closely besieged by the importunities of Major Butler and the magistrates, apparently began to waver. He hinted at making certain disclosures, if his personal safety were effectually guaranteed. He spoke of pointing out haunts, and identifying persons. Satisfied that he would become a valuable approver, the gentlemen softened the rigour of his confinement, allowing him greater liberty than was consistent with prudence; and of this he availed himself to their dismay, by effecting his escape. Doubly disquieted on his son's account, Major Butler wrote to communicate this event, and to hasten his return. But the young man had deviated from his prescribed route, to visit a friend whose estate lay contiguous to a provincial town, at which the assize was just terminated.

Many a sad thought had passed through the mind of Maurice Delany, while mounted on his faithful Blucher, he followed Mr. Butler's uncertain course. Aware of the unbroken chain of communication by which the proceedings of every family, obnoxious to the confederacy, were made known to its members, he harboured not a hope of escaping their murderous revenge. Young Butler had elicited from him an acknowledgment to this effect; and suggested a retreat across the Atlantic: but Maurice was fixed in his resolve to see O'Rourke brought to justice; or at least, so to develope the real object of O'Brien's disguise, as to render all his future attempts abortive. Personal security had never been a matter of much importance to the daring soldier: and awful as eternity now appeared to his shrinking gaze, he would not, for a chance of longer existence, desert what he conceived to be his assigned post—the guardianship of that injured family. Thady Connor had not ceased to urge upon him the important subjects of repentance towards God, and faith in Christ; but for the reasons already stated, Maurice declined encouraging him. It was, as he thought, a point of honour to remain unshaken in his allegiance to the Romish Church; and though the admonitions of his friend often sunk deep into his heart, unconquered prejudice opposed a formidable barrier, suggesting still that every Protestant was a deserter from the church of Rome, and naturally sought to seduce others from her ranks in order to countenance his own apostacy. Mr. Doyle's definition, however, remained impressed on his memory; and curiosity to ascertain how far Thady's views agreed with his, frequently induced Maurice to listen more attentively than his manner indicated, to the discourse of his friend. The absence of that faithful monitor he now felt as a privation, and while he silently revolved in his mind the scope of Thady's counsel, the seed of divine truth, scattered by an humble but pious hand, imperceptibly took root, and prepared to shoot forth.

Mr. Butler having passed a day or two at his friend's house, resumed his journey; and on the same morning overtook a great concourse of people hastening in one direction, for the purpose, as he ascertained, of witnessing an execution. The criminals had been convicted of arson, accompanied with robbery, and followed by the death of the poor creature whose house they had burned, and cruelly ill-treated himself.

"Keep close up, Maurice," said Mr. Butler, "and ride warily through the crowd:—we will see this melancholy business out."

They rode on; and arriving at the fatal spot, fell in very near the cavalry on duty, whose commanding subaltern Butler recognised as an old acquaintance; and by him he was admitted as near as possible to the scaffolding.

The unhappy culprits came forward pinioned, and with the caps on their brows; they were supported by two Roman Catholic Priests, who sedulously administered consolation to them. One of the criminals, a mere lad, stood pale and motionless; the

tears frequently bursting from his eyes, while his lips moved in prayer after the form repeated by his spiritual adviser. The other was of more mature age, and evidently hardened in crime. He addressed the assembled crowd, and besought their prayers for himself and his partner in "misfortune." Every head was instantly uncovered, every lip poured forth the *pater-noster*, throughout the hundreds of their own persuasion; and there were lips too, among the English soldiers on duty, and the attendant police, which moved with a far better understanding of the petition that they uttered. Young Butler was considerably affected,—for the truly brave are always gentle,—and as to Maurice, a damp like that of death pervaded his every limb, and a cold shivering crept along his frame, that almost disabled him from sitting his horse. Those men were members of his own gang; and in the crime for which they were about to suffer he had actively participated.

The short pause of intercessory prayer being ended, the elder culprit again spoke. He called the Virgin Mary and the saints to witness, that of the charge on which they were condemned they were as innocent as the babe of yesterday. They loved their country, he said, and were true to their religion; and as long as their countrymen remained the same, they would have reason to hope for better times. The ropes were then adjusted, and the caps drawn over their faces; but once more the speaker loudly asserted their innocence; and with that lie on his lips they were launched into eternity.

"Do you really think that they have suffered unjustly?" asked Butler of his friend.

"I was present during the trial," answered the other, "and in all my life never heard more conclusive evidence given. Why, the Jury were not five minutes in deliberation; and the Judge, in summing up, had said that no comment was necessary from him, in a case so remarkably clear. There was not I will venture to say a person in court who entertained a doubt on the subject."

Butler shrugged his shoulders; and declining the invitation to return and dine at the mess, shook hands with his friend, and left him on his painful duty. The excessive agitation of Maurice had not escaped him, nor was he at a loss to account for it. However, he asked only one question, as they rode along.

"Now, on your honour as a soldier, Delany, do you believe those miserable fellows did not commit the crime for which they have suffered?"

"Indeed, Sir, I am pretty sure they did."

"And yet you heard that solemn and repeated protestation of innocence?"

"Yes," answered Maurice, hesitating, "they died innocent, sure enough."

"Are you jesting with me, Sir?"

"I couldn't make so free with your honour any how, let alone such a time as this. I mean to say, that they got absolution from the priest: and after that you know, Sir, their souls and their consciences were as clean as if they'd been asleep in the cradle ever since they were born."*

Mr. Butler wheeled his horse round; and looking his companion full in the face, drily said, "Upon my honour, Delany, I cannot believe you to be the fool you proclaim yourself."

No answer was given. Even while the words passed his lips, Maurice had deeply felt that he no longer believed the lie which once had deluded him. Unmingled horror pervaded his spirit, as the abominable deception stood unveiled before him. A poor ignorant wretch, stained with unnumbered crimes, had been sent into the presence of his Almighty Judge, with a gross falsehood on his tongue: the same untruth likewise operating to exasperate the populace against those who had most rightly condemned him. While the prompters of such vile deceit, who stood by in silent approval, had, as Maurice well knew, tacitly connived at the enormities

* In the year 1823, an execution took place in the county Galway, attended by circumstances precisely similar. A magistrate who had witnessed it, was expressing at a dinner party his horror at hearing the murderers persist, to the last, in so notorious a falsehood. The Roman Catholic Priest who had attended them, being one of the company, immediately justified their assertion; declaring that *his absolution, that morning given in the prison, had restored them to a state of perfect innocence; and, therefore they had spoken* TRUTH. On hearing this, the master of the house rose from the table, declaring that either the priest or himself must quit the room; for he could not sit in company with a man who had sent two fellow-creatures to the bar of God, with a lie in their mouths, sanctioned by him. The priest departed in confusion.

of the victims, by failing to exert their powerful influence in restraining them. To a conscience even partially enlightened, the naked villany of the transaction must needs have displayed itself: but when Maurice reflected that he had deeply participated in the offence, and would have justly shared the punishment of those murderers if detected, a tremendous interest was added to the subject, and his very soul appeared to shudder as he mentally viewed the gulph in which his wretched comrades were for ever entombed; while on its dark confines he himself still hovered, helpless, terrified, and alone: loathing the refuge of lies, yet dreading to lay hold on the sure hope so dimly seen.

The men who had suffered were scarcely raised above the level of the brutes, in intellect and information; trained by O'Rourke to execute his sordid and selfish designs, under the mask of devotion to a cause of which they understood no more than did the weapons so fatally wielded. Innocent blood cried against them: and their lives had paid the demands of human justice; but the blood of their souls cried more fearfully against the wretches who deluded them into such atrocious guilt; and amid the wild conflict of Delany's feelings, tenfold abhorrence seemed to rise with every recollection of their subtle leaders.

His master's thoughts were deeply brooding on the same theme, whilst in gloomy silence they proceeded onwards, and entered a narrow lane, overhung with leafless branches of oak and elm. Following its windings, they turned an angle, and saw before them a horseman, upon whose steps they imperceptibly gained. Leering with cautious eye, from under a slouched hat, he looked round, as they approached; in the next moment the shout of Maurice fiercely vociferating the name of O'Rourke, was accompanied by a movement rapid as thought: and ere Mr. Butler could give rein to his horse, Blucher dashed past him in hot pursuit of the startled enemy.

O'Rourke was exceedingly well mounted in point of strength and fleetness; but Blucher was fresh, and appeared to derive new life from his rider's passionate eagerness, while Mr. Butler's horse, stimulated alike by example and the spur, was close upon his flanks. The chase continued through the lane, over a moor, and down a rapid declivity, at the bottom of which ran a little brook; beyond, the road branched off in various directions, intersected by rocks and trees. O'Rourke was already across the stream, and Maurice approached it, urging on his gallant horse, when O'Rourke suddenly looked round, and presented a pistol. At that moment Blucher flung up his head, and the bullet, whizzing from the lower ground, entered his throat. The faithful creature started, plunged, and fell dead.

O'Rourke of course escaped: for Butler could not leave his servant in so perilous a condition. The horse had rolled down the slope, and Maurice lay entangled beneath him. Mr. Butler dismounted, and assisted him to rise, but received in return a volley of reproaches for letting O'Rourke escape; while the soldier struggled to gain the saddle of his master's horse: who vainly endeavoured to pacify him. "Be quiet, Delany—compose yourself—why, man, you are bleeding fast, and your shoulder must be nearly out. Think you that if pursuit could avail, Julia's brother would slack at it? Hold off! I tell you we know not into which of those paths he struck."

"But I'll catch him yet."

"Aye, Maurice, whilst he's above ground we will hunt the ruffian. But now come my good lad, let me bind your head up; there is an ugly cut in your forehead."

Still averting his face from poor Blucher, Maurice now submitted to have his head bandaged with a handkerchief: while his kind master shewed no haste in the operation, so reluctant was he to witness the pang which awaited the soldier's affectionate heart. That heart was indeed wrung with a multitude of sorrows, unsuspected by him; but he did not overrate the bitterness of Delany's feelings, when slowly and silently he turned to gaze upon the noble animal, so long and faithfully attached to one who seemed an outcast from all the world beside. He examined the wound, looked on the heavy eye, and then, bending as he stroked the unconscious face, burst into bitter lamentation.

"And was it yourself, my jewel, avourneen, that held up your throat to be shot for your poor comrade? Many's the cut I

have warded off you in the fight; and many's the long march you have carried me through. Will you never stand on your feet again, darling? Will I never more dress your silken coat, and give you the corn from my hand, and flit like a butterfly over the turf on your back? I brought you to shame among the murdering thieves; and now you're fallen by the villain of them all. But you shall be revenged, Blucher," he added, as he rose up, and, dashing away the tears from his cheek, with stern fortitude commenced taking the accoutrements from the body.

Some labourers now approaching, gave the welcome intelligence that a respectable farm-house was within half a mile.

Thither they repaired: and so exhausted was Maurice by the agitations of the day, and the effects of severe contusions received in his fall, that he gladly laid himself upon the comfortable bed which the farmer's wife prepared—little anticipating how many a day would dawn and disappear, before he should again quit that simple couch.

Night passed in sleepless agony, both of body and mind: and when in the morning his kind master visited him, he was lying in a state of helpless exhaustion. Fever glowed upon his cheek; and his quick breathings bespoke its rapid inroads on his frame. Alarmed at these indications, Mr. Butler consulted the farmer, and no time was lost in despatching a messenger for the nearest medical assistance.

The young man could not, without reluctance, deliver over his faithful soldier to what he expected to find the bungling attempts of some ignorant village apothecary; and he resolved to exercise his own judgment, in following the directions of the expected doctor: smiling, somewhat incredulously, at the warm encomiums passed upon his skill by the inmates of the farm. But when the physician, for such he really was, made his appearance, he found himself agreeably disappointed, and involuntarily prepossessed.

To a tall and commanding figure, the stranger added a simple elegance of manner that at once bespoke his rank in society: grey locks, combed smoothly down, and slightly curling on either side of a countenance which beamed with intellect and benignity, imparted to it a character almost patriarchal; while the health and cheerfulness that animated his features and spoke in his every tone, rendered him peculiarly attractive to the light-hearted young man. Towards his patient, the doctor's manner was at once tranquillizing and encouraging, whilst he carefully investigated the probable causes of his malady: but to Butler he acknowledged that the symptoms bore rather an alarming aspect, indicating a high degree of fever, and requiring extreme attention to its progress.

"Is removal entirely out of the question then?" asked Mr. Butler.

"It must not be thought of, Sir."

"And why would his honour think of it?" said the farmer's wife, somewhat reproachfully. "It's no great things that we can do for the poor soul; but a clean bed, and an airy room, and as good nursing as he would get from the mother of him, that, to be sure, he shall have."

The doctor's departure was speedily followed by the re-entrance of the farmer, who warmly seconded his wife's hospitable offers; and then, with honest, yet respectful freedom, asked Mr. Butler how he liked Dr. Ayton.

"Very well: very much. I was particularly pleased with him."

The farmer and his wife exchanged a smiling look of gratified expectation, and Butler, willing to draw them out, resumed, "This Dr. Ayton appears to me to be a man whom one cannot help liking. You know more of him than I do: what is your opinion of his character?"

"He's every thing that is good!" exclaimed the woman, fervently.

"Every thing includes a great deal. Give me some particulars."

Here the farmer, a tall, sturdy, resolute-looking man, fixed himself in the attitude of one who is resolved not to yield a disputed post. He looked his inquirer full in the face, and with mingled alacrity and deliberation replied, "Why then, Sir, in the first place, Dr. Ayton's a Christian."

"Nay, we are all Christians, are we not?"

The farmer put his hands behind him, and striding to the door, said, "Will your honour please to tell me what's growing in yonder meadow?"

"Grass, I think."

"Sure enough, and it should be; and

therefore we call it a field of grass. But, Sir, 'tis a cruel bad soil; and if you look nearer you'll find, that what with daisies and dandelions, butter-cups and blue-bells, shamrocks, and such like things, little's the real honest grass that can get room to grow."

"You allude to the Roman Catholics, as so far out-numbering the Protestants in this part of the country?"

"No, Sir, I was not thinking of the poor Papists at all: but of ourselves, and such as we, who, having the blessed Gospel, which is the seed of the word, plentifully sown in our church, ought to spring up, a pasture of green and wholesome grass. The Lord knows how many ugly weeds, and silly flowers, aye, and poison-plants too, are choking up the ground! yet 'tis called a field of grass."

"But Dr. Ayton, it seems, comes up to your idea of a genuine blade."

"And that's what he does, Sir," answered Donovan, triumphantly, "for the root is in him."

"Aye, or how could he bear such fruit?" added the wife.

"Indeed, he appears very benevolent," observed Mr. Butler.

"Yes, Sir," replied Donovan, "he is a skilful man in his profession, and his skill is at the service of the poorest wretch that needs it. He cures their bodily diseases, feeds them if they be hungry, and clothes them if they be naked: but this is the least part of his charitable deeds. He tells them their souls are more sick than their bodies; and directs them to a greater Physician than himself. He tells them that he does them no service by helping to prolong their lives, if they go on forgetting God, and adding sin to sin. For what is it to them—Oh, Sir," drawing near with solemn earnestness, and laying his hand on the young officer's arm—"oh, Sir, what is it to you, or to me, if we gain the whole world, and lose our own souls?"

Mr. Butler was silent: in fact, he knew not what to say. An appeal so direct, from such an unexpected quarter, confused him. The rude, quaint, and characteristic language of this poor rustic, conveyed the same admonitions that his sisters were wont to clothe—almost to disguise—in phraseology far different. It is no unusual thing, with those who seek the conviction of their friends, to err fatally on the side of delicacy, which is but another word for timidity, and by keeping out of sight the strongest features of their case—those where it is most decidedly opposed to the feelings and habits of the world in general—to leave the adverse party under an impression that the difference, after all, is too trifling to excite uneasiness; and that in words, rather than in things, consists what others more faithfully describe as a formidable, a fatal dissimilarity. This want of plainness had greatly weakened the force of many truths proclaimed to young Butler under his paternal roof: but in Michael Donovan, the poor farmer of Glennonvale, there was little to apprehend on the score of neutralizing delicacy. The energetic earnestness of his manner, too, bespoke that the subject reigned paramount in his thoughts; and that what he uttered indeed proceeded out of the abundance of his heart. Religion was, with him, as the sun's light; pervading all things, and illuminating whatever it reached. Such a character cannot fail to interest, however its real excellency may be overlooked, or mistaken; and Butler already considered his humble host more worthy of his observance than many who occupied a much higher station.

Poor Maurice, meantime, wanted nothing that the most considerate attention could supply him with; but the fever gained ground rapidly, and on his next visit, Dr. Ayton found it necessary to take a large quantity of blood from him. This produced an effect more immediately favourable than could have been anticipated: his faculties were brightened, and although too languid to attempt speaking, he was more conscious of the passing scene than his friends surmised.

The doctor had taken a seat with Mr. Butler near the window of Maurice's apartment, while Donovan stood at a respectful distance, yet not as altogether excluded from their discourse; and his wife sat near the bed.

"If you consider him in immediate danger," said Butler, "which, however, I am loth to believe, it may be my duty to ensure the attendance of some minister of his own religion."

"Is he then of the church of Rome?"

"He is."

A long pause ensued. The Doctor at length spoke. "On the question of bodily danger I am not prepared to give a decided opinion as yet. On the other point, you, Sir, are probably the best judge of your peculiar duty."

"In truth, I am not: I hold in utter abomination the whole system of popery, and can with difficulty bring myself to lend a hand in perpetuating the delusion, directly or indirectly: but"——— and there he paused.

"You would, in this instance, invite a renewal of its delusive operations in the case of our poor ignorant fellow-creature yonder?"

"Why yes, because he *is* ignorant: he devotedly believes it all, and would regard his hope of salvation as lost, without the last rites of his church."

"And do you, Mr. Butler, attach any saving efficacy to those rites?"

"Assuredly not: but I would have every man allowed to go to heaven his own way."

"I have heard that sentiment from many Protestants," observed Dr. Ayton, thoughtfully; "but the Church of Rome views the matter differently. She holds that there is but one way—"

"And she's right," interrupted the farmer, bluntly. "She has missed it herself, but that does not alter God's truth. Christ is the only way to heaven; all other ways lead to hell. There is but one Door, and those who enter otherwise than by that, are thieves and robbers. There is but one Guide, who leads to all truth, even the Eternal Spirit. There is but one rule, to judge by, and to walk by: and that is the blessed Bible. The broad road, Sir, has many paths, each ending in destruction: the narrow road has but one, and that terminates at the gate of heaven."

"But," said Mr. Butler, "if this poor fellow be deceived, through the wilful error of his teachers, surely they, not he, must bear the consequences."

"Both, Sir: if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

Dr. Ayton nodded assent to this remark, and proceeded; "The Church of Rome has made many converts by the blasphemous presumption of her teachers, in promising to bear the punishment, in lieu of their deluded victims, should the doctrine ultimately prove erroneous. In this they flatly contradict the Holy Ghost, who says, by the mouth of David, 'None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.' They contradict the word of Jehovah, which came to Ezekiel, and which is expressly applied to every one who bears the ministerial office, 'When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt not surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man *shall die in his iniquity:* but his blood will I require at thine hand.' Die in his iniquity! those are fearful words. They exclude all hope—they doom the soul to eternal woe. So spake our Lord to the blaspheming Jews, 'I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come.' Do not these passages plainly shew, that however aggravated may be the condemnation of the false teacher, he who suffers his soul to be beguiled, trusting to a lie, must also perish?"

"You remind me," said Mr. Butler, "of a frightful scene, which we witnessed on our way hither:" and he related the case of the two murderers; concluding with the remark, "You will say that I am bringing proofs to defeat my own argument: but, really, on the principle of doing as I would wish to be done by, I do not like to deprive this poor fellow of what he will deem a comfort and a security."

"Suppose, Sir," said Donovan, "that your house was on fire, and I saw you about to throw a barrel of oil upon it, in mistake for water: wouldn't I be doing my duty to oppose you, ay, and to twitch it out of your hand too, even though you couldn't believe me that 'twas any thing but water?"

"Yet, remember, Donovan," said the doctor, "it is not by withholding the external rites of his church, while his heart remains in the slumber of ignorance, and the death of sin, that we can hope to save this soul from destruction—to stay the rage of unquenchable burnings."

"You must knock out the head of the barrel, farmer," added Mr. Butler, "and after shewing me that the oil is oil, furnish me with a bucket of water in its stead."

"Why, and isn't it the very thing that we're going to do, with God's blessing?"

exclaimed Donovan, with great vivacity. "Dare I bend these knees in prayer to the Lord my Shepherd, if I could see a poor sheep straggling far from the fold, going among wolves, and not at least call out to it, 'This is the way, walk ye in it?'"

"Then you expect to convert Maurice?"

"I, Sir! The Lord forbid that I should have such proud thoughts. No, Sir, it is He that will work: we are the clay, and He the Potter. And He *will* work, Sir; and who shall let it? Not all the priests of Rome. I hope yon poor lad is come among us for good; and if so, the grace of God will triumph. But for all that"—he raised his voice, and looked very earnest—"for all that, I'll be glad if your honour won't bring any false prophet here, under my roof, to delude the soul, saying, Peace, peace, where there is no peace; as they did to the wretches you were telling us of."

"Yet let us well understand the grounds on which we decline it," gently observed the old Doctor. "To the Scriptures alone may we safely appeal for decision in any case where spiritual things are concerned. Man, by nature and by act a sinner, laden with the guilt of innumerable transgressions, knows that he must appear at the judgment-seat of the All-seeing God, and receive his doom. He also knows that against all unrighteousness the wrath of that God is revealed; and the enquiry of his soul is, 'How shall I escape?' The Bible answers, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world'—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'—'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved'—'Repent, and believe the Gospel.' But what says the church of Rome? Confess to the priest—do penance—abstain from animal food on certain days—when ye pray, use vain repetitions, as the heathen do—pray to dead sinners, and plead their merits before God.—At the hour of death receive extreme unction for the final remission of sins;—and then, after a period of torment in purgatory, you may hope to be prayed out of it, or rather paid out of it, by the liberality of your survivors in purchasing masses for your soul. Shame on the blasphemy that assumes to deal out holiness by weight; to sell the most precious of God's gifts for money, setting a price on the most damning sins, and sending, for a stipulated sum, the adulterer, the murderer, the perpetrator of every atrocity, to seek in his unblushing pollution, a throne beside HIM in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth even His angels with folly!"

Whilst the old man paused to gather breath, Butler thought he beheld one of the primitive confessors, testifying to the apostate church of its abominations, so much of holy zeal beamed forth from his fine countenance. Nor was any of the conversation entirely lost on the apparently unconscious being who gave rise to it. Much, indeed, of perplexity hung about what he heard and saw, but the impression was indelible. The entrance of a Roman Catholic priest would have been a matter of no less disgust to Maurice, than to Donovan himself. As a dernier resort, he had always rested on the very plea adduced by Butler, and shifted to his spiritual guides the responsibility which they so daringly invited. But the fate of the blind who suffer the blind to guide them, at once revealed to him the treacherous nature of that delusive stay; and the broken reed whereon he had leaned now pierced him with unutterable anguish. He viewed with scorn and detestation the faithless prop: but as yet no better hope had dawned upon his soul; all was dark and desolate.

Mr. Butler had not allowed the affair of O'Rourke to pass unnoticed. He waited upon an active magistrate, recounted the circumstances of their meeting, and gave as accurate a description as the occasion would admit of. All enquiry, however, proved vain; his person was unknown in the neighbourhood, and his appearance there could only be accounted for by the execution of his confederates: of which it was supposed he had been an anxious, though a concealed witness. That county had not as yet been brought under the operation of the Insurrection Act. More than one atrocity had been perpetrated within its borders; but the neighbouring partisans of Rock were comparatively few, and these had been irruptions from other quarters. Some notices, notwithstanding, had recently been posted, proving that emissaries of the evil faction were abroad,

and rendering the act of justice lately performed on the two murderers, one of policy also. Still the feeling of security predominated; and the active benevolence of resident gentry spread widely that valuable instruction which has ever proved the surest defence against incitements to turbulence and disaffection.

Mr. Butler had assimilated himself, as far as possible, to the habits of his entertainers. His dinner was taken at an hour more congenial to his customs than their noon-tide repast: but in their early breakfast he partook, after joining in the devotions of the morning. This he did, partly because he saw how grievously it would affect them were he to decline it; and partly for the sake of those effusions which Donovan was wont to pour out from a heart full of zeal and love. Neither did he find the effect on himself in any way displeasing.

A week had nearly passed, and Maurice was slowly overcoming the violence of his rheumatic fever; when the farmer, his wife, and their guest, being seated at a comfortable breakfast of ham and fresh eggs, they were astonished by the appearance of Paddy the cow-boy, in a state of perturbation wholly inexplicable. His face was pale, his eyes, strangely dilated, stared wildly and fearfully around: and the chattering of his teeth might be heard, even amid the clang of his iron-heeled brogues on the floor.

"Eh!" exclaimed Donovan, staring, with no pleased surprise at his intrusive servant, "What mad bull has driven ye in here, o' this fashion, boy?"

Paddy answered not, but advanced, or rather sidled along, with increased terror in his looks.

"Have you seen your grandmother's fetch, Paddy?" enquired Mr. Butler, laughing.

"Speak out, ye silly goose," chimed in his mistress, evidently ill at ease, "and say what's the matter."

"The matther! Och! and it's bad enough, Misthress. Isn't it ourselves, then, that'll be all kilt, an' murthered, joy?" His jaws trembled so much that he could scarcely bring out the words.

"Kilt and murdered!" cried Donovan, in a tone of displeasure, "who has been fooling ye? Get out of that; and tell your story, sir, or begone."

"I will, Masther; I will; and he shut the door with a cautious hand, advanced close to the table, and after fumbling for a long time beneath his tattered waistcoast, drew out a piece of linen, not over clean; unfolding it, a brown paper next appeared; and from this Paddy at length disengaged its contents—a half-sheet of foolscap, legibly written in a large hand, and torn at the upper corners, by which it appeared to have been fastened to something.

"A Rock notice," exclaimed Mr. Butler, as he eagerly bent forward to examine it. Mrs. Donovan's cheek lost its ruddy hue; while the farmer himself looked more than usually serious and energetic. Paddy, meantime, smote his breast so fervently, that his master somewhat drily remarked, "You'll be learning to cross yourself, maybe?"

"And it's what I wont," replied the boy, a little roused by the hint.

"Where did you find it?" asked Mr. Butler.

Paddy answered, that it was stuck up on the gable end of the cow-house, so that it escaped his sight until he drove out the cows after milking.

"Who saw it besides yourself?"

"Never a sowl: for, thinks I, ye'll maybe after catching me, joy, with that same in my hand. And sure did'nt I run, like"——

"Well, well," interrupted the farmer, "here's nothing to terrify *you* in it, 'tis a foolish rigamole: and mind, boy, it's my command that you say nothing about it to the rest."

"Never fear him," observed Mr. Butler, "Paddy has proved himself both trusty and discreet in this matter; and he will not betray confidence."

Highly delighted with this compliment, Paddy pulled his hair, scraped his heel on the floor, and marched out in bolder guise than he had entered.

"Now, farmer, for a sight of Rock's despatch."

It ran thus:—

"Mick Donovan,

"The legislature of Ireland, sitting to deliberate, where the cross is guarded by

the drawn sword, is sworn to deliverance or death. It is not the heretic that shall save your body nor soul. Your coffin is measured, and the earth gapes for your blood. You shall pay your renewal fines in another coin, and them strangers that we know better than you. A spider's nest that Rock the invisible defender shall crush with his foot, and not turn his eyes down to look upon it. I sign this your death warrant, and he that threatens makes it good. The cross triumphs, and so swears this defender.

"Captain John Rock.
"Lieftenant Moonshine.

"From our Council-Chamber in the Great Mountain of Revenge."

"Was there ever such a farrago!" exclaimed Butler, "why it seems a downright hoax."

Donovan shook his head. "I have seen many such."

"But your only offence is in sheltering us—we must not allow you to incur this peril."

"They have a worse charge than that against me, your honour."

"Indeed! how have you offended them?"

Donovan's countenance brightened, as he replied, "By obeying the call to come out of her, and be no longer partaker of her sins."

"Out of Rock's confederacy?"

"No, Sir: out of the Romish Church."

"A serious provocation indeed! and what will you oppose to the threatened attack?"

"The shield of faith."

"Nothing else!"

"If I be persecuted for righteousness' sake, Sir, I may not resist: for the weapons of *our* warfare are not carnal. But in defence of my wife and the little ones, and the stranger among us, I will use such means as God gives—aye, to the shedding of my last drop of blood!"

Mr. Butler could not comprehend this distinction; but he consoled himself that Dr. Ayton would shortly arrive, and with him he resolved to consult. The old gentleman expressed much concern for Donovan, mingled with grateful exultation on learning how he had received the trying message. In reply to Butler's enquiries, he recounted the circumstances of his conversion.

Michael, as one of a large family of orphan children, passed his earliest years in poverty and wretchedness. At the age of thirteen he had so far recommended himself to the good-will of a poor cobbler, that the latter undertook to teach him the art of brogue-mending, by which, and running on errands for all who would employ him, he gained a scanty maintenance. At eighteen years of age he became quite a devotee in his religion, and bigotted, of course, in proportion to his ignorance. One evening, being employed to wait the return of a gentleman, to whom he had taken a letter, and hearing, as he loitered near the door, a sound of singing in an obscure-looking open house just by, he ventured to creep in, as far as the entrance of an apartment where a congregation of Wesleyan Methodists had assembled for evening service. Not knowing what to make of the party, Mike lingered and listened, and heard from a blunt-looking man, slightly elevated above the rest, an address that filled him with astonishment and curiosity: but recollecting the guilt that he would incur by attending to heretical teachers, he tore himself from the spot. One thought alone took full possession of his mind—a vehement desire of learning to read. This he accomplished by no ordinary process. He collected old hand-bills, and cut out from them the alphabets, both large and small. Whenever he was near any competent person, on whose good-nature he might presume, he would exhibit a few of his letters, and learn their various sounds. From this he proceeded to spelling; and almost without a helping hand from any individual, he made such rapid progress as to be able to read with tolerable fluency in an incredibly short space of time.

The Bible was the great object of his curiosity; he begged one of a benevolent lady, and perused it with avidity. Conviction and conversion were the consequences. With characteristic decision, he openly separated himself from the Church of Rome; and in two years from his nocturnal visit to the little chapel, he was able to assemble a congregation of his own within its walls. But to the members of his former church, it was his peculiar delight to address himself; and this he did so effec-

tually, that the priest soon found means to drive him from his native town.

He married, while very young, a most industrious girl, with a little money, which they laid out advantageously in stocking, on a small scale, a farm; and this, by excellent management, and the good-will of all their neighbours, yearly increased in value. They had one grown-up daughter, living as an humble companion with an excellent lady; and two healthy little fellows, twins, of four or five years old, on whose young minds it was their father's delight to impress the early lessons of piety and obedience. Deeply read in the Scriptures, and gifted with a large share of valuable sound sense, he was a dreaded antagonist to the Roman Catholic clergy, several of whom he had silenced by the force of unanswerable truth; unravelling the web of their sophistry by appeals to the word and the works of God, which had struck conviction to many a heart. As a member, for years past, of the established church, he had discontinued all assumption of a preacher's character; but it was his highest joy to assemble around him a party of his western countrymen, among whom their original language still retained its powerful ascendency, and in that tongue to read the Scriptures, to explain, admonish, and pour forth his supplications.

"And do the priests permit this?" asked Butler.

"They cannot prevent it: light is dawning even now upon this afflicted country. The darkness is not yet past, but grey tints are faintly streaking the horizon; and no more can the united effort of evil men and evil spirits, avert the flood of brightness, whose approach they proclaim, than your arm or mine may arrest yon fiery orb in his course, or fling a veil upon his brilliant surface!"

"I can well believe," remarked young Butler, thoughtfully, "that were the light of which you speak to shine generally on our poor country, she would rise up, a chief among the nations, in whose view she now sits a shame and a reproach to civilized Europe."

"You are right. Politically, she cannot aspire to great things; neither ought she to seek more than a hearty co-operation with her island sister, in whose destinies she must ever find her own inwoven. But in arts, in science, in all that stamps the intellectual worth of man; and above all, in the play of his kindliest affections, communicating largely on every side the blessings of which she shall have become the recipient, our native land shall stand second to none. There is in the character of her children, that which, once touched by a live coal from the altar, blazes forth, emitting a light and a heat no less gloriously vivid than is that flame appallingly destructive which unhappily the torch of discord and malevolence now too well succeed in kindling."

"What a formidable John Rock would our host have grown up into, had his energies been early enlisted in that cause!" remarked Butler.

"Assuredly. And many a mind similarly constituted is leagued in desperate enmity against the repose of his country. Yet as an emissary of evil, could Donovan have displayed the superiority which is now conceded to him? Vice debases while it hardens the character. By continually turning a watchful and steady eye within, Donovan obtains a deep knowledge of the human heart, its mazes and deceptions, and regulates accordingly the use of that ascendency which his superior intellect acquires. Now a bad man dreads nothing so much as this close self-acquaintance. God has written his law in the hearts of his accountable creatures; and he who lives in the gross violation of that law, loves not to ponder on the record of his condemnation. Or if he does investigate his own character as a means whereby to influence his fellow-men, it is with a vision so obscured by the mists of ignorance and sin, that all is distorted from its actual shape. With the feelings of a brute, he surveys his dark and brutified lineaments; and from a standard so false, what judgment can be formed that shall not prove fatally erroneous?—what conduct ensue but such as will continually involve its projector in perplexity and mistake!"

"It appears, then, that we do not go far enough, when, from the unhappy superiority of our countrymen in crime, we argue a corresponding eminence in what is excellent, should their minds receive a right bent, equally powerful with that wrong tendency which now perverts them?"

"You cannot equalize the matter. The preponderance of real good over the natural evil of man's heart is not the turning of a scale: it is a conquest, a triumph—it is the binding a strong man, and casting him out of his possessions—the breaking in pieces of a mighty rebellious armament, and establishing a rightful rule in victory, prosperity, and peace. Satan succeeds with his victims by blinding, deluding, degrading, and perverting them from the original end of their being: in proportion as divine truth prevails, the eye becomes enlightened, the understanding cleared, the mind elevated, and every faculty harmoniously engaged in the very work for which it was primarily intended. Your inference, therefore, is perfectly just; with this additional encouragement—that as the downward path gathers velocity from every step, until the gulf closes upon its victim, so is righteousness progressive—the Christian grows in grace; and the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

While the doctor thus led forward his young friend, in a style adapted to his education and habit of thinking, our poor Maurice had a teacher equally well suited to his case, in the zealous Donovan. With the Bible in his hand, faith in his heart, and truth on his tongue, the farmer pursued his work of mercy, and, as he expressed himself to Maurice, "gave the enemy no breathing time."

"Why do you call me your enemy?" said the soldier reproachfully.

"It isn't you that I'm speaking of, but the enemy of my soul and yours—the devil."

"He has made bitter work with mine," muttered Maurice.

"Aye, and bitter work he made with that chief of sinners, Saul of Tarsus."

"Who was he?"

"You've may-be heard more of him, as holy St. Paul; to whom among the rest, you used to confess your sins."

"You ought not to name a holy saint and the devil in the same breath."

"And why not? The saint did the devil's work before Christ called him to repentance; and afterwards he led a weary life, buffeted by Satan without and within. Now St. Paul calls himself the chief of sinners, and so, no doubt, may you; but he that saved Paul is ready to be your Saviour, and why should you refuse to be saved?"

Maurice could give no satisfactory answer. He had been so far affected by what was daily spoken, that the retrospection of his life was become more than ever intolerable; and the more he sought to close his eyes upon the record, the deeper sunk that appalling conviction that all was indelibly written down in the books out of which the dead must be judged. A few forcible remarks and homely illustrations from Donovan, on the leading tenets of the Romish Church, infallibility, transubstantiation, absolution, image-worship, the purchaseable merits of saints, the virtue of pilgrimages and other inventions of men, fell, as they ever must fall, before plain reason, backed by a reference to the scriptures of truth: and when he urged again and again the question, "why won't you let Christ save you?" the secret language of his listener's heart was, that he had sinned beyond forgiveness, and must perish in despair.

Together with these humbling views of his own condition, the character and actions of others insensibly began to assume a different aspect in the eyes of Maurice. A habit of comparing them with himself, greatly to his own disadvantage, grew upon him. Even of O'Rourke, who continued to be the object of his deepest horror, he could entertain some palliating thoughts, when placed in juxta position with himself. "He had private wrongs to revenge, certainly," thought Maurice, "I had none. He never received the pay of his king, nor wore his uniform, nor turned against him the use of arms learnt in his service, as I did. He hadn't opportunities like me, of knowing the goodness and piety of those whom he called heretics; and even his dreadful plan of forcing away Miss Julia, was only part of the system that we all joined in. Didn't I join in it as ready as any, till then? Wasn't I at the head of their butchering expeditions?" and as the picture grew on his recollection he shuddered and hid his face, wondering that no judgment from above had yet overtaken him. "There's something in him," said Donovan to Dr. Ayton, "that beats my poor

skull to discover. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness'—I can't make it out."

"But remember, my good fellow, that the Lord knoweth it also. Leave the matter with Him. You work, as in the dark, but with confidence. Whatever be the particular evil, the root is sin; and as a sure remedy, you must be constant in urging the power and love of Him who came into the world to save sinners."

Two days after the posting of the Rock notice, Mr. Butler received from his father a summons decisively peremptory; and he prepared to obey it. The doctor called on that morning; and Butler, anxious to enjoy to the last moment the converse of a man who had won his warmest esteem, ordered his horse, and accompanied him on the homeward road. Their path, about a mile from Glennonvale, turned off to the left, pursuing its course through a thicket, part of which was used as a fox-cover: while the remainder stretched out to the edge of some quarries, now in disuse: beyond these was a long track of sporting country, very thinly inhabited. Conversing with their usual animation, the gentlemen rode gently along, until they came upon the edge of the place where trees and bushes clustered into a dense mass; no footpath appearing to exist among them. From this obscure quarter, a shot was fired, apparently very near; but without taking effect: before a word could be exchanged a second, much nearer, was heard: and Mr. Butler's hat rolled on the ground.

To spur his horse among the brush-wood was the instinctive action of the young soldier, to whom fear and prudence were equally unknown; and loudly shouting to the "cowardly rascals," to show themselves, he made many fruitless attempts to penetrate their retreat. His companion resolutely seconded him, both by voice and action; but at the same time assured him, in an occasional whisper, that the spot was impassable to horses.

"Let us dismount, then."

"Are you armed?" Butler made a sign in the negative. "Then to what purpose would you proceed? A wanton sacrifice of your life were every way criminal. Return to the farm, and let us obtain assistance, before we commence a pursuit."

Reluctantly assenting, the young man picked up his hat, through which a bullet had passed, and they galloped back to Gennonvale.

"He that threatens, makes it good," whispered Butler to the farmer.

"Not without leave from a higher Power, Sir," answered Donovan. "Something more was intended for you than a hole in your hat."

"True, my man. Will you join in pursuit?"

"Sure, and I will—and all the boys, that are just after getting their meal of potatoes."

A party was quickly formed, and armed as well as the sudden emergency would permit. Pitchforks and scythes were put in requisition; and Paddy, the cow-boy, shouldered an immense spit, which, he asserted, was "betther nor all the pikes that ever John Rock handled; let alone, that it was iron to the bottom, and wouldn't snap like a rotten limb of an ould three, at all, at all." Thus equipped, they ran towards the fox-cover, and fearlessly dashed among the bushes; those who had fire-arms holding them ready cocked. The very dogs appeared to comprehend the service required of them, plunging into every nook and corner. But although the thicket was ransacked, and the soft soil beyond them carefully examined for foot-prints, not a trace could be obtained of the assassins, save only the bullets fired; which were found lodged in the trunks of two adjoining trees, close by the track of the horsemen.

Relinquishing farther pursuit, the party deliberated on the best means to be adopted, both for detection, and for farther defence. "For it will not end here," said Ayton.

Mr. Butler proposed riding over to the next market-town, and demanding military succour, through the magistrates. Dr. Ayton thought a police-man or two would be sufficient.

"I'm loth to call in the arm of flesh," remarked Donovan.

"As a means of defence, you may surely do so," replied the doctor. "Too great presumption in rejecting such is not advisable.

"Besides," added Butler, "it is evidently on mine and my servant's account that you are now exposed to hostile assault.

And unless you consent to admit a competent guard over your property, I must, in justice, remove Maurice at all hazards."

Donovan assented: and the gentlemen rode off to tender their deposition before the magistracy.

The attempt on Mr. Butler's life was made public, rewards offered, and a party from the nearest police station marched to the immediate vicinity of Glennonvale. Aware in what dreadful solicitude his family must be placed by these reports, Butler no longer delayed his departure; but bidding a kind farewell to Delany, and a most cordial one to the Donovans, bent his steps towards Dublin.

The next day's dawn exhibited these words chalked on a barn, close by the dwelling-house: "It wont do—we will have your blood, if you dont turn out the solger. It isn't the Peeler rascals, nor any Orange villains that shall protect you from me, John Rock."

"Turn him out, I never will," said Donovan, as he coolly wiped off the scrawl; rejoiced that by his early rising he had prevented its meeting any eye but his own. "And as for protection, 'except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain:' and, 'if He give quietness who shall make trouble?'" Still the farmer was not perfectly well at ease. Of himself, he thought as lowly as others highly extolled him; and confessed that no affliction which could befall him was equal to his demerits. That the Christian must bear his Master's cross, was a truth continually on his lips, and in his heart. Deep waters had occasionally gone over his soul, and yet he had experienced that the love of his heavenly Father directed the chastening rod. For himself, he was prepared, under every dispensation, to exclaim, "it is well:" but for others he trembled: and for none more than his sick and sorrowful guest, who had interested his feelings most powerfully; and over whom he watched with a brother's affection, and a pastor's care. The police were stationed at a distance of two miles from the farm: but during the night they patrolled around it, and kept up a regular communication by means of Paddy, the cow-boy; who, since he became the confidant of Rock's first notice, had gained no inconsiderable share of importance in his own eyes; and who now prided himself exceedingly on the character of a trusty courier. Trusty, indeed, he was; and faithful in no ordinary degree. His master had reared him, from a very young child, a foundling about to be committed to the care of a woman who would have educated him in the darkest superstitions of popery. Very different was the teaching that he received at Glennonvale; and although in his simplicity scarcely distinguishing his right hand from his left, poor Paddy understood what was infinitely more precious than all the stores of worldly wisdom. He was indeed one of those "babes," to whom are revealed many things hidden from the wise and prudent.

Every evening Paddy brought a secret communication from the petit-constable in command, announcing at what hours of the night he should visit the farm; and this was made known to none but Donovan, in the first instance; although he generally repeated it to his wife and Maurice. The latter was fast recovering, and able to sit up for a few hours in the evening.

About a week after Mr. Butler's departure, the family party, consisting of Donovan, his wife, their little twin boys, and Delany, were seated round a fire of cheerful turf, when Paddy made his appearance, with unwonted satisfaction pourtrayed on his broad, good-humoured countenance. He handed a paper to his master, and withdrew to the rear. The farmer glanced over the note. "It is very well;" he remarked, "and are they gone, Paddy?"

"Sure and they didn't ride away nately, the sowls! Wasn't their carry-bines loaded, and their swords brighter nor that kittle, and didn't they say, 'We'll be down upon 'em, in no time at all,' then?"

"Gibson tells me," said the farmer to Maurice, "that they have had tidings of suspicious fellows lurking about, some miles beyond. They're off to the spot; and likely before they're expected."

Maurice expressed satisfaction: and the simple meal was partaken of; after which Donovan prepared for his evening lecture.

Suddenly, a thought appeared to strike Maurice; he enquired hastily for Paddy. The youth had nestled himself in a snug corner, but answered to the call, "Sure and I'm here, Misther Delany, sir."

"Do you know, who brought the report to Gibson?"

"I'm thinking I do; because why? it was myself that seed him."

"But do you know him?"

"Och, sorrow a bit; but a civil spoken body he was, that same. An' he tould the Peeler that Rock's men were over, somewhere, an' how they'd be watching for Andy Byrne, that's got a distress, an' going to cant,* sure."

Donovan was now waiting, with his open Bible, and somewhat impatient at the interruption: but Maurice seemed little inclined to consider this. "Farmer," said he, "are your doors and windows fast?"

"As usual, Delany. And now are ye ready for the Word?"

"Directly: but I am not satisfied if your garrison is only 'as usual.'"

"Let the garrison be; we owe duty now to the Great Commander." Then, observing the extreme restlessness of his guest, he added, somewhat sternly, "What makes ye so fearful to-night?"

The word nettled Maurice. "It isn't myself, Mr. Donovan, that's troubled with much fear; but I must speak to you."

"Bye and bye. Let God speak to us; and let us listen, as behoves us, to the word of salvation."

Interruption was hopeless; Donovan, however, rose, and tried the fastenings of door and window; then, with a quiet nod to Maurice, he pronounced his introductory prayer, and commenced reading the evening portion, commenting as he went on. Half an hour was thus occupied, and his little auditory listened with deep attention, all save the youngest twin—who had fallen asleep on his mother's lap, his head leaning back on her arm, his rosy, dimpled cheeks, shining forth from among the flaxen curls that fell in profusion on either side—and Maurice, who appeared labouring under a paroxysm of impatient anxiety. Suddenly a short, fierce bark, was heard without, succeeded by a piercing yell, and then a dead silence. Donovan paused, Maurice started from his seat. "'Tis so!" he exclaimed, "Your arms—to the door—away with the women!" and as he spoke a shot whizzed by him. Alas! it entered the forehead of the sleeping babe, and passing through its brain, lodged in the breast of poor Paddy, who sat close behind his mistress.

The mother's shriek, as her child's blood spouted upon her bosom, rang in appalling wildness through the dwelling; and a deep groan from Paddy accompanied his heavy fall. These were answered by a shout of triumph from without, and Maurice rushed to the window at which the fatal ball had entered. "Hounds of hell!" he exclaimed, as he fired through the aperture, but no sound responded, save the hasty tramp of horses, evidently retreating from the gate.

Delany turned, and looked upon the groupe: the sight was heart-breaking. Not a word was uttered, nor could words have added aught to the effect of what he beheld. Donovan had raised the dead child from its mother's lap, and stood surveying it with stedfast gaze, as it lay across his arms. His poor wife sat fixed in breathless horror, staring up in his face with a look of half-stupid earnestness, as if to catch there a gleam of hope that her little one yet lived. The faithful Paddy, profusely bleeding, had contrived to seize the other child by its clothes, and dragged it down behind its mother's chair; and his voice was the first that broke the frightful silence of death. "Ah, be asy, honey, dear!" he murmured with difficulty, as the boy struggled to get free, "The shots can't catch you here, avourneen."

The servant girl had sunk to the ground when Maurice fired his musquet, she now started up, and screaming loud and long, rushed to her master. Then turning with dreadful outcries from the sight of the mangled face, she caught a glimpse of the other child, by this time drenched in Paddy's blood, and shrieked out, "Both of ye! both of ye! O hone, that I lived to see it!"

Roused by her exclamation, the farmer hastily laid the dead child on its mother's lap, and caught up its little brother, who, pouting and half crying, said, "Paddy's made me dirty and wet, father."

Unable longer to support himself, Maurice had stood with his hands crossed on the muzzle of his musquet, and his chin resting upon them—that finely expressive attitude of military grief, assumed on the present occasion from necessity, for his knees bent under him, his head was giddy,

* To sell by auction the goods under seizure.

and the scene of blood appeared to swim upon his sight; until, seeing the farmer raising Paddy in his arms, he made a desperate effort, staggered towards him, and assisted to place the fainting boy upon his own bed, which was in a corner of the room.

"And this is all my doing!" groaned Maurice.

"It is the Lord," was all that Donovan could say: but the tone in which he spoke, told a tale of mental anguish that volumes were inadequate to describe. "It is the Lord, my love!" he added in a voice of deep tenderness, as he threw his arms around his wife, and their mingled tears streamed upon the face of the unconscious child; while the other little one looking with surprise upon his dead brother, earnestly enquired, "Who made 'ee so dirty, Johnny?"

Maurice, with the help of Biddy, had staunched the blood that was streaming from the breast of the poor lad: but he continued insensible, and to all appearance dying. Donovan, relieved by the burst of anguish, summoned the maid to her mistress, and taking Maurice's trembling hand, said, "This is too much for you."

"Then what is it for *you?* I am an accursed wretch, sent here to murder you all."

"Sent here for a blessing, I humbly hope. It's a blood-bought blessing, Delany; and if *our* blood flow to make the lesson sink deeper, His will be done!"

"I wanted to tell you—I suspected a sham on the peelers—I know too well—"

"No blame to you, Delany, for not telling me: I wouldn't let you. May-be I was wrong, but you see no barring and bolting could have screened from this," and his voice failed as he looked on his stiffening babe.

The tramp of horses was again heard: with Gibson's voice loudly calling to his men, and then at the door demanding if all was well. "Your dog lies dead at the gate," he added, "and we have been hoaxed."

"And death, the king of terrors, has come among us," answered Donovan, admitting the peelers, who stood aghast at the scene before them.

The next morning saw the whole country up in pursuit; but without a prospect of success. The farm was thronged with people of all ranks and classes, among whom a Roman Catholic priest evinced such feelings as did the highest honour to his head and heart. He took Donovan's hand, and said, "My brother, the ways of God are past finding out: we feel the rod, but we cannot see the arm. Afflictions do not come by chance: but he knoweth whereof we are made, he remembereth that we are dust: and though heaviness endure for a night, joy may come in the morning"—then looking upon the murdered infant, he uttered in a low tone, "Sweet blossom! thou, at least, wilt expand in paradise!"

"He is a kind-hearted, honest man," said Donovan aside to Dr. Ayton; "and reads his Bible. May the Lord enlighten his mind!"

The inquest was deferred in expectation of poor Paddy's death: his wound was mortal, and on the third day he died—full of hope and joy. Just before his departure, he turned his eyes upon his fellow servant, who was weeping beside him. "Don't ye cry then, jewel," said he; and added, with a smile of exultation, "An't I going to live with the Lord Jesus?"

The coroner sat that evening, and the verdict of wilful murder against persons unknown, was, of course, returned. Before the party dispersed, Mr. Butler, his father, and Thady Connor made their appearance.

It was a bitter meeting. Maurice absolutely sobbed upon the shoulder of his friend; and while young Butler held a hand of each of the afflicted parents, he felt the solitary child pulling at the skirt of his coat, lisping out, "Johnny's asleep on the table; can't ye wake him, dear?"

"He's better asleep," replied the young man, raising his little playmate in his arms, "We must not wish to wake him."

"He's going to see God," added the prattler. "He was dirty, but they washed him—he's very clean now, joy."

"Aye," responded his father, in a tone of deep fervency,

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath the flood
> Lose all their crimson stains."

The funeral was attended by hundreds; nor did Major Butler and his son disdain

to walk beside the coffins. The clergyman spoke with simple eloquence and strong feeling, to the assembled multitude; and on his departure, Donovan himself addressed them, in language that thrilled through their hearts. He justified God's dealing with him, and drew such a picture of the depravity of man's nature, the awful purity of Him to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, and the tremendous doom of those who are left unchastised, or visited with unsanctified afflictions—hardening themselves against the Almighty—that many a stout knee trembled. He then spoke of the beauty and sweetness of his little Johnny; the fidelity and affection of his poor servant lad; and pointing to the weeping survivors, made a most pathetic appeal against the cruel system by which blood and slaughter had been carried into his peaceful dwelling. At this part of his harangue his hearers were much moved; and the Butlers could not enough admire his skilful introduction of such texts as bore most strongly on the duty of submission to the laws, and to those who administer them. Finally, he drew a beautiful picture of Paddy's joyful obedience to the unexpected summons: and describing the grounds of a sinner's hope, concluded by setting forth Jesus Christ crucified, as the author and finisher of our faith, the sole sacrifice for sin, and the giver of all grace on earth, all glory in heaven.

Dr. Ayton would not suffer Maurice to attend the funeral. Connor remained at home with him, and learned, with thankful delight, that the scene of Paddy's death-bed, and the astonishing fortitude, the lamb-like submission of Donovan and his wife, together with the powerful admonitions pronounced by the farmer daily, while standing between the dead and the dying, had so far settled his mind, that he was resolved to seek for salvation in no other way than that recently pointed out to him. "Not that I think such a murdering wretch ever *can* be saved, Thady: but if ever I dare to pray at all, it shall be to Jesus Christ, for He alone can save me."

Delany returned to Dublin with the Butlers. No pecuniary acknowledgment was offered to Donovan; but after their departure, he found his cattle and his sheep augmented, by selections from the finest and most valuable breeds that could be procured; and many a useful present was delicately conveyed to the farmer's wife, accompanied by such letters from the young ladies as poured oil and wine into the wounds of maternal affection. We leave them to pursue their path, "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," and after a lapse of six months from the murders of Glennonvale, once more return to the sickening scene of Rockite atrocity.

Many a midnight blaze had proclaimed the activity of an arm which still bade defiance to the outraged laws, and eluded their vengeful grasp. Barony after barony, and even whole counties in succession, were proclaimed—garrisons augmented, military detachments multiplied, and police stations established in a favourable line of communication, under the superintendence of experienced officers; selected from the half-pay, and commissioned as chief constables, to blend in one character both military and civil authority—but in vain. Wheresoever offence was given to the invisible legislature, a notice was sure to be served, either by the favourite process of posting, or by the more secure medium of the post-office. In several cases, a coffin was left at the door of the person menaced; with some ferocious announcement of its destined purpose—either attached to the appalling hieroglyphic, or to the wall above it. Rarely did the warning lack its fulfilment; for, whatever precautions were taken, by barricaing the dwelling, or stationing a police force on the spot, a bullet would yet greet the obnoxious individual, during his evening walk, or morning ride. Depots were appointed, where the surrounding gentry placed the weapons, and different articles of value, which might have proved an inducement to the plundering bands for midnight assaults on their respective habitations. Many of the peasantry gladly availed themselves of the invitation to follow this example; yet often was the asseveration of having so done discredited by their inhuman visitants, and horrible tortures inflicted even on the aged poor, to extort from them a confession of that wherein they were perfectly innocent. Under these barbarities many expired: and whilst the better class of Protestant

inhabitants forsook their country houses, and flocked to the vicinity of garrisoned towns, the helpless cottagers, alike unable to fight or fly, remained at the mercy of those to whom mercy was unknown.

In surveying the successive links of this formidable chain, now fast encircling the devoted island, it was impossible to fail of the conclusion that some unseen directing power, incomparably mightier than what either personal or political influence could put forth, stood paramount, to form, to fix, and to direct, the ponderous and destructive machinery. Blind, indeed, most wilfully and obstinately blind, must he be, who failed to detect the workings of that gigantic arm, which, for its assigned period of 1260 years has still practised and prospered in its unhallowed course. In Ireland, popery had ever been dominant; until the enactment of penal statutes, which made it felony to celebrate openly any one of her superstitious rites, crushed into secrecy those observances; affording a fair pretext to represent to the worshippers, that their's was a persecuted church. When those laws were repealed, and every indulgence granted to the Roman Catholic, short of actual participation in the government—which must cease to be Protestant, upon such admixture—the daring ambition of the priesthood revived; and nothing less than renewed supremacy throughout the land, could bound their brightening prospects. Nothing less *could* bound them; because she, whose every dogma is founded on the claim to infallibility—who styles herself "the Mother and Mistress of all churches," could not sit on an equality, much less accept a secondary station, beside one whom she brands as a deserter, and anathematizes as a heretic.

To overthrow the abhorred ascendency of Protestantism, and once more to reign unrivalled and unchecked, became the sole object of that aspiring apostacy, which would, as God, ever sit in the temple of God, shewing itself to be a god. This was, and is, the master-spring of those terrific movements which incessantly convulse the turbulent mass, in Ireland. Step by step, that power moves on to the attainment of its darling hope: and the light of the Gospel, partially breaking upon that region of the shadow of death, threatening to display to its deluded inmates the actual source of those evils under which they gnaw their tongues with pain, and still blaspheme, roused the watchful gaolers of their souls to expedite a crisis which was to re-establish the reign of darkness, and seal them up for ever therein. To this end, the country was excited into acts of desperate resistance, violence, and blood; in the hope that, either through intimidation or weariness, their demands might be ultimately conceded: and in the vain chimera of tranquillizing Ireland, a sacrifice might be made of all that has hitherto impeded that mighty torrent, which, but for those sacred barriers, had long since inundated the senate, and probably usurped the throne. For this, from session to session, had the clamorous appeal been made; and equalization of privileges demanded as a right, by those whose very toleration in a Protestant state was a matter of grace. The bulwarks, however, were too firmly built upon the strong basis of scriptural truth, to yield to any external assault, unless the silent progress of infidelity within should eat away their strength. When they fall,* the church of Rome attains the eminence from whence she meditates to hurl unexpected destruction around; convincing too late her deluded advocates that her ulterior object is still what it ever has been—universal supremacy.

Terror, both towards its enemies and its children, was always the weapon of that power so awfully contrasted in its every trait with the meek, the pure, the peaceable, and placable religion of the lowly Jesus. The system which sought by intimidation to influence the monarch on his throne, disdained not to terrify the cottage-babe in its cradle; and amongst its hideous features was always recognised the most relentless and bloody revenge inflicted on those who shrunk from the career of butchery, after engaging in it; or who dared to assist the view of justice, by pointing out the perpetrators of such crime. Convicts, on the eve of transportation, have been known to make disclosures, which they declared they could not have done whilst a prospect of escape remained;

* They have fallen—April, 1829; and future experience must teach the rest, to those who obstinately reject the lessons of the past.

because the vengeance of their confederates would have been satisfied with nothing short of their lives. It was to debate on the mode of summary retaliation, that the merciless party, to whom we once more introduce the reader, had assembled in an old barn, the solitary remnant of a flourishing farm destroyed during the preceding winter. A character of more than wonted gloom and sullenness pervaded the assemblage, which was held within a short distance of Maurice Delany's native glen, some months subsequent to the attack on Donovan's abode. A deep-laid scheme had been perfected for the destruction of their victim, whom they had traced, after his return from an excursion to Scotland, into the habitation of his poor widowed mother. The toils were completely set: and the gloom above mentioned arose, not from any doubt of their approaching triumph, but from wranglings occasioned by the provoking scruples of Andy Driscoll.

This poor lad was altogether seduced into the confederacy, by the excess of his religious fervor. To injure any living creature was contrary to his natural character: and in proportion to the internal anguish which he sustained when engaged in the work of cruelty, was the quantum of merit that he arrogated, in thus lacerating his feelings for conscience' sake. It was in a spirit of martyrdom alone that he could martyr a fellow-creature.

The recent deviations from what Andy conceived to be the true limit of Catholic devotion, had occasioned some protests on his part, more energetic than accorded with the strict discipline maintained by John Rock—and when Andy hinted a threat of withdrawing his assistance from a cause not strictly regulated by those principles to which he had sworn fealty, he was coolly told that his path lay clear before him; but at the same time given to understand, that he would not proceed many steps on it alive. Thus fettered, the superior texture of his mind, and his attainments in many branches of what might be comparatively called learning, rendered the thraldom more goading. Armed in the cause of liberty, as they conceived it, he found himself condemned to intolerable slavery, beneath the vilest of mankind: and, sworn to the extirpation of heresy, and the most unqualified support of the "true church," he was frequently called upon to dye his hands in the blood of those who worshipped at the same altar with himself; merely because they preferred paying a compulsory tax, to seeing their household goods sold before their faces, in discharge of heavy expenses incurred by the claimant in enforcing the demand.

The brutality of O'Rourke, and the savage scorn of Dermody, expressed with taunting derision, were a perpetual torture to Andy. His health gave way under the workings of a sensitive mind, and wounded conscience; nor were his tormentors sorry to mark, in the flushed cheek, sparkling eye, and attenuated form, indications that promised to rid them of a very troublesome compeer. They loved to expose him to the dews of night; to break his rest, and to harass his feelings. And were these men Irish? the kindest-hearted people on the face of the earth.—Alas! it is the property of crime to harden the character, until it frowns in utter petrifaction, a chilling contrast to all that nature designed it. A flower plunged in the waters of a spring that by its action resolves every substance into stone.

"The moon's up," said O'Rourke, "and a clear night she'll make of it."

"Och! the purty cratur," rejoined another, "she's always to the fore in John Rock's sarvice."

"I say, Andy," shouted Dermody in the ear of the dozing invalid, "won't you take a look at the moon? 'Tis so sentimental!"

A heavy sigh was the only answer, and the youth turned listlessly towards the soft ray.

"You'd better be taking a sup, Driscoll," observed O'Rourke in a tone of displeasure, "that's no face to be doing business with."

"The business, Mr. O'Rourke, is not of my seeking; neither shall I take any active part in it."

"What for no?" asked one of the gang.

"You know very well my opinion of these cowardly assassinations—ten against one."

The words "cowardly" and "assassination," were repeated by several voices, in no gentle mood; Dermody said, that there was no accounting for sympathies.

"If you mean that I sympathize with the

traitor in his defection from the cause, 'tis a calumny."

"Hark ye, Mr. Driscoll," said O'Rourke, "you must learn to call things by their right names. This execution, which you term an assassination, is in the way of law and justice; and as you're to command it, you had better speak more mannerly of your own job."

"I shall not command it, I assure you."

"I say you will, Sir; and you shall. It is the order of the court. Partly because turn about is a fair rule; and partly to shew you how a squeamish stomach must be reconciled to wholesome food. It's very well known that you often take on yourself to be a judge amongst us; and now we only just pull off your wig, and appoint you executioner."

A rude laugh followed the jest. Driscoll was irritated; but knowing the hopelessness of opposition, he remained silent, revolving in his mind plans to evade the odious commission.

Several others now joined the party; they had been summoned by the usual secret and effectual mode of assembling any number of men at a given time and place, when peculiar caution was judged needful. On such occasions, a trusty agent among the better class of insurgents received a short note, requesting him to meet the writer, and to bring a couple of friends with him. Some common signature, previously agreed upon, was affixed. He to whom the summons was addressed, well understood that he must select two of his prime followers, and lead them to a rendezvous, the immediate object of which was unknown to them, and generally to himself. It might be an assemblage of hundreds; or some weighty enterprize might hang on the prowess of their arms alone. By notices thus couched, a formidable body could be gradually drawn together, in parties too small to excite suspicion, and at different hours, from quarters widely dispersed. To disobey, or in the slightest particular to neglect these brief instructions, was accounted a crime worthy of heaviest visitation; indeed the oath specified a rigid attention to such special communications. When deeds of aggravated atrocity were contemplated, or greater peril of detection incurred, this plan was usually resorted to. Distance formed no obstacle; no plea for hesitation. Some of the individuals now congregating in the ruined barn, had performed a journey of twelve hours to reach it.

Unwonted stillness reigned among the lawless crew; those who knew not the purport of their meeting, were briefly informed of it. On such occasions it was the policy of the leading men to stamp the proceedings with a character of deep sorrow, dignified with all the parade of unwilling, yet imperative duty. To paint the crime in glaring colours—to appal the criminal with the prospect of an unblest futurity, and through his sufferings, to deter others from a similar defection—formed the main point of these vengeful tribunals. So powerful were the inducements held out to informers, so torturing, in some cases, the goadings of a troubled conscience, and so perfectly open to all were the facilities of impeaching their comrades, that no expense of time, labour, money, or even blood, was regarded, in achieving the grand object—in convincing the band how inevitably certain was the impending fate of those whom they stigmatized as traitors.

Such was—such is—the perfect organization subsisting beneath what many view as the mere temporary ebullitions of fiery spirit in a capricious populace. They regard the sudden bursts of insurrectionary violence as little billows rising from the surface of a summer sea, merely to tremble, to break, and disappear. They consider not at what a fearful depth the element is working beneath; nor by what unseen agency it may, as in a moment, be wrought into such stormy agitation as shall laugh to scorn their puny efforts to allay, or even to escape it. Beneath the cloudless sky of morning, many a mariner is beguiled to adventure his frail bark upon the dimpling waters, to be engulfed, ere night, amid the roaring surge. In that political abyss, nothing is accidentally produced; its every swell is measured, its every ripple numbered. Dreadful no less in its portentous calm,* than in the tem-

* Vide the Clare election, 1828; when, at the irresistible *fiat* of the Popish priesthood, the immense multitude there assembled, preserved a character of unbroken order, undeviating sobriety, and a degree of moral discipline that appeared little less than miraculous to those acquainted with the elements of which that vast assemblage was composed. And this new

pest's rise, it ever did, and ever will, baffle the utmost stretch of man's wisdom to controul its mysterious operations, and bind it in subjection to legalized authority. He, alone, who is mightier than the voice of many waters, can here prevail; for it is one among the "peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues," whereon the Harlot sitteth;* and over whom she will sit, until the Lord consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy, with the brightness of his coming, the stupendous mystery of iniquity.

Whilst, couched in safe ambush, the ruthless destroyers revelled in their vengeful anticipations, Maurice Delany took a fond farewell of his weeping parent. It was a sad hour to poor Gracey, when she parted again from her newly-recovered treasure. A treasure indeed he had proved to her; for he bore to her lonely cabin such glad tidings as had never before visited it. With wonder and delight she had listened to the tale of what the Lord had done for his soul; and cast away the symbols of idolatrous worship, to imbibe, as a new-born babe, the sincere milk of the word. Maurice had not made known to her the deep delinquency of his former career. He fully purposed devoting himself to the service of the poor invalid, whose sickly constitution enforced the claim of her maternal character upon his duteous affection. It was only to obtain the full consent of his master in Dublin to their plan, that he now prepared to leave her. Of the perils which hung over him, as a deserter from the Rockite gang, she was happily ignorant, and for the sake of preserving such tranquillity to her simple, affectionate spirit, had Maurice abstained from confessions which he longed to make. Drying the tears which rolled fast upon her trembling hands, he told her of the happy days to which they would look forward, when he should again have become a settled resident in that his native abode.

"And will ye, indeed, soon come back to me, darlin'?"

"Never doubt it, mother dear, if such be the Lord's will. I'll not linger."

"And what will I do, if the priest comes to call me to account for neglecting mass?"

"You must think, mother, of the day when Jesus Christ will call you to a far more awful account: and remember the words of the great God, 'Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings'—'This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience' sake towards God, endure grief, suffering wrongfully'—'All who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;' but, 'if He be for us, who can be against us?"

"True for ye, avourneen; and I'll not be afraid. But hasten back: or, may-be, I'll forget some of these things; for I am weak and wicked."

"The knowledge of that weakness will be your strength, dear mother, if it keeps you looking to your Saviour who is almighty. Farewell," he continued, as he again kissed her pale cheek, "I'll hasten back; or if not"—and a deeper shade of sadness overcast his countenance—"if not, the time is short, and we have a long eternity before us; 'tis all bright *there*, mother," smiling through his tears as he pointed to the sky.

"And if I do get to that blessed place at last, it will be yourself that has taught me the way," was the language of poor Gracey's heart, as she stood with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, at the door of her little cabin; and pursued the retreating steps of Maurice with blessings that outnumbered them.

He went on his way, oppressed with busy thoughts of various character. The consciousness of being a doomed victim to his former comrades' revenge, had not left his mind; but long impunity rendered it less keen. The feeling too of being so necessary to the comfort, and, as a means, seemingly to the spiritual welfare of his mother, imparted to him a character of usefulness that seemed to promise longer continuance on earth. But, above all, a settled assurance of faith, rendering eternity as inviting as it had before been terrific to him,

mode of intimidation prevailed! This ocular demonstration of the power of the priesthood to have appeased at any time the rebellious turbulence of their flocks, consummated the work—laid the axe at the root of our national protestantism, by earning for them an admittance to active interference in every branch of the legislature.

It is worthy of remark, that among the predictions of the noted Pastorini, he fixed the 14th day of April, 1829, for the first act towards the destruction of Protestantism. Let those who remember that on the 13th of April, 1829, the royal assent was given to the eventful *Bill*, say what inducement the votaries of Pastorini will here find to pause in their triumphant career.

* See Rev. xvii. 2 Thess. ii.

elevated his spirit far above the racking solicitude of a worldly mind, concerning either the present or the future. A degree of tender anxiety respecting his mother, did indeed pervade his heart; but she had evidently received the word with gladness, and with a simple sincerity that promised every thing. He had no burden which he could not cast on the Lord; and therefore we may confidently say that Maurice went on his way rejoicing.

The little brook that, under circumstances so different, had once been recalled to his recollection, ran across his path; and as he stepped the rustic bridge, he lingered to retrace the course of his eventful life, since he gathered blackberries beside it. The brambles had been cut away, and a verdant bank, profusely adorned with wild flowers, beautified the spot. "And may I not humbly hope," thought Maurice, "that it is so with me? My heart was an accursed soil, where only briars and thorns could grow. To the Lord be the glory, if a change has passed upon it, and a single flower be found blossoming there!"

At a short distance from the glen he was overtaken by a young peasant, with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance in the village. The lad was travelling in a direction very little varying from Delany's proposed route, and the latter had agreed to accompany him to a friend's house, which they calculated on reaching by sunset; and where Maurice was assured of finding a cordial welcome.

Young Saunders proved himself an amusing companion, buoyant and jocose. Many anecdotes he had in store, not a few of which tended to illustrate the effects of the Rock system, and increased the thankfulness of Maurice for his deliverance from such criminal participation. In capering down a high bank, Saunders sprained his foot, so as greatly to impede his celerity, rendering occasional rest needful; and the sun sank behind the western acclivities before their day's computed journey had nearly reached its termination. Beneath the mellow twilight of a beautiful autumnal evening, however, they deemed it no hardship to prolong their march; and Saunders remarked, that neither John Rock nor Lieutenant Starlight would trouble them, in a place hitherto exempt from their visitation. "Barrin' a time or two when they came to dislodge some disagreeable tenants. But they made a clear rent-roll of that same; leaving never a name on it, that didn't please them—and now it's all safe."

At length they reached the vicinity of the place towards which Saunders was conducting his companion; when, of two paths that branched off from their road, he appeared doubtful which to pursue. "Walk you on here, Delany, and if I'm mistaken I'll shout for you to come back; but I think these little alleys meet at the next turn, and if so, I know the shortest cut at the end of 'em." So saying, he struck off to the left hand; and Maurice proceeded as desired.

It was a romantic little green lane, whose trees, meeting over his head, formed a verdant arcade; the silver beams of a most refulgent harvest moon pouring their grateful light between the branches, while many a flower breathed fragrance amid the almost imperceptible dews. Maurice felt the soothing influence of the scene and hour; and rejoiced in the short solitude that gave him opportunity to breathe an ejaculatory supplication, and to ascribe praises to the Creator of all this loveliness. "What must heaven be," he mentally asked, "if a summer's night on earth, with the heart at rest—believing though it cannot see—is so delightful?"

Filled with such thoughts he slowly proceeded to a distance of about a hundred yards; when, hearing no signal from his guide he pushed open a shattered gate which terminated the path, and found himself on the edge of an orchard. Keeping the beaten track, he next emerged suddenly upon a dilapidated building, immediately into the door-way of which the path led; he paused a moment, and entered. In the next instant that door-way was closed—a sudden light flashed through the place—and Maurice looked round upon the countenances, in each of which he might read his death-warrant.

It was an awful silence that accompanied the look—so sternly sad—of those lawless rulers. To assume that Maurice did not start—that his very heart did not recoil from the terrific vision—were to claim for him an exemption from feelings inherent in man. But the dismay was

transient. Long conscious of his peril: and deeply, most deeply, feeling the claims of earthly justice on his guilty life, he had prepared to meet his hour. Unawares, indeed, it came upon him; but after the moment's consternation he met it as a welcome summons.

The leader now in command of the party, was one whom Maurice had occasionally seen at the period of his admission into the rebel band. "Captain," was the only name by which he was ever addressed or spoken of. Evidently of superior education, he rarely appeared among the rest; his countenance was pleasing, his deportment serious and collected; his voice and intonation bespoke a man accustomed to command attention, rather by persuasive eloquence than by the assumption of dictatorial authority.

Delany was armed; but nothing would have induced him further to dye his hands in blood; neither, indeed, could the slightest benefit now have accrued to himself by so doing. On either side of him stood a guard, holding in his hand a naked bayonet, while pistols lay on the board, which served the rude tribunal for a table; it was an old door, poised upon two heaps of stones. In the centre sat the Captain; on either hand O'Rourke and Dermody, with two others. A little in the rear stood six athletic figures, in whom Maurice readily recognized the selected firing party; and the same number of musquets rested against the adjoining wall. Driscoll was seated near them on a low stool: his elbows fixed on his knees; his face half buried in his hands—yet with a look of gloomy intensity his eyes pondered the flushed but tranquil countenance of Maurice.

The first words were uttered by the Captain. "Lead the prisoner forward."

Delany voluntarily advanced.

"Disarm him."

The expression certainly grated on the soldier's ear: but he resisted not.

Slowly rising, the Captain now took the pistols, re-seated himself, and still holding them in his hand, addressed the prisoner in a calm, deliberate, and under tone, expressive rather of melancholy than of severity.

"Maurice Delany, for what purpose did you first assume these arms?"

"In the service of my king and country, whose uniform I wore."

This reply somewhat disconcerted the president; but he resumed. "From that service you were discarded: the king, in whose ranks you had fought, flung you thence; and then, and not till then, did you look with commiseration on your bleeding country. To her service you bound yourself by oaths of indissoluble texture—in her cause you pledged your honour and your soul. Her church, groaning under the chain of oppression, welcomed you as a brave deliverer; her sons received you to their confidence, poured on your ear the story of their wrongs, their agonies, and their revenge; enrolled you as a champion of their despised altars, shared with you the cup of unsuspecting hospitality, and even yielded that pre-eminence which riper age, and far longer devotion to the sacred cause, entitled them to assume. How have you repaid them? how have you fulfilled your vows? For a bribe, a paltry acquisition of gold and favour, you have sold your honour, betrayed your country, and brought a curse upon your soul!"

"All this," answered Maurice, "may be true; except as to the bribe, which I deny. The rest amounts to this only—I was a traitor, and I repented of my treason."

"You'll need quick repentance, for your time is short," said Dermody.

"Let the Captain proceed," muttered O'Rourke, whose eye glared with a joy that he could ill disguise. Maurice surveyed him steadily.

"Let the witnesses depose to the facts of the prisoner's treachery," said the Captain.

"I'll save them that trouble. If by treachery you mean the defeat of your attempts upon an innocent young lady and her loyal family—I am guilty. If you mean the discovery of O'Brien in his lying character, I exposed him. If you mean the chace of O'Rourke, I pointed him out. If you mean ——"

"Stop," said Driscoll. "How came it that no force was ever sent down against the boys whom you once headed?"

"Because I never betrayed them; why should I? they were deluded by deeper villains."

"Mr. Driscoll you are too irregular," drily remarked the Captain. "And now, Delany, by your own confession, nothing remains but sentence of death."

"And the sentence is just, though you are not. The innocent blood that I have shed, is now required at my hand. Blessed be God that he spared me so long, and brought me to repentance, and faith in Christ Jesus!" At that name, strange anomaly! the band of manslayers crossed themselves and bent the head and knee. Maurice did neither.

Driscoll involuntarily drew from his bosom a small crucifix, and made a movement to hand it towards the prisoner: the captain perceived his action, and interposed with accents more solemn than before.

"On the traitors who forsake her cause, the holy church pronounces an anathema. The consoling voice, the sanctifying rites, the final benediction is denied them. To them the symbols of our faith are weapons of destruction. The crucifix avails them not."

"Little indeed, could it avail at any time," remarked Maurice; as he waved his hand repulsively, in the direction of Driscoll.

The surprise was general. "Heretic! do you insult your Saviour?"

"No; I merely turn from the idol that you worship in his stead."

Driscoll started to his feet, exclaiming "Holy Saints, hear this!"

"They cannot hear it," calmly answered Maurice, "for they have done with this world. But you are going to send me speedily to them—to join the songs of praise that they are singing to the Lamb, who redeemed both them and me to God, by His blood."

"Blasphemer! apostate! child of the devil," ejaculated Driscoll, almost suffocated with passion, "dare you name your accursed self, with the saints of the Lord?"

"And why not?"

"He has touched him up nately now," whispered Dermody to O'Rourke, with a jog and a wink. Maurice stood with folded arms, his countenance perfectly unruffled, his eye steadily resting on the flaming features of Driscoll, who, from rage, could not immediately speak.

"And why not, brother! The saints were sinners, saved by Christ; and what is a saved sinner but a saint?"

Driscoll darted towards him with a look of menace; but suddenly checking himself, he stood collected, sternly eyeing the victim, and in a deep tone uttered, "You'll be in hell, ere yonder moon shall have passed over the tree, where her light now rests."

A recollection of the murdered proctor flashed across Maurice, and in his words he replied, "No, for my Redeemer is in heaven!" then raising his eyes, he added, "Righteous art thou, O Lord;" and, resuming his attitude of composure, awaited the sealing of his doom.

Perplexity sat on the features of the Captain. The business had taken a turn for which he was not prepared; and while, in truth, perfectly indifferent on the subject of religion, he felt the necessity of appealing to the bigotry of his men: for the noble bearing of Maurice, his manly fortitude, the bloom of his handsome countenance, and above all, the recollection, awakened by Driscoll of his generous refusal to betray *them*, had evidently wrought on their feelings in no trifling degree. The religious frenzy of Driscoll, the characteristic malignity of Dermody, the personal hatred of O'Rourke, and the iron-hearted policy of the Captain, were proof against all compunctuous visitings; but not so with the remainder, whose kindly nature was beginning to work, in despite of their acquired ferocity.

Dermody observed it, and applied a timely antidote. "If I understand right, Mr. Delany," said he, "You were not known till now to hold Orange principles. More to the shame of our stupidity, that could not discover it, when you and your friends prepared such a warm welcome for the lads at Slieve-moran."

"The blood of those martyrs be upon your soul!" exclaimed Driscoll. "Captain, I claim your promise. Mine is the blessed office of avenging the catholic faith."

"You command the firing party," replied the chief; "and now Maurice Delany, prepare. Your crime is of an aggravated hue. Not only have you betrayed the cause of your unhappy coun-

trymen, and sold their lives, but with unpardonable hypocrisy, feigning zeal for our holy religion, you have lain under the foul taint of heresy, a concealed Orangeman, a"——but he had touched the right chords, every eye now glared vengeance on Delany; and when he essayed to bespeak, the fierce tones of rising execrations drowned his voice. The Captain added, "Now to your duty, Driscoll."

As the party formed, O'Rourke contrived to pass close behind Maurice, and whispered, "Any commands for the Butlers, or your mother?"

Delany turned upon him; a tear had started into his eye, and his lip trembled, but he rose superior to the poor malice of a wretch whose steps were tending to eternal death; and he was silent.

"Don't be cast down," was the taunt of another; "who knows but a few thousand years in purgatory may clear you after all?"

"There is no purgatory," said Maurice, as he commenced his march, surrounded by the party. They issued forth upon the orchard, and silently passed along its tangled walks. Pondering on his last remark, Maurice was mentally inquiring respecting the state of a disembodied soul.

"Some say it sleeps," thought he; "but if so, I cannot know the difference between a moment and an age: it is but to shut my eyes, and when I open them I shall be standing at the judgment-seat,"—a chilling awe crept over him. "But if not, what a sight I shall see in a few minutes! I shall be amongst immortal spirits"—the thought was overpowering—he clasped his hands, and murmured in a low voice, "In this hour of death, in the day of judgment, Lord Jesus deliver me!"

Whilst this passed in the mind of Maurice, the Rockites pursued their way along the deserted orchard. The Captain, O'Rourke, and Dermody, led the van; two others kept close guard over their prisoner; while the firing party, headed by Andy Driscoll, brought up the rear. The latter was just behind Maurice when the low-breathed ejaculation above-mentioned escaped him, and distinctly heard it. There was, in Driscoll's mind a strong tinge of the wild melancholy romance, which has often been remarked as characterizing the sons of Erin—that "land of song"—when not under the immediate influence of fiercer excitement. Driscoll's heart was naturally tender; his frame, weakened by disease, speedily relapsed into deeper langour, when exhausted by the violence of sudden emotion; and now, beneath the soft beaming of the lunar planet, and the gentle breathings of night, he felt the feverish throb of his veins subside, and all nature re-assert her mild control over his acquired harshness of spirit. The prayer of Maurice affected him deeply. "*My* hour of death will soon arrive," was his mental rejoinder. "I too must stand before the seat of judgment; how gladly would I give my worn and weary life for thine, were the cause but one in which a Christian could safely die!" Again he drew an involuntary comparison between the firm measured step of his victim, and the stealthy shuffling progress of those who thirsted for that victim's blood—between the figure so erect and manly, the brow which courted heaven's sweet light, tranquil in humble confidence, and the slouching gait, the downcast conscience-stricken looks of those besotted murderers. Relentings, little consonant to his professed exultation over the heretic, were fast gaining on Driscoll's resolution. Raising his eyes, he secretly invocated the virgin and the saints: but no answer of peace was given. On the contrary, a tree loaded with ripe red apples, which met his upturned gaze, appeared transformed into a fresh accuser. "He is not yet ripe for the grave," was the involuntary comment, "and why must I rudely shake him into it?"

The orchard was passed, and the party had now entered upon what was once a kitchen garden. Here, in a corner, shaded by trees, was already dug the grave. The leaders filed off on either side as they approached it: Maurice, on arriving near its verge, made a voluntary halt—for Driscoll, lost in thought, had failed to remark it, and to give the word. Startled by the sudden stop, he looked, and felt the blood recoil upon his heart at the sight.

O'Rourke, in a tone of savage irony, asked Delany if it was dug to his liking?

"I dare say I'll find no fault with it," he answered, in a cheerful voice.

Driscoll now spoke with considerable vehemence. "Captain, by your order I have taken the command of this affair—this solemn and necessary duty. I claim to have the sole direction now; and that nothing be said, or done, to interrupt me."

"Certainly, Mr. Driscoll. Gentlemen, we will be silent."

Driscoll proceeded to dispose his armed band: in so doing he betrayed a happy want of experience in deeds of blood, and committed an error which Maurice very promptly directed him to remedy: "for," said he, "the bullets might rebound from yonder wall; and standing so near, you'd have a chance of an ugly hit yourself. Station your men by the plum-tree, and all will be right."

With the additional thorn thus innocently struck into his sensitive heart, Driscoll availed himself of the counsel given: and all being properly arranged, he approached Maurice, who proceeded to divest himself of his coat.

"Once more, unhappy apostate! once more reflect. Return to the bosom of the church, abjure your heresy, and I call our blessed Lady to witness, that I will myself undertake such pilgrimage, and perform such penance for your soul, that"—

"I thank you, kindly," interrupted Maurice, "for kindly you mean it. But if all the kingdoms and glory of this world, were now offered me to exchange the hope that I feel in my Redeemer alone, for such comfort as your church can give, I trust I'd spurn them like so many broken straws."

"Then perish in your guilt!" He paused, and added, with reluctant compassion, "If you please you may be blind-folded."

"Blind-folded!" repeated Maurice, native courage sparkling in his eye, while the soldier's spirit shone out with momentary flash, "Do you think I haven't looked death in the face before now? Aye," he added, with a softened voice and subdued manner, "I have gazed at him when he carried his sting; now 'tis taken away, how can I flinch?"

"Then kneel down as you are."

Maurice obeyed; and after looking earnestly at the blue vault of heaven for a few moments, during which his features even glowed with animated hope, he spoke in a firm tone, "Comrades, take my forgiveness, and may God pardon you."

Driscoll stepped back some paces; he summoned all his strength, mental and bodily, for the last anathema.

"Traitor, and heretic! the soil of your poor country, with whose enemies and destroyers you have leagued, opens to shroud you in a nameless, a dishonoured grave. So perish all Ireland's foes! The Holy Catholic church, whose pure faith you have abandoned, whose altars you have profaned, and whose salvation you despise, levels her thunders at your accursed head—Where they point they smite.—Fire!"

And as Maurice fell, the wretched fanatic sunk fainting to the earth.

Unhappy Ireland! Long and deeply has her soil been saturated with the blood of her children. Many a youth, like Maurice Delany, has been lured from the paths of integrity, to pursue the down-hill road of guilt, with more hardened offenders; destroying, until himself destroyed. Many a gentle spirit, like Andy Driscoll, is goaded into fiendish deeds by the false fervour of a zeal that believes it is doing God service in murdering his people. Aye, and there are Doyles and Donovans too, pursuing at this day the unobtrusive work of peace and mercy. Themselves enlightened, they are diffusing, each within his own little sphere, that beam, beneath whose lustre the deluded soul strikes off its chain, and rising into life and liberty, becomes the centre of another circle, widening until the kingdom of darkness already begins to totter at its base.

To crush these growing conquests, and to re-establish her destructive empire, the church of Rome has made a mighty effort, and beheld that effort crowned with intoxicating success. She now follows up the advantage gained, and aims avowedly at the utter subversion of all that opposes her unchristian sway. Shall our hand be therefore paralysed, and the millions of our fellow-subjects left unsuccoured in the pit of their destruction? God forbid! The weapons of our warfare are not carnal; but they are mighty to the pulling down of strong holds. Let us not idly

mourn over ills which we possess abundant means of removing. Survey the labours of those compassionate Samaritans who are not merely pausing to contemplate the wounds of Ireland, but pouring into them the oil and wine of Christian instruction: acknowledge them as ministers of divine mercy to the prostrate sufferer: crave a blessing on their work; and then GO THOU, AND DO LIKEWISE.

DERRY,

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

TO

JOHN ROBERT BOYD, ESQ.

OF BALLYMACOOL.

My Dear Friend,

To you I need not say, that in tracing the outline of that memorable defence in which your ancestors bore a distinguished part, I have faith fully adhered to the historical data afforded by credible writers.

In prefixing your name to the volume, I would fain express my grateful regard towards you: my deep feeling of the wrongs, and sympathy in all the woes, of your beloved unhappy country. May the wisdom that is from above direct the steps of her embarrassed Protestants, and that which is from beneath be banished from their councils. May Popery unmasked be the prelude to Popery destroyed, not by carnal weapons, but by the word of truth: not by might or by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts.

I am,
Your affectionate Friend,
Charlotte Elizabeth.

December, 1832.

PREFACE.

An impression seems to prevail in some quarters that the work which has now, by the blessing of God, reached this advanced edition, is a mere fiction ; or at least that the facts relating to the defence of Derry have been greatly exaggerated, under the influence of imagination or of party spirit. This is an erroneous supposition: characters have certainly been introduced, and domestic scenes described, for the purpose of bringing forward the object of all earthly things most dear to the author's heart—that of affording instruction in their own tongue to the Irish-speaking Aborigines of the land ; and also of realizing more vividly the sufferings to which individuals were exposed during the period of their wonderful defence of the Protestant fortress, but in every particular where public events are noticed, she has been most scrupulously exact in following the historical records of those days, and now, after having for the first time actually visited the spot, inspected its numerous monuments of the siege, and collected every species of information that could be obtained, she finds but one mis-statement to correct throughout the narrative. This consisted in an erroneous representation of the conduct of the Presbyterian leaders, into which she was led by the remarks of another writer: in this edition it is omitted.

Familiarized as the author had long been with all the recorded particulars of that momentous struggle which forms the main subject of the following pages, she was overwhelmed with wonder when the first view of the maiden city broke upon her from that direction whence Lord Antrim's forces approached to meet the unexpected repulse of the gallant Apprentices Abruptly rising from within a bend of the beautiful Foyle, terminating, as it seemed, in a point, and that narrow summit crowned with the single church, Derry, the Derry of 1688, appeared, girt with the dark zone of her impregnable old walls, and occupying a space so limited, that when by an effort of imagination the numerous additions of more modern date were swept away, and their places supplied by the lines and batteries of an investing army, it did really seem like a vision of wild romance, rather than a simple fact of history, that the defenders of such a narrow fortress should have held their besiegers at bay during eight months of unsuccoured distress, and finally have driven them from the scene of their unparalleled discomfiture.

But when passing through the Ship-quay Gate, the visitor found herself actually within the boundary where no Papal foe was ever permitted to set up his banner, when, with a swelling heart, she paced the still unbroken round of those glorious ramparts, and from the cathedral's tower took in at once the whole compass of the scene, wonder and admiration rose into awe: for never in the varied history of the church's deliverances was the finger of Omnipotence more clearly revealed than in the preservation of this diminutive casket, where the Lord had enshrined the jewel of true Protestantism, and by the word of His power had declared that no spoiler should rend it thence. He alone who for the promotion of his own glory, and to abase the pride of man, hath usually chosen the weak things of the world to confound the strong, could have given the victory to the enfeebled handful who remained, after a protracted period of inconceivable suffering, to maintain that post, of which the limited space and more limited supplies were less remarkable than its helplessly exposed situation, commanded by surround-

ing hills, the broad outstretch of which afforded such favourable positions to the assailants, that every battery they chose to mount could tell with certain effect on the city. In tracing the occupation of the ground by the French and Irish army, and glancing down upon the straitened space within the walls, computing the density of an imprisoned population, and the inevitable effects of an incessant bombardment upon the dwelling-houses, the streets, the walls, the inhabitants, there was but one conclusion to which the mind could satisfactorily come: "This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Memorable and honourable as the defence of 1688-9 has rendered the name of Derry, it is far from constituting her sole claim to distinction. Many circumstances of much earlier date distinguish her among the interesting spots of a most interesting country. The extreme beauty of the situation, added to its peculiar value as a sea-port, seem to have recommended it from the earliest times as a desirable post. The name by which it was first known was Derry-Calgach, literally signifying "the oak-wood of the fierce warrior." In former days, the slopes that on all sides bend down to the Foyle were covered with noble oaks; and upon its conical hill no doubt some powerful chieftain fixed his abode, bidding defiance alike to the rival clans around, and to the hostile invader who might, in rude shipping, approach him from the neighbouring coasts of Scotland or England—to the fierce Norwegian or the restless Dane; or whosoever might attempt to violate the sanctuary of his own green Isle. In the sixth century the celebrated Columbkill, who was a native of Donegal, chose this tempting site for the erection of a monastery—not a covert for the lazy monks of Rome, for at that period the papal antichrist had not stretched his arrogant pretensions even to the shores of England, and long, very long after England became a vassal of the Romish despot, Ireland maintained the independence of her pure Christian Church. Columbkill's monastery was a house of prayer and of devotional retirement for men whose zeal in the study and propagation of divine truth was tainted neither by a pharisaical spirit of separation from their fellow men, nor by unscriptural restraint from the privileges and enjoyments of domestic life. After a while the warlike distinction of Colgach gave place to a memorial of the mild Christian patriot, and Derry Columbkill became the recognized title of the oak-girt city.

It was not until so late as 1566 that the garrison of Derry passed into the hands of the English: up to that period, the native race had held possession, defeating all who, at various times, attempted to dislodge them. In 1600, during the commotions excited by that extraordinary person Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Queen Elizabeth dispatched Sir Henry Docwra, with a powerful body of men, who landed from the Foyle, and having cleared away the ruins of Columbkill's institutions, then long desecrated by the idolatrous inventions of Popery, and which had been nearly destroyed by an explosion in 1568, they commenced the work of regular fortification, by digging a fosse, throwing up a rampart, and by every means in their power placing the town on the defensive. Thus the very first foundation of the walls of Derry was the work of Protestant hands; and the materials employed were gathered from the wrecks of what had been originally dedicated to the pure worship of God, thence passed into the polluting grasp of Romish superstition, and now, having undergone a decomposing process by way of purifying them, they were recomposed into a substance destined to be the groundwork of the firmest earthly bulwark that Protestantism ever entrenched itself within. So many and so various are the points of interest that Derry offers to our contemplation.

When the terrible rebellion of 1641 broke out, and Ireland was reddened with the blood of many thousand Protestants, principally the victims of a massacre such as the Romish Apostacy usually enjoins and practices for the purgation of her domains from heretical taint, the possession of Derry formed an object of great importance to the rebels, who purposed taking it by surprise; but the vigilance of its inhabitants defeated this plan; and by the divine blessing on their determined resistance its garrison succeeded in holding uninterrupted possession of their post, destined to become the scene of a far more extraordinary defence and deliverance at the distance of less than half a century from that time.

Protestantism being the pole-star of the Derry men, their submission to earthly rulers seems to have been always yielded under the limitation which is now, happily, the safe-guard of the British sceptre. Their allegiance always bore the saving clause "being a Protestant;" so that, when nearly the whole of the north, disgusted by the regicidal acts of the parliamentarians, declared against Cromwell, Derry, in 1649, stood another close investment, and a severe siege of four months, rather than recognize an authority that, however legitimate, was regarded as dangerous to the interests of Protestantism. On this occasion, Owen Roe O'Neill relieved the garrison, when reduced nearly to the last extremity; and for their unshaken fidelity to the

cause the citizens received a renewal of their charter, granted by James I., and cancelled by his unhappy son Charles, but now restored with additional privileges by Cromwell. In 1687, James II., then in the full career of his persecuting tyranny in Dublin, brought a *quo warranto* against the corporation, and thus again wrested their charter away.

But the following year proved fatal to the hopes of that monarch; and its closing month introduced the eventful transactions of which the ensuing pages furnish a feeble but, as far as it goes, a correct memorial. Of incidents pregnant with most thrilling interest, enough might easily be supplied to fill an additional volume; but the author's principal anxiety has been to show how the spirit of pure Protestantism may best work for the good of those much injured claimants on our Christian sympathy and zeal, the native race of Ireland. Influenced as they now unhappily are to perpetrate anew the worst outrages of former times, when Popery enjoyed the ascendant among them, a display of physical force and of moral determination appears requisite to restrain them from accomplishing the will of their wily and remorseless instigators, the men who, themselves wrapped in mysterious retirement, work the vast machinery of Popish aggression and aggrandisement throughout the world. The miserable sworn assassin, who without being able, or even desirous, to make out a case of personal wrong, or the slightest ground of individual hatred against his victim, stealthily tracks his path, and stoops behind the hedge for a deliberate aim at the unconscious prey—that wretched peasant is influenced as a puppet by its wire, and his every motion impelled by the unseen chain of which the last link encloses him, body, soul and spirit, while the first is firmly grasped in the practised hand of the man of sin, enthroned on the seven hills of Rome. An incalculable accession of strength and ductility has accrued to this infernal engine of despotic cruelty by the various sins of ignorance and of presumption that England has committed both against Ireland and against herself, in fostering the accursed thing that God commands his people to cast out from among them. These sins have already found us out, and Protestantism among ourselves is even now struggling in the net of chains that could never have been cast over us but for our own wanton connivance at the evil. In Ireland that net is more perfectly wrought and far more closely drawn, but, blessed be God! the struggle there is so vigorous, so persevering, so believing, that a good hope is inspired of seeing the links broken, and the captives set free. Protestantism there exists in a wider extension than is generally dreamed of: the struggle adverted to is carried on under the roof of many a cabin, in the half enlightened mind of many a poor devotee, whose hand falters with secret misgivings while telling out the idolatrous ave on the string of beads: it struggles in the confessional, as a ray of unsought light breaks in, revealing the spiritual darkness that shrouds the unholy tribunal: it struggles on the steps of the vain altar, where reason itself must fall prostrate before a palpable lie, and the mind suffer degradation, while the soul incurs pollution and the lip utters blasphemy. It struggles too in the bosoms of some who are themselves important links in the fetter that holds their unhappy dupes, and who, when led to open the Word of God, and finding the path of life set forth so plainly in its pages that way-faring men, though fools, need not err therein, remember their fearful oath, binding them to receive and to understand the Scriptures only as their Apostate Church professes to receive and to understand them; and thus are reduced to the alternative of direct perjury or of consciously turning the truth of God into a lie.

To aid the struggling Protestantism of these awakened souls, to disperse more widely the light that alone can break on the slumbers of their still sleeping brethren, and thus to fling the iron net from off their beloved country, is the object for the attainment of which the Protestants of Ireland struggle too, under difficulties and in the midst of perils scarcely to be conceived by those who have not enjoyed the rich yet melancholy privilege of beholding their patience and faith in the very scene of trial. Yet enough may be gathered from what passes under our observation at home to convince us that it becomes our bounden duty to assist in the work; and nothing will so effectually promote it as a right understanding of the means whereby a hold may be acquired on the affections, and an influence exerted over the minds of the lower classes in Ireland. In this humble volume the subject has never been lost sight of; and the Author sends forth another impression with feelings of unspeakable gladness, while computing to how many thousands of individuals the plea must have found its way by the dispersion of the former editions. On one occasion, the volume was placed in the hands of an aged Christian Englishwoman, who, on perusing it, immediately added to her will a bequest of one hundred pounds to the Irish Society, whose peculiar work it is to instruct the native race through the medium of their own language. Such instances are very cheering to the Author; she desires and anticipates a blessing on this edition also; and she strongly pro-

tests against having her book classed with works of fiction, or considered as amusement for an idle hour.

The sufferings here recorded of the Protestant defenders of Derry, and the other victims of Popish cruelty, ought to speak to us all in the voice of solemn admonition. Are we so well grounded in the faith for which they endured them as to maintain it at as costly a price, if called on so to do? Are we convinced by the Spirit of God that Popery is indeed what his word represents it to be, the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth?" Do we comprehend the soul destroying nature of her delusions, their inevitable consequences, and the awful condemnation denounced on such as perish in the guilt of trusting to them? Are we fully aware that Popery rejects Christ as Prophet, degrades Him as Priest, and dethrones Him as King? Have we considered the device in its true character, as a mystery of iniquity, whereby Satan has instructed men to establish a political system for gain and authority, by means of a religious deception; making merchandize of the souls of their brethren that they may rule despotically over their bodies and grasp their worldly possessions? If not, we have been exceedingly remiss in not enquiring into the grounds of our own faith, which our forefathers held amid the flames of martyrdom rather than concede a particle of it to Romish demands. If we do know this, how dear to our hearts should be the memory of the Lord's mighty works in delivering these lands from the fearful scourge, our fathers from the yoke, and ourselves, hitherto, from the peril. It was by no slight effort on the part of those who contended against it that the rescue was effected; nor ought we to regard in the light of a mere exciting tale the history of their deeds and their endurance.

As respects the struggle in Derry, whether we view the nature, the extent, or the continuance of what its defenders went through, the reality is so overpowering as scarcely to leave room for the wildest fancy to present an exaggerated picture of the scene. In the first place, the town is so small, taken in connexion with the multitude who had formed a refuge there, that it is almost inconceivable how they could be lodged: yet the documents whence these particulars are taken are official reports, civil and military, now before the writer, and bearing the date of 1689, the year in which they were printed. From these it appears that the garrison amounted, at the commencement of the bombardment, to 7,343, and the whole population to above 30,000. The space within which these were confined is nearly an oval surrounded by the walls: less than 2,000 feet is its extreme length, and its utmost width is less than 600. A street, perfectly straight and of remarkable steepness, runs through it from Ship-quay to Bishop's Gate; another cuts it across, on the top of the ascent, from Butcher's to Ferry Gate. Their intersection forms the Diamond, in the centre of which stood the court-house, used as a guard-house during the siege. The space between the houses and rampart forms another street, running nearly round the city, and besides these there were not above five small intersections in the place. The Cathedral with its grave-yard, the small burial-ground, and the Bishop's palace and garden, as well as the Diamond, took up a great deal of room; so that the inhabitants were crowded into the narrowest bounds we can suppose capable of containing them. Now, to show on indisputable authority one consequence of this dreadful confinement, the following extract, gathered from the parish registry, may suffice.

"There were but two places of burial within the walls—that round the cathedral, and a small space not far from it, on which the present chapel of ease was afterwards built. Nine thousand corpses were interred within the walls between the 18th of April and the 1st of August, in these receptacles for the dead; being filled to overflowing, there was a want of earth or other material to cover the putrifying bodies, and the shells aimed at the living frequently fell among the dead, and made hideous exhumations of lately buried bodies. In this sad state, the practice of burial in the back yards became unavoidable." After the relief, the naked bodies in the church-yards were covered over with rubbish gathered from the ruins of the Town Hall and other buildings destroyed by the shells: those buried in the back-yards of the various houses were allowed to remain there; and it was found necessary to issue very severe prohibitions, enforced by strict vigilance, to discontinue the interment of such as died soon after the relief beside their slaughtered friends—so strong was the desire to enjoy a share in the graves of those who had so long shared in their sufferings!

Surely there is little danger of exaggeration when treating of such a subject as this. Language cannot convey an adequate idea of what must have been endured by these martyrs to Protestantism, nor can the mind grasp a scene of such accumulated horrors as must have glared out on every side to sicken the hearts of the fainting multitude for many weeks previous to their deliverance. It is painful to remark too that the recompense of their constancy

was, so far as it rested with man to bestow it, a tissue of ingratitude and wrong. Kirk, the unfeeling general who, in point of cruelty of disposition might almost have rivalled De Rosen, assumed the command of the town, and exhibited such a want of common justice in his proceedings towards the dauntless little garrison and their heroic commanders as ought to have drawn down upon him severe punishment from the Protestant king. But William was only a political Protestant; of the life-giving influence that alone produces spiritual Protestantism he appears to have been destitute; and those among the defenders of Derry who had wrought and suffered for Christ's sake and the Gospel, had their reward in seeing the religion of Christ firmly re-established through their means, and the Gospel secured to their children beyond the grasp of Popish violence that would fain have wrested it away.

Weak, imperfect, wholly unworthy of the subject as is the ensuing attempt at recording the main incidents of the Siege of Derry, the Author unfeignedly rejoices that it was her privilege to make it. Those who read it must needs know something of the deeds and sufferings of former generations, a more intimate acquaintance with which would have checked the growth of that false and mischievous liberalism which is eating out the very heart of Protestant principle. These pages but faintly delineate Popery as it was in Ireland; and what Popery was, in its days of rampant domination, THAT POPERY IS, AND EVER WILL BE. Many who doubted this ten years ago, and who, acting upon that doubt, forbore to grapple with their country's destroyer when striving to obtain a footing in the legislature now mourn in the bitterness of their souls such a faithless dereliction of duty; and deplore too late the blindness of that hour. Somewhat yet remains to contend for; all is not utterly lost though our high vantage ground is abandoned, and the exulting enemy pours through a breach that they could never have effected, had we, with the spirit of our forefathers, manned the walls of our citadel. Oh that there may be among us a heart to rally round and throw ourselves upon that breach, to resist the encroaching tide, to set up a banner in the name of the Lord, and, remembering that with Him there is no restraint to save by many or by few, to experience yet once more His delivering mercy, and in His almighty strength to trample the great master-piece of satanic ingenuity under our feet!

DERRY.

CHAPTER I.

"To exchange such a spot as this for the smoke, the din, and publicity of a town —how shall I prevail on them?"

Such was the mental enquiry of Bryan M'Alister, as he slowly wound along through one of the most romantic defiles of the ancient Tyrconnel. November blasts had stripped the foliage from many a towering tree, and luxuriant shrub, tarnishing the emerald hue of Erin's sod, and imparting to that majestic scenery a character as sternly wild, as were the spirits of those times. Yet beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, in despite of cloud and storm, the giant hills arose, the vallies crouched beneath their sheltering bulwarks, and the broad lake expanded, or the narrow streamlet rippled on, diversifying by its liquid splendour, the ever changeful prospect. Home itself, that centre of all attractions to young Bryan's affectionate heart, could not by its proximity win him to quicken his pace. He suffered the rein to hang loosely on his horse's neck, and gazed around him with the sad forebodings of one who anticipates a long farewell to a spot endeared by every tender recollection of infancy and youth.

The abode towards which he was so leisurely advancing, lay buried in deep seclusion, considerably removed from the highway. The approach was a perfect labyrinth, scarcely deserving the name of a road, or even of a path; but Bryan's steed required no guidance to the well known spot. Emerging from the covert under which an ascent, and then a descent had been pursued, he now came full in view of the simple but substantial cottage that sheltered all his earthly treasures; and his near approach was presently discovered by its delighted inmates. A sturdy house-dog was the first to greet him, with the warning bark of defiance, instantaneously changed into the yelpings of joy, as he bounded forward to spring against the saddle. Two blooming girls next rushed from the door; and after them hastened a white-haired retainer of that noble, but no longer affluent house, whose fallen fortunes it was his pride to follow. A bare-headed gossoon seized the bridle with one hand, while the other plucked at his matted locks by way of obeisance; old Shane laid hold on the stirrup; and the impatient sisters seemed disposed to drag their prize from his seat, before he could well dismount. Bryan had a kiss, and a smile, and a tear too for each, with many a kind word to old Shane, as he hobbled after the youthful trio, to the presence of two more expectants; a smiling mother and a grandame, whose feelings were too deep to find vent in many words, as she embraced the sole representative of her slaughtered line.

But why attempt to describe the most indescribable of all things—an Irish welcome, bestowed on one around whom a cluster of Irish hearts entwined their fondest affections?

Amid the interesting group now assembled, a stranger's eye would have involuntarily rested on the form and features of the venerable parent. Both were strikingly noble, nor had the pressure of near threescore years and ten diminished the sparkling intelligence of the face, or bowed perceptibly the stately figure of the old

lady. Highly intellectual, and marked with decision of character, her countenance yet bespoke a meek benevolence which endeared what had otherwise been too commanding to inspire affection; and there were traits of long and patient endurance, sufficient to show that a cross had indeed been borne by her, whose whole deportment told a tale of pious resignation.

She was a daughter of the princely race of O'Neill, brought, in childhood, by a chain of providential circumstances, under the influence of truly Christian advisers. Thus her mind became early and deeply imbued with doubts and apprehensions as to the soundness of her hereditary religion. Pursuing in secret the enquiry, she had made a tacit renunciation of its errors; convinced by the mere force of reason and such arguments as came within her reach. At an early age she had become attached to Colonel M'Alister, a Protestant of rank and influence, whom she married, much to the chagrin of her own bigoted kindred, and resided with his family until the dreadful massacre of 1641 cut off many of them, and sent most of the survivors broken hearted to an untimely grave.

Through many calamities, and bitter reverses of fortune, she had been brought to such a thorough self-acquaintance as laid her low at the foot of the Redeemer's cross; and rendered her a meet guide for the children of her only son, who, with their widowed mother, dwelt in this secluded nook of their native Donegal, subsisting on the wreck of a fortune once most abundant. Letitia and Ellen, the latter of whom was scarcely past the age of childhood, furnished sufficient employment for those whom they fondly designated their two mothers; but Shane distinguished the younger widow as "the mistress," and the elder as "the Lady of M'Alister," by which title she was generally known and spoken of, throughout the narrow circle of their rustic acquaintance.

Shane O'Connogher was a genuine Irishman from the western province, bred to arms from his infancy, and most devotedly attached to the master, whose steps he had faithfully followed. The same partial affection that led him, as a young lad, to separate from the Romish communion, and to embrace nominally the faith of his benefactor, inspired him with unspeakable horror and detestation of all belonging to that party by whom the cruel murder was perpetrated. Shane was, in truth, a devotee to his political creed; and in universal, indiscriminate hatred of all who differed from him, he could not be outdone by any partizan of any cause whatsoever. His ardent fidelity was so appreciated by all the wrecks of M'Alister's house, that it secured to him immunities and privileges, approaching rather to the station of a friend than that of a domestic.

Shane had never relinquished the use of his vernacular tongue; loquacious at most times, his eloquence never flowed so freely or so rapidly, as when his thoughts found vent in his native Irish; and his frequent soliloquies in that language proved a source of so much vexation to the children, by exciting their curiosity, that they gladly became his pupils, and acquired some little knowledge of a tongue too generally as much despised among the higher classes, as it is beloved and cherished by their more humble compatriots.

Of all created beings, the Lady of M'Alister possessed the largest portion of Shane's reverential regard: but he failed not to protest against her views and proceedings on some occasions; particularly in what related to her son and grandson, neither of whom she would allow to follow the profession of her husband. The former had suffered so much from the perils and privations to which his helpless infancy was exposed, that he never acquired strength of constitution; he had lived in retirement, and died of lingering decline soon after the birth of Ellen. Shane admitted that he was not formed for military life; but could by no means pardon the wrong done to the Protestant cause, by restraining Bryan from following what was certainly the early bent of his inclinations —for Bryan was truly Irish, after Shane's own fancy: manly in person, robust in constitution, warm in his affections, and buoyant in spirits as the bubble that danced upon the water. His laughing eyes was sunshine to the old man's heart; and Shane had observation sufficient to discern the deep, firm energy of character which had as yet been but partially called forth: a steadiness of purpose and unflinching resolution, joined to great per-

sonal courage. The sweetness of a placid temper, rendered yet more even by the subduing influences of divine grace, restrained the exhibition of these more vigorous traits; but Shane delighted to trace them, and loudly bewailed the successful appeals which had won on the youth's affectionate heart to concur in the wishes of his "two mothers," and to become the apprenticed assistant of a respectable merchant in Derry.

"Ahone!" sighed, or rather groaned the old man, when he heard that the indentures were made out. "Isn't it a big shame to plant the last of the M'Alisters behind a counter, out of the way of all the honour and glory in life?"

"Be easy, Shane dear; those things are not confined to any profession. A faithful discharge of duty is the right road to them every where."

"Murder! Master Bryan avourneen: is it yourself that has the face to say so? You'd get 'em as a soldier, or may be as a sailor; but musha! who ever heard of the honour and glory of a 'PRENTICE BOY!" and he turned away in high disdain.

As a 'Prentice Boy, however, the last of the M'Alisters was well satisfied to commence his modest career. The seed of divine truth had not been vainly scattered by pious hands during his early days; it had taken deep root, it had visibly sprung up, and gave promise of a plenteous harvest. Those very traits in Bryan's character, which rendered him the delight of his companions, were to himself a source of watchful solicitude; and he bowed in secret thankfulness to the wisdom which marked out for him a path where such fiery qualities stood in less apparent peril of being fanned into a flame. He had acquired that great lesson—the root of all humility—self-knowledge; and his acquaintance with the doctrines of the gospel was not merely theoretical: it was experimental, it was practical, and wrought in him a growing conformity to the Author and Finisher of his faith. He felt that much, very much, was yet wanting to purify the silver: and he patiently awaited the operation of whatsoever furnace it might please the Great Refiner to prepare, for the trial of that precious metal.

Bryan had now been settled for two years with his master; and his steady application to business had won many kind approvals, with frequent permission to visit the cottagers in the glen. To them his approach was ever as the returning spring after the clouds of winter; so dearly, so exclusively, was he beloved in that retired nook. The object of his present excursion, however, was one of more serious import than any that had preceded it; and he lost no time in making known to the wondering little circle that surrounded the evening fire, his wish to accomplish their removal to the town of Derry.

His grandmother shook her head, and his mother declared it to be impossible.

"Nay, but let us hear his reasons," said Letitia, "for Bryan is not apt to counsel foolishly."

"They must be powerful reasons, my child, that would tempt me from this quiet retreat, to place you amid the turbulent scenes of a city, a sea-port, and a garrison town."

"Dear mother," said the youth, "the dangers that you would encounter are trifling, compared with those from which you must flee. A storm is even now gathering around; and its first thunders are already rolling in deep menaces of unequivocal import. Every nook in these valleys will be explored in quest of plunder and revenge. Think you that a family so marked as ours for sufferings in the cause of truth, will escape the deadliest visitations of their hatred?"

"Our family lies buried in obscurity; its name overlooked, and its history forgotten."

"Never trust to that, mother. Many a hand would yet be raised to point out the poor remains of M'Alister; and many a blade would thirst to quench its brightness in their heretic blood."

"Don't speak so, Brother," said his younger sister imploringly.

"I speak as I feel, my poor Ellen: and even were it otherwise, the straggling foragers would doubtless discover your abode. What defence would be found for such a helpless household of females?"

"The defence of the Most High, young man, is as potent in the glens of Tyrconnel, as behind the fortresses of Derry," said the old lady.

Bryan smiled as he bent towards her, and replied, "Must I read back to my dear grandmother the lessons, by means of which she coaxed the hereditary weapon from my hand, and nailed me to an ignoble occupation, because I should not tempt the Lord, nor hazard the last hope of an expiring line?" He then more fully declared the alarming indications that had of late been given, of some hostile design on the part of those who held the great mass of the people in spiritual bondage; the Romish Priesthood, whose language had assumed a character of open defiance too general and too daring to be overlooked.

"Shane was telling us strange things about it," remarked Letitia, "but my grandmother checked him."

"I did so, my child; because his misjudging zeal is apt to lead him into error; while his prejudices operate to the disadvantage of every one connected with the hostile party."

At Bryan's earnest request, Shane was now summoned; and he, delighted to find the restraint taken off, gave full vent to a large collection of anecdotes and inferences, bearing on the subject under debate: of which, if some provoked a smile by their extravagant improbability, others were calculated to excite serious alarm. He concluded by advising Bryan to make a short tour through the neighbouring vallies, and to judge from the results of his own enquiries.

His suggestion was adopted; and it was ascertained beyond dispute that preparations of a most threatening description were on foot, among the more fierce and lawless of the peasantry. Language was uttered from the altar and the pulpit, that could admit of but one interpretation; and instances were not wanting where the Priest had added to his harangues the encouragement of his personal assistance in collecting, marshalling, and exercising his flock, as for military service.* In corroboration of all this, a letter followed Bryan from Derry, with further intelligence of a similar purport, collected from other quarters; and the friendly head of his establishment urged an immediate removal of the family to Derry; proffering the use of a small house, in a retired part of the town, where, if obscurity were their object, they might remain almost as much out of the busy world as in their present retreat. These concurrent circumstances satisfied the Lady of M'Alister, that to reject such an interposition would be indeed presumptuous: and as her decisions gave law to the whole household, immediate preparations were engaged in for a hasty removal, which was accomplished without much difficulty.

The little mansion allotted to the strangers stood in a retired street, on a low site, well sheltered, and of course sufficiently sombre. The narrow casements in their deep recesses, showed the thickness of walls that had braved many a stroke from the hand of time, and contrasted painfully with the airy character of their late abode, whose windows, gaily festooned with flowering shrubs, invited the broad beam of heaven to brighten the apartments. The young girls found their spirits weighed down by irresistible depression, save when their brother's cheerful smile broke in to dispel the gloom; and the frequency of his visits did indeed almost reconcile them to the change. Their mother was more perplexed by the absence of the many conveniencies which formed the pride of her department in the forsaken cottage; while the Lady sat in patient contentment, pursuing her needle-work, discoursing with her family, or deeply meditating on the pages of that venerable volume which, in its black binding with silver clasps, lay evermore within reach of her hand.

To one individual the transition was fraught with unmixed delight. Old Shane scarcely found the winter days long enough for the pursuit in which he was constantly engaged, the insatiable quest after news. Neither his political animosities, nor his religious bigotry, lacked sympathizing encouragement from kindred spirits within the walls of Derry, while the prospect of hostilities, the critical position of public affairs, and the overpowering anxiety with which the three kingdoms watched their progress, imparted an unspeakable interest to the most indifferent actions of James Stuart and William of Nassau. The latter had very recently

* See "Graham's History of the Siege of Derry; a work to which the author is greatly indebted for accurate and minute information.

effected a landing in England, and every rumoured accession to his standard of title, wealth, and military prowess, formed matter of rapturous exultation among the zealous partizans who surrounded Shane O'Connogher.

Nor was young Bryan free from enthusiasm of the same cast. The sparkle of his eye, and the glow of his cheek, when bearing such tidings to his family, bespoke it plainly. But the feeling of personal hostility was a stranger to his compassionate bosom, and the life which he counted not dear to him in the cause of that holy faith wherein he stood, would have been as freely sacrificed to win one of its deluded persecutors from the error of his way. The sin, not the sinner, excited his abhorrence: and while against the creed of Rome he avowed the most uncompromising, the most unqualified hostility, his heart yearned over the individuals enthralled beneath her merciless sway. To implant in his young mind this important discrimination had been the indefatigable endeavour of his pious grandmother, and she had amply succeeded, by leading him to the same sacred fountain from whence she drew her own supplies of knowledge and of grace. Herself delivered from the net, she had long been habituated to examine minutely its texture; and regarding it as the mystery of iniquity, the masterpiece of Satanic wisdom, the most subtle and powerful delusion that ever triumphed over reason in the subversion of revealed truth, she marvelled not at the stubborn adherence of its victims to their blinding errors, but sought by every affectionate and persevering effort to recover them out of the snare.

In the fatal year 1641, her husband, his parents, two young sisters, and a whole household of faithful domestics had fallen—fallen within her view, and under circumstances of aggravated cruelty, while maternal love for the helpless babe that slumbered in her arms, prompting the hope of screening him from those gory knives and pikes, nerved her to remain, a concealed and silent spectator of these horrors. Shane O'Connogher, returning from a mission to the neighbouring Barony, had providentially escaped falling in with the assassins; and by him she was borne away from the scene of blood, nearly in a state of insanity. Long, very long, it was ere her lacerated mind could endure the slightest allusion to that hour; and even then the wildest spirit of vindictive passion that ever raved in the unsubdued bosom of an O'Neill would impetuously break forth, as she looked upon her sickly child, and vowed to train him for the work of vengeance. And well was she qualified by nature for such a preceptorship, the masculine strength and daring of her character having been conspicuous from the cradle. But better things were in store for the bereaved and desolate sufferer: her deep afflictions melted the heart of a pious minister, who had brought into a strange land all the devoted ardour of a Scottish Covenanter. He, too, had his tale of wrongs and domestic anguish to tell; and having thus engaged her sympathy, he turned to the best and holiest of purposes the advantage gained. Before his white hairs descended to a peaceful grave, the widow of M'Alister was enabled to cheer his dying pillow with those sweet words of gospel promise which had sounded strangely to her ear when first brought under his teaching: and the boy so early dedicated to the work of unhallowed wrath, was trained, and lived, and died, a meek follower of his compassionate Saviour.

But strong, indelibly strong, was the impression left by that fearful scene of massacre; and her mind would ponder and revolve it, under every change of character and circumstance. She had beheld those murderers kneel in prayer, before they plunged their weapons into bosoms that pleaded for them with their last throb—for the M'Alisters were more than nominally Christians—and she had also seen and heard their solemn act of thanksgiving over the mangled bodies. The retrospection led to deep musings on the nature of that delusion under which they acted, and the Lady of M'Alister had achieved the noblest victory that human nature is capable of, in its renewed and sanctified condition; for her keenest wrongs now formed an argument wherewith to disarm her own and others' resentment; and she dwelt upon them but as an incentive to redoubled exertions in rescuing souls from that Mother of Abominations, so drunken with the blood of the saints, with the life-blood of all that had been most dear to her

own agonized bosom. When a blessing had been given to her zealous and patient endeavours for the conversion of some poor ignorant follower of Rome—and more than one or two had crowned those efforts —she would smile, and say, "Behold my triumphant revenge for the slaughter of my house!"

It will not be doubted that the progressive advance of James II. towards a re-establishment of Popery had excited in her mind the most acute and painful interest, while a just view of what the Scriptures inculcate of submission to constituted authorities taught her to shrink from the prospect of popular insurrection on the part of the aggrieved Protestants. The act of abdication, therefore, by which the monarch subsequently vacated his throne, she hailed as a most providential interposition: the very name of William of Nassau sounding in her ears a tale of hope and joy. Beneath her calm deportment, there lay concealed an anxiety the most intense; and while her thoughts pursued, with eagle glance, the relative position of the contending parties throughout the British Isles, that little spot to which the family had been recently removed, acquired an importance abundantly verified by the sequel. She doubted not but that a perilous fermentation pervaded the Scottish clans, and that to secure a northern point of rapid communication between that country and Ireland, such as the port of Derry could supply, would be found essential to the success of James, who had sufficiently shown that he hoped to recover by force what in a moment of panic he had so hastily relinquished. These views she often communicated to her little family circle, as an incentive to more earnest prayer, since nothing short of divine power could interpose between the project and its accomplishment. Bryan was fully convinced that she predicted rightly as to the importance of the post; and the subject was frequently canvassed among his young companions, who entered into its discussion with the vivid feelings of men whose earthly all was involved in the question.

Tyrconnel, the unprincipled viceroy of James, had, in his eagerness to swell his master's disposable forces, withdrawn from Derry its accustomed garrison—a welcome relief to the minds of the many who dreaded such defenders far more than any evils from which they might assist to shield them. Entire subserviency to the views of James had rendered these troops a terror to their Protestant fellow subjects; and now, whilst almost every other place of note was strongly garrisoned by the partizans of James, Derry enjoyed the singular privilege of being under the guardianship of her own citizens. Whispers were abroad in the streets that such a privilege would not be lightly relinquished; and looks more eloquent than words gave frequent pledge of mutual fidelity, as from their barrier-walls they gazed upon the winding Foyle, and calculated the strength of their position. But these were ebullitions of youthful spirits, extorting the smile of pity, or provoking the rebuke of prudence, from their more experienced companions.

CHAPTER II.

The chills of December were now striking their paralyzing influence into every department of the natural world, and its snows began to whiten on the neighbouring hills. The Protestants of Derry remained unmolested, but conscious that perils were thickening around them: the numerous Roman Catholics within its walls generally wearing an aspect calculated to increase the perturbation, and with trembling solicitude was the appearance of Bryan M'Alister hailed whenever he approached the retired dwelling of his kindred.

Even old Shane now found a ready audience for his exaggerated reports; and it was with no slight degree of terror that Letitia and Ellen beheld him break abruptly into their sitting-room, after a short absence, with a countenance full of important information.

"What is it, Shane?" was the anxious enquiry.

"Indeed, and it's bad enough for the like of you to hear, poor fatherless cratures that ye be! Its out and out true, that next Sunday, the ninth of this very month, every Protestant soul will be murdered. I'm just after seeing the letter come in

from Enniskillen, where the brave lads are defending the place: and there's a big army coming up upon us, to be here in no time at all; and the bloody Papists whetting their knives in open day, all over the town. Musha, but we'll be all slaughtered like a flock of sheep."

Before the old man could recover his breath, Bryan entered: his countenance was pale, but an air of fixed determination pervaded every feature, and seemed to nerve his whole frame. With a rapid, but silent glance, he scanned the agitated circle, and then rested his intelligent eyes on his grandmother.

"It is true," he said, "what Shane has no doubt communicated to you. A plan of general massacre is divulged, and the day after to-morrow fixed for its perpetration. Lord Antrim's regiment of Irish and Scotch, alike hostile to our faith, is on the advance towards us; and the ferocious soldiery are even outnumbered by more furious women and wild young boys, armed with skenes, with pikes, and whatsoever instruments of destruction they can get hold of."

Ellen flew to her mother, who with a sigh of silent despair clasped her arms around the shuddering girl. Letitia sunk back on her seat, gazing with bewildered looks from one to another of the party. Bryan remained, his eyes fastened on those of his grandmother, who raised them to heaven, while Shane exclaimed, "The gates, Master Bryan; ye were talking of that."

"Of the gates?" said the old lady, casting an enquiring glance at her grandson.

"There was a talk among us of closing them," said Bryan, "but the Corporation checked that suggestion; and yet—grandmother—where the means are at hand."—He was proceeding in a tone of deepening energy, when another young man of the city rushed into the house.

"M'Alister," he exclaimed, "why do you loiter? Our lives hang by a whisp of hay. Those white-livered Aldermen are temporizing and higgling, ready enough to sacrifice us all as the price of their own proper immunity."

"For shame, Ross," interrupted Bryan; "you wrong them."

"Then let them right themselves, the calculating drones. M'Alister, do you flinch? You were forward enough just now. Why, man, there are already two companies of infernals arrived at the Water-side, attended by a host of furies, actually drunk with rage, and yelling for blood; while the little butchering ruffians, boys from eight or ten years old, are brandishing their knives, and prepared to take their initiatory lesson in the art of torturing from their more practised companions."

"Away!" exclaimed Bryan; and regardless even of the cries that implored his return, in voices so dear to him, he ran off at full speed with Ross.

To describe the state of the city is utterly impossible; groups of terrified Protestants were seen congregated in the streets, their low whisper and sidelong glance of half-suppressed suspicion, following the steps of every neighbour who held the contrary persuasion. Undissembled triumph sat on the features of many friars and priests who, in evident expectation, paraded the town, while in strong contrast, an Episcopal or Presbyterian minister, with meek resignation pourtrayed on his countenance, might be seen encouraging his trembling hearers to a firmer trust in the Most High. Others of the clergy, with official men, merchants, and here and there a military officer, were grouped in close and earnest debate. Rapidly passing by these, the two young men reached that quarter of the city which fronts the Foyle; and there, on the opposite bank, called the Water-side, Bryan beheld an ample confirmation of his friend's report.

At this period, the two officers in command of the assailants were crossing the river in a ferry-boat, for the purpose of demanding admission for their companies; and these, crowding to the water's edge, presented a most appalling spectacle to the devoted inhabitants. Ross had by no means exaggerated the horrors of their aspect. A more formidable body of assailants the imagination could not picture. Wild, fierce, and restless, their very look was a menace; and the regular troops were mingled with such a motley crowd as gave them the aspect of a promiscuous banditti, while the impatient gestures and shouts of their female followers, accompanied by an immense number of young boys, exactly answering to Ross's description, imparted a character more dreadful

than could have attached to a regular army of military besiegers. The object of their cries—the intent with which those weapons flashed in the sun-beam—was but too little questionable; and maddening were the thoughts that crowded upon those whose domestic circles were threatened by a visitation so horrible.

Our youths found themselves surrounded by a number of lads and young men, apprenticed to the different merchants and tradesmen; these eagerly greeted their arrival, and pointed to the opposite side.

"It cannot be—it shall not be," cried Bryan: "By timely resistance we may avoid the effusion of blood. Admit those forces and our houses will be deluged in the gore of their inmates."

"To the gates, boys!" shouted several voices; and the mob re-echoed the words.

The deputy-mayor hastily approached, and demanded that the cry should be silenced.

"Never mind him, boys," said Ross: "he's in the pay of the old Papist. Sheriff Kennedy tells us another story."

The courteous reception given to the officers, and the manifest determination of some among the leading men to admit their followers, increased the irritation of the apprentices; nor was this mitigated when they perceived the foremost of the two companies already in the act of crossing the river, to force admittance.

"Now, or never!" was ejaculated by the agitated lookers on.

Bryan's mind was in a tumult of opposing principles, and harassing doubts; how far they should be justified in resisting what would soon become an overwhelming force, and thus increasing the certainty of slaughter, was a matter of severe perplexity to him. But then, the firm conviction that their city was formed to be earthly bulwark of a righteous cause, an assurance that there was no restraint with the Lord. to save by many or by few, and the evident fact that butchery would be retarded, if not altogether averted, by a measure so purely defensive, all wrought with him to obey the impulse of strong natural feeling. One fervent ejaculation he breathed to the Helper of the oppressed, and then raising his voice to the utmost pitch, cried out, "For our altars and our homes! To the Guardhouse, boys! Seize the keys!" and away they started.

Some severe struggling took place, before the keys were wrested from those who had them in charge; but the rapid approach of the soldiers to within three hundred yards of the gate, nerved every arm among the youthful band of resolute defenders with supernatural strength. The scuffle was quickly over, the keys were won; and with the rapidity of hounds in full chase, the boys rushed to the ferry gate, the drawbridge of which they instantaneously drew up; and as the massive gates swang heavily forward, and the coarse key grated harshly upon its wards, it told that the deed was done; a deed to which, under the all-directing power of the Most High, may doubtless, in some measure, be traced the blessings that for one hundred and forty years crowned our country. A deed achieved by unarmed boys, baffling the wily counsels of kings, impeding the progress of victorious armies, setting at nought the exterminating thunders of vindictive Rome, and proving by what seemingly inefficient means the Lord of Hosts wills to accomplish the dictates of Almighty wisdom.

At the moment when the ferry-gate was closed, Lord Antrim's myrmidons had approached within sixty yards of its portal. The other city gates were next secured and guarded by the enthusiastic spirit of those who volunteered for the duty. The hand of Bryan had been conspicuously active in assisting to perform all that his voice counselled; and he now led back his exulting comrades to the market place: whence, after a vain attempt on the part of the Deputy Mayor, to induce a reception of the enemy, they again sallied to repel a meditated movement, by which their exploit would have been rendered unavailing, and the gates thrown open. Popular feeling was now too strongly excited on their behalf to leave any doubt of the general resolution to defend the city, and the threat of bringing a piece of ordnance to bear on the intruders, sent them in disorder back to their companions; leaving the town to the guardian protection of her devoted young apprentices.

During the whole of this tumultuous scene, old Shane had endeavoured to keep

Bryan in his view; but the tottering limbs of the veteran were unequal to the task. Indeed, the celerity of the young man's movements was such, that to Shane's vision he appeared as a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, darting along various points of the horizon. However, the powerful tones of his voice, continually rising above others, as he shouted forth the words of direction and encouragement, were faithfully echoed by Shane, whose inmost soul revelled in the luxury of what he considered the first act of vengeance wrought on the part of an injured family. At length he bethought himself of the terrified and anxious females, to whose abode the uproar must have penetrated; and he hobbled away from the scene of action, to place before them a glowing picture of Bryan's achievements. The *raal* M'Alister; the true blood of him that was now revenged."

It was late at night before the youth could snatch an hour to satisfy his family that he was unhurt. The highest animation played upon his features, and enlivened every gesture, as he explained the events of that memorable day: and the Lady of M'Alister never sate more erect in native dignity than while she listened to his accents, and marked the strong traits of a character endeared by cherished remembrances. Yet a tear fell, as the ejaculations of thankfulness for the past, and earnest supplication for the future, ascended from her lips: and the less subdued emotions of the mother and sisters, who hailed in their most endeared relative a deliverer from immediate destruction, sweetened Bryan's hasty meal into luxury. But in the open expression of delight, old Shane far outdid all the rest, and frequently extorted a smile by the extravagance of his commendations on the heroes of the day.

"What are you dreaming of, Shane?" asked his young master, archly, "the honour and glory of an apprentice boy?"

"Hush, my child," said the Lady of M'Alister; "and you, Shane, forbear to take from the Lord the praise which is due to him alone. The weakness, the inadequacy of the instruments this day employed, give promise that the work will prove to have been of God; and if so, it will be a mighty and a perfect work. He who says to the foaming billows, "hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther: here shall thy proud waves be stayed," may have blessed our little fortress to be the feeble but sufficient barrier against the progress of His church's foes. Here he may be about to kindle a fire through which they cannot pass; a fire whose intenseness shall try *us*, even as the silver is tried. We are now pent up, beset by open foes, and in manifest peril of being surrounded by accumulating hosts, not one man of whom can set upon us to hurt us, unless the Lord give the word. Oh, my children! shall we trust to an arm of flesh, and cast away the shield of the Almighty, by boasting in our own prowess! Let us rather turn unto Him, in weeping and supplication, and pray that in these kindling flames *we* may be purified, and made white, and shine—for in the straitness of this siege, the slain of the Lord shall be many." She then read the first two chapters of Joel, and offered up an impressive prayer.

"Grandmother," said Bryan, as he took her hands on rising to depart, "when I ran down to the portal, when I laid hold on the pulleys of the bridge, when I lent my strength to close those heavy gates—the sound of whose creaking hinges I never, never shall forget—the prayer of David was in my heart and on my lips, 'let us now fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great: and let us not fall into the hand of man!'"

"Peace and blessing be with my dear boy!" she replied; and the tears of all mingled on his cheek, as they bade him a reluctant farewell.

"Heaven bless her ladyship!" muttered Shane, as he secured the door, after wringing his young master's offered hand, "the like of her isn't above ground for throwing a wet blanket. And she's right, too, I'm entirely certain, in respect to the siege: for when the Boys slammed the creaking ould gates in the faces of yon spalpeens, thinks I, it's your heart's blood that 'll spout upon 'em yet, jewels of the world! And Shane O'Connogher's old ears will tingle, when your merry voices are turned into dying groans, and the roar of big guns be your ullaloo!" And, overcome with the picture that his fancy drew, he slunk away to his little dormitory.

During the night, considerable tumult

prevailed in the city, and with dawning day it arose to a higher swell; and agitating was the anxiety of the M'Alisters, as they sat in desponding silence, bending many an impatient look on the door.

Suddenly, the loud report of two connon, successively discharged from the walls, preceded and followed by most exulting shouts, sent a tremour through every frame. Old Shane, who had reluctantly consented to keep guard over the household, started and threw back his head, as the aged war-horse, who smells the battle afar off. The sisters drew nearer to each other, and gazed with fearful expectation on the opening door. Never had the protecting arms of their brother been so welcome as now, when, bursting into the room, every feature irradiate with joy, he embraced them and exclaimed. "The post has brought us glorious news: not only has the Prince of Denmark declared for William of Nassau, but many a proud name of English rank and influence swells the roll of his adherents. Our own Ormonde has ranged his true men under the banner of Orange; and the tide of popular feeling runs steadily along, promising victory and peace."

Ejaculations of delight and thanksgiving followed the welcome communication. "But the guns, brother," said Ellen.

"Merely a shot in honour of our deliverer; but I did not stay to witness its effect on the gentry over the water; so anxious was I to be the bearer of welcome news. And now have I earned my breakfast?"

"What! fasting yet, my poor boy?" said his mother, as she eagerly advanced to her little stores.

"That's right, Master Bryan," said Shane with great emphasis, "Eating is the last thing in life that a soldier should think about. But is it you that have been on guard all night, avourneen?"

"Sure, and I have, Shane, who should keep the gates but the boys that shut them?"

"True for ye: and have you mustered the garrison?"

"Aye, and a bare three hundred of fighting men can we number, for the defence of our good town."

"Say three hundred and one, Sir;" exclaimed Shane, as he drew himself into an upright position.

"Three hundred and one, then: and to arm these we have made free to open the magazine, and have taken out muskets for about half that number: how to equip the rest, we know not. But that cowardly rabble before the walls cannot face the report of a child's pop-gun. Shoulder the poker, Shane, ready—present—and off they will scamper."

"Beware, my child, of viewing these things too lightly," said his grandmother. "Victorious moments are moments of temptation, when a vain-glorious spirit is too apt so taint the Christian's joy. For our sins is the chastisement sent: and no race of beings, no reptile, no insect, is too mean to execute the judgments of the Lord, where He wills to smite. Frogs, flies, and lice were made effectual to scourge the pride of warlike Egypt."

Bryan assented; and united prayer was then engaged in, led by the venerable Lady. Fervently did she supplicate that the Lord would look favourably on his little Zion, and be to them a strong hold in that their day of adversity. A touching recurrence to past scenes melted every heart; and if one thing beyond all others characterized those prayers, it was the energetic pleading for every single soul among the thousands then thirsting for Protestant blood.

Immediately on rising, the Lady withdrew to her apartment, and brought forth the antique arms of her slaughtered husband. She had, on that morning, opened a chest, which for many a long year had remained unexplored; and often had it excited the curiosity of the young people, as they remarked the jealous care with which its possessor kept it under her immediate guardianship. The objects now presented to their eyes were new to them; but a heavy groan from poor old Shane bespoke his recognition of the broad sword, from whose hilt of costly workmanship depended a knot, deeply incrusted with gore. A belt of black leather, much embrowned with age, trailed along the ground; and a brace of pistols, superbly mounted with silver, completed a burden almost too heavy for the arms that trembled as they bore it. Bryan hastened to take the wea-

pons; and his knee involuntarily touched the ground, as he kissed the hands that yielded them. His heart was too full for any other expression of thankfulness.

"Take them, my beloved child; and may the sight of them soften your heart."

"Soften his heart!" ejaculated Shane, indignantly.

"Aye, Shane O'Connogher, soften his heart. He who wielded that sword, my noble and faithful M'Alister, was laid low by pitiless assassins. The stain on this knot, Bryan, was from the heart's blood of your gallant grandfather—but," and she laid her hand on his arm, and spoke with awful solemnity—"but, Bryan, where are the murderers now? Misled by treacherous guides, who assumed to teach them the way to heaven, they verily believed that in this work of butchery they wrought their own salvation. They are gone! The blind and guilty followers of leaders more guilty, because less blind, they are swallowed up in the pit of eternal woe. Oh, my children, follow them in thought to that unchangeable state—hear their groans—behold the smoke of their torment—and each vindictive feeling shall be hushed beneath the power of HIM who alone maketh us to differ. Aye, and I too have lisped in childhood the prayer for extermination of all who differed from her who is drunken with the blood of the saints. In this juncture, Bryan, you must needs bear arms: but may that blade remain in your hand innoxious, as it has lain for half a century: and never may those barrels send a message of death to one soul unprepared for the awful summons!"

It is not our purpose to furnish a chronicle of this memorable siege, of which the annals are, or ought to be, familiar to every one who loves to trace the hand of God, manifested in signal mercies to his church, and to our nation—mercies in whose warm blaze a heedless posterity has basked, until the sufferings are well nigh forgotten that taught their ancestors wisdom, warning them to repel the encroaching billows of anti-christian rage.

Unappalled by the menacing aspect of his indignant subjects, James Stuart had pursued his darling scheme. He sought to force upon them that detested yoke under which their progenitors had perished in the flames of Smithfield: nor could the unequivocal symptoms of popular resentment stay his course. It would be difficult to credit the existence of such infatuation, did not the history of other lands furnish us with abundant proof that Popery is, and ever must be, unchanged in its spirit, uniform in its manifestations, wheresoever it can find meet tools to work with: sternly resolved to rear its throne upon the prostrate rights of millions; aye, and to cement that fabric with their blood, should outraged humanity but dare to lift an appealing hand against its galling pressure.

Panic struck, the unhappy James had abandoned for a while his project, and retreated to a foreign shore; but goaded onward by his remorseless advisers, he had resumed the enterprize, and thrown himself upon the fidelity of his Irish subjects, rightly calculating on the fervency with which the great majority would adhere to his cause.

The very appointment of Tyrconnel to the vicegerency of their country, had struck such terror into the Irish Protestants, that on learning it, no fewer than fifteen hundred had accompanied the Earl of Clarendon from their own shore, self-doomed to voluntary exile; nor had the subsequent acts of this governor tended to lessen the odium in which he was held by the feebler party. The recent death of the famous Duke of Ormonde—a name that ought to live enshrined in every Irish heart—had increased the helpless despair of all who desired peace. Even in extreme age, that nobleman, who, like a stately tree, seemed to have been planted for the shelter of his native soil, could inspire confidence in their minds: while Ormonde yet lived, Ireland had a champion, and a friend. But he was gathered to his fathers just previous to the event which armed Tyrconnel with augmented power of mischief. Never did a purer spirit of disinterested patriotism animate the mind of man, than that, which, during the fifty-four years of his public life, had endeared the Duke of Ormonde to his suffering country. Poor Ireland has had many masters; but, alas, how small the number of her friends! A Butler, a Bedell, and a Boyle, do indeed shine forth, during this the cloudiest period of her troubled history; and while the former, blazing through her political heavens, scared

many a vampire from his accustomed feast, the two latter applied themselves to the sacred task of clearing away those mists, which hid the Sun of Righteousness from her spiritual discernment, by clothing in the garb of native language the word, whose entrance giveth light—light to them that sit in darkness, and the shadow o death, that it may guide their feet into the way of peace.

Ireland, poor, suffering, guilty Ireland! If the hand that traces these lines might but be so directed, as to kindle a flame of pure love and glowing zeal on thy behalf, it might contentedly rest from its labours, to moulder in the dust of the grave. From every former attempt, by whomsoever made, to promote this object, little else has arisen than a blinding smoke, yet farther to darken and confuse the judgment of thy friends. It is among thine own, thy native children, that every evil fixes its deep root, and defies alike the arm of force, and the voice of persuasion to remove it. And wherefore? Because we are too proud, too obstinately prejudiced to opinion, to sit down among the Irish race, and address them in a tongue that sounds of home and kindred, and every endearing sympathy to which their hearts can vibrate.* No: we hail them in a language that to their jealous partialities speaks of conquest and defiance, as though we treated with a vanquished enemy, willing rather to fix the yoke of despotism on his neck, than to clasp his hand in the fellowship of christian love. We mean it not so; but so he is taught to regard it; and what avail our good intentions, if our stubborn prejudice still neutralize the effort? For nearly seven centuries has the victim bled beneath our hand, through the inefficiency of our ill-devised styptics; and miserably futile will the remedy be found, which political wisdom has recently applied. England has long squandered her millions, and all her costly sacrifices have been vain. And though her frantic desperation lead her, like the priests of Baal, to lacerate her own flesh, while trampling on the altars of her national faith, the power, whose aid she supplicates, can yield no answering sign. The God of Israel must be invoked, and that according to His own appointment: then, and never till then, shall hallowed fire descend, consuming the body of sin, absorbing the waters of strife, confounding every delusive idol, and causing the multitude with one tongue to exclaim, "the LORD he is the God."

Had the rod no voice, that came so heavily on the Protestants of Ireland in 1641, and was again uplifted after the lapse of forty-seven years? Derry, which, as we have seen, could enroll but three hundred men capable of bearing arms, when her gates were so intrepidly closed against the enemy, became in a short time the great rallying point of the Protestant fugitives in the North. Lord Mountjoy having been sent from Dublin with six companies for the purpose of reducing the intrepid little garrison to obedience, the towns-people had gladly received him, and two companies composed of Protestants, to strengthen their citadel, placing full confidence in that upright nobleman. A foul stratagem on the part of Tyrconnel recalled, and betrayed him to a lingering imprisonment in France; but not until he had placed the defence of Derry on a more solid footing; leaving Lieut. Colonel Lundy invested with the chief command. In this officer, Tyrconnel possessed a disguised, but most efficient tool for his worst purposes: yet even here the Lord wonderfully over-ruled their devices; for on the admission of some additional forces, the citizens, with equal spirit and judgment, selected from among them those whose religion furnished a guarantee for their fidelity, and expelled the remainder: Lundy not daring to unmask his actual character, by offering opposition to their unanimous decrees.

* Let it be remarked—let it be remembered, that now, in the year 1833, there are still between TWO AND THREE MILLIONS of native Irish, so wedded to the ancient or Celtic tongue, that to their affections no appeal can be made in any other language, with a reasonable prospect of success. See a powerful and convincing work, entitled, "Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their Descendants, by Christopher Anderson."

CHAPTER III.

PATIENTLY enduring their share of the general calamity, the family of M'Alister

continued retired from public observation, quietly pursuing such works of beneficence as their means admitted. Many a fainting heart was cheered by the bare sight of such uncomplaining fortitude, such cheerful submission, as shone on the now pale countenances of that unobtrusive group: for even Letitia and Ellen had already lost the healthful bloom; while Bryan's looks bore witness to the effect of sleepless nights and days of care. Considerable notice had been attracted by his conduct, during the period when the defence of their town might be said to rest entirely on the apprentices: and since the appointment of military officers over an augmented force, his counsel had been sought, and his co-operation thankfully accepted by men of far greater experience than himself. Lundy, observing his deserved popularity, failed not to affect considerable deference to his opinions, and sought every means of attaching him to his interests; but Bryan marked with latent suspicion his wily course, and never could shake off the unwonted reserve of manner, which repelled the governor's advances. To his friend Ross, he once began to hint these doubts; but the impetuous young man, thoroughly persuaded of Lundy's sincerity, gave him no encouragement to proceed. It was, therefore, with no small surprise that at the end of a few weeks, Bryan beheld Ross enter his mother's dwelling with high displeasure on his countenance, scarcely permitting himself to be seated before he proclaimed his conviction, that Lundy was a traitor, and deserved the gallows: adding, "This very day has the fellow issued an order to prohibit us from keeping our accustomed guard; taking the defence of the city out of our hands altogether."

"That will not be submitted to," remarked Bryan, colouring.

"I trow not," replied the other; "but unless a few of the boys take heart, and pitch him into the Foyle, I see not how we can be rid of him. Then there is a mischievous spirit at work among the Presbyterians, who tell us to our faces, that all these troubles are the consequence of our refusing to take the covenant, which they seem pretty well disposed to ram down our throats. In truth, there is no trusting any body; and I begin to think of stealing a march to join the brave lads of Enniskillen."

"Patience, Ross," said Bryan, "We all have our difficulties to encounter, and must not be lightly discouraged. Our troubles are but commencing, and surely we who struck the first blow, should be the last to run away."

Ross nodded assent: and glancing round, remarked with affectionate concern, that no one present was looking so well as he wished.

"How can we look well, Mr. Ross," said Ellen, "when we are shut up like birds in a cage? However, I assure you that we chirp and sing sometimes; and though it is seldom that a ray of sunshine contrives to creep through the corner pane of that ugly casement, we feel the comforting beams of a better Sun, and can rejoice."

"And yet," said Ross, "it is to yourself that the change appears most injurious."

"Oh, don't say so," exclaimed her mother anxiously.

"And why should he not say so, my love?" asked the old lady: "have we not made the same remark to each other; and is not our Ellen conscious of it? How weak is our faith that, in the midst of such peril, yet shrinks from committing a treasure into safe keeping—to shelter a lamb in the Shepherd's bosom, ere the wolves break into the fold!"

"Dear lady," exclaimed Ross, "we will, by God's help, keep the wolves at bay yet. Returning spring will give you to liberty and security."

"I cannot think it: I see no token of aught but coming judgment; and your own tidings confirm it. When hands that should be raised in united supplication are well nigh lifted up to smite in wrathful debate, the arm of the Lord will assuredly descend to chastise the pride of man. Disunion among the people of God is ever the precursor of judgment. Let professors lay to heart the lesson, that we shall yet receive; for Christians thus unnaturally separating must be melted into one by the intense fires of His wrath, whose holy name and cause are blasphemed through their unseemly disputes."

At this moment a young minister of the Scottish church entered the apartment;

and the Lady immediately repeated to him her last remark.

"I do not," said he, "view the matter in precisely the same strong light. Discussion is unavoidable, where men are diligently searching for truth; and to restrain it would be to bow us beneath a yoke incompatible with christian liberty."

"And is not truth recognized, and proclaimed by both our churches, Mr. Malcolm?" asked Mrs. M'Alister.

"Unquestionably, the broad basis of eternal truth supports either fabric: it is perspicuously set forth in our respective confessions, and personally apprehended, as I trust, both by you and by me, through the enlightened grace of the Holy Spirit making known to us the fulness of the salvation that is in Christ Jesus; implanting faith, which worketh by love, producing the fruits of righteousness, to the glory of Him who is the sole ground of our hope. But beyond this there lies many a question."

"Alas, yes!" interrupted the Lady, "many a question gendering strife, and sapping in the bud those fruits of which you speak. Why stand we thus in jeopardy every hour, exposed to the violence of unchristian men, but because the church, divinely commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature, has loitered by the way, entangling her feet in snares laid by the rulers of the darkness of this world? Think you not the enemy of souls would prefer that you and I engaged in some discussion, profitable, it may be, to our individual growth in knowledge, rather than that we sallied forth to invade his reign in the dark places of our land, proclaiming deliverance to his captives, and the opening of the prison to those whom he hath bound? Oh, it is a question of awful import, how far we can be doing the will of God, when occupied as Satan would prefer to behold us!"

"Would you then prohibit all advance, beyond the acquisition of first principles?"

"Not so: but I guard against the selfishness that would, even in spiritual things, eat its morsel alone, and not invite the fatherless to partake in it. I would bear in mind, that I may 'understand all mysteries and all knowledge,' and yet be nothing, if lacking charity—that grace which seeks the welfare of every soul around. I would evermore desire to grow in grace, and in knowledge too; but the tree grows by watering, and what is the promise? 'he that watereth shall himself also be watered.' After higher attainments we should constantly aspire; but 'whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule,' and impart to others the gifts vouchsafed unto ourselves, so far as means will effect it."

"Were this rule followed," said Bryan, "every Christian would become a missionary, within his own sphere; and who shall calculate the blessedness that would result, if even in our own poor country alone, such were the general feeling among Christians? May the Lord give me grace diligently to communicate the little that I know, relying on His inexhaustible treasury for a more abundant supply!"

"Amen!" uttered Malcolm. "I never enter this abode, but I find myself under an humbling dispensation, and imbibe somewhat of quickening zeal to cheer me on my way. Thus my experience certainly furnishes a powerful argument in favour of your doctrine, albeit, I sometimes doubt whether it savours not of works."

"Works!" exclaimed the Lady of M'Alister, "and who, being called into the vineyard, shall dare refuse to work there? Shall the justifying righteousness of Christ, by which alone we stand, become the plea of indolence? Put forth your whole strength, bend every faculty of mind and body to the task of working while yet it is day; and fear not but when the night cometh, you shall smite upon your breast, as an unprofitable servant, and lay hold, in utter self-despair, on the satisfying obedience of the Saviour."

The contentious spirit of the day, excited by Tyrconnel's secret emissaries, found no abode in the bosom of Malcolm. His character, formed among the covenanters of the North, exhibited indeed much of the inflexibility produced by being rooted in that region of storms; nor did he participate in the scruples which shrank from resisting an ungodly ruler. Naturally bold and enterprising, he loved to breast the opposing wave, to encounter obstacles, and triumph over difficulties, alike in temporal and spiritual experience. This habitual bias frequently led him from the even path of christian usefulness, into

heights and depths of speculative inquiry, where few could follow him: and thus consciously pre-eminent, he occupied a station in that little circle of theologians, perilous to man, as tending to foster that carnal pride which never ceases to struggle against the humbling grace of God, in the heart even of the regenerate. The Lady of M'Alister perceived the snare, and Malcolm had accurately described the constant tenor of her discourse, when he called his visits to her house humbling dispensations. Fully aware that she was competent to engage with a high relish in those abstruse questions and subtle disquisitions which he so greatly valued, he could not but marvel at her unvarying self-denial, her earnest endeavours to win him back to the simplicity of all-sufficient truth. Her counsel he had found to be salutary, her example stimulating; and often did he close some favourite volume of systematic divinity, to pocket his little Bible, and sally forth on a mission of mercy to such lowly and obscure abodes as had escaped his observation, until the Lady told some tale of suffering poverty or conscious guilt, shrouding its inmate from the public eye. The frequent accession, both of military forces, and panic struck individuals, seeking a shelter within its walls, had now supplied the city with an overflowing population: and so urgent was the call upon the few devoted ministers of Christ, that he, who truly and eminently merited that appellation, found his hands perpetually full. Bryan, witnessing the indefatigable labours of one, who was too apt to stigmatize as legal the more practical exhortations of his brethren, used to remark, that the only charge to be brought against Malcolm was the reverse of that reproach too often deservedly incurred by his clerical brethren—he needed but to preach what he practised to render him an invaluable divine.

The visits of this young pastor were indeed a welcome refreshment to the afflicted family: afflicted they were, above many others; for it could not be but that the scenes surrounding them should recall to the elder branches many a heart-rending occurrence of former days. Old Shane was rendered irritable by the weakness of his frame, unable to follow the dictates of a spirit still ardent—a mind devoted to the cause for which he passively suffered, while his younger comrades toiled and triumphed in it. The unsubdued, unsanctified character of this faithful adherent occasioned many pangs to the bosom of his mistress, who mourned over the hardness of a heart so long impenetrable to divine grace, while overflowing with reverential love towards herself. To this were added the forebodings of a mind accustomed to look more deeply into passing events, and to augur more correctly of their probable consequences, than those around her. Intense anxiety for her children depressed the spirits of the younger Mrs. M'Alister, and rendered her incompetent to the task of encouraging others: while Letitia and Ellen, the latter of whom perceptibly declined, were losing all their youthful elasticity of spirit, and rendering more apparent that loss by ineffectual efforts to force a cheerful aspect, while their tender hearts were writhing under natural terror. To them the lofty tone of confident assurance, which Malcolm sometimes indulged in, came as a vivifying cordial: and in this light, their grandmother not only sanctioned, but encouraged it; regarding it as rich wine, mercifully provided to make glad the heart of man in his seasons of overwhelming oppression.

Of Bryan's troubles, the greatest was his deep distrust of Lundy, and the apprehension of some treacherous under-current, baffling the honest efforts of his unsuspecting companions; the act, however, by which Ross had been similarly alarmed, manifestly increased the secret misgivings of some, and opened the eyes of many more: so that a strong party was quickly formed, whose avowed object it was to keep a jealous watch upon the governor's proceedings. The solemn recognition of William and Mary, as successors to the abdicated crown of James, took place in the month of February, and the proclamation of their sovereign dignity was celebrated in Derry with an enthusiasm proportioned to the magnitude of that stake for which its inhabitants contended. Their joy was nevertheless damped by incessant rumours of the landing of James in their country: and the exulting triumph with which such reports were hailed by the adversaries of their cause. Still it was the general impression among them, that King

William could not fail to despatch the succours which their fidelity assuredly merited; and which would place them at once beyond the apprehension of farther peril.

But the infant power of William had yet much to struggle through, ere it could extend a sheltering wing to this remote corner of his dominions; and the Protestants of Derry had still to learn how vain is the confidence reposed in princes—how exclusively sufficient the arm of the Lord, who is also a jealous God, and wills not that His own professing people should trust in man, and make flesh their refuge.

Tyrconnel pursued unfearingly his traitorous designs; and desolation once more rapidly spread over the soil of Ireland, until the seal was, as it appeared, put to her dreaded doom; and the landing of James Stuart at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, identified her as the stage on which three kingdoms should be lost and won.

An unsuccessful effort on the castle of Carrickfergus disheartened yet more the Protestants in that vicinity, who, on the defeat of their forces, abandoned their homes, and flocked for shelter to the fortresses of Enniskillen and Derry. Throughout every movement of the northern troops, the insidious proceedings of Lundy were found to operate disadvantageously; and under the pressure of their rapidly-accumulating sufferings and privations, the popular feeling arose against him, until the garrison and the inhabitants of Derry were scarcely restrained from laying violent hands on him. Still as no act of unequivocal treachery could be authenticated, many continued to countenance his proceedings; and this brief sketch must suffice to bring our narrative down to the middle of March, when an incident occurred to vary, in some measure, the painful solicitude of the M'Alisters.

Bryan, and his friend Ross, were keeping their accustomed guard towards evening, the former still endeavouring to awaken in his comrade's mind that concern after eternal things for which their growing perils furnished a more forcible argument, when they were struck by the appearance of a group surrounding an object of squalid aspect, whose stubborn taciturnity incurred the evident wrath of his impatient querists. Demanding the nature of their enquiry, Bryan was informed, that the captive had been discovered lurking under the walls in a very suspicious way; and refused either to state the nature of his business, or to give an explicit answer on the score of his religion.

"Why don't you take him to the governor?" asked Bryan.

"Arrah, shure, and the governor's self is the very person to dale with a traitor," exclaimed one of the guard, with a grimace that sufficiently shewed the scope of his remark; while an involuntary movement of the prisoner's muscles seemed to bespeak a recognition of its justice.

This play of feature yet more provoked the bystanders, one of whom roughly seizing the stranger's collar, his tattered vest gave way and displayed a small crucifix of coarse materials, suspended from his neck. The object seemed a satisfactory confirmation of the worst possible surmises; and while some shouted, "bayonet the popish traitor!" others proposed to pitch him over the walls. Among the latter was Ross; but Bryan interposed, saying, "Really, boys, it is a bad example that our enemies set us, of putting men to death without a trial—give him fair play."

The public opinion, however, was against this; but on Ross enforcing the demand, and some other object diverting the attention of the people, it was agreed, that if M'Alister would be surety for his safe-keeping, he should be allowed the disposal of the prisoner for the night; and their guard being now relieved, the friends consulted as to the best way of securing their prize.

"I shall take him home," said Bryan, after a moment's consideration, "no prison so safe as our little abode; and I dare say the poor fellow is hungry by this time. Probably, too, he is wholly Irish; and we can make out a little of the Celtic among us."

"You need'nt put yourself out of the way," grumbled the prisoner. "Sure enough it's myself that has the Irish drop, clane and entire; but I'm 'cute at the languages."

Ross and M'Alister looked on each other, not a little amused at the careless ef-

frontery of a man in such critical circumstances. The former, assuming as rich a brogue as his new acquaintance, said,

"Come now, my gay fellow, I'll engage that you'll be after just taking charge of some nate little billet for Governor Lundy."

"You may get out of that," answered the other; "for my trial does not come on till to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, Ross," whispered Bryan, "we must not encourage his familiarity; consider the poor females at home."

Arrived at their abode, Bryan briefly prepared his family for the entrance of such a guest; and then ushered him into the apartment, from which the young ladies had withdrawn. Old Shane, of late indulged with a seat near the chimney corner, was dozing, and scarcely marked their entrance; but the Lady of M'Alister bent her scrutinizing eye upon the stranger, as, with mild dignity, she pointed to a seat.

He was evidently quite young; and in the absence of filth, and if properly clothed would have borne rather a prepossessing aspect. His figure was good, but drooping under evident weakness and fatigue; a naturally fair complexion, though embrowned by exposure, and lively blue eyes, bore witness to his Milesian descent; while the thick chesnut hair, clustered, or rather matted about his face, imparted a characteristic wildness, and concealed much of its expression. His manner at once changed to respectful courtesy when he beheld the ladies; till the luxury of a warm seat appeared to banish every other feeling but that of present enjoyment. Bryan immediately supplied him with a substantial slice of bread and cheese, over which he devoutly crossed himself.

Just at this moment Shane recovered the use of all his faculties; and sitting upright, with staring eyes, exclaimed, "In the name of madness, Master Bryan, what have you brought here?"

A comic expression of countenance shewed that the new comer enjoyed his consternation; while Ross answered, "A prisoner;" and Bryan followed it up by a brief statement of the circumstances attending his capture.

Mrs. M'Alister expressed her anxious hope that he would not prove so guilty as they supposed; but Shane's indignation scarcely knew any bounds.

"Sure and you haven't the heart to see the poor ladies kilt with fright, while you garrison the house with murthering papist rebels!"

"Compose yourself, Shane," said the Lady calmly; "we are perfectly satisfied to shelter him for the night."

"Long life to your Ladyship's hospitality!" said the man; "you'll be Irish, I'm thinking, by that same."

"Aye, won't she then!" exclaimed Shane, in a yet more angry tone; "who'll be Irish if the right, real, rich blood of the O'Neill's isn't that? Nothing but a black-mouthed Papist could deny her ladyship."

"I'm proud to hear it," replied the other; while Bryan reprimanded Shane's asperity, and Ross highly enjoyed the scene.

The old man, however, seemed to have been awakened from some alarming dream, to behold the vision verified; for he continued to bewail the event, adding, "Man and boy, these seventy years, has poor Shane O'Connogher been larning the mischief of them; barrin, that when I was a brainless gossoon, I went to mass with my kin. But never since I saw the outside of sweet Ballinahagan, to follow my noble master, have I darkened the door of one of their mass-houses. Och, and it's old Shane that must sit and be bearded to his face by a rebelly popish traitor, crossing himself to the blessed work of selling our lives to the bloody Tyrconnel."

"And it is yourself, Shane, dear," said the other, in the most provoking tone of affectionate remonstrance: "is it yourself that'll sit cracking your precious windpipe to the disparagement of your own nathral flesh and blood, avourneen?"

"*My* flesh and blood, you imp?"

"Plase your honour," said the man turning to Bryan and his laughing companion, "as sure as I sit here, I'm his brother's daughter's son. Hadn't he a brother named Dennis, five years older nor himself, and that same married to Judy M'Lanaghan, who died, rest her soul! at the birth of her first child. Well, and wasn't young Judy married to Larry Magrath, the Miller's son at Kilcronan. and he my own father? Fait and it's a

good name that my uncle is after taking out of me, though I hadn't the merit of turning my religion, agra!"

Fixed in amazement old Shane gazed on his *soi-disant* grand-nephew; and then let forth a volley of Irish, to which the other responded with no less fluency: when quite overcome by the sudden recognition, the aged man tottered towards his relation, and almost fell over him in the attempt to grasp his hands. Young Magrath at once lost the air of levity and sarcasm, and after affectionately embracing his uncle, led him back to his chair, by which he stood, looking down on him with an expression far more pleasing than his countenance had yet assumed; until Shane abruptly asked, "And did ye come to search for me, dear?"

"I can't say that I did," answered Magrath; and his looks changed again for the worse.

Had the recognition taken place under any other circumstances, suspicion of some sinister design might have attached to the new comer; but the way in which Magrath had fallen into his hands, convinced Bryan that it was altogether unpremeditated. Shane had said enough to identify himself; and the particulars mentioned by the other could not have been added at a venture. These remarks he communicated apart to his grandmother, who, with her accustomed strong faith referred the whole matter to an over-ruling Providence; expressing an anxious desire to screen the captive from public resentment, if he might be prevailed on to confess and to forego any treacherous purpose. Bryan consulted Ross, whose compassionate, good-natured feelings had already well nigh overcome his political hostility; and they agreed to make an effort on their prisoner's behalf. Public suspicion, however, had fastened so keenly on the governor, that the vengeance which was restrained from reaching him, would be sure to fall heavily on any suspected emissary.

Determined to elicit some confession from Magrath, the two friends agreed to sit up during the night, having prevailed on the ladies and Shane to retire and leave them with their charge. Vain was all their skill; for with invincible self-possession, Magrath met, and successfully repelled, every attempt to extort information, until Bryan was compelled to declare, that their wishes to protect him must be unavailing, seeing how obstinately he withstood every inducement to confide in them. He then dismissed him to his couch in an adjoining closet, and pursued the subject with Ross.

"You see how impossible it is to make him confess any thing."

"Aye," replied Ross; "but, mark you, he has denied nothing. You'll get neither truth nor falsehood out of that fellow. He is too wary for the first, and either too honest or too proud for the latter—but, hark!" and he paused as the voice of Magrath issued from the little cell, in the voluble repetition of his prayers, which he uttered in Irish.

"There now," continued Ross, "if that wasn't done to brave us! Why could he not gabble his mummeries in a lower tone?"

"Patience, my dear fellow: this lad is certainly of a daring spirit, and intends to let us know it. Better to deal with an undisguised ruffian than a smooth-tongued assassin. Let him sleep awhile; and we will have recourse to my dear grandmother's book, that lamp to *our* feet which never yet cast its guiding ray on the wandering mazes of his perilous path;" and he read a portion of Scripture, commenting as he proceeded: after which, wrapped each in his watch-cloak, they resigned themselves to slumber.

Before day-break, Magrath issued from his dormitory, and succeeded in kindling the fire, whose smoke aroused the young men from the sleep which his stealthy movements had not disturbed. With some surprise they looked at him and at each other, while Magrath, turning up his arch countenance from the operation of blowing the fire, exclaimed, "Arrah, now, plase your honours, and if I'd been the murthering traitor that my uncle, rest his tongue! convicted me, you mightn't be after shaking yourselves out of your sleep this blessed morning."

"Sure enough," answered Ross, "we have proved ourselves drowsy sentinels, and might have had the tables turned."

"We felt ourselves safe, my lad," added Bryan. "We were in good keeping, in the way of duty, and dreaded no evil."

"Your honours have no cause to dread

it from me," said Magrath, with the strong emphasis of real feeling. "Shane O'Connogher's old stomach has been nourished by your bread, and his grey hairs sheltered under your roof, too long to leave you in danger from one of his own blood."

"And for poor old Shane's sake, if not for your own, why will you not allow us to befriend you?"

Magrath's brow clouded again, as he recommenced blowing the fire; and before he could frame a reply, a gentle tap at the door announced the Lady of M'Alister, whose busy thoughts had roused her thus early; while sounds of preparation proved that others were also on the alert to provide a breakfast for the prisoner and his guards. By the first grey tints of morning, Magrath beheld the whole family assembled, and received the cordial greeting of his uncle, whose limbs trembled with apprehension, as he wistfully enquired what they were going to do with the "boy."

The Lady made a sign for silence as she unclosed the precious volume of inspiration, and spread it before Bryan, who selected the ninety-first Psalm. Curiosity and surprise, mingled with much interest, animated Magrath's countenance, to whom the nature and contents of the book were apparently unknown; but when the party kneeled to pray, considerable embarrassment appeared in his manner. He rose from his seat, moved away, lingered, then again moved on; and softly withdrew to his late sleeping apartment, from which, however, he could not exclude the voice of supplication, particularly pleading for direction and a happy issue in that which concerned him.

This indication of Popish exclusiveness, on the part of his nephew, seemed to revive somewhat of Shane's former displeasure, which found vent in an interrogatory abruptly put in Irish, and answered with a seriousness which prevented further remark, beyond a little unintelligible muttering. Magrath would have respectfully withdrawn from the breakfast table; but being kindly invited to stay, he seated himself in a distant corner, and looked upon the assembled party with an aspect from which Bryan argued a relenting temper. Ellen appeared particularly to engage his regard. He enquired of Shane, in Irish, whether she was sick, and received an answer from the girl herself, who, sweetly smiling, replied in the same language, that she was rather weak, but hoped to be better, when the siege was over, and she could get home to her native hills again. No one could avoid noticing the effect produced on Magrath by this unexpected address in his own tongue, imperfectly spoken indeed, but quite intelligible to him. He gazed for a moment on the pale face that smiled so kindly upon him, then laid his hand to his forehead, and with elbow resting on his knee, continued in thought, the earnestness of which was marked by the swelling veins of a really expressive brow, partially seen.

"Ah, bless the dear child!" exclaimed Shane; "she little thinks how long a day that may be yet:" while Ross darted at Magrath a glance so hostile, that Bryan rejoiced that it had failed to catch his eye, and whispered him anxiously to repress his feelings. No sooner had Bryan completed his breakfast, than Magrath respectfully summoned him aside, and commenced by asking before whom he was to be taken.

"You heard the bargain," answered M'Alister. "I engaged to deliver you up to the person who captured you, and he, I suppose, will have you before the governor."

"Colonel Lundy?"

"Yes."

Magrath's forehead now bore a portentous scowl, and he clenched his teeth. Bryan continued, "I have told you that it is our wish to avert the necessary consequences of your conviction. That your object in coming here was that of an enemy, we can hardly doubt, nor have you denied it. As a citizen and defender of this town, I cannot, nor will I be a traitor to her cause, nor endanger her safety through favour to any man"—

"Now your honour," interrupted Magrath, "will you believe what I'm going to say?"

"Certainly; if I've no just cause to doubt it."

"Why then, it isn't that I value the toss of a halfpenny what comes over myself; and if the fellows pitch me into the Foyle, as they talked, so let 'em. Larry Magrath isn't the boy to flinch, right or wrong.

But, Sir, if you'll keep me out of the Governor's sight, better folks than myself"—and he glanced around—"may be thankful; only don't ask me why, for tell it I won't."

"But how am I to do this, and in the dark too?"

"Och! it isn't for me to direct your worship: but one of the jontlemen that collared me last night didn't appear in haste to bring me to Colonel Lundy: and he seemed to know his honour too."

Bryan could not forbear smiling at the point with which these words were spoken, recalling the evident suspicion of Lundy's treachery.

"Well Magrath; if I bring you out of danger, will you promise me—solemnly promise me—to lay aside any evil design with which you came here, and to be faithful to us while you remain?"

"Sir, I will." And the firm tone, the deliberate utterance, the straight forward look, carried conviction with them, to Bryan's generous mind.

Accompanied by Ross, he now repaired to the principal of the party who had committed Magrath to his care, and informing him of his strong grounds for suspecting that the prisoner had come on some mission of treachery, which the unexpected meeting with a long-lost relation had led him to regret, he suggested the propriety of preventing the interview so much deprecated by Magrath. Knowing how deeply his hearer participated in the prevailing doubts concerning Lundy, he could speak without reserve: and two or three influential men of similar views having been consulted, it was agreed that if M'Alister would himself become surety for the appearance of the stranger when called on, no notice should be taken of his capture. The frequency of such occurrences rendered it unlikely that any farther enquiry should be made, beyond what a few vague words would satisfy, and Bryan returned with a light heart to acquaint Magrath of the result: enquiring whether he would be content to remain a prisoner on parole with him.

"Long life to your honour, and it's myself that could desire no greater than to be your servant. I wouldn't ask it first; but indeed I'm better in it than outside the walls, barrin' always Governor Lundy's two eyes upon me. And it isn't for my own gain I say it."

"I believe you, Magrath. I think that the natural kind feelings of an Irishman towards an unsuspecting family who wish him well, have overcome something less creditable to the character."

"True for you, Sir; at least I don't deny it: and now your honour will just let me work in the family, so as to earn the bit that I eat; and long life to you for the same."

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE attention to his person and apparel had wrought such a change in Magrath's appearance, that there seemed to be but slight hazard of a recognition, even should he meet his original captors. He was, indeed, a fine manly fellow, with an air of independence about him that bespoke a habit of thinking and acting for himself. He soon became an especial favourite with the younger Mrs. M'Alister, who found his ready ways invaluable, as a household assistant; while his perfect good humour, tempered with deep respect, won the partiality of the two girls. The Lady regarded him with a more anxious interest, concerned for his spiritual darkness, and longing to see some indication of a willingness to receive the truth. But Magrath baffled all her attempts to engage his notice, and wrapped himself up, occasionally, in a reserve so chilling, or else betrayed such manifest impatience to get out of hearing, that Shane often lost his temper, and indulged in hard speeches at his nephew's expense. Sometimes the old man was thoroughly bent on his conversion, making violent attacks on his religious creed, more conspicuous for the zeal that inspired, than the knowledge which supported them. To these Magrath generally opposed that dry and irritating sarcasm which never failed to put his uncle completely off his guard: so that the Irish language, rich as it is in variety of expression, could scarcely furnish the old man with phraseology sufficiently copious for his purposes of invective and contradiction. Often did the

Lady of M'Alister interpose her authority, and many a private admonition Shane received; but his irascibility surmounted every thing, except the stoical endurance of his nephew, who with elbows on his knees, and chin propped on the palms of his hands, seated on a low stool, would gaze, and listen as if to an agreeable narrative, while Shane exhausted all his strength of lungs, all his treasury of tropes, figures, and denunciations, against "the monsthrous, bare-faced, tricks of shaven priests; and the jabbering nonsense of prayers only fit to be squeezed out of a rebelly throat at the foot of the gallows." So invariably did Shane identify Popery with treason; still embodying all loyal and patriotic virtues in the expressive term of "a real Protestant."

And if Shane had lived to number a hundred and forty years from the siege of Derry, would he have incurred the charge of singularity by repeating this assertion? It may be feared, that even among those of a far higher grade, both in rank and learning, a kindred spirit would be found extensively spread abroad, impressing men's minds with a similar conviction, while the true nature of real Protestantism remained as little understood as it was by old O'Connogher. It must be observed, that in the midst of his invectives against the Romish faith, he never questioned the safety of their souls who lived and died under its influence, providing always that they were untainted by rebellion against a Protestant ruler. Shane never viewed that faith in its more awful character of treason against the King of kings, a homage rendered to the anti-christian usurper, who assuming a royal priesthood, yea, even to reign an enthroned priest, over both priests and kings, lays claim to prerogative which belongs to Jesus Christ alone; "so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God"* in his own estimation, while he receives the worship which is a robbery of the true God, and therefore branded in scripture as bringing into eternal perdition those who continue in its practice. A change of opinion was that on which Shane hoped to build a change of his nephew's character: while the enlightened Christians of the household well knew that such a fabric could not rest on any other foundation than a change of heart. To shew him the evil of his nature, and the peril in which he stood as a helpless sinner, was the necessary prelude to humbling him before the Lord in prayer for that renewing process which God the Spirit can alone achieve; and whosoever has seriously tried this experiment with a member of the church of Rome, must bear testimony, that, until her bulwarks be levelled, the task is hopeless. The transgressor may be convinced, deeply convinced of guilt; but humbled he cannot be, so long as he believes that his own doings and sufferings can atone for the sin which oppresses him. Seeking wherewith he shall appear before the Lord, the enquirer is met by a host of deceptive helpers, absolutions, prayers, penances, alms-deeds, imaginary mediators, and purchaseable merits; and should all fail on this side the grave, he is assured of purifying fires beyond its boundary, and efficacious masses to expedite their work. Alike welcome to carnal pride and to spiritual sloth, he is presented with a scheme which offers him a self-righteous plea on one hand, and on the other dispenses with that sanctification which God has pronounced INDISPENSABLE. And can it be that any person taught of the Holy Spirit should attempt to pour into these bottles of rotten leather, the new wine of unadulterated truth—should essay to patch this worn and perishing garment of rags with the firm fabric of gospel doctrine—should flatter himself that Christ will deign to rule in a temple where every species of idolatrous abomination is to cluster round his footstool, to intrude upon his priestly prerogative, to interpolate his prophetical mandate, and only as chief among many saviours, to yield him the worthless homage of divided praise!

"We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her," saith the prophet. The Lord, indeed, has pronounced her incurable, and the only deliverance is found in obeying the summons, "come out of her, my people: be ye not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues." God has a people, even in the iron furnace of her spiritual despotism; and he alone can bring them forth, and gather them into his fold: but ours is

* 2 Thess. ii. 4.

the task to proclaim deliverance, and woe be to us if we dilute the awful word, rendering void the testimony of God by our traditional delusions, miscalled charity.

We may naturally suppose that such a character as Magrath, so singularly brought among them, must have excited uncommon interest in the bosoms of a christian family: and anxiously did they, particularly Bryan and the Lady, labour to make known to him the way of escape; but Shane's injudicious proceedings, entrenched in the strong holds of his vernacular tongue, appeared to counteract all their efforts. The partial knowledge acquired by the young people was totally inadequate to follow Shane and Magrath in their rapid enunciation: neither could they command terms wherewith to express themselves on spiritual or intellectual subjects. "I can manage pretty well," observed Ellen, "so long as I keep to what is passing around us every day: but to reason in that tongue is out of the question. I cannot *think* in Irish."

"You are right, my love," said her grandmother; "and you have unconsciously described the one insurmountable bar to my country's peace: her children, the native race, *cannot think in English;* and therefore the instruction offered to them under what they consider a foreign garb, finds no entrance to their understanding or their heart. Oh, but to see one of the days of Bedel, whose hands so indefatigably laboured in their cause; his patient mind surmounting every obstacle, until he had mastered the language, and transferred into it the word of life, leaving his name enbalmed in many a heart which bleeds in secret over my country's desolation!"

It may appear a bold assertion, though more easily to be contradicted than confuted, that even the lowest orders of native Irish—by which we always understand the race whose ancestors possessed the soil prior to the English invasion—are decidedly a more intellectual people than any who occupy a similar station in other countries. Disgraced as Ireland has been by intestine wars, rebellions, massacres, and almost interminable insurrections, accompanied with deeds of aggravated atrocity, we are more disposed to combine the idea of brutal force, animal courage, and inherent cruelty, with that of an Irish peasant, than to concede to him an elevated station in the grades of mental capability. In this we err: at least in concluding that with the latter distinction the former characteristics are irreconcilable. The simple fact is, that we have taken infinite pains to incapacitate ourselves from forming any right judgment concerning the race, by denouncing the only key to their thoughts and feelings. We have refused to explore the mine of national intellect buried under what it pleases us to call a barbarous tongue: and just looking upon the rugged surface, we avert an eye of scorn, perchance of disgust, incredulous that precious metal lies deeply embedded in the soil. And yet, in the face of all this prejudice, I assert—disprove it who can—that the native Irish, generally speaking, are richly stored with mental powers; keenly sensitive, highly imaginative, delighting in the play of fancy, and marked by an enquiring spirit, not terminating in the present gratification of vague curiosity, but capable of seizing, investigating, developing, and feeding upon those subjects which call into fullest activity the reasoning faculties of man. Withheld by the fetters of a darkening delusion from expatiating where immortal beings find a congenial element, the craving appetite turns earthward, and feasts on poisonous garbage; yet were an Englishman of cultivated mind, well versed in the vernacular tongue, to become the unsuspected witness when a party of Irish peasants rest from their toil, he might often hear such tales of Ireland's ancient glory, such legends of her warlike kings, and such foreshowings of imaginary triumph, gleaned from prophetic lays, and traditionary oracles, as would fix him in astonishment; and prompt the secret query whether that is a wise policy which, by locking from this ardent people the stores of useful sobering information, indissolubly weds them to those exciting retrospections—these meteors of anticipated glory, too often leading them forward in the path of mutual destruction.

But again we must return to Derry, and view the progressive troubles of her augmenting population, for she soon became the last refuge of all the terrified northern Protestants; and while the garrison received a welcome accession of strength,

the influx of many helpless fugitives, incapable of yielding any assistance in defending the town, created additional embarrassment. Still was the compassionate sympathy of the inhabitants unbounded; and they cheerfully concurred in submitting to every privation rather than reject the pleadings of these persecuted wanderers. The Irish army, as it was called, under a commander devoted to James Stuart and Tyrconnel, gradually approached this northern extremity; and it was evident that the bloodless blockade would, ere long, be converted into a sanguinary siege.

The presence of Lundy within the walls, however, constituted a more serious cause for inquietude than the prospect of assailants without. He was closely watched; and the doublings of his crooked policy made manifest to many. Ross had become the most intemperate of these; and his irritation frequently showed itself in bursts that all the calm reasoning of his friends could scarcely repress. It was on one of these occasions that, after a sweeping denunciation, which included both principals and inferiors, all of every class attached to popery and King James, he concluded by a comparison between the native Irish and all other inhabitants of the British Isles, thanking the fates that he derived his lineage from a very different race, and hoping that he might never have to do with the blood-thirsty traitors of the soil.

The very peculiar expression that curled Magrath's lips, as he turned to his uncle, caught the eye of Ross; which the other perceiving, dropped the native language, and continued in English a remark just commenced, that it was a pity they ever risked their nate persons among 'em.

"What are you saying, Sir!" demanded Ross, sternly.

"I am saying Sir," answered the other, fixing on him the full gaze of calm defiance, "that it's out and out true for you, your forefathers had better have let us be asy in our own land."

"Your land! the land is our's by conquest, and it is only by our weak sufferance that a tribe of you exist."

"Conquest!" ejaculated Magrath, starting to his feet, while impassioned energy swelled every feature, and fired his action into vehemence. "'Tis false, ye invaded the land, ye overran it, ye parcelled it out; but conquer it ye didn't, nor ye couldn't. Och! but may be we'll be after forgetting, when Malachy scoured the land of them heathenish Danes: and our own Bryan Boromy led his Dalcais to Dublin gates, and showed how Irishmen wouldn't be conquered. And we'll be forgetting——"

"Hush, Magrath!" said the Lady of M'Alister, kindly smiling on the vehement orator; then turning to Ross, she continued, "The way to conquer the Irish, my young friend, is to conquer their hearts."

Till this moment it had never occurred to the angry youth that his intemperate philippic had touched the venerable lady as nearly as her more humble guest. He manifested no little embarrassment, while Magrath's countenance brightened into tenfold animation.

"Good luck to your Ladyship, and long life, and honour, and glory!—that belongs to the O'Neill any how.—And poor Larry Magrath is bound to love the green sod that your honour walks over, barrin' that it isn't in Derry the grass will grow. And your Ladyship, wasn't the O'Neill the very mischief among 'em, marching up and down like a mad cat at their tails? And you'll remember, your glory, when Finn M'Coul, in the pride of his heart ——"

How far Magrath's reminiscences might have carried him, or how many more epithets of affectionate reverence he might have bestowed on the Lady, cannot be ascertained: for Bryan, pitying his friend's confusion, good humouredly interposed, saying, "Come, let me negociate a peace between the contending powers. Confess the truth, Ross, you have very little blood in your veins that is not Irish; and therefore you could not intend seriously to decry the race. You, Magrath, have certainly lost sight of the respect due to a gentleman—to your joint protector—to my friend."

This appeal seemed to fail of its effect, until the last word was uttered, when Magrath fixing on him a look of respectful firmness, answered, "Sir, any offence against the friend of O'Neill couldn't come from my heart, and I ask your pardon." Then, without noticing Ross, he turned to

his uncle, and impatiently exclaimed in Irish, "By the battles of Conn! only for the O'Neill I would not shelter my head under this roof another night."

One good effect seemed to result from this altercation—Magrath's attachment to the Lady of M'Alister was evidently increased; and as Ellen inherited much of her grandmother's resemblance, and took great interest in the records of olden time, she came in for a large share of his affection too. The poor girl was still wasting slowly away, and furnished the little family with an object of peculiar care and solicitude, among the many which pressed upon their thoughts.

On the reception into the garrison of a numerous reinforcement in troops, driven, with their attendant crowds of fugitives, from the neighbouring stations, it was found needful to provide accommodations for them at the expense of almost all the little remaining comfort of the inhabitants. The M'Alisters contrived to spare a portion of their small abode; the elder lady taking Ellen into her apartment, which being on the ground-floor, was more accessible to the invalid; while Letitia and her mother occupied a bed in the attic; an adjoining closet serving the purpose of a store; and Magrath, with his uncle, stowed their couches, side by side, in the little cell already mentioned. The female servant only attended in the house during the day; and Bryan, when not on duty, slept at his former home. By this arrangement, two comfortable apartments on the intermediate floor were appropriated to some respectable soldiers, whose care to prevent any encroachment on the family repaid the hospitable shelter which they enjoyed.

It was not long, however, before another interesting individual was added to the household, in the person of a venerable man, whose silver hairs and care-worn, but meek and placid countenance, attracted Bryan's attention. He was quartered in a noisy barrack room; and M'Alister overheard him reprove some blasphemous language from a half drunken soldier, in terms that left no doubt on his mind as to the religious feeling of the old man. Politely introducing himself, he received ample confirmation of his hope; and finding that Basil, as his new acquaintance was called, possessed the manner of one accustomed to far different society, he consulted his family, prevailed on the soldiers to resign the smaller of their two apartments, and conducted the old man to a home which he entered with expressions of the deepest thankfulness.

Hitherto, no demonstration of an actual attack had been made against the city; but on the very evening following that of Basil's reception into his family, Bryan entered, accompanied as usual by Ross, and communicated the intelligence, that the combined Irish and French army, with James at their head, would immediately appear to demand that surrender which the traitor Lundy and his confederates had assured them of. A capitulation had indeed been agreed upon by most of the leading men—some assenting through intimidation, while others acted on the treacherous principle, or rather want of principle, which swayed their leader. The bulk of the people, however, were strenuously opposed to this measure; and in answer to the anxious enquiries of the trembling females, Bryan assured them, that the citizens' resolution was unalterable.

"Aye!" exclaimed Ross, "we'll hang the rascals over the gates, before we open them to the popish army."

"Lundy," added Bryan, "has nearly cast away all semblance of decency. His villany in trying to keep Mr. Walker outside the walls, after all his faithful and gallant conduct, was insufferable. You know that his little party only got in by downright force."

"I do not like to hear of a fighting clergyman," remarked Letitia; "and they say Mr. Walker is one."

"He has rendered us most important service, however," rejoined her brother, "and helpless as we are, we must not quarrel with his voluntary aid."

At this moment another of the apprentice youths entered in breathless haste and agitation, exclaiming "M'Alister—Ross—sure boys, you've lost a most edifying scene! You know how our trusty governor and his crew have been deliberating with closed doors, even denying admittance to Crofton and his true fellow soldiers.—Well, what think you was the result? just a resolution to send back the

supplies from England, and to go forth *en masse*, with halters about their necks, in prostrate submission to King James."

"Halters!" ejaculated Bryan, Ross, and Shane in a breath.

"Nay, I won't swear to the halters; but a most abject submission was resolved on. The greater number of white-livered poltroons, overawed by the lying representations of others, signed it; but two or three honest fellows refused, and gave a hint to the people without, who surrounded the doors, and very audibly promised to treat both governor and council with a swing. Yet we verily think that an official communication has been despatched, and some agreement propounded to his popish majesty. And if it comes to that, the villains may settle the ratification in person, for we'll shoot them from our cannons' mouths into the enemy's teeth."

"Aye, that will we!" exclaimed Ross. "Let's be off, M'Alister, we are wanted."

With a hasty farewell, Bryan tore himself from his trembling mother and sisters, accompanying his fiery comrades; while Magrath, who had privately left the apartment to summon Basil, attended him into the room; and in considerable agitation, placed himself behind the Lady's chair.

"Oh, these are heavy crosses!" said the old man, as he looked on the party before him, "but to God's children they are merciful chastisements, not wrathful visitations. Let us bow the knee, dear ladies, to him who is near when troubles press the hardest. Prayer, prayer is the balsam for all wounds."

They kneeled; and Magrath, instead of retiring as usual, remained with his clasped hands resting on the chair's back, and his forehead bowed upon them: his intense anxiety had not been unnoticed: and while it somewhat soothed their feelings, it tended also to increase their fears.

"*You* could tell us much, Magrath," said Mrs. M'Alister, looking earnestly at him.

"No, Madam: not more than you know, or can guess at, any how. But it's myself can tell you, that not a hair of your heads shall be touched, while Larry Magrath has a drop in his veins to shed for you."

"Oh, and *will* there be fighting?" cried Ellen.

"Be calm, my love;" replied her mother: "there will be nothing but what the Lord permits."

"But Bryan—our own Bryan!"

The mother could only reply by a fresh burst of tears, while the Lady, raising her eyes, said, "The buckler of the Highest is around him: the eye of a reconciled Father is upon him: the prayer of faith still bears him before the throne, our treasure—our precious boy:"—her voice failed, and Basil added, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

There was something in the allusion that fell sweetly upon every heart: a grateful smile beamed through the mother's tears, as she said, "I will think of Nain, and trust, and not be afraid."

Neither Bryan nor the soldiers returned to the house that night, but the former sent a cheering message; desiring them to persevere in prayer, for that a great crisis was at hand, and help would not be withheld by Him who was mighty to save.

On the following morning, by sun-rise, Bryan took post on the flat roof of the cathedral, and beheld a scene well calculated to thrill his every nerve. As far as the eye could reach, dense columns of infantry, shrouded at times in the dust raised by vast bodies of horse, approached the devoted spot. Situated within an abrupt bend of Lough Foyle, Derry is two-thirds surrounded by its waters, at that spot not more than half a mile in width. Not only was the town in process of investment by a line of troops, whose extreme right and left rested on the edge of the Lough; but batteries were being erected on the opposite side, and the prophet's imagery—"a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, a besieged city," presented itself to the mind of young M'Alister, with a force and a pathos that dimmed his bright eye, as he scanned the accumulating host without, and pondered on the treacherous leaven that wrought on the multitudes within. Eager interest in the scene, as it regarded his country and his faith, together with the ardent risings of inherent courage, soon overcame these saddening feelings, and aided by a small telescope, he took a scrutinizing survey of the advancing foe.

Proudly waiving on the breeze, he descried the royal standard of England, which left upon his mind no doubt of James's personal approach, at the head of

his army, surrounded by a galaxy of nobles and commanders, whose armour flashed in the far distance. It was, indeed, that unhappy and misguided tool of priestcraft, who, after exercising in Dublin the brief authority again acquired, in a manner sufficient to prove his infatuated devotion to the will of spiritual tyrants, now came to overawe by his kingly presence the cluster of determined Protestants encaged within those walls. And it had surely been an easy conquest, but for the Omnipotent Guardian of a praying people —a small number, who mingled in the mass, nerved by their incessant supplications the arms which were too prone to boast as though their own strength upheld them. Wonderful indeed were the incidents of that protracted siege, and most astonishing the deliverances vouchsafed. Let the praise be rendered to Him who wills not that his glory be given to others.

The flat roof of Derry Cathedral furnished at once a post of observation and a battery: and while, beneath, the word of life was dealt forth, the engines of destruction stood ready charged above, to sweep immortal souls from earth, to the judgment seat. The thought pressed heavily on Bryan's spirit as the front of war expanded before his gaze: but his reveries were quickly interrupted by the ascent of many eager footsteps, while the citizens crowded to partake the commanding view. One of these presently pointed out to Bryan a party of cavalry, exultingly announcing them as belonging to Colonel Murray a faithful and gallant ally, who at the head of his troop, galloped up to the ship-quay gates, demanding entrance.

"See, see!" exclaimed Bryan's informant, "if the villanous governor has not refused them admittance, after fighting their way thus far!"

A rope was now brought to that part of the walls, and an offer evidently made to admit Murray singly by such unmilitary conveyance; while a messenger from the Council directed the transaction. Colonel Murray wheeled his horse, in marked disdain, and addressed a few words to his followers; but ere he could conclude, the gate was flung wide by the officer in command and greeted with the loudest acclamations, Murray led his men into the town where he was presently hemmed in by the agitated populace imploring his assistance against their betrayers. The party on the cathedral rapidly descended to join their voices with the rest.

A night of fears had ended, and the morning had brought to the household of M'Alister tidings confirmatory of their worst surmises. On the first assurance that the enemy was actually taking post around the walls, Shane had sallied forth: and Magrath appeared disposed to follow, but was withheld by the entreaties of the girls. A short but encouraging visit from Malcolm revived in some measure their fainting spirits; and several of Bryan's young companions looked in from time to time with a few hasty words, often of contradictory import. The Bible lay open before the Lady, and many a promise did she cull from its abundant stores, to sustain her own firm mind—now tried to its utmost stretch—as well as those of her less energetic companions. Magrath, indeed, was energy embodied, as he paced the room, and busied himself in every imaginable way, to curb his impatience. No countenance exhibited so intense an expression of quick and watchful solicitude: he seemed on the very tip-toe of eager expectation, mingled with most painful doubts. Basil showed the calm endurance of one too well acquainted with such scenes; and assisted the Lady in her task of consolation.

The tumult occasioned by Murray's reception had now subsided; and its origin had been explained by a passing friend, who described it as a most auspicious event. Another half hour elapsed, and with increasing anxiety the coming of Bryan was expected; when suddenly a thundering peal of artillery burst forth, the roar of cannon drowning the fainter report of musquetry, while every building seemed to rock, and every roof to respond the dreadful salutation. For a moment it paused; and then the shrieks of terror might be heard, resounding from streets and neighbouring houses; but again the batteries renewed their fierce explosion, and clouds of smoke rolled by, impregnating every breath with their sulphureous effluvia.

What words may suffice to pourtray the agony of those bewildered females? The

dreadful reality was at length arrived; the substance of those troubled visions which had frequently haunted their pillow, and even in the brightest hours of day overclouded their minds with foreboding apprehension.—It was come; and terrible indeed was that hour. A vague desire to flee from the surrounding peril, was immediately succeeded by a deep consciousness that no possible way of escape existed for them. Enclosed on every side, they must await the issue; and await it they did in meek and holy resignation. No scream escaped them, no violent contortion appeared: they gazed on each other, and on Basil, and simultaneously kneeled down, but to articulate was as impossible as it would have been vain, amid that deafening uproar: Magrath wrung his hands, and struck repeatedly upon his breast—now he hurried towards the door, and then lingered and went back, when some imploring eye turned towards him. Poor Ellen was soon seized with a violent cough, as the tainted air assailed her tender lungs, and he hastened to procure a cup of water; then looked to the entrance of the house, as resolved to issued forth; but she grasped his arm, and uttered a cry.

"In the name of all the saints, Miss Ellen dear, do, do let me go see for the master," he said, when an interval of the firing allowed of it. His arm was immediately liberated; but before he could reach the door, his egress was impeded.

CHAPTER VI.

"Your handkerchiefs, girls, your handkerchiefs!" shouted Bryan, as he dashed into the room, followed by two or three more; and he snatched two of them from the astonished females, rending them in two, and tossing the divided portions to his companions: who, as well as himself, proceeded most busily to fasten each of them a fragment round his right arm.

Again the cannon thundered, and again ceased, with a longer pause than before: and Bryan was able to reply to the broken sentences of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh such, a deliverance! Murray, gallant Murray, has it all his own way. No surrender! James is retreating——the Council stole off——"

"And Lundy?" asked Magrath.

"Gone to the bottomless pit, for aught we can make out," replied some of the young men.

"And this," continued Bryan, striking his left hand forcibly on the linen that encircled his right arm, "this is the badge of No Surrender. We who wear it are sworn to perish to a man, rather than hear of capitulation."

"Good luck to you, then," exclaimed Magrath, triumphant delight blazing in his countenance, while the guns, drowning the remainder of his speech, he tore his neckerchief in two, and threw the half of it to Basil, twisting the other round his own arm.

"And now, Mr. Bryan, Sir,"—for Magrath never called him M'Alister;—"when the cat's away, the mice will play, as uncle says. And I'm after your Honour to the last drop"——again the cannon could alone be heard.

Old Shane now bustled in, as the young men hastened out; and seeing Magrath with the badge, bestowed on him a cordial embrace—then, throwing himself into his chair, answered the queries that flowed in upon him, with a confirmation of the tidings, that the besiegers were cast into great panic.

"And will they not come here, then?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"Here! Och bless your simple heart: why it isn't in them to look at the walls! Out and out frightened they were, from the minute the boys let loose the gunpowder. There's a gay chap killed, they say, as close to King James as the pratee to the stalk; and himself's off at a hand gallop, out of reach clane and entirely, to complain to Pope Joan, may be."

"Oh, brother," said Basil, "do not insult over a fallen king! Unhappy as guilty, he is betrayed by others; and even here he came to look for homage, and dreamed not of resistance."

"True, for you, Sir; may be he didn't know that we have but few Jacobites here," replied the old man, rather bitterly.

"He is no Jacobite, Shane," said the Lady; but he feels that a head once

anointed is no meet object for mockery. Let us rather pray that his present sufferings may lead him to repentance."

"Your Ladyship can, sure," answered Shane, sulkily, adding, in a lower tone, "it's myself that'll fight for King William, let who will pray for old James."

The assurance of no attack from without being contemplated, somewhat reconciled the household to the discharges which at intervals still shook their abode: and in the evening they were gladdened by a visit from Malcolm and Ross, who brought a promise of Bryan's appearance; a temporary couch was formed for poor Ellen, whose disorder was greatly aggravated by the impregnation of the air with gunpowder. Magrath, who had returned with Ross, occupied his usual place a little in the rear of Shane's seat by the chimney corner.

An occasional cannonade, interrupting the repose of their little apartment, furnished a striking commentary on the pious and appropriate remarks of the Lady and Malcolm. The latter seemed to be still in a state of much excitement; and frequently paced the room, or stood within the attentive circle, who hung upon his words.

"It was marvellous," he said, "to behold the spirit which animated our heterogeneous mass of population when the enemy drew on towards the walls. Mutual distrust had chilled their spirits, and unnerved many an arm. Unable to look to an invisible Leader, the multitude had no rallying point, no common centre of respect and obedience, hope and confidence, until the good providence of God sent them that true-hearted Murray, round whom they rallied to a man. I trust that he is the Gideon raised up to deliver our afflicted Israel; the more so as his presence struck an almost supernatural panic into those traitors of the council-board, sending them self-exiled from the spot, reluctantly to disprove their own unprincipled misrepresentations."

"And judge you," asked the Lady, "that all who remain are faithful?"

"Of leading men, unquestionably so; and among the troops heroic ardour prevails. Our own citizens have never wavered in fidelity, though some were for a space deluded by specious pretences of assured defeat. The first roar of our artillery broke many a spell, and scattered the fears of hundreds. I doubt not but the arm of the Lord is on our side: and that he will gird us with strength unto the battle. May he glorify himself, be it by the mortal weal or woe of his chosen ones! Blood will flow even within these walls; and the Foyle may carry a crimson streak into the northern main. We are compassed on every side; they come about us like bees: and yonder Sennacherib will lie down among his motley host this night, counting, perchance, on a banquet of carnage for the morrow, but our Shepherd watches his fold, and the wolves approach in vain: for we, even we, in the name of the Lord, will destroy them."

"Alas, alas!" said the old stranger, "that ever the carnal weapon should be drawn to fight the battles of the Lord's people! Better yield our throats to the knife, as befits the character of sheep for the slaughter."

"You speak not well, brother," observed Malcolm; "we defend the ark from a company of uncircumcised Philistines, who seek its capture. Know you not that herein is the very citadel of the Protestant faith, and that he who is on the Lord's side must draw the sword as of old?"

"You are a minister, Sir," answered Basil, meekly. "It is not for me to gainsay your words. But he, too, was a minister whose teaching I followed; aye, and follow it yet, hoping that the day is not far distant when like him I shall go down in peace to the grave, and my spirit rejoice before the throne, with my master, my glorified master, precious holy Bedell."

The old man bent his face on his hands, and tears flowed over them: the name of Bedell had operated variously upon the assembled party. The Lady raised herself up, and her eyes sparkled with momentary fire. Deep interest spoke in the features of the younger people. Malcolm, as he stood, looked down upon the aged sufferer with reverential sympathy; and Magrath, resting his elbows on his knees, with chin propped on his hands—his favoured posture of attention—gazed upon the stranger, as if awaiting in eager curiosity for what was to follow.

"And did you really know the blessed Bedell?" asked Ellen, raising her pale cheek from its pillow.

"Know him! Ah, young lady, I was born and cradled under his roof, nourished and brought up in his doctrine. I was the companion of his imprisonment, I supported his dying head, I bent over his grave;" and again the recollection overcame him.

"My brother," said the young minister, gently and affectionately placing his hand on the silver hairs, "be collected. He who has been thus privileged is steward of a gift, not to be wrapped up in the hidings of selfish sorrow, but liberally imparted to the starving church of Christ."

"I know it, I know it: and many a faint heart has waxed strong under the hearing of what I love to tell. It is only now, weakened by age and many trials, and surrounded by scenes at once so like and so unlike to those that were—it is only now that nature rebels." He gazed round him, and seemed to derive encouragement from the expression of so many enquiring looks.

The entrance of Bryan and Shane completed the circle; the former took his station by the invalid, surprised at the animation of her countenance; and while she explained the cause, Shane received some communication from his nephew, which appeared to brighten his faculties, fatigued as he was, into something like corresponding attention.

"My father," said Basil, after humbly bowing to his hearers, "was the confidential domestic of that holy man. He accompanied the bishop from Suffolk to this country, enjoying a place in his affection that bespoke for me, his only child, the tender concern of our benevolent master, when I was left, a helpless orphan in his house, my mother having died at the time of my birth, and my father within two years after. The bishop took on himself the care of my education; and many an hour of proud enjoyment have I passed, seated at my little desk beside the good man's chair, transcribing from his manuscripts that best monument of Bedell's fame, the Irish Bible."

"There, my Lady!" exclaimed Shane, exultingly: and the Lady had already taken the hand of the venerable narrator. "Blessed old man," she said, "in the name of my lacerated country, let me thank you for the oil and the wine that can alone pour healing into her wounds. This hand has wrought with that good Samaritan, and my roof is honoured to shelter it. Oh, never, never shall my country know the sweets of permanent peace, until that work commenced by Bedell be perfected: until the fountain dug by his pious labour, be cleared from all obstructions, and widened, and caused to flow in a thousand ready channels, spreading through the thirsty land those rivers of the water of life!"

"Never:" responded Basil. "*He* said it many a time to whom, for the prophetic work, a prophet's spirit seemed given. But alas! Lady, how few among her own tribes seek Ireland's welfare as he sought it, whom you rightly term a Samaritan; an alien, held accursed by those for whom he toiled, until his deeds disarmed their deadly hatred, and awed it into love."

A general assent was given, and Basil resumed. "The tale of forty-one is written in letters of blood on some memories" ——he paused, for Malcolm gave a sign; and again proceeded. "I was still a youth, but hardy and strong; and courageous in the cause of my beloved master and his family. There lacked not among us those who would have repelled violence, and built a barrier round him with our slaughtered bodies. Nay, I wrong many in not including all his flock. But it was his care to represent the duty of resting solely upon the invisible arm of Jehovah; and while his dwelling and his church were thronged with faithful adherents, no breath was ever heard but that of meek submission to the divine will. Dreadful were the scenes beyond our little sanctuary! within it all was peace and safety."

"And yet," observed Ross, "your bishop understood the principle of 'No surrender.'"

"He did, Sir; and with holy daring acted upon it. I was with him when that startling summons came, to deliver up the fugitives sheltered in his home. I saw the many cheeks that were blanched with terror for themselves, while grateful love checked every wish for a refusal which might expose his own sacred head to the fury of their foes. Aye, and I heard that refusal given in tones never to be forgotten—so solemn, so powerful, so nerved

with energy, and sweetened with humility —while with uncovered heads, the messengers withdrew from the presence of one before whom their ferocity melted into awe. Oh, my master! Is it a dream, or did I really see thee borne away from that home? Did I really rush through a crowd of levelled pikes, to claim in prostrate supplication, the privilege of sharing thy dungeon!"

"No dream, I'll engage you," said Magrath, abruptly: "you got it easy, that same."

"Yes," answered the other, "I did. The rebel appointed to guard the innocent captives, had been particularly obliged to me; and through his intercession I was permitted to follow, though not to accompany my beloved master and his sons. Before my departure I saw the abomination of desolation standing in that place where Bedell had offered to God the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Yes, I beheld the Host elevated, where holy hands had been lifted up, and weapons incrusted with the blood of the guiltless were grounded, while the crimson fingers that bore them smote upon the breast, and murderers yielded homage to the blighting mockery." Indignation burnt on his cheek as he recalled the scene. Shane looked hard at his nephew; but the latter merely compressed his lips, and listened with undivided attention.

Basil went on. "I was conveyed to my master's prison, far from the unhallowed pageantry that desecrated his palace. I found him enclosed in the tower of Lockwater, that desolate dwelling which arises from the centre of a lake, without so much land about it as might suffice to support the foot. December's storms swept over the unsheltered spot, and found entrance on every side, for the building was most ruinous. The few prisoners whose garments had been left upon them, were constrained to part with all but a slight portion, to cover the more numerous victims of rapacious cruelty, stripped literally to the skin by their jailors: and bitter were the sufferings from cold and damp. Provision was liberally supplied, but in every instance, raw: so that those who knew any thing of cooking were incessantly employed for the rest. The good providence of God sent a pious carpenter to be our companion in captivity; and by his skill some little repairs were effected, for which we were most thankful. But our best, our dearest pledge of Jehovah's gracious presence we received in the unlooked for permission from our keepers of worshipping together, according to the accustomed rites of our church. No interruption assailed us; and deeply sunk the word of exhortation into our bosoms, from those revered lips that never ceased to proclaim the unchangeable love of God, under whatsoever dispensation his wisdom laid us."

"Answer me this question," said Magrath, with a look of restless impatience, "will you answer me truly?"

"Assuredly, young man: I would not dare to do otherwise."

"Well—that good man, that heretic Bishop, did he ever curse the Catholics with ye?"

"Och, the fool's head that's upon your shoulders!" exclaimed Shane; while Basil gazed with astonishment on the querist.

"Answer him!" exclaimed the Lady.

Basil now seemed for the first time to comprehend that a member of the Romish church was present. With a look of placid kindness, he said, "My answer, brother, is short, simple, and true. No! as soon would the sweetest springs of your native plains send forth the waters of bitterness and corruption, as those lips could have given utterance to a curse. But they of whom you speak were the objects of his deepest, tenderest, sympathy and love; and their welfare was a constant theme of prayer in our afflicted little congregation."

"Come, now, you'll be after making the best of it, and no blame to yourself; but you won't pretend that you prayed for the fellows who gave you that lodging, took the clothes off your backs, and treated you like dogs, I'll engage.

"We did," answered Basil. "Our sufferings were great, and our oppressors cruel; but morning, noon, and night we made our supplication for them; that the light of the gospel visiting their dark minds might show them under what deadly delusion they lay. Every murmur excited by our own bodily pains was hushed by the awful consideration of what awaited their immortal souls, blinded and ruined under the influence of their false and persecuting religion."

"That's enough," said Magrath: and folding his arms, he leaned back against the wall, his eyes fixed on the speaker.

This strange episode had excited no common interest in the little circle: but all were silent, and Basil resumed.

"Even under these depressing circumstances, the object dearest to his heart—the Irish Bible—was not forgotten by my blessed master. He would urge me to repeat from memory such portions as I could recall, suggesting improvements. I was the more encouraged to this work, because, at such times, I have seen the guards stealing towards some aperture to listen, as the language never failed to attract their attention."

"True for ye," said Magrath: but the words seemed to drop unconsciously from his lips.

Before the old man could proceed, another discharge from the batteries broke in upon the comparative repose; and a guard, turned out for the especial purpose of perambulating the street, enquired if all was well within. A few words with them, determined the young men on volunteering their services likewise for the night; and after joining in the supplications of the family, they sallied forth, leaving on the minds of their friends a more anxious tremour than had ever before accompanied the unwilling farewell.

Shane's curiosity had been violently excited on more than one occasion during that eventful day. His nephew, from the moment of assuming the badge, had appeared to throw off a painful restraint, and to attach himself with unfeigned cordiality to a cause against which he had assuredly, not long before, harboured evil designs; a circumstance to Shane quite unaccountable. The unexpected and unwonted share which he had taken in the evening's conversation also perplexed him; for Magrath's general deportment was marked by the extreme of reserve rather than its opposite. To Shane's drowsy faculties, however, the latter transition appeared less surprising than the former; but with the Lady of M'Alister, it was far otherwise. She rightly attributed his morning animation to a relief from painful forebodings as to the sufferings awaiting the family, whose kindness to him had evidently sunk deep into his mind; and also to the removal of that restraint under which the fear of meeting Lundy had kept him. To the cause, as such, she could not suppose him attached; but to Bryan exceedingly so; and she verily believed that an affectionate desire to watch over his personal safety, was the motive of Magrath, in adopting the prevailing badge. A more inexplicable mystery involved his evening conduct. The acquaintance which he seemed to have with many particulars related by Basil, was not very wonderful, the events being comparatively recent, and strong in the memory of those who survived the scenes of 1641; but there was an intense interest, an eager curiosity in his aspect; and an unmoved endurance of reflections on his country's faith, from the lips of a Protestant and an Englishman, which formed a strange contrast with his fiery impatience under the reproach of Ross. The subject haunted her pillow, and prompted many an aspiration on behalf of the intractable object of her frequent endeavours, while she counted the hours whose flight brought on the wished yet dreaded dawning of another day.

It was upon the 18th of April that the dethroned monarch met his unlooked-for repulse before the walls of Derry; and the next day beheld him on the road towards Dublin, there to concert farther measures for the recovery of his abdicated throne. No hostile act was committed on either side during the two succeeding days, save in the silent but busy work of offensive and defensive preparation. Bryan was incessantly occupied among the citizens and soldiers, both of whom received with deference the suggestions of his intelligent and judicious mind. In his perambulations, Magrath was always at hand; and evidenced the sincerity of his good-will by furnishing many valuable hints, both in the way of information and precaution, for his master's benefit: But Bryan remarked that the measures which he seemed to approve were strictly defensive; and in this though on different grounds, their feelings coincided.

"How I long for the Sabbath!" exclaimed Letitia, as the evening preceding it closed in. "We shall all assemble in the house of God, and raise the united voice of supplication"

"And set up our Ebenezer," added her mother.

"And will my dear Ellen likewise venture?" asked Bryan.

"Oh, yes, brother dear; these two quiet days have refreshed me, and I feel quite strong. I long to tread the courts of the Lord's house too; and I have a sort of fearful curiosity to pass through the street, and look upon the preparations, and to be made to feel how precious it is to have the Lord for a very present help."

"May it be a Sabbath of peace!" said the old lady: and she looked at Bryan, whose downcast eyes spoke little of encouragement to her hope.

In fact, it had been decided to make a sortie from the walls on the morrow, as the planting of a large gun very near, seemed to menace a hostile attack. The design was deprecated by those alone who preferred the sanctification of the day to the pursuit of a possible advantage; and it may readily be believed that their voices were faint and few, compared with the clamours of the many who thirsted for vengeance and distinction.

The morning came, and to the cathedral all repaired who desired to commit their cause unto the Lord of Hosts; these were so numerous, that a succession of congregations filled the pile, a fresh crowd of worshippers still assembling as others departed; and amongst them the family of M'Alister sought the Lord with hearts united to fear his name.

It was awful and affecting, the stillness that reigned over the dense populace on the morning of that day. Thronged as they were, the streets yet wore the character of Sabbath solemnity, and the very sentinels appeared to soften their measured tread, as they cast a frequent look to the azure sky; with some the upturned gaze bespoke devotion; in others it seemed rather expressive of impatience, and in many it indicated an anxious observance of the weather, as though a few gathering clouds would have marred some design. The citizens of Derry, close pent within its narrow bounds for more than four months, already bore the marks of pining imprisonment and protracted care; while deeper anguish sat on the features of those homeless wanderers, to whom the sacred season more forcibly recalled the memory of happy Sabbaths gone by, where their place knew them no more.

"It is in such a spot as this," said a weeping mother, as she passed through the church-yard, "that my daughter lies buried. Just such a tender yew tree was beginning to bud above her grave: ah, little did I think that stranger eyes should watch its growth, or stranger hands tear it from the sod, where I must never hope to lay my bones beside her!"

"She is better there," replied a young woman, the wildness of whose pallid looks contrasted with the melancholy gloom of the former speaker. "Better in a grave—any grave—than living to weep over all that was loved, and is lost, and gone—gone for ever"——

"Oh no!" said Letitia, who overheard her, "say not that all is gone, while He remains whose love for sinners took the sting from death, and victory from the grave. Come unto him—for the weary and the heavy laden shall there find welcome and repose."

Arranged within the building, how sweet to the ears of Christ's little flock sounded the word of promise and of peace! Magrath had accompanied them to the door, and as he turned from it a deeper sense of their own inestimable privileges filled each heart; while compassion for him added fervor to their intercessions, and earnestly did they long to share with him the abundance of God's treasury.

The preacher took for his text an animating promise of deliverance; and though the tenor of his discourse was more decidedly warlike than fully accorded with the feelings of his spiritually-minded auditors, there was much of solid comfort in the address. Returning homeward, Bryan directed his grandmother's attention to some military men who were hastening towards the guard-house, after attending at the church. He told her that they were about to sally forth, and attack the enemy.

"Oh, Bryan, that ought not to be, on this holy day; dissuade them."

"It is impossible. Malcolm and myself, with one or two others attempted it; but the clamour was overpowering. Colonel Murray leads them on, and Mr. Walker leaves the pulpit to accompany him."

"Then mark my words. This desecrated Sabbath will stand recorded against us; and many a cry will ascend in vain from those who hallow it not."

"They are so confident of immediate succours from the king, that they scarcely anticipate a contest of a week."

"They must then learn what it is to put confidence in princes, rather than in the Lord."

The culverin planted by the enemy now discharged its heavy shot—the first which passed into the town—and that shot, whizzing over their heads, struck the market-house.

"Messenger of woe!" said the Lady, "how many of thy fellows shall bring havoc into our streets!"

Basil had remained at home, indisposed; and Bryan, softly ascending to his little apartment, was struck at hearing the old man's voice, with tones of solemn earnestness addressing another in the Irish language. He paused, as the name of "Slanuigheora Iosa Criosd," the Saviour Jesus Christ met his ear, and ascertained that the words were those of Scripture. Softly entering, he beheld Magrath, his face buried in his hands, in an attitude of fixed attention, while Basil, with looks of unspeakable animation, was setting before him the pure gospel in the irresistible garb of his own tongue.

Bryan withdrew unperceived, to communicate the glad tidings below stairs; and "Blessed Bedell!" burst from the lips of the old lady, while her heart overflowed with thankful delight.

But far other work was going on without the walls; and after a fierce combat the party came back victorious, bearing the dead bodies of an officer and several privates, who, a few hours previously, had left the town in confident expectation of a triumphant return. They were hastily interred; and while the military exulted in the comparative insignificance of their loss, a dark foreboding overcast the minds of many, with a sad experimental certainty that havoc was indeed begun.

The single piece of ordnance planted on the opposite side of the water had inflicted little damage on the town; but now, at less than half that distance, four others commenced their dreadful greeting from a different quarter, and their balls continually rebounding from the tiles, crashing the window panes, and rattling through the streets, killed some, inflicted wounds on many, and struck terror into all. On the second day after this, some mortar pieces being added, the besiegers threw bombs from them; which by their noisy explosion increased the panic tenfold, among those altogether unaccustomed to the horrors of a siege.

"Now, your Honour," said Magrath, as with Bryan he bent his course towards the house in the evening of that day, "I'm altogether not agreeable to going home to-night."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Sir, but it's the ladies that will be frightened to purpose now. And, the sowls! what comfort can we give 'em?"

"The very sight of us will bring comfort to them, Magrath; for I have marked this day, while carnage has been in our streets, that those who go forth are followed by lamentations, as though they went to certain death; and their return welcomed with cries of joy. But in our home, I trust, we shall find that the Lord himself is giving strength according to their day."

"Is it to-day, Sir?" asked the other, a little puzzled.

Bryan explained to him the promise, but it seemed not to make much impression on his mind. Bryan's heart was indeed oppressed with a grievous weight: not for that the instruments of destruction had now and again crossed his own path—for himself he had no fear: but faith was sorely tried in regard to those so dear; and the consolations which his lip spontaneously uttered, scarcely soothed his own bosom at the moment.

But the word of the Lord is sure; and gratefully did he acknowledge it; for they found the little party calm beyond all human expectation; and such a holy character of resigned submission sat on every countenance, as rendered it far more touching than the wildest distress could have done.

"And isn't the life frightened out of ye then?" was Magrath's first enquiry, after the silent welcome of thankful love had been bestowed on Bryan.

"We've been sadly frightened indeed," answered Ellen: "but we prayed, and the Lord sent peace."

"Wars and fightings without," added the Lady, "but peace within. Know you, Magrath, who walked the billows of the roaring sea, and bade them, 'Peace, be still?'"

"It was Jesus Christ, or the Virgin, or one of the Saints, I'm thinking."

Basil raised his head; and in a clear tone he recited the whole passage in Irish; while Magrath, his mouth half open, and his eyes dancing with a peculiar expression of interested curiosity and pleasure, gave earnest heed to every breath.

Has the reader ever witnessed the effect produced on a poor native Irishman thrown among strangers, when the sublime truths of Scripture fall upon his ear, in that language so unutterably dear to him? Probably not: but why, oh, why is it probable, reader, that you should not? Has not your path been too frequently crossed, and your step arrested, by the plaintive supplicant, whose accent bespoke him a native of Erin, and to whom the utterance of his wants in your language appeared difficult and uncouth? Yes: you have met with Irish beggars, be your habitation where it may: and if the love of Christ rule in your heart, you have, according to your means, supplied their necessities: but few indeed, in this age of missions, have bethought themselves of pursuing a missionary work at their own doors, by the acquisition of that tongue in which the stammering mendicant could be as fluent, as eloquent, as you in your native English. Make but the enquiry, and you shall wonder at the result. And if you would be kindled into zeal on behalf of these poor outcast victims of a gross delusion, so far as means can do it, go forth among them where they congregate, and take with you one who is versed in the Celtic dialect, bearing in his hand the word of life, and on his heart the love of souls. One such scene is never to be forgotten: and, blessed be the God of the friendless! such scenes shall ere long be more frequent in our land, for the Lord is remembering Erin, and his servants take pity to see her children in the dust of spiritual death. Yes, thrice blessed be his name! there are young and accomplished females at this moment, intently studying those characters so little known—so grossly undervalued—for the sacred purpose of imparting to these poor wandering beggars, these perishing immortals—what in their tongue they call "the story of peace," and what shall instrumentally, convey to many a one among them the rich gift of joy and peace in believing. May the blessing of the Highest prosper their work!

"How beautiful the language is, when Christ is the theme!" observed Letitia.

"In what language can the name of Jesus sound unwelcome?" asked Malcolm, who entered as she spoke. "The thunder of war has rolled about us this livelong day; and cries of terror, and groans of anguish, have mingled with its roar; but, powerful above them all, the name of Jesus has prevailed, to still the throb of many a bursting heart, and soften to a prayer of resignation the scream of wild dismay. Oh, for the faith of Israel's King! 'Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea' —for, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.'"

"Ah, but he is with us now in anger," said Ellen, "to afflict and destroy."

Malcolm looked earnestly on her, and repeated, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

"No," said Mrs. M'Alister, "that covenant cannot fail. Hitherto, I have trembled and feared, and thought that my very heart would burst asunder whenever it came to this awful climax. But the day is come, and with it grace sufficient to the time of need! Those dreadful bombs, as they exploded in my hearing—even they have seemed to utter, 'Fear not,' and my weak spirit is enabled to respond, 'It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good.'"

"My daughter!" exclaimed the Lady, "have I not ever told thee that his faithfulness could not fail?"

"Yes, mother: but it is the Lord who tells me now."

"Happy experience!" said Malcolm. "'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the

ear, but now mine eye seeth thee.—Aged pilgrim," turning to Basil, "can you buffet this storm, so nearly at the journey's end?"

"Aye, Sir: and I bless God for it. I see young trees well rooted by its blast, and tender blades of corn may peep forth, when the whirlwind has scattered opposing rubbish." The allusion to Magrath was evident.

"All's well!" uttered the night guard as they passed the door: the explosion of a bomb followed, and then Malcolm responded, "All's well! Sin is pardoned, salvation is secured, and the children of the promise sealed to their eternal inheritance."

Then suddenly addressing Magrath, he added, "Brother, can you claim a portion here? can you join us in the glorious anticipation; and utter with assured conviction, that all is well?"

"May be it is, Sir," answered Magrath coldly.

"What! stake eternity upon a may-be?"

Magrath, yet more sullenly, muttered something about the catholic church.

"Out upon ye, for an obstinate Papist!" ejaculated Shane, "haven't we enough of the catholic church outside? What else is it knocking the houses about our ears this blessed night, but your rebelly church, ye spalpeen? isn't the bombs pretty beads to tell?"

"Musha, then," said Magrath, "it's myself that'll go look after my beads," and he left the house.

"How obdurate!" observed Malcolm.

"Have patience, Sir," said Basil, "your query was a startling one, and may be blessed to his soul. Let him digest it."

The Lady reproved Shane for his ill-timed and railing accusation; but the old man continued to exclaim against his nephew, who, as he said, ought to have been converted in half the time.

The word of promise was then laid open; and amid the din of discord, the prayer and the hymn arose. Malcolm gave out a Psalm from the paraphrase of his church, the 23d, dearly prized by the persecuted covenanters; and with deep intonation he dwelt upon the lines,

> Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
> Yet will I fear none ill,
> For thou art with me, and thy rod
> And staff me comfort still.

When Letitia retired with her mother to their little sleeping apartment, she stooped to look through the window, which nearly touched the ground, "How beautiful, Mamma, is this night! The moon shines sweetly, and Lough Foyle dances like quicksilver below. Is it not strange that under such a sky, men should prepare to dye those peaceful waters with blood? With the words that we have heard to-night, warm on my memory, methinks I could go forth to yonder camp, and proclaim to the foes who seek our lives, 'Peace on earth; good-will towards men.'"

"My child, it is the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, that disarms all bitter and resentful feelings. Come, Letitia; let us pray for them; for they know not what they do."

They kneeled in prayer; and peacefully composed themselves to rest, conversing for a while on the glorious privilege of God's children, so exquisitely set forth in the Psalm, which Letitia again recited.

The grey tint had not visited the darkened east, when a bomb broke through the garret roof, and falling on the bed, rolled thence to the window, which it forced from its frame, and exploded loudly in the street.

But those two quiet sleepers awoke not: without a pang, they had passed into eternity.

CHAPTER VII.

In the crowded state of the city, it was needful to commit with all speed to their last earthly resting-place the bodies of the slain: and scarcely had the agonized survivors of M'Alister's race a competent time allotted to enshroud the forms so tenderly beloved, ere they were pent up in the narrow receptacle that sufficed for both—one coffin was prepared—one grave was dug—and ere yet the shell received its lid, a crowd of weeping friends hemmed in the individuals, who, stationed close around the shattered bed, gazed upon those lineaments, as uninjured and as calmly soft as when slumber first stole

over them. The Lady's heart was rent beyond the power of her strong mind, and stronger faith, to sustain without a struggle that convulsed her frame; while the tearless stupefaction of poor Ellen, as she hung upon her brother's shoulder, appeared more pitiable still. But Bryan's trial was perhaps the hardest, for nature strove in his bosom against the subduing grace of God, and raised a cry of wrath and vengeance. Shane's grief was frantic; and his passionate lamentations woke a responsive chord in many a breast: for there were childless mothers by, and widowed brides, and orphaned children. The fugitives who had sought shelter in Derry, had each some tale to tell that would have claimed an eminence in grief; and the stream of selfish sorrow now flowed afresh, in the contemplation of another's woes.

Up to this period, Malcolm had not been apprised of the event; but he now appeared, led by vague rumour, and hastily passing the deserted apartments, ascended to the spot. His presence occasioned a movement throughout the party, whose sobs and moans redoubled as they opened a passage for him to the coffin.

"See there," said Bryan, moving his clenched hand towards it.

"And see there!" responded Malcolm, as he pointed to the broken roof, through which was visible a portion of the deep blue sky, and a little fleecy cloud that glided like a distant wing athwart it.

But while other eyes were raised to mark, his own fell again on the lifeless forms, and he burst into tears.

The firing at this time became more rapid; and whizzing balls passed through the streets, and another bomb exploded at a short distance. When the noise subsided, Malcolm spoke, "All is well; aye, better than well with them: for what hosannas, what music of heavenly harpings now surround those rejoicing spirits before the throne of the Lamb! Oh, blessed confession," he added, as he bent over the shell; "said she not last night, that the Lord himself had taught her, whose teaching is the pledge of never-ending life?"

Then, in a strain of triumphant praise, he rendered thanks for the victory achieved over death and the grave. The exercise was blessed: for Ellen wept, and Bryan found deliverance from the revengeful cravings of a lacerated spirit, while enabled to contrast the triumphs of heavenly joy, with the poor mangled remains of the earthly tabernacles, which once imprisoned the now liberated souls. On rising, he enquired for Magrath.

Summoned from a corner, the poor fellow approached; and covering his face with both hands, exclaimed in broken accents, "Oh, don't Sir, don't put blame upon me—they are *not* my beads."

"Blame you, Magrath? never. I blame only the sin which has brought death into the world. I called you to take a farewell look at those whom you loved, and served, and would have died to defend. See, how peaceful—oh, Magrath, they are happy: for they died trusting in Christ, and in Him alone. He is all—all sufficient."

Magrath gazed for a moment, then casting up his eyes, he wrung his hands; and with a passionate exclamation in Irish, rushed from the room.

Through the broken window the coffin was lowered, and, amid the tears of many, borne to its grave.

Ross had quitted Derry three or four days previously, on a mission to Enniskillen; and returning into the town, he met his friend, slowly retracing the homeward path.

"M'Alister, my dear fellow, are you going to give me the cut at last?" said he gaily: but the eye that was raised to his own made him start away.

To speak, Bryan found impossible: he took his arm, and strongly compressing it, led him back to the grave. Magrath had taken the shovel, and was carefully filling in the last earth.

"Bryan, for mercy's sake, what is all this?"

"My mother—and Letitia—are there."

Aghast, and panting, Ross seated himself on an adjoining grave, while a standerby related the circumstances.

"Come home with me," said Bryan.

"Impossible! what! to see *their* places empty—to look upon that venerable ruin, struck by such another thunderbolt—to see poor Ellen—poor Ellen:" and his tears flowed.

"Yes, my friend, to see all this, and to witness likewise the power of Him to whom you too must come, that you too may have life."

It was indeed a struggle of no ordinary intenseness, by which the Lady of M'Alister had retained her self-possession through the day; but in Basil she found an invaluable comforter. Long tried in such a school, he was well fitted for the office; and his gentle representations on behalf of poor Bryan, had prevailed to induce a composure that could not but be soothing to his feelings, when at evening's close he returned to the diminished circle. The appearance of Ross and his undisguised emotion, had nearly overcome them again; nor had any one courage to invade the death-like silence; till, on the entrance of Magrath, the Lady, with marked kindness in her tone, invited him to approach the fire.

Shane eyed him askance for a moment, and then began most piteously to moan, rocking himself to and fro on his chair.

After the evening meal, scarcely marked by a whisper, Magrath took upon himself to lead the conversation, and in so doing, displayed a wisdom and delicacy, for which they were hardly prepared.

Slowly disengaging from his neck a narrow tape, he took from it what appeared a scapular, such as the lower orders of Roman Catholics usually wear; it seemed bulky: and with a pen-knife he carefully ripped it open. A half sheet of paper, closely folded up, was then discovered; the marks of age visible upon it; and the appearance of having been much in use. This he held towards Basil, at the same time advancing the candle; and asked him, "Do you know it, Sir?"

An exclamation of wonder, and of delight too, bespoke an immediate recognition; as Basil commenced the perusal—"it is my own," he said.

"True for you, Sir; but it has had other masters."

"To me it is scarcely legible now," observed Basil; but well I know the contents, a part of the Irish Scriptures."

Magrath took it: and deliberately commenced reading it, to the no small surprise of his auditors.

"It is the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians," said Basil, "but not complete; only a selection."

"Will I tell you how I got that same?" asked Magrath, addressing Shane.

"No, no! don't bother: will it bring back them that are gone?"

"May be it will comfort them that remain, uncle."

"Comfort is it!" uttered Shane disdainfully; but the Lady interposed, saying, "Proceed, Magrath. All comfort is contained in the words which you now hold in your hand, and nothing connected with them can be uninteresting."

Magrath reseated himself, and commenced a story which, divested of extraneous matter, may thus be stated:—His grandfather, Dennis O'Connogher, when a very young man, had made one of the party most active in persecuting the family of Bishop Bedell. In reward for his zeal, he was entrusted, with others, to keep guard over the prisoners in Lochwater tower: and in the pocket of a garment plundered from Basil, he had found that paper, which, being unable to read, he kept for some other to decypher. Much attached to his native language, whenever he heard the prisoners converse in it, as he supposed, he placed himself at a cranny to listen; and so, unconsciously, heard many portions of the Holy Scriptures recited. Convinced that men who thus continually spoke such good words could harbour no very evil designs, he became, though secretly and cautiously, yet effectually, their friend: and to his favourable representations they owed much of the indulgence afterwards granted. Returning to the head-quarters of his army, Dennis found a person who read over to him the contents of the paper; which he recognized as having formed part of the supposed conversations between the Bishop and his amanuensis. This increased his curiosity; he revisited the palace at Kilmore; and among some lumber, thrown by as useless by the rebels, he discovered, and appropriated a pretty large parcel of MSS., in a rough state, which resembled the fragment in his possession. This he lodged, with other plunder, in safe keeping; and forming one of the rebel party, who paid such unwonted honours to the remains of the good Bishop—attending his funeral for the purpose of firing a salute over his grave—Dennis was more deeply impressed than ever with a consciousness that, in serving him he had befriended a true follower of Christ—one whose example he revered, and whose doctrine he longed more fully to examine.

A series of battles and outrages soon obliterated from his mind the transient interest thus awakened: and after many years, Dennis, crippled by a wound, accepted the shelter offered by his daughter, then recently married; and had scarcely learned to relish the sweets of a quiet home, and the dutiful affection of his child, when he beheld her suddenly snatched away, and a motherless babe left dependant on the attentions of others. The widower soon married again; but continued his hospitable kindness to Judy's father: while young Larry formed the sole earthly comfort and delight of the bereaved old man.

Magrath was much moved, when touching on this subject: and Shane's attention had become so eager, as to banish for a while the pressure of his immoderate grief.

"I was a wild gossoon," continued Magrath, "but I did my duty by the grandfather, why shouldn't I, he so crippled and sorrowful, and I the vein of his old heart. My father, no blame to him, was a strong catholic, and never beard the name of the bishop without putting a curse on him; and as my father was well off in the world, and a big man with the priest, old Dennis didn't care to be thwarting him, may be; so kept all snug, and sorrow the word he would be spaking, of what lay deep enough in his mind. But he was a thought arch too; and so, says he to my father, 'Larry Magrath,' says he, 'isn't it a thousand murders that Larry the boy should have no more larning nor a seagull, and he so 'cute, the cratur.'—'What is it you'd be after, the day?' says my father. 'O, then it's myself that would put the boy to his larning, and Irish is the thing for Larry,' says my grandfather, 'you see, honey, how Ireland will soon be at the top of her ancient glory, please St. Patrick; and is it young Larry that shouldn't rise to be lord judge, or huntsman, or may be an ancient bard, or such like, when the land and the language come round to be our own again? So he bothered my father, good luck to the blarney! but I'm thinking, that little was in him, barrin' only the wish to get to the bottom of the ould papers. For, when he found me discreet, and no blab, he would tell of by-gone days; and out and out partial was he to all that savoured of the bishop, and his follower, that ran upon the pikes' points for the cold comfort of a lodging in Lochwater; and that's yourself, Sir, I'm thinking," addressing Basil, who, deeply moved, could scarcely reply, "It was."

In short, by working on his son-in-law's ambition, Dennis prevailed to send the lad where he acquired a good proficiency in reading and writing his native language. Proud of his education, young Magrath returned, to find his grandfather in wretched health, and worse spirits, confined to his bed, with no better prospect than so to linger out his remaining years. Convinced of his affection and fidelity, the old man, after many injunctions to secrecy, drew forth the scrap of paper: "and joyful was he when I read it off, as asy as I'd skim a bowl of milk: though for the matter of understanding it, all the pains that my grandfather took couldn't beat much of that into me."

"Ah, I'll engage it's little that himself understood it," sighed Shane; "let alone that it wasn't for the likes of you to read it right."

"Wasn't it then?" exclaimed Magrath, rather hotly. "I'll be bound to you then that I'll not miscall a word of it:" and with extreme animation, feeling, and emphasis, he read the whole passage, from the 42d verse, beginning, "As mar an gcédna bhias ciséirghe na marbh"—"So also is the resurrection from the dead," to the end of the chapter.

Various were the sensations excited by this unlooked-for display, while Magrath, his voice deepening, and his colour heightening as he proceeded, seemed to enter into the full sublimity of that exquisite passage.

The circumstances under which he had, on that very day, heard the same portion read in English, and which, no doubt, led to its production now, filled his heart with tenderness, and gave an occasional pathos to his tones, that rendered them deeply affecting, even to Ross, who was totally unacquainted with the language.

Bryan and Ellen could comprehend it, and to them the voice sounded as from another world. The Lady's hands were clasped, her eyes were closed, and every emotion seemed lost in prayer. Old Shane presented the most striking object of all: for, accustomed as he was to hear the scriptures daily read, it would have

seemed as though something most strangely new had reached his ear and heart. He sat in breathless attention, catching as it were at every word, and straining his faculties to grasp the mighty subject presented to their view.

Basil—who shall pourtray the feelings of Basil? His countenance was shaded, but tears of joy and praise trickled fast down his furrowed cheeks, as the wonderful chain of events passed rapidly before his mental view. The master chord was touched, in the heart of that poor Irishman: he could not mistake its tone, and his was the blessed privilege to have wrought in the work. Nor did his happiness end here: such a persevering thirst after the word of life, bespoke a divine agency, exerted also in the case of old Dennis: and while, as Magrath slowly recited the concluding verse, he received it as a message from on high, addressed to himself, his emotion was increased yet more, on hearing from poor Shane such an *amen* as never had before issued from his lips. Immediately after, a heavy cannonading shook the town; and the falling of some loosened tiles into the shattered room above, recalled most bitterly the reality of their domestic loss.

"Go on, Magrath, go on with your story, my dear fellow," said Bryan, hastily.

But Magrath seemed to have come to a stop in his narrative. There evidently was something that he did not like to relate; and the Lady interposed, saying, "Magrath is fatigued, my dear child: another time he may resume. Bring the Bible hither, and let us seek to the Lord. He has smitten, and he will heal."

Bryan obeyed: he took the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and commented on it as one who felt its rich consolations. Neither did he abstain from exposing most unreservedly, the vanity of every hope that was not placed on Jesus Christ alone. He addressed Magrath, and pointing out the grounds of their perfect assurance, in regard to the present bliss of those so recently departed, he told him that of such bliss he could not be partaker, if cut off in like manner, while resting on an unsound, unholy faith. In solemn terms he spoke to Shane, as one yet unrenewed in the spirit of his mind; and directed to Ross a series of animated interrogatories, well calculated to probe his conscience, and to display his peril. "And now to prayer," he concluded. "Diminished as our party is, oh, let not one withdraw from it!" Magrath understood the allusion to himself, and kneeled beside his uncle.

"It seems strange," said Ross, when they arose, "that I, who have been as one of your own family these many months, and so heaped with kindnesses, should be the person who has not a single word of consolation to offer—but I cannot—it cuts too deep"—and he sat down quite overpowered.

"My beloved young friend," said the Lady, laying her hand on his shoulder, "we lack not the consolation which man can give. 'Our souls had fainted within us, unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.' This, alas! is the land of the dying, the land of the dead. Earth bears us on its surface for a little while, prepared to claim again the kindred dust. These bodies that shall yet be scattered on the winds, and whirled across the paths of succeeding generations, do these deserve our care? Yonder empty seats can preach as eloquently as angel tongues, to tell us we are nothing. Hark, to that shot! you know not its commission, the next may summon you! and whither? To the land of the living, or to that of the doubly dead? To the God of purity, whom none without holiness shall see, or to the father of lies, who whispers that what the Lord has said he will not perform! Awake, awake, young man; escape for your life; flee from the wrath to come!"

Bryan could not prevail on himself to quit the house on that sad night: but left with Basil alone, while Magrath had persuaded Shane to let him assist his tottering limbs to reach the little dormitory, they commenced a discourse on the subject of that joyous recognition which awaits the members of Christ in the presence of their Head. Magrath returned, and requested leave to join them.

"Now, your honour," said he, when a pause ensued, "I'm thinking that you would be glad to hear the end of the ould story. Somehow, I didn't like to go on, and my uncle by, and young Mr. Ross; but I'm quite agreeable to letting you know the rest."

His offer being very thankfully accepted, he proceeded to relate, that his grandfather revealed to him the hiding place of the manuscripts, and he commenced their perusal; overcoming, as well as he could, the obstacles presented by many corrections and interlineations. He passed whole hours in this occupation, until his father suspecting that all was not right, apprized the priest of his doubts; and young Larry was unexpectedly assailed at the confessional by questions which, on peril to his soul, he was obliged to answer. A visit from the priest to Dennis was the consequence; but Magrath, not being present, could not tell what passed, excepting only that he heard a great deal of violent altercation; and he himself, for having so long listened to the commendation of heretics, and above all, for daring to read a wicked book, was sent on a long and severe pilgrimage.

"Before I set out, I was resolute to see my poor grandfather; but that wouldn't be allowed me. However, I contented myself with getting in at his window by night, the door being locked outside, and sure enough the old man was changed grievously. 'Larry, dear,' says he, 'it's the last of me you're seeing now: for my ould heart is broke into five halves by the blasphemy of 'em'—I suppose he meant the books—'and now, honey boy,'—says he, 'they'll be after burying me afore you return, for the life is flickering out of me like a wasted candle, but'—and then he repeated something out of the papers, about the blessed Saviour. 'Ay,' says he, smiling like a babe, 'out of my hands they may get it, but sorrow the thief that can steal it out of my mind.' I remember his words, though I couldn't pin much meaning upon them, and it's like he was delirious. However, he gave me what was hanging about his neck, and said, 'that's a true gospel for ye, Larry dear: now, don't ye part with it, but wear it unknownst for my poor sake. And, child, if ever ye're puzzling to know how I died, it's according to *that*.' I cried over the ould man, and left him; and sure enough, when I came home from my penance, it was burying him they were."

The young man was then, it appeared, absolved from his past sins, and told to be thankful for his escape from perdition. Dennis, they asserted, had made a full confession of all his crime against the church; and that the heretic bishop and his fellow prisoners had met several times a day to curse the catholic church, and put spells upon the kingdom. That, by listening to the prayers of heretics, he had fallen under the power of the evil spirit, and was trying to lead poor Larry in the same way. However, having been convinced of his wickedness, on giving up the fatal papers to be burnt, he had received absolution, and died in the faith. "Not but that it needed a power of masses to help his sowl in purgatory," added Magrath, "and the priest warned my father that he was bound to do it for a penitent sinner. Indeed, I've heard my father say that Dennis in his grave cost him more money than his six living childer, that were munching and supping from morning till night."

Magrath, however, was not well at ease concerning his grandfather; for it was whispered by some that he had died excommunicate, though the priest soon put such penances on those who hinted it, as stopped their tongues. One day, recollecting that the old man had said the scapular, or gospel as the people generally called it, would show how he died, the youth ventured to rip it open, and was not a little amazed and alarmed to find that it contained the old paper. At first he thought to take it to the priest: but having never confessed his nocturnal visit, he dreaded farther discoveries, and another pilgrimage. He therefore read it over and over to detect any evil that might lurk in it; and finding nothing that could possibly do harm, melted too by the recollection of the afflicted donor—and not a little afraid of being haunted if he disobeyed his last injunction—he again sewed up what, after all, might be a true "gospel," as Dennis had solemnly assured him that it was, and had worn it as such to that day.

"And this," said Basil, "was what led you to question me as to our having cursed your church and people?"

"It was, Sir."

"And are you satisfied on that point, now?"

"Why, I can't say but I'm pretty clear about it. 'Tisn't yourself, Mr. Basil, that

would curse a dog, let alone a Christian, and I'm bound to believe that of ye."

"But, Magrath, what becomes of the story told of your poor grandfather's dying confession; did he die with a lie in his mouth?"

"He did not, Sir: I'll take my oath to it he wouldn't," answered Magrath, warmly.

"Did the priest invent a falsehood, to slander the dead, and to turn the living from the paths of peace?" asked Basil, with increased earnestness. Magrath put his hand to his forehead.

"Why then, your honour, I'll tell you how it was, Poor Dennis hadn't his senses right about him at all. Vexation had bothered him, and he talked at random, which same they mistook for a confession."

"Impossible! the ravings of delirium cannot be mistaken for reason and recollection."

Magrath's perplexity increased: and he gladly evaded the subject by turning to Bryan, who, deeply brooding over the agonizing dispensation which had bereft him of objects so dear, sate unconscious of their short dialogue, his eyes shaded with his hand, and tears flowing down his cheeks, in the bitterness of unrestrained sorrow. Magrath for a moment gazed on him, and then repeated in Irish, "O death, where is thy sting?"

Bryan looked at him, and he continued, "O grave, where is thy victory? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law:" then added in English, "Many's the time that I've gone over those words, for, somehow, they took hold of my fancy; let alone that my grandfather would be saying it like a paternoster. But, Mr. Bryan, dear, it's myself that can't comprehend it."

Roused by this judicious appeal, M'Alister replied, "Read the next verse."

Magrath unfolded his manuscript, and read, "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"And do you not understand that, Magrath?"

"Not rightly, Sir, I'm thinking."

Supplied with so appropriate a text, Bryan proceeded with kindling animation, to set before him the full and sublime consolation couched under those inspired words. "By the entrance of sin into the world, sentence of death passed upon all men, for all are born in sin, and live in continual transgression. To him who dies unforgiven, death comes in unspeakable terrors, summoning his soul to hell. The sting, or dart, which destroys him, is sin; and that which gives strength or power to sin, is the holy law of God, showing it in all its blackness, the offspring of Satan, worthy to dwell with him in the lake of fire for ever. The grave swallows up its victims, and every mound of eath is but a monument of the power of sin. God's law declares, 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die;' 'the wages of sin is death;' 'the wicked shall be turned into hell;' and, armed with this commission, death goes forth to slay—to furnish food for the grave, and fuel for the flames that cannot be quenched. Do you understand this, Magrath?"

"I do, Sir; and sad enough it is. But then the innocent and the good——"

"The innocent and the good are those who never in thought, word, or deed, departed from the strict and holy law of God; who never were conscious of a motive that had not his honour and glory for its sole object; who were neither guilty of actual sin, nor partakers of that sinful nature which belongs to the race of guilty Adam. Where shall we find such characters, Magrath?"

"Indeed, Sir, if you are so strict as that, it isn't in this world we must look for them."

"Then, if we stop here, judging according to the law of God, what remains but death, in all its terrors, a victorious grave, and a portion in eternal fire?"

"Nothing else, Sir."

"Now, Magrath, in order to disarm death of his sting, what must be done?"

"You must take away the law, Sir."

"Impossible: for God has said, 'one jot, or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.'"

"Then we must fulfil it."

"We cannot: we are born under a broken law, and we break it daily; one transgression shuts us out from hope: for the scripture says, 'whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'"

"Indeed, then, I'm quite astray how we are to get out of it," said Magrath.

"Sin has obtained the victory over us, and by means of the law destroys us. But what if one came, who could, as you say, fulfil the law, having been born without the sin of Adam's race, and lived and died without transgression?"

"He would get the victory back again, sure."

"Exactly so, Magrath, and Jesus Christ has gained that victory; for he was clothed in flesh, pure and holy as was Adam's, when first created by the hand of Jehovah: and he perfectly fulfilled the whole law, suffering a wretched life and cruel death, persecuted by Satan and evil men. Yes, he won the victory indeed! and what he won by bitter sufferings he gives to all believers. God, who armed the law with its dreadful power to slay, gives us the means to escape its sting, gives us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. His sufferings satisfied the justice of God; atoning for our transgressions. His death is our life; for Jesus, by descending into the grave, wrested from Satan the conquest that he had won. And knowing this, may we not exclaim, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Magrath replied not: and Bryan requested Basil to repeat in Irish the substance of what he had said. This was faithfully done, and attentively heard; and then M'Alister proceeded to describe who they were who could confidently appropriate the apostle's exultation, dwelling on the holiness, the zeal, devotion, and humility which mark a true disciple of Christ; drawing a marked distinction between the careless assent of a worldly mind, and the active principle of true faith, uniting believers to their Lord, as the members to their head, the branch to their root, and the body of flesh to a vivifying soul. "And these," he concluded, "are the ransomed, the pardoned, the justified, who, having no hope but in Christ Jesus, find in him all that they need; through faith in him they can defy a stingless death, and triumph over the victory of the grave."

"I believe it," said Magrath, as he looked upon the pale but animated countenance of his instructor; "for it isn't a fancy that could uphold ye all this sorrowful day. I've listened and watched, but lambs upon earth or saints in heaven couldn't take it more meekly. Not a word of revenge against them that did it; not a look of reproach to me that belong to 'em —and yet a heart-break it is, and veins of the heart were they"——He grasped Bryan's hand, and ejaculating, "the Lord bless ye! hastily retreated into his apartment.

"How characteristic was that burst of feelings," exclaimed Basil, "and how cheering! Mercies rich and abundant lie veiled beneath these cloudy dispensations: and the persecutions of God's people shall tend, as of old to the enlargement of his church."

"Amen!" sighed Bryan. "The blow has fallen heavily upon my heart; and while faith struggles to look up and smile, memory cleaves to earth, imagination digs beneath its surface, and all the sinful weakness of flesh gathers strength to resist the Comforter; refusing, hating to be comforted; I want reproof."

"Alas, my son, your heart reproves you, and Satan whispers hard sayings, adding wormwood to gall. That doubting, half-reproachful expostulation, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died' —how often has it breathed from my agonized soul! But they shall rise again, rise to welcome his approach, rise to share the glories of his reign. Then shall death be swallowed up in victory, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality. It was sweetly considerate of poor Magrath to lead your labouring thoughts into that track of life, and light, and glory."

"It was indeed. A ray appeared to break on his own mind, revealing where true comfort lay. Oh, that it may lighten more and more, exposing the snares that beset his crooked path, and guiding his feet into the way of peace!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning which followed that day of bitter trial, dawned on the afflicted family through clouds and storms. A heavy fall of rain finding free ingress through the broken roof, obliged the in-

mates to devise means for filling up the chasm—a task too perilous to be performed in the usual way, since the workmen so employed would have become a mark for the enemy's gunners. Magrath displayed great skill in directing the operation; and hastening down stairs, employed himself in altering, as much as possible, the arrangement of the furniture, changing the usual position of the breakfast table, and narrowing the space formerly occupied by the family. Bryan, as he paced the room with restless steps, surveyed from time to time the progress of his attached follower; and secretly acknowledged the mercy which had sent among them one, who to the faithful affection of old Shane added that judgment and self-possession in which the grey-haired domestic had always proved himself remarkably deficient. But he spoke not.

Those feelings of bitter wrong sustained, which had wrought in his mind on the preceding day, even to a momentary thirst for vengeance, had partially revived, while, standing on the bedstead he assisted to repair the breach where death found entrance, and fixed a temporary shutter to the window-frame, through which the beloved remains were passed to the street below. To combat these suggestions was no easy task; for patriotism combined its powerful voice with what seemed the pleadings of filial and fraternal love. Hitherto Bryan had refused to depart from the strict line of defensive operations, nor had he been much urged to do so; but now it became evident that frequent sallies would take place, and not to volunteer a soldier's part must necessarily expose a young and active man to unpleasant remarks. It is the policy of the tempter to aggravate present grief by leading the imagination to dwell on the probability of future perplexities; and poor Bryan experienced such a conflict as almost overpowered his frame, fatigued by two nights of watchful sorrow, during which he had not cast off his apparel.

Magrath having ended his arrangements, brought out his uncle, who complained of his chair having been removed; while Magrath, in a low voice, and in Irish, explained his motive, and exhorted the old man to lay a curb on his feelings when the ladies should appear. Touched by the querulous tremor of Shane's tone as he promised obedience, Bryan drew a chair close to him, and taking both his hands, asked how he had rested.

"Rested is it? Yourself may tell that, Master Bryan, while the eye and the cheek of ye show that your young heart's well nigh broken. Ahone! but the deed hasn't brought up to *your* sight the rivers of blood that trickled past mine; nor unshrouded the dead to show you their gaping wounds, and make the cries ring in your ears that were hushed long and long afore you were born."

"It's nice comfort you're giving him isn't it?" asked Magrath impatiently.

Shane hung his head, and Bryan with soothing kindness said, "It is I that should comfort him, for he speaks too truly of the agonizing recollections brought to mind by this event. You know not, Magrath, what your uncle's affection for our race has led him to endure. We live in the veins of his heart, and what afflicts us, pierces him."

Gratified by this testimony, Shane looked up at his young master, saying, "True for ye, dear; but then we know they are in glory, and who would bring 'em back?" Then, with greater earnestness he went on; "There she sat, she that's an angel in heaven now, after going to church last Sunday. 'And I'm thinking, Shane,' said she, 'that my poor Ellen won't go again to the house of God, until they'll be carrying her there in a coffin.' 'Ah, now, Miss Letitia, then,' said I, 'and what'll be putting such dark fancies in your young head? Many's the day that ye'll both be skipping with the kids, upon your own hills again.' Sure, my heart didn't go along with my words, but I said it to cheer her soul, any how. "Is it dark my fancies are, Shane?' says she, with a smile like a sunbeam. 'Nay, but I'll read you an account of the place that I'm thinking to dwell in.' And then she opened the ould book, and read something near the end of it, about a city that hath no sun, nor moon, nor candle, but is always bright with the glory of God. I asked her, how did she know that she was going to live there? and she told me that she knew it. 'And Shane,' said she, 'you heard the shot that hit the market-house? many of those shots will we have among us: and if one of

them hits me, I'll tell you, Shane dear, it will be but the chariot that my father sends to take me to the bright city.' Och, but I'll never forget how she turned up her blue eyes and smiled, as if it was all before her sight."

"She's there now," uttered Magrath, in a deep tone of voice; while Bryan in silence regaled on this almest dying testimony of the gentle spirit whose flight he longed to follow.

The entrance of the Lady and Ellen severely put to the test both his fortitude and Shane's. They had slept, and the waking hour—who that has known such a waking hour would wish it described?—who that has not, could realize the description?

Deep sobs shook the frame of poor Ellen, as she vainly strove to answer her brother's tender enquiries: while the Lady, advancing to Shane, took his hand, and extending her other to Magrath, "What comfort, my aged partner in sorrow, has the Lord given you under this blow?"

"Tell her Ladyship what you told the master," whispered Magrath. Shane readily obeyed, and the Lady's countenance assumed an expression of triumphant delight, as she uttered praises to the author and finisher of her children's faith.

"Oh! that such a chariot would come for me!" murmured Ellen.

"Hush, love; were you not, even now, resigning all your will to his!"

"Ah! yes! but——"

"Unsay that but, my beloved young lady," interrupted Basil, who had entered. "He hath done ALL things well; but it is never well with our souls till they assent to that confession."

Magrath had placed the Bible before Bryan; and whispered, "Will I call the soldiers in?" as their steps were heard descending the stairs from their breakfast.

A nod of delighted acquiescence dispatched him to summon them, while a look of mutual gratulation was exchanged between Basil and the Lady.

Again was the domestic visitation improved to the benefit of others; and Basil having brought down his Irish translation, had the delight of seeing Magrath diligently studying the chapter which was read.

"Heaven bless you!" said the elder of the soldiers as they respectfully retired after prayer. "God sends trouble to all; and happy are they who get such comfort with it."

"Blessed, indeed," remarked Basil, "are those afflictions which trim the lamp to make it burn more brightly; causing the light to shine broadly before men, which else had illuminated but a contracted sphere."

"Oh, Sir," said Ellen, "I will, indeed, unsay that discontented *but*. It seemed hard, when first we entered this altered room; but the Lord sends others to hear and to pray in their place; yes," she added, raising her eyes with solemn fervency, "yes; he *hath* done all things well; and his will, his will alone be done!"

"Didn't she look like an angel then?" whispered Shane to Magrath in Irish.

"Aye, and she'll be one before long."

Magrath did not seem aware how widely he was departing from his church's bounds, in thus freely conceding an entrance into heaven to those whom she stigmatizes as the progeny of hell. Taught from his earliest years to regard as the natural claimants of his most vindictive hatred all who bore the Protestant name, the temporary impression in their favour which his grandfather's narrations had made, wore away beneath the rough collision of fiercer spirits; and gladly did he accept the pre-eminence which his comparative learning acquired for him among evil men. Hardy, daring, and acute, he shrunk from no enterprise that was placed before him, conscious that his wit and cunning would be found available where the rougher qualities might not suffice. He had been chosen to convey intelligence to Lundy, and approached the walls of Derry with feelings as hostile as ever beat in the bosom of man; counting it a high privilege to accelerate the extermination of what he considered a nest of poisonous reptiles. How far the hospitable generosity of Bryan might have wrought upon his prejudiced feelings, without the aid of his unexpected recognition of Shane, may be doubtful, but the word is sure which says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," and many a persecuted member of the church of Christ, in those days of discord and massacre, its experienced fulfilment. Certain it is, that consanguinity

was the least powerful of all the ties which, after a little space bound Magrath to the house of the M'Alisters. An Irishman is generally too much the creature of impulse to investigate very closely the origin of his warm feelings; and when Magrath did incline to wonder at his growing attachment to an heretical brood, he referred it to the royalty of the O'Neill, which demanded from him an allegiance spontaneously paid. Conscience occasionally whispered that the Lady having strayed from their fold, was under the ban of the church; and as such an alien from the prerogatives of her race: but Magrath turned a deaf ear to these admonitions; banishing the thought by a happy facility which he had, of forgetting whatever he did not choose to remember.

Basil's first recital had revived most unexpectedly the very feelings best calculated to soften his religious asperities; and it was from a dim recollection of the calming effect which the Scriptures never failed to produce on his grandfather, that Magrath was led, as it were, instinctively, to place them in the hands of those who writhed under affliction. But to his own mind they were still devoid of interest, unless clothed in the garb of his kindred tongue. "It isn't that I care for the Bible," said he, one day, when wishing to damp the evident hopes that Basil entertained of his conversion. "An ould legend of Bryan Boromy, or Conn, would take my fancy more. But you see the Celtic comes so natural to me, that the sound goes through my heart. Sure, and didn't *they* all speak it that are dead, and they that are far away? Wasn't it the comfort of ould Dennis to tell his griefs in it; and didn't I hear it talked round the dinner board, and sung over the cradle? Och, but it's a murder to twist the English off my tongue, while the Irish slips out of my throat like the breath of my lungs or glides down into my heart before I'm aware of it." An Irishman of our day has most beautifully expressed the charm of those familiar accents.

And oh! be it heard in that language endearing,
In which the fond mother her lullaby sung;
Which spoke the first lispings of childhood, and bearing
The father's last prayer from his now silent tongue.
That so, when it breathes the pure sound of devotion,
And speaks with the power that still'd the rough ocean,
Each breast may be calmed into gentler emotion,
And Erin's wild harp to Hosannas be strung.

When Bryan made his appearance on that day, in the streets of Derry, his garb of deep mourning heightening the paleness of his dejected countenance, looks and words of heartfelt sympathy followed his steps. His young companions greeting him, evinced in various modes the sincerity of their commiseration, some dashing away a tear as they spoke of comfort, others bitterly imprecating vengeance on the authors of their common calamities, and nearly all describing the event as having kindled tenfold ardour in the breasts of the garrison.

Arrived at the Diamond, or open square in which the four principal streets of the city meet, Bryan was quickly joined by Ross, and surrounded by citizens and officers of the garrison, all anxious to tender their mite of consolation.

He had not stood long on this spot when a party approached him, among whom he recognized the two most distinguished characters, Governor Walker and Colonel Murray.

The former of these, a Yorkshire clergyman, had lately held some preferment in the county Tyrone; and being ardently devoted to the Protestant cause, which he considered it lawful to support by other than spiritual weapons, he had raised a regiment for the protection of his immediate neighbourhood, placing himself at its head. During the early part of Lundy's administration, and before his treachery was generally suspected, Walker had opened a communication with him, volunteering his services to aid in the defence of Derry; and very materially had he conduced to the first repulse of the enemy. The undisguised malice of Lundy towards him, and his refusal to admit within the city one who had engaged the foe at a few miles distance during the whole night, had aroused the popular feeling so strongly against Lundy, that it issued, as we have seen, in the expulsion of that traitor, and his unprincipled abettors. Walker was then, in conjunction with Colonel Baker, invested with the government of Derry; and in his own person continued to unite the strangely incongruous characters of a military commander, and civil governor, and a spiritual pastor. Nor was his external appearance of less singular combination than his official responsibilities;

considerably advanced in life, his tall and commanding figure yet displayed no token of time's devastating hand, but well became the cuirass which shone from beneath his upper garment. This, however was clerical, a gown of deep purple, with loose sleeves, and a large ministerial band; but the military sash of bright crimson, not unfrequently stuck with pistols, formed, with the cuirass, as unsuitable an accompaniment to it as did the sword which his right hand generally bore, to the Bible frequently carried in his left. Governor Walker was, indeed, an apt personification of the days in which he lived; and had he confined his active exertions to the spot committed to his trust, it might be difficult to pass, at this distance of time, a severe judgment on a man who certainly appeared so far commissioned for a most extraordinary work; but when we follow him to the end of his mortal career, and find him numbered among the slain amid the waters of the distant Boyne, whither no possible call of duty could have led him, we are again brought back to the emphatic warning of him whose ambassador he assumed to be, "Put up thy sword again into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Murray wore a far different aspect. Descended from the race of Philiphaugh, whence sprung the house of Athol, he inherited an estate in Ireland from his fathers, who had settled with others of their countrymen in the north. He held the Protestant religion with the tenacity of his Scottish ancestry, and defended it with the enthusiastic ardour of his Irish birth and temperament. Still in the bloom of life, he had already acquired great distinction by various exploits of military courage and skill. To his energetic proceedings, after fighting his way to the gates of Derry at the head of his troop, was owing the sudden flight of Lundy and his crew; and Murray, recognized as principal military commander, enjoyed the full confidence both of the garrison and citizens, among whom he was exceedingly popular.

The day had brightened into sun-shine, and Shane O'Connogher, leaning on the arm of his nephew, hobbled, unperceived, towards his young master, on one side, while the Governor and Colonel approached him from the opposite direction —he was made, for the time, an object of general attention.

Walker first advanced, and laying one hand on Bryan's shoulder, while he raised the other towards heaven, to which also he lifted his expressive countenance, he solemnly uttered, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

These sublime words of Scripture, spoken with the deepest emphasis of genuine feeling by a voice well accustomed to make itself heard, even in the din of battle, produced no slight effect on the surrounding listeners. Many an eye sparkled, many a cheek burned; and the martyr's zeal appeared to kindle among them. Bryan could not be insensible to their perfect applicability in the case of his beloved parent and sister; well he knew that for the testimony which they held, the testimony of Jesus as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, most gladly would they have laid their heads on the block, or given their bodies to the flame. But he was also conscious, that the indiscriminate zeal of Walker would have applied the same passage to any among the ungodly multitude, who had fallen, as Protestants, by the hand of the common foe. He could not, therefore, yield the animated response which the same passage would have called for, if adduced by the lip of Malcolm, or of Basil; but he deeply felt the affectionate sympathy of the warlike pastor, and, clasping his descending hand, assured him that by the grace of God, he was enabled to resign submissively what his unerring judgment had seen fit to recall from among the many blessings bestowed on him.

"Right, my young friend. You did not, without counting the cost, close these gates against the popish legions, and choose the defence of the Lord Almighty before the favour of a treacherous king.

We shall conquer yet, for our cause is righteous, our hearts are true, and our hands strong; and they who now lament the sorest, will exult the loudest when God has broken this accursed yoke from off the neck of the country." He drew back, and Colonel Murray, extending his hand to Bryan, spoke with a warmth that crimsoned his cheek and bedewed his eye.

"Believe me, M'Alister, there is not a heart within these walls, but throbs for your calamity in mingled sorrow and wrath. The first shot, I may almost say, seems to have singled you out, as the fittest object of revenge—you, who have been foremost among the gallant citizens of Derry, to stamp upon her annals the record of inflexible patriotism, showing them an example of active courage, as now of pious, unshrinking endurance." The sentiment was so accordant with those of the by-standers, that it elicited an audible buz of approbation, restrained only by delicacy from breaking out into louder applause. The Colonel, then, stepping back a pace or two, still facing Bryan, with both hands resting on his sword, and the same bright animation playing on his countenance, resumed in a yet louder tone.

"Reparation we cannot offer for this deep wrong sustained in the public cause: yet what we can do we will. Yonder, M'Alister,"—and he pointed with his sword—"yonder are the infernal machines that brought death into your peaceful home. A sally is projected; that battery must be stormed, and the unanimous voice of your fellow-townsmen will confirm my words, when I concede to your well tried courage and fidelity, the post of honour—the conduct of this assault—the privilege of this just and honourable act of vengeance." A loud and general cheer from his auditory gave the anticipated confirmation.

Never, in the course of his short experience, had Bryan been called on to maintain such a struggle against every bias of natural feeling. Young, ardent, and devoted to the cause in which so many of his race had bled, he could not be insensible to the personal distinction conferred, by such marked respect from Walker and Murray. Twice had he, with difficulty, stifled the secret cry for revenge, to which this public invitation seemed to give a momentary sanction: while all around him was calculated to feed the indignant fire, as well as to render more intolerable the imputation of cowardice, with which a refusal might fairly brand his name. The bright eye of Murray, and the approving smile of Walker, were both upon him: his young companions crowded around, eager to volunteer their services beneath his leadership. The sword of M'Alister was girded over his sable coat, and on its hilt his left hand unconsciously rested; while a discharge from the enemy's guns and a bugle call from the guard-house, completed the exciting concomitants of that trying moment.

And how did Bryan meet this exigency? In a strength not his own. The principle on which he had declined to mingle in offensive warfare was unchanged, nor could its strong foundation be shaken by the inroad made upon his personal happiness. Indeed, as he raised his heart in mental prayer, that event assumed a restraining character, as recalling forcibly to mind the command, "Avenge not yourselves—vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Bryan's resolution was taken: but before he could give utterance to it, Shane caught hold of his sleeve. The old man had frequently expressed his displeasure at the pacific counsels of the Lady of M'Alister, and loudly urged his master to seek distinction in the paths of military peril; but the last blow had fallen so heavily on the aged sufferer, that his spirit was utterly broken by it; and distracted by the apprehension of seeing the youth borne home, a mangled corpse, to their house of mourning, he now uttered, in a plaintive tone, an appeal, which increased the embarrassments of Bryan's situation.

"Musha, then, Honey dear, is it yourself that'll go to be murthered and shot by the butcherly hands that have laid your kin in an untimely grave? Ahone! but a bloody welcome ye'll get, and the Lady's heart to burst over your coffin."

"Silence your blarney there!" exclaimed an angry by-stander; "d'ye think that ever a lad of us goes out to battle, but some lady's heart must stand a chance of an ache, or may be a breaking, before he comes back?"

"Fie, fie, man!" cried another: "what's to come over us, if old soldiers preach up faint-heartedness to young ones?"

"Och! and it's no less than Shane O'Connogher," added a third, more angrily, "old-fire eating Shane, persuading his master to be a coward!"

That word cut Bryan to the heart: his colour rose, and his lip quivered, and he felt as though more were required of him than strength was given to achieve. But seeing Shane about to renew his pleadings, he hastily interposed; and looking on the last speaker, said, "Cannot charity surmise a less disgraceful motive than cowardice, where the hand is withheld from taking vengeance for a private wrong?"

"Private!" repeated Walker, "can that wrong be private which has carried blood and havoc into the family of a patriotic citizen? Nay, but 'if one member suffer, the rest suffer with it.'—Your wrong, M'Alister, is ours, and our wrongs are yours. Private!" and he pointed to where a bomb was at that moment falling over the houses; "methinks such messengers as that are sufficiently public to appease all scruples on the score of individual grievance. Come, young gentleman, I, an Englishman, am daily hazarding my life on behalf of your country—I, a minister of the gospel of peace," and he drew his little Bible from his bosom, "am in arms to defend the most holy faith contained in this precious book. Think you that a private wrong from yonder savages, would win me to renounce this glorious cause? such qualms are unseemly."

"Nevertheless," replied Bryan, "as I have hitherto declared my purpose of maintaining the character which I at first assumed—one purely defensive—I have yet to learn on what grounds I may now consistently depart from it, under a full disclaimer of personal revenge."

"Please yourself, Sir," said Walker, as he coolly turned away: and Bryan had to endure the glance, the shrug, the whisper of wonder and contempt from many of those who had most eagerly pressed forward to hail him their appointed leader. Even Ross walked off in gloomy displeasure; but Murray, after a pause of evident perplexity and disappointment, gave proof of the generous feeling for which he was distinguished. In the same clear audible tone he once more addressed M'Alister. "I cannot say that I fully comprehend the nature of your distinction, nor where the precise line of demarcation lies. But your scruples I respect, because I *know*," and he laid a strong emphasis on the word, "that your personal intrepidity is unimpeachable as your principles—both above the breathing of a question. I would not, I confess, desire to see the example generally followed, under our present circumstances; but no man of honourable feeling can withhold the testimony of warm esteem, where consistency of conduct springs from purity of motive. Give me your hand, M'Alister—a hand that will never flinch from any enterprise, where your conscience approves." And with this kind farewell he followed Walker.

Oppressed, and yet relieved from a far sorer oppression, Bryan turned towards the burying ground, hoping by a visit to that endeared spot, to calm his agitated spirit: yet before he reached the corner, now so sadly precious, his attention was attracted by two children, seated on a new-made grave, and crying bitterly. Bryan knew it to be that of a young townsman, who had fallen in the sally of the preceding Sunday; and drawn by sympathy, he approached the youthful mourners, gently enquiring why they grieved: "Oh, isn't it enough to be grieving at," cried the girl, "when brother Patrick is lying down here ever so deep, and will never get up again!"

"Mother is always calling him," added the boy, who was much younger, "but he doesn't come, any how; though I've called him too." And putting down his rosy mouth to the sod, he shouted "Pat!" with all his power.

"Ah, vein of our hearts," sobbed the girl, as she also bent downwards, "is it never that you'll answer us again, your poor little Thady and me!"

Bryan was deeply touched; he seated himself by them on the grave, and said, "My dears, I can feel for your sorrow, and you for mine. Look yonder, in that corner, at the large new mound of clay; my own fond mother, my young and beautiful sister, were buried there last night"—he could not proceed.

The little boy leaned against him, look-

ing up in his face, while the girl said, "What; the ladies is it? — the ladies killed by the big shot in their bed?"

Bryan nodded assent. "Oh, then, and I wish you saw my mother: it's the only thing she'll hear about, let alone Patrick. May be she'd listen, if you spoke of them first, and then of Jesus Christ."

"And why of the Saviour last?"

"I don't rightly know: she'd be talking of nothing else, and Pat couldn't tire of reading about Him in the ould bible. But now, joy, if we'll be spaking the least word, she goes wild, and cries out for Pat, to no end."

"Will you take me to see her?" asked Bryan.

"Och! and it's we that will, sure," answered the girl, rising with alacrity; but the boy remained seated, and as Bryan moved away, he pulled at his coat, saying, "Sir, if you'd call *very* loud, Pat, may be he'd hear *you*—Sir, will you then?"

Bryan made no answer, but lifting the child in his arms, and taking the girl by the hand, conducted them to the other grave.

"See, my dears, if calling would waken the dead, do you not think that I should raise my voice, and shout for those who lie here to return to me?"

"May be not, Sir," said the girl. "Heaven is a better place for them—no shot fly about there: Jesus Christ feeds them, and takes care of them."

Surprised, and soothed too, Bryan rejoined, "Most true, my child; nor would I, as I meant to tell you, bring them back to this world of woe: for I know that they are with Jesus. But how comes it that you wished to try and awaken Patrick?"

The girl again began to sob, and twisting her little apron, said, "I didn't wish to try, because I knew that the dead would never wake, till the angel comes with a trumpet. But mother cries out so, and she can't believe that he's with Jesus Christ. It's Thady wants to call him up, to make mother eat."

More than ever interested for his little companions, Bryan only remained long enough by the grave to declare to them in simple terms the blessedness of sleeping in Jesus: with a solemn warning of the hourly peril in which their lives were placed: and then, still carrying Thady, who had become drowsy with grief and fatigue, he accompanied Sarah to the abode of her parent, which was not far distant.

It was the house of a widow, in humble, yet decent circumstances; but all bore the marks of desolation and disorder. In a high-backed chair, at the farther end of a little darkened apartment, reclined the mother; her apron thrown over her face. A compassionate neighbour watched beside her, who, on their silent approach, whispered, "I'm thinking she sleeps, the bereaved creature!"

"Sleeps!" repeated the mourner, throwing the apron from her face; "No, no: he giveth his beloved sleep, but none to me."

Bryan quietly seated himself near her; and carefully supporting the little Thady, showed him to his mother, in a profound slumber. He was a beautiful child; and the traces of tears on his eyelids and cheeks, with the disordered state of his auburn locks, added much to the interest of his appearance. The mother's attention was arrested; she gazed on her boy; and Bryan said, "Is not this one of His beloved? see how peacefully he sleeps. I found him," he continued, "near the spot where last night I buried my mother and sister."

This abrupt intimation had all the effect that he anticipated; the widow looked at him with much compassion, and taking his hand, burst into tears.

"I have trusted the Lord," continued Bryan, "while his dealings were plain and comprehensible to human reason; but now is the trial of faith, when he comes in a cloud, rending away our heart-strings, and the soul would, if it could, stay his hand, and say unto him, what doest Thou?"

The widow shook her head from side to side, and hid her face, but spoke not. Bryan resumed.

"To have trusted in him, to have sought him long in earnest prayer, and confidently known that the prayer of faith could not fail: to have seen a token of gracious acceptance, and then the veil drawn, and all left dark—impenetrably dark—oh, it teaches us a lesson of our own unbelief, most sorely humbling. For, had we faith, but as a grain of mustard seed,

we should cast ourselves upon that seal, 'the promise of God standeth sure.'"

"Oh, Sir," exclaimed the poor woman, "your's are the first words that have reached my heart, and sure I see a little bright spot of hope and comfort where all seemed blacker than midnight."

She then told him, that her dear boy had given many evidences of spiritual feeling, delighting in the Scriptures and prayer. That on the preceding Saturday he had been appointed to accompany a party in the sally of the following day; but did not make it known to her until the Sabbath morning; when, on her requesting him to attend her and the children to public worship, he was obliged to confess that his destination was far different. In vain did she plead, and weep, and set before him the sin of violating the Lord's-day: to hinder him was impossible, and when he asked for her blessing, she still continued to urge him, until, after hastily embracing her, he ran off. His mangled remains were brought home at night: and utter despair in regard to his eternal portion, had taken possession of her mind to that hour.

By representing the peculiar nature of that obligation which compelled the youth to follow his commanders, Bryan convinced her, that she was not justified in deciding so unfavourably, on this awfully interesting question. He exhorted her rather to receive the message as one of admonition to herself, sent in love, to rebuke and chasten for the quickening of zeal and repentance.

He dwelt on the mysteriousness of the divine dispensations towards the most favoured people of God; and obtained a promise, that she would seek grace to rest her burden on the unchangeableness of him, whose gifts and calling are without repentance.

After kneeling in prayer, and persuading her to take proper sustenance, he left a kiss on little Thady's blooming cheek, and departed. At the door Sarah stood, and raising her eyes to his face, with a low curtsey, pronounced the words, "The Lord bless ye, Sir!" in a tone of such solemn, such earnest gratitude, that Bryan's heart welcomed the blessing, and acknowledged the hand of God in honouring him with this commission to comfort his mourners, rather than permitting him to go forth on an embassy of destruction against his wretched and deluded countrymen.

CHAPTER IX

To communicate the tidings of Bryan's resolute consistency, Shane O'Connogher had hastened home: but Magrath lingered about the Diamond, exceedingly provoked by the sarcasms occasionally levelled at his absent master. Still he restrained himself; until, sauntering near a small group of the better sort of citizens, he heard a respectable merchant, an alderman, who prided himself on particular friendship with Governor Walker, most vehemently protesting that the insolent young scoundrel ought to be drummed out of the city forthwith.

"Nay," observed another, smiling, "such a punishment would be somewhat too severe for a silly notion learnt of his fantastical old grandmother."

"'Tis no such thing," answered the other, "malice and envy against Dr. Walker prompted every word that fellow uttered. Did you not perceive, in his sanctimonious abhorrence of blood-shedding, an implied censure on our heroic governor? If a layman, forsooth! couldn't draw the sword against popish traitors, how much less a clergyman! This M'Alister, with all his fine mouthing, is a rebel at heart, a hypocrite, and a coward."

This was too much for Magrath: with that peculiar expression of bitter irony and stern disdain in which he had few competitors, he addressed the angry calumniator. "Sure and the lad's out of hearing: you needn't spare your lungs."

"What does the rascal mean?" asked the other, surveying him from top to toe.

"Mane! what would it mane but to put the lie down the throat of any spalpeen that names coward on Bryan M'Alister."

"Hark ye, Sir," said another citizen, shaking his cane, "if you don't ask pardon for your insolence, we'll soon teach you better manners."

"Pardon is it? Fait, and I've nothing to pardon you for: it wasn't your honour that spake against him."

"Away with you, Paddy," said an English officer, who stood by, "or your wit won't save your bacon."

Magrath, however, moved not, but continued to bend a most ominous look upon the first offender, who called out, "Halloo! a guard here. The fellow's dangerous. Come, Sir, off to the council: you shall confess your business to Governor Walker."

"Confess, is it? and to the English priest? Och, and it's little he'll get out of me, his fighting reverence, anyhow."

At this sally, some laughed: others denounced him forthwith as a popish spy; and Magrath's case was beginning to assume an unpleasant aspect, when Colonel Murray riding past, observed the commotion, and reined in his horse.

The alderman bustled towards him, and his communication induced Murray to dismount, directing that the prisoner should be conducted into the adjoining guard-house, requesting the attendance of the governor, who was at hand.

All the evil in Magrath's character was now at work: religious prejudice, party animosity, and the dark passions of revengeful nature. Every individual present appeared a legitimate object of his hatred; save only Murray, whose courteous and considerate behaviour towards Bryan had completely disarmed his malignity. The colonel, however, took his seat on a side-bench, in the attitude of an observer only; while Walker, with the alderman, and other leading men, appeared in the conspicuous situation of judges. There were not wanting some who treated the whole matter as a ridiculous farce, while others conceived that a mighty plot was on the eve of discovery.

In fact, the worthy alderman was an alarmist; and one of those fond partizans who considered the whole cause of King William and the Protestant faith, to hang on the individual exertions and personal security of Governor Walker: who, on his part, had by far too much good sense and integrity to encourage such misplaced confidence in a fellow mortal.

The charge having been gone into, the harsh expressions of the alderman being considerably softened in his own statement, Magrath was asked what excuse he could offer for so insulting an attack on one who had given him no offence.

"Give him his oath," answered the prisoner, "till I cross-question him." This proposal exciting some mirth at the alderman's expense, increased his wrath.

"He has been on his trial before now, I'll warrant you, and for something more serious; but waving the insult, which is, in truth, beneath my notice, I tax the fellow with being a popish spy." Then seeing Ross, who had mingled with the crowd, he added, "You, Sir, as the intimate companion of young M'Alister, can attest whether this fellow has really been brought up in his family or not."

"Does he assert that he was?" asked a person whom Ross recognized as the original captor of Magrath.

It was generally admitted that no such assertion had been made: while the inflexible composure of Magrath impressed many in his favour.

"It does not appear to me," remarked Governor Walker, "that any thing more is proved than a very rude and unjustifiable speech to a superior. If the prisoner can show himself authorized to fight the battles of Mr. M'Alister, I for one, shall be content to use my influence with my good friend Crowe, to accept an apology and dismiss him."

"Plase your riverince," asked Magrath, with a look of simplicity; "what call would a man show for fighting of battles?"

"There now!" exclaimed the alderman: but Walker, with great good humour, replied, "the call of duty, my lad. A loyal man may fight when his king's authority is resisted; a christian man will fight the battles of his faith; and an attached follower may stand by his master when assailed; which in the present instance I do not see to have been the case. But come: our time is precious: call witness to prove your connexion with the M'Alister family; and then make a suitable apology to this gentleman."

Ross stepped forward, and said that he knew Magrath to have been some time in the family, that a near relation of his had served them for half a century, and the attachment, he believed, was very strong.

"And is he a steady adherent to our cause?" asked the suspicious alderman.

"He was among the first to assume the white badge, to my knowledge."

"And his religion?"

Here one of the soldiers quartered in the house, eagerly advanced to depose that Magrath had, on that morning, invited him to join in family worship, at which he was also present. "After what form?" enquired the persevering accuser. The soldier answered, that they belonged to the Established Church.

"All well," said the governor: "and now make an ample apology to the alderman."

But Magrath was thoroughly bent to ruin his own cause. He roundly accused Mr. Crowe of having "mended one big lie with a bigger," and insisted that the apology ought to come from him.

"Let him state his own case," said Colonel Murray, "or we shall never have it ended."

Magrath turned to him, his countenance brightening, and his manner softening from dogged sullenness into courteous respect. "Why, then, your honour, and I'll answer to you with all the pleasure in life."

"Take my place, Colonel," cried Walker, "and make what dispatch you can."

"Sure, your riverince, you'll be laving your blessing over us, anyhow?" drawled out Magrath, in a ridiculous tone, as Walker stopped to buckle on his sword.

"Come, come," said Murray, rapping his knuckles loudly on the tables, "no more trifling, Sir, be brief."

In a moment Magrath assumed the aspect and attitude of a man resolved to make good his cause; and fixing a proud look on Murray, said, "It's yourself, Sir, that would scorn to put wrong over right, or to call a noble young gentleman out of his name, braving him behind his back. It was you that spoke the generous word for him; and yourself would have stopped the foul mouth that angered me."

"Angered you, truly!" interrupted the alderman.

Magrath turned fiercely round. "Didn't you call him a rebel?—didn't you call him a hypocrite?—didn't you stick the name of coward upon him?"

"I hope not," said Murray, "your fancy, my lad, helped out his meaning."

"Fancy is it?" Then taking a cane from one who stood near, he touched with it the shoulder of a gentleman, saying, "You'll please, Sir, to give evidence. Sworn you are not—a poor Irishman's good name isn't worth such security—but a gentleman's word is fair coin. Speak the truth, Sir."

"Really," answered the person appealed to, "I cannot in conscience refuse. Certainly, Crowe, you did use the words, though I am sure they were spoken in the heat of argument."

The momentary displeasure occasioned by Bryan's conduct had already disappeared from the minds of those who well knew and rightly appreciated his exemplary character. Considerable indignation was excited by this disclosure; and not a little heightened when Magrath proceeded——"Wasn't he gone to grieve over the clay that these two hands shovelled last night into the grave? Didn't he return to see where they are not, who used to brighten his meals when he came in from the long guard, and the comfortless watching? A hypocrite! aye, he will put on a smile over the breaking heart, to cheer up them that are fading before his eyes. A rebel is he!—and blood of O'Neill in every vein!"—he trembled with passionate emotion.

"A great preservative, that, against rebellion!" said Alderman Crowe, sneeringly.

"Pardon me," interrupted Murray, somewhat warmly, "but allowances must be made for those national feelings which are interwoven with our very being. This poor fellow's attachment may well gather strength from the circumstance to which he last alluded. Young M'Alister holds some singular opinions, but I confess that his manly avowal of them struck me as indicating the reverse of hypocrisy. As to rebellion or cowardice, the words might escape in a moment of irritation, but intentionally they could not be uttered in reference to M'Alister."

"Right for ye, Colonel Murray," said Magrath, triumphantly, "but his worship spoke a true word that he couldn't make good. He called me a popish spy. Now a Catholic I am, and never denied it: and if I didn't come here as a spy, I came as an enemy. It isn't for love of your faith, nor for love of your cause, that I'm your friend, anyhow: but I've borne the badge, and I'll stick to it, for the sake of Bryan M'Alister."

"Upon my word," said the alderman, "we are prettily garrisoned, under this young gentleman's command."

"You are at liberty, Magrath," observed the Colonel, rising. "Return to your master; but, in future, put a check on these hasty ebullitions, or the consequences may be more serious." Then, leaving the room, he remarked to a brother officer, "such a fellow is worth a regiment of mercenary allies."

Not a few of the party concurred in this sentiment; for among the most faithful adherents of the afflicted Protestants were often found those, who though refusing to forsake their religion, yet held it in subordination to their more earthly attachments: and the bold honesty of Magrath's avowals had made its way to many manly bosoms. The alderman, however, was exceedingly annoyed at the unceremonious manner in which Murray had dismissed the prisoner, without even pressing the condition of an apology. In fact, Murray possessed too enlarged a mind for the abode of party spirit, which loves to coil itself within a contracted habitation. His generous sympathy was awakened by Magrath's brief yet touching allusion to M'Alister's domestic calamity: and the concluding trait of enthusiastic nationality struck a kindred chord in his own chivalric character, to which the alderman's unfeeling remark presented a discordant contrast.

As Murray remounted his horse, proceeding towards Bishop's Gate, many anxious eyes followed his course. His popularity was a public blessing; because every point of union told forcibly in favour of that singularly constituted garrison. In more tranquil times, there had been no lack of hostile feeling between the two great divisions of Protestantism in Derry —the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches; and to widen such breaches was always a favourable device with the common foe. At this period, however, all minor differences were merged in devotion to the sacred cause; and with brotherly unanimity the congregations agreed alternately to use the cathedral for worship according to their respective forms. Alike in closing the gates, in manning the walls, in dauntlessly exposing their lives, and in patiently enduring a full share of the wants and sufferings more trying far than bodily peril, the Presbyterians had signalized themselves among the boldest and most unflinching of the defenders: and though symptoms might now and then break out among the lower orders of an unforgotten feud all such indications were promptly checked by those in authority, who enforced the absolute need of perfect union in a common bond of fidelity: while a higher motive was inculcated by men whose spiritual discernment detected in all that savoured of mutual ill will the permitted power of Satan to weaken their Protestant fortress.

There was also much of treacherous instability among the worldly class, which manifested itself by degrees in frequent desertions, accompanied sometimes with disclosures that kept the garrison in continual fear lest the enemy's guns should be so pointed as to ignite their scanty stores of ammunition; and those very characters whose blind attachment was wont to manifest itself in ebullitions of misjudging zeal, like that of Alderman Crowe, were the most ready and efficient dupes of such hollow professors. Crowe had a follower, in whom he placed unbounded confidence, on the ground of his having forsaken popery out of compliment to himself; and this man was made acquainted with many deliberations that were not supposed to be divulged beyond the council chamber. To him the alderman communicated his suspicions respecting Magrath, and directed him to keep an eye on the audacious avower of popery—an injunction upon which the other acted, from motives somewhat unlike those suggested by his employer.

Time was rolling on, and the warmth of approaching summer appeared far more dreadful than the rudest storms of winter to so dense a population, pent up within a narrow compass. After the beginning of May, the throwing of bombs ceased; and this was hailed as a welcome respite, though only of a few weeks duration: but the firing of cannon balls into the city, some of which were red hot, created a new source of terror, and deprived several persons of life.

James Stuart was still in Dublin, where, assisted by his mock parliament, he continued to issue the most tyrannical and oppressive edicts against the Protestants of the land, outlawing them, that his own ad

herents might obtain possession of their estates; and proving that their sole hope must lie in a desperate course of resistance to his usurpation. No succours had been received from King William; while the French fleet, with a reinforcement of popish auxiliaries on board had gladdened the heart of James by making good their entrance into Bantry Bay, and landing their formidable freight in the country which, it was credibly reported, was to be annexed to the dominions of the French king, when his troops should have completed its subjugation. The Mareschal Conrad de Rosen, a fierce and pitiless commander headed this expedition: and commenced his progress across the island, from which his object was to root out Protestantism in every form, and to lay the nation prostrate before the rulers into whose hearts it was put to give their dominion unto the papal antichrist. It is difficult to assign a reason for the tardiness of the English government in this emergency; but it was over-ruled to the better instruction of the Protestants as to the value of the stake for which they contended; and also to the severe chastisement of that pride, self-confidence, and disunion which so disgracefully marred the church of Christ among them.

During the month of May, continual sallies took place from the gates of Derry, in which the besieged were generally successful. Such was their confidence, that Walker in his Diary mentions, under date, May 5, "This night the besiegers drew a trench across the Windmill-hill from the bog to the river, and there began a battery; from that they endeavoured to annoy our walls, but they were too strong for the guns they us'd, and our men were not afraid to advise them to save all that labour and expense, that they always kept the gates open, and they might use that passage if they pleas'd, which was wider than any breach they could make in the walls." This was five months after the commencement of the contest, and strikingly displays the undaunted resolution of men who, what with external assaults and internal treachery and disappointed hope, had endured enough to damp the ardour of minds sustained by any thing less powerful than the consciousness of a righteous cause. In the bulk of those people there might indeed be found few instances of vital, personal religion; but, collectively, they had, by solemn public acts of devotion, committed themselves and their cause into the hands of the Most High, abjuring all connexion with the idolatrous power which is most emphatically opposed to the sole and absolute sovereignty of Jehovah. What was the result? "He wrought for his namesake," and having made them, in their unsupported constancy, a spectacle to the world, he finally brought them out of their distresses, when in the utmost extremity, and blessed their efforts to the establishment of that pure faith for which they professed to suffer. Alas, that so signal an example should in our day have become powerless! that on occasions of national perplexity, instead of seeking to that arm wherein our fathers hoped, and trusted, and found deliverance, we should embark our safety in the nutshell of our own strength, relying on a worldly, crooked, inconsistent, and unscriptural policy for that which our perverted wisdom can no more secure, than could our puny might have acquired it. "Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? are we stronger than He?"

Neglected by their friends, and on all sides pressed by foes, yet could not the inhabitants of Derry entertain a thought of capitulation; for not only were the most shameless acts of treachery committed—prisoners murdered in cold blood, and messengers fired at under a flag of truce by the assailants, but one of the captives brought into the town after a successful sally, moved by the generous compassion and kind usage of the citizens, confessed to Governor Walker that the enemy were bound by dreadful oaths to observe no faith with them; but, on whatsoever terms they might obtain possession of the city, to slaughter indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex, whosoever bore the Protestant name. Thus, by the mercy of God, their peril was still made known to them; and any degree of suffering preferred before delivering up their helpless families to such blood-thirsty fanaticism.

The report of De Rosen's probable advance, with formidable reinforcements, was communicated to the besieged by their enemies, in one of the frequent parleys that took place. It reached M'Alis-

ter's home, and was variously received by the different inmates.

"This commander," said Ross, who brought the tidings, "is alike celebrated for skill and brutality. He cares not about the price of a victory: friend and foe may perish together, providing another leaf is added to his laurels, and his name clad in additional terrors. I doubt whether he would honour us with a menace, had we not made ourselves of some consequence by holding out so long."

"The terrors of his name," observed the Lady, "will not daunt us. No blast can uproot what the Lord has planted; no gate of hell prevail where he acknowledges a church. Let De Rosen approach with his foreign band; it will but relieve us from the pain of counting as our foes exclusively those of our own household."

"True for you, my lady," said Magrath. "It's myself that'll serve again, if the Frenchmen but take a peep at the ould walls."

"But," asked Ellen, whose increasing debility had rendered her almost helpless, "will they not again throw bombs when he arrives?"

"You needn't doubt that, Miss Ellen," answered Shane. "The art of war requires it. Och, but we'll be bombarded to purpose, and set fire to, and blown up, may be."

Ellen shuddered, and Basil remarked, "You have got rather a croaking tune today, Shane. Has De Rosen received any commission more effectually to harm us than those who have so long been kept at bay? Does an event that will drive us closer to our Refuge call for despondency? Burnt, and blown up we should long since have been, had not a shield been over us, which France and all her marshals cannot penetrate."

"How like you that rebuke from a man of peace, my old soldier?" asked Bryan, clapping Shane on the back. "You'll get me into some new scrapes by preaching cowardice, after all the trouble it has cost me to retrieve my character."

The sprightliness with which this was spoken, Bryan had recently assumed to avoid the suspicion of those for whom he was suffering sore privations. Confident that famine would soon show her ghastly face among them, and distressed at the thoughtless profusion of which many were still guilty, he, with a few others, had agreed to lay by for their families whatsoever their own abstinence could enable them to save, without secreting the common property. To this end they established a mess; and procuring the most durable articles, such as salt meat, potatoes, meal, cheese, &c., they barely satisfied the cravings of nature, and hoarded the rest. The effects of this spare diet were often visible; but were little remarked where all were losing their bloom, and pining beneath the hourly distresses of the time; while, as if by common agreement, every tone became bolder, and the courage of every heart assumed a character of higher elevation. Scripture was ransacked by the various preachers, to furnish their flocks with examples of holy daring, and pious endurance. Even the absurdities of the Apocryphal books were rendered available by some, while others with more spiritualized judgment selected the messages to the seven churches of Asia, applying the reproofs and encouragements in which those exquisite portions abound, to the present circumstances of their afflicted community. At the fire thus kept constantly burning on the altar, many a torch was kindled, which had otherwise perhaps remained in eternal darkness. And we who, by our peaceful hearths look back upon the sufferings of that period may live to experience that persecution can be made effectual to awake a drowsy church, or to cement a disunited household of faith, or to compel the people of God to put away from among them the unholy leaven, with which false maxims of interest and expediency have led them to defile themselves.

In one of the skirmishes which took place during the month of May, at a little distance from the town, a gallant officer, Captain Cunningham, having been made prisoner by the enemy, and afterwards basely murdered, his remains were brought into Derry, and interred with great solemnity; a strict fast being kept by the members of the Scottish and dissenting churches, while their respective ministers addressed them from the pulpit in terms suited to the affecting occasion. A liberal collection for the suffering poor, was, at the same time made: and the

laudable example was followed immediately by those of the Established Church. The fast was more strictly kept: and no where more so than under the roof of M'Alister.

Perceiving that Ellen refused to fare better than the rest, Magrath expressed his wish that in her weak state her minister had given her leave to eat. He was not a little surprised at being told that their abstinence was altogether voluntary, and that no penalty would have followed their non-observance of the fast. This led to a full discussion of the subject, with Basil and the Lady, in which Magrath evinced a deeper spirit of enquiry than he had ever before displayed. He could not well conceive upon what principle the whole question of merit was excluded from the acts of self-denial and almsgiving which he saw practised; but his readiness to abide by the decisions of God's word occasioned great joy to his affectionate instructors; and they hailed the dawning of such pure light upon his soul, as must, in its progressive brightening, dispel every shade of error. The Irish Scriptures were often in his hand; and Basil requested his assistance in translating anew some striking passages: so that Magrath was becoming possessed of a little hoard of manuscripts similar to that which his grandfather had so dearly prized.

But the Lady never failed to point out those peculiar doctrines, and numerous declarations that brand the Romish faith as an anti-christian delusion. Malcolm was wont to recommend that the word of God should be left to achieve alone what noing else could effect.

"Without it, I admit," said the Lady of M'Alister, "that no real conquest can be gained over this delusion: but from that Word itself I derive my authority for enforcing these distinctions. When our Lord commissions his servants to go forth among the Gentile nations generally, the injunction is to preach the gospel, to baptize, and to teach them to observe and do whatsoever he had commanded. To the Jews, in addition to this, we find a continual appeal made as to the acknowledged predictions of the Old Testament which they possessed and reverenced as the oracles of God: but when this mystery of iniquity, that should spring up in the latter times, is referred to, what directions are given? St. Paul, after describing the unequivocal signs of forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, adds, 'If thou put the brethren in remembrance of THESE THINGS, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine;' a command which surely brings a heavy charge of omission against those who neglect to point them out. Again in the revelation made to St. John, where this apostacy is most vividly described, we find a voice from heaven proclaiming, 'Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.' Can you assign to these, and similar passages, any other interpretation than that of an open, distinct, and unwavering testimony against the particular abominations of this fearful perverter of God's truth?"

Malcolm assented to this remark, and confessed that he had not devoted any careful study to that branch of the sacred writings which more immediately related to the papal error: he had rather accustomed himself to spiritualize every part of God's word for the edification of his own soul, and the nourishment of his flock.

"Aye," replied the Lady, "and behold in the surrounding horrors the fruits of that unauthorised procedure, too general among the pastors of the churches. The Lord has meetly and equally guarded every avenue to his fold, presenting against each assailant such bulwarks as his infinite wisdom, and foreknowledge saw fit. But ye, too often, in the exercise of a limited vision, displace the goodly arrangement, and in order to heap defences in one point, leave many a gap whereat the wolf enters, and ravages at his pleasure."

"Is it not," asked Basil, "as though we should take three of the four city gates from their hinges to strengthen the other, when all quarters are equally assailed?"

"I must not dispute the point," replied Malcolm, smiling. "May the Lord abundantly bless your zealous endeavours, and give you a harvest of many souls!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the Lady of M'Alister; "and see that you withhold not your own hand from the work."

But in despite of past experience, in the face of those provisions which the Re-

formers established, and in an unaccountable indifference to many plain commands of God, the ministers of our Protestant churches have withheld—do withhold their hands, with very few exceptions: and the wolf enters, bearing away whole flocks, while scarcely an attempt has been made to rescue from his fangs a single victim, until within so short a space of time that our youth can remember its first date. And with what epithets have they been hailed, who venture to claim for the outcasts of Israel, and the dispersed of Judah, their appointed portion from the Lord's inexhaustible stores? a portion lent indeed to the Gentile church for spiritual improvement, and that by apostolical authority, but as unalienable from the Jew in its actual literal import, as is the land which God gave to Abraham and his seed for ever; but which during the period assigned for scattering the holy people, has likewise been permitted to remain in Gentile hands. Or has a less abundant share of harsh reproof fallen to the lot of those who, under the title of the Reformation Society, have gone forth, bearing their divinely commissioned testimony against the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth? The men of Derry, in 1689, doubtless reckoned that succeeding generations would reap the fruits of their heroic endurance, in the wide extension of gospel truth; and that from their little citadel should spread broader light over their beloved and suffering country, even through the effort to extinguish what she yet possessed. Oh! that there had been such an heart in God's people as should have led them to verify these hopes, rightly dividing the word of truth; and conquering with the sword of the Spirit the fathers of those, who, left in the bondage of spiritual Egypt through such cruel neglect, now array themselves in wrathful hostility against our name and nation, prepared to combat for the privilege of perpetual darkness in the dungeons of papal delusion!

CHAPTER X.

The month of May had passed without any greater annoyance from the enemy than that of the frequent cannonading, which amongst other unpleasant effects, so polluted the water of the city, that many hazarded, and some lost their lives in the attempt to obtain a purer beverage from without the gates. This was a dreadful hardship, bearing, particularly, on the sick, on delicate women, and children. Various diseases began to spread among them, heightened by the heat of summer, and the unwholesome food to which they were well nigh confined. But on the twenty-ninth of the month a general panic was spread throughout the numerous families, by an order that every house should be provided with supplies of water; a heavy bombardment being expected during the night, of which the probable effect would be to ignite the town in every quarter.

All was confusion; and among other precautions the gunpowder hitherto lodged in the church, was removed into places of greater security. Wells, long since dried up, were selected to receive it; and covered with every article best calculated to repel the dangerous element. In this service Magrath made himself so useful, that Colonel Murray particularly noticed his activity, and the good sense that marked his frequent suggestions; while Alderman Crowe observed to his factotum that it argued little short of madness in the leading men to follow the counsel of an acknowledged papist in a matter of such importance.

The wily follower of this honest zealot had good cause to know that Magrath was sincere; since he had himself such frequent communication with the enemy as enabled him to identify every other traitor within the walls: he was one of those purchaseable characters who may always be relied on by the highest bidder, and a chief agent of Tyrconnel's retained him at a handsome price. He had ascertained many particulars relating to Magrath; and was pursuing measures to rid the garrison of one so likely to become a valuable helper in the struggle.

The bombardment did not take place; but on the first of June a few shells were thrown during the night, and on the morrow an incessant fire was poured in from the enemy's guns; they had, in the course of the few preceding days, constructed no less than sixteen forts, on which to mount

these engines of destruction. It was now that Magrath, for the first time, took part in offensive preparations; for he assisted to cast leaden balls, mounting the roofs of houses with cool intrepidity to strip the metal from them, while shot were flying in every direction around him. But the following day was marked by a shower of bombs, which inflicted greater damage than had yet been sustained; and a fierce assault from the besiegers brought the combat to the very walls of the town.

"This is terrible," said Ellen, as the chairs on which she lay rocked with the concussion; but her look was calm, and her fortitude unshaken.

"Isn't it a blessed thing that *they* were taken away from all this evil?" whispered Shane to Basil.

The old man had, for some time past, given his attention to the word of God, as continually spoken in his hearing by Basil. Conveyed in his native tongue, Scripture truths came home to his understanding, with a plainness of intelligibility never before felt. He did not often ask to be indulged in this way, but a sort of restlessness frequently came over him, which yielded to nothing else; and when once that sound reached his ear, it subsided into pleased attention. Magrath was the first to notice this; and struck with the similarity of his case to that of old Dennis, he would seat himself on the low stool, and read from his manuscripts, until as he said, he fancied himself a gossoon again. It was a feast indeed to the Lady of M'Alister, when employed at her knitting, she watched and prayed over this interesting scene: and poor Ellen, with eyes half-closed in delighted attention, followed the language, to her perfectly intelligible. Basil seemed engaged with his own book, occasionally introducing a remark, as passages of particular applicability occurred in Magrath's reading: and amid the bitter trials of that calamitous season, the voice of praise was incessantly called forth on behalf not only of Magrath but of Shane.

On this dreadful day, however, the former was absent with Bryan, and every explosion spoke in audible menace concerning those abroad.

"I have been in many perils," remarked Basil; but such a roar of artillery, such crashes, and bursts, I never heard. Oh, it is a happy privilege to know that the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier than all this noise; and that his thunders are not armed against our souls, nor will his terrors make us afraid."

"My country, my poor Ireland!" said Ellen, "will she never leave off thus to wound herself?"

"Alas for Erin!" responded the Lady, "her history is but a tale of horrors such as these."

Basil was about to speak, but a tremendous noise, accompanied by a shock that made every pane to rattle in the casement, told that a bomb had exploded near the house. Groans and shrieks followed, and Ellen, her countenance convulsed with anguish, exclaimed, "O grandmother, when will it end? when shall I get free?"

"Hush my child: tarry the Lord's leisure. Patience must have her perfect work, but rest is near."

Shouts and screams, more appalling than before, were now heard: explosions re-echoed in various directions, and the sulphureous clouds of dense smoke drifted past, until the girl's lungs were oppressed almost to suffocation. Gently raised by her aged attendants, she struggled long under the paroxysms of coughing; and then sank down, sobbing for breath, and presenting such a spectacle of hopeless suffering, that Shane averted his eyes, groaning bitterly, while the others looked on and wept.

But instead of dispersing as usual, the smoke increased so fast as to suggest an apprehension of the city having taken fire. Another thundering explosion shook the house, and several panes of glass fell from the window. Rushing through the aperture, the choking fumes now whirled in eddies round the apartment, and Ellen's infirm supporters were themselves beginning to need support, when the door was hastily opened and closed again; and Bryan catching up Ellen from her couch, bore her rapidly into an inner room. returning for the Lady, whom he dragged rather than led to the same place, giving no heed to her questions; reaching again the outer apartment, he bolted the door after him. Then clasping his hands on his forehead, he said, "There are times

when I feel as if on the very verge of insanity. But a moment since, I looked with tearless and reckless eye on the mangled bodies of friends long endeared —now, the bare recollection maddens me."

"Yet be calm. Think of the Christian's perfect peace."

"I do——but, I had forgotten—one of our poor soldier inmates has been desperately wounded; they are bearing him hither—for that cause I bolted the door. Can you endure the sight?"

"Aye, and play the leech too, if needful: I am inured to all."

The party now arrived, bearing the poor soldier, whose leg was completely shattered. They carried him up to his apartment, followed by Basil, while Shane strewed ashes over the crimsoned floor, and Bryan went to break the matter to the females.

"It is all well, my love," said the Lady; "we will attend him, with every care." Ellen asked for Magrath.

"When I last saw him he was communicating something to Walker. There has been dreadful work, but the assault is repelled, chiefly through the intrepidity of females."

"Oh Bryan, are you not thankful concerning our mother and Letitia?"

"I am, I am. From the church battery I looked down, and rejoiced over their quiet resting-place. It is all well, Ellen: and as to us, the Lord fights for his persecuted church. There is some invisible wall of fire around us."

"It is even so," rejoined the Lady, with a look of triumph, "Horses and chariots of fire surround us, and we are impregnable in the bulwark of prayer. Come, kneel: for his ear is ever open, and his eye beholds, while his shield defends us." She poured forth a strain of intercessory supplication for her country; and in glowing faith commended the cause of his church to their glorious Head.

During the whole of the week, havoc and destruction were carried into the city: not satisfied with execution already done, their besiegers increased the size of the bombs, striking down houses, and killing numbers of all ranks and classes. Salted horseflesh was almost the only meat now discoverable, and of this they had put by a tolerable store. On the Friday evening Magrath entered, his countenance clouded in an unusual degree, and seated himself as if scarcely conscious where he was.

"What's come over the boy?" asked Shane anxiously.

He received no answer: but on a similar question from Bryan, Magrath replied, that he must leave the city before dawn; adding, that he hoped to return in two days. Remonstrances and entreaties ensued, which at last compelled him to say that he had been summoned by his priest to confession, preparatory to the festival of St. Columbkill.

"Confession!" ejaculated Bryan, "surely Magrath you are not about to betray the confidence so freely reposed in you."

"Nothing, your honour, barring what my clergy can require."

"And that is just every thing! Besides, I could not believe you to be still under this irrational thraldom."

"Is it that I ever turned my religion, Sir?"

"I don't say so, but——in short it perplexes as much as it grieves me."

Magrath handed a paper to Basil, requesting him to declare its contents aloud. It was in Irish, and required him to repair to the "station" at Culmore, for the purpose of confessing, and hearing mass.

"Culmore! Really, Magrath, this is madness. Why, the enemy are in the greatest force there."

"May be so: but it isn't for me to dispute my clergy's orders."

"Ahone!" said Shane, "and what confession would you need, when the Saviour himself is ready to hear and forgive you?"

"True and he is: but then didn't himself say, 'Hear the church?'"

This led to an argument, in which Bryan, the Lady, and Basil took part. Magrath heard them patiently, but maintained that, as a member of the church, he was bound to obey his priests. He added, that the besieged would probably enjoy a respite on Sunday, as it was to be kept in the Irish army.

Before separating for the night, the Lady addressed him in a solemn tone. "Mark me, Larry Magrath, if you bow the knee at that confessional invoking departed saints to hear and intercede, you reject the sole Mediator who stands between you and an offended God. If you

worship the wafer, you make the cross of Christ of none effect, owning another sacrifice than that which God appointed, and committing likewise the deadly sin of idolatry. Trifle not with your salvation; for you totter on the brink of eternal flames. Take with you this warning, from one who has burst the yoke, and knows it to be a link to perdition." Ellen, with tears, implored him to the same effect; and Basil advanced a host of scripture evidences against his purposed deed. The poor fellow was, however, inflexible, though evidently distressed; and before day-break he was past the gates, under a written protection from General Hamilton, which had been enclosed in the priest's letter.

The scanty fare of the breakfast table was rendered unpalatable to those who surrounded it, not so much by the tremendous sounds that deafened them, as by the dreary feeling which Magrath's absence produced. The wounded soldier had died in the night, and Basil, who had assiduously attended him, seemed exhausted by fatigue. Shane appeared lost in painful ruminations; and the Lady herself was unusually cast down. Ellen wept, as Bryan prepared to depart, and augured that they would lose him too: but her brother checked the murmuring expression, reminding her that her doubts of his continued preservation would be the worst omen of their own fulfilment. He urged them to be much in prayer for Magrath, as well as for himself; and left the dwelling with a heavy heart: for in Magrath he had lost the voice which always spoke some cheering word as they crossed the threshold.

Colonel Murray was one of the first persons whom he met; and he instantly enquired where Bryan had left his shadow. Obtaining a promise of secrecy, M'Alister acquainted him with the fact, at which the Colonel expressed no small annoyance; hinting that he questioned how far they were justified in permitting him to depart.

"Do you doubt his fidelity?" asked Bryan.

"Why, I cannot if I would; but the matter is one of a perplexing character. So many desertions take place, that, in fact, we cannot hope to conceal any thing; but I felt a sort of regard for that fellow, which renders the possibility of his treachery quite painful."

As they approached the walls, Alderman Crowe came bustling up, and accosted Bryan, "So, Mr. M'Alister, your trusty follower has turned traitor, and deserted to the enemy."

"Indeed!" said the Colonel, "how is that?" giving Bryan a sign to be silent.

"Why I'll tell you now, since it's all out. You know I have an attached servant, who changed his religion entirely out of personal regard for me, and therefore must be sincere. He has kept an eye on this famous gentleman some time past; and last night informed me that he was going to desert, having all along maintained a communication with the enemy. This morning I hear that he passed the Ferry-gate, and was received with open arms by his fellow-scoundrels outside."

"Well—he is not the first who has done so."

"I hope he may be the last; but don't notice what I have told you. In fact, Smith desired me to say nothing until I should hear it from other quarters. He does not like to claim the reward which his own fidelity merits."

"He shall get it though," said the Colonel, as soon as the alderman was out of hearing. "Of the two, I'd far sooner suspect his convert than your stout-hearted papist. Keep Smith in view, if you can, M'Alister: I must away to the guard-house. You see what a peppering the rascals are disposed to give us to-day."

Perfectly sure that Magrath was the victim of some treacherous stratagem, Bryan at once bent his steps to Alderman Crow'es house; and on the door being opened by Smith, asked first if all was well within; and then, whether he had seen or heard any thing of his man, Magrath.

"Nothing, Sir: sure I hav'nt been outside to-day. The last I saw of Magrath, he was walking past with you yesterday. I hope no harm's come over the honest lad."

Bryan turned away, and seeking out Ross, told him all that had occurred. He was not a little gratified to find his impetuous friend as perfectly convinced of Magrath's integrity, and Smith's perfidy, as himself; but how to make their conviction available, in the dreadful state of the town,

was a difficulty which they could not surmount. "Let us to the church battery," said Ross, "and take a look around us."

They ascended the cathedral roof; and surveyed the sickening prospect. The numerous forts, entrenchments, batteries, and works of every description that had completed the investment, were occasionally obscured, as the mortars rolled forth their clouds of smoke, each sending into the city its messenger of destruction. Lough Foyle rolled its broad stream tranquilly past, unless when a shot ploughed the surface, or sank with an echoing plash into the tide. Towards its mouth many a longing look had been cast, in fond anticipation of coming succours: and some, when their hearts failed them, were wont to mount the walls, and gaze in that direction, until the vision of hope pictured an approaching sail, and imagination filled up the outline. But now, in addition to the accumulated works on either side, the enemy were beginning to stretch a boom across the river; and thus presented such obstacles to the progress of a fleet, as tended to chill the most sanguine expectant: and when the eye, withdrawn from this quarter, fell on the streets below, a spectacle of misery presented itself, difficult to conceive and impossible to describe.

At this time the mortality was such, that the burials averaged thirty in a day; so that the streets presented a succession of funerals, conducted in trembling haste, while the frequent bombs tore up the neighbouring pavement, and cast it among the attendants. Scarcely was more than the surface of the burying ground disturbed, to furnish a shallow grave for several dead bodies together: and often was some mourner reached by a fatal ball, while returning from his sorrowful task. Even as Bryan and Ross looked down from their elevation, a bomb struck the house of a gentleman, driving out from the wall a ponderous stone, which, falling on a man near the Ship-quay bastion, dashed his head to atoms.

The fort, or castle of Culmore, situate on a point of land which projected considerably into the river, at a short distance, was an object of particular interest to the two friends. It formed the strongest of the enemy's positions of annoyance, in case of any approach from the harbour, and was well garrisoned. But beyond the association of Magrath's image with its distant outline, it presented nothing to their view: and in melancholy silence they quitted the spot, to commune with those who thronged the Diamond; to assist in deliberation on the important subject of husbanding provisions, and the many other anxious cares that harassed the public mind.

Magrath's augury that the Sunday would afford a respite from bombardment was fulfilled. Not a shell nor a ball was fired on that day; the Irish camp being engrossed in paying those honours to St. Columbkill which they had never once afforded to the Lord of the Sabbath, during the protracted siege. Advantage was taken of this cessation by many whom timidity had deterred from venturing abroad; and the Church was thronged at its various services, by a crowd of sickly objects, whose squalid and emaciated appearance contrasted most strangely with the words of hope and fortitude to which they gave utterance. Many with tearless eyes looked on the graves of their nearest and dearest connexions; while others in greater emotion, uttered ejaculations of resignation to the divine will, blessing the Lord for what he had done, and declaring that they deemed no sacrifice too great for a cause so holy. Ellen was wheeled in a low chair to the cathedral, her grandmother, supported by Bryan, walking on one side, Basil on the other; and Shane, with trembling hand, essaying to steady the hinder part of the vehicle, which rather assisted his steps. An expression of heavenly peace was upon her pale fair countenance, and though a tear swelled when she passed her mother's grave, a smile of indescribable sweetness illumined every feature, as, looking up to Bryan, she softly said, "I hope they will have room beside it."

At the door, a number of coffins were deposited during the service, and the departing congregation were constrained to pass between two files of them, awaiting a hasty interment. One very plain box, over which was thrown a black shawl, attracted Bryan's view: for the mother of Patrick, with little Thady in her hand, stood behind it. She curtsied as she caught his

eye; and with unruffled serenity glanced first at the boy, and then at the coffin, indicating that her other child was there.

"And is it so?" asked Bryan, involuntarily pausing on his path.

"She was so happy!" answered the mother, raising her eyes to heaven; while the deep hollow of her cheek, the sunken eye, and sallow hue bespoke her also a candidate for speedy admission to the mansions of peace. Thady retained all his beauty, blooming like a solitary flower in the midst of every imaginable species of desolation.

"Ah! the cause upholds her wonderfully," said a stander-by.

"The cause of the cross," rejoined the sufferer, "and the cross in the cause, are precious."

The crowded coffins, the open graves, the church windows shattered by balls, together with the wretched aspect of the living spectres, all arrayed in the gorgeous beams of a dazzling summer's sun, presented a wild and ghastly incongruity, over which the holy enthusiasm of the hour threw a character of such awful interest, that many lingered and looked, as if to impress upon their minds a lasting recollection of the unearthly scene. Among these was Colonel Murray, who, as Walker, in full canonicals took his station in the door way, approached M'Alister, and requested to be presented to his venerable parent, to whom he immediately tendered his arm, addressing her with a suavity of manner peculiarly his own.

"It is a sad, and yet a glorious spectacle, which those who survive will labour to declare to their children's children, as a holy incentive to like fidelity."

"And as a lesson of confiding faith," added the Lady, "that hearing what the Lord has done for us, they may feel the blessedness of saying, 'This God is our God, for ever and ever.'"

"I trust so," said Murray: then added, "no tidings of poor Magrath."

"He is in the Lord's hand," responded she: "may he receive grace to resist every temptation!"

"I have taken precautions in a quiet way, that no hindrance should be given to his re-admission: but suspended as we all are by a mere cobweb over the abyss of eternity, a single life is perhaps too little recked of."

"Yet each single life, Colonel Murray, involves the doom of an immortal soul; and what of equal value does this material world contain?"

Murray took her hand and answered, "At this spot I must reluctantly leave you; but to your query I reply, that a single soul is beyond all price; and while your faithful prayers nerve our arms in battle, forget not to supplicate that those who fall may find mercy through the blood of the Redeemer." Then turning to Ellen, he bent over her little carriage, and said, with strong feeling, "Be of good cheer, dearest young lady: true hearts and firm hands are the walls that hem you in: and the Most High will not forsake his children."

"May you be numbered among them!' was the secret prayer of each as he departed.

The family sat up late, indulging a hope that Magrath might return: but in vain. He formed the subject of their discourse, and of their supplications; and unwillingly they bade good night and parted; yet thankful for the day's unwonted repose.

The following morning witnessed a renewal of the bombardment and cannonade: a new scene of horror was also exhibited; for the dead so lightly interred, were rent from their graves by the bursting of large shells. This proved to many fond survivors a more heart-rending visitation than all their personal afflictions, outraging, as it did, one of the strongest feelings of domestic love. But no trial seemed to be wanting in this season of fiery tribulation. Magrath's non-appearance increased the despondency of his friends: and Ross kept a strict watch over the mansion of Alderman Crowe, in the vague hope of eliciting something from Smith: but to no purpose. On the following day, Ross himself was not to be found, nor could Bryan gain any tidings of him.

At the old Lady's suggestion, Basil had obtained permission to visit the prisoners, and make an attempt to read the Irish Scriptures to them. In this he was successful beyond his hope; for although many rejected with sullen scorn, and some

with abusive insolence, his proposal, yet, when he commenced, on the slender encouragement which a few afforded, such was the power of their vernacular tongue, that scarcely one refused to listen. Many were sensibly affected; and as he chose the most simple portions, chiefly the recital of the Lord's miracles, teaching, and sufferings, their interest was engaged, their prejudices disarmed, and not a few repaid with warm thanks his kindness in cheering their captivity. Shane accompanied him once or twice; and his report, divested as it was of every acrimonious expression concerning those whom he before deemed it meritorious to revile, was doubly welcome to his friends.

Weary, disheartened, and indisposed, Bryan stretched himself on some chairs in the evening of that day, listening to a conversation between Shane and Basil, and secretly wishing that he was as sure of a speedy removal to the unseen world as their advanced years rendered them. Ellen dozed; and the Lady was engrossed with her Bible. Frequent explosions shook the house; but they were now of too common occurrence to be much regarded. The door was flung open, and Ross entered, with a shout of joy, which was echoed in some wise by each of the party, when they discovered that he led Magrath, evidently wounded, and extremely weak; but staggering eagerly towards Bryan, who had started up, and upon whose arms he threw his own for support, while he exclaimed, "Praise to God—the fleet! the fleet!"

"Oh! blessed sound!" cried the Lady, as she raised her clasped hands, "and blessed sight to behold our poor brother once more."

"Magrath—my dear fellow!" exclaimed Bryan, almost wild with joy, while Ross said, "The fleet is in the Lough, though still far distant; and not likely to make any way for some hours, and panic is spreading among the enemy; but we must look after Magrath. We fished him out of the water in good time, and I fancy that he is in poor plight—have you any provision at hand?"

Such as they had was produced, and Magrath voraciously devoured it. The bullet which had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, had inflicted but a slight wound: and Basil remarked that it would be a source of great thankfulness if his soul had sustained no greater injury, exposed as it had been to worse peril than his body.

"Sure, and I've taken a power of care of the same. Troth, and it's I that have need to do that," he added with an indescribable grimace, and he checked himself.

"You've been to mass!" said Shane, in a tone of sorrowful reproach.

"May be I hav'nt."

"Nor to confession?" asked Bryan eagerly.

"Sorrow a bit, Sir."

"What, could you not find a priest?" enquired Ross.

"Och! as plenty as pratees, your honour, but we couldn't agree, anyhow."

He then, with perfect composure, proceeded to recount his adventures, and in the effect produced by them, his mind appeared to lose all consideration of the triumph which such a narrative must afford to some who had hitherto been his opponents, as well on religious as political grounds.

He related, that no obstruction had been offered on the short excursion to Culmore, where he found a bishop of his church, who received him with much kindness, congratulating him on having escaped the hands of his enemies, and strictly enjoining him not again to hazard himself among them. After some discourse, in the progress of which Magrath baffled several attempts at obtaining information concerning Derry, the bishop recommended his confessing to a priest, just arrived to hold a station there. Magrath obeyed; but on coming to the confessional, honestly apprized the priest that he should give no information on any thing that did not concern himself:—a plan in which the other refused to concur, indignantly assuring him that any concealment on points where he might be questioned, would burden his soul with mortal sin. Finding his penitent still refractory, he changed his tone, and pathetically appealed on behalf of the persecuted church, representing the Protestants, especially those of Derry, as children of perdition, obnoxious alike to divine and human detestation, and with whom none could keep faith without incur-

ring the contamination of their damnable heresies.

The failure alike of his eloquence, and of the menaces with which he interspersed it, soon overcame his small stock of patience, and seizing Magrath by the collar, he dragged him towards an adjoining room, the door of which he threw open, and in violent wrath, denounced him as a pestilent heretic to the bishop who was seated at breakfast, with a party of his clergy around him. Every eye was turned on Magrath, who presently recognized in one of them the ominous twinkle of Father Peters, under whose careful superintendence he had been sent on pilgrimage, just previous to his grandfather's death.

The recognition was mutual, notwithstanding the lapse of eight years since their last meeting; and the priest, expressing great pleasure at beholding him again, assured his brethren that he was a faithful son of the church, long under his care, and one who would gladly receive wholesome admonition from his ancient pastor.

With Peters, therefore, Magrath withdrew, and had to maintain his post against every mode of displaying that authority to which he had once paid such unlimited obedience.

"I tould his riverince that I came to confess all my own sins and get absolution; but the Derry men hadn't put it upon me to fetch them a penance, and I couldn't in conscience betray them. 'Conscience,' says he, 'and who's to look after your conscience, barrin the clergy that has you under his knee!' 'O, sure,' says, I, 'and isn't it myself that must give account of myself to God? Musn't I stand before the judgment seat of Christ?' Then to see the face of him when he axed me, 'And who tould you all that stuff?' 'Stuff is it?' says I; 'Sure and it's in the blessed book of God's truth.' And then I gave it him in Irish, clane and entire, as it was on my memory."

"And how bore he that?" asked Bryan.

"Bear it he didn't, anyhow; but he clenched his fist in my teeth, and cursed me for as big a heretic as ould Dennis himself, that was burning like a dry sod of turf in the fire of hell. I axed him how long had he known that the sowl was there? 'How long is it?' says he; 'It's ever since I put my curse on the ould heretic for sticking to the trash that has poisoned ye all. Didn't he tell me the rites of the church couldn't bring him to heaven? Troth, and he went fast enough to hell without 'em.' 'Why then,' says I, 'it's your riverince that's going to do the just and generous thing, giving back to my father's son the mass-money that went to fetch Dennis out of purgatory, and he in hell the comfortless creathur!'"

Unmoved by the burst of laughter which this shrewd turn drew from Ross and Bryan, Magrath went on to describe the augmented rage of the priest, who swore that unless he gave full information on every point required, and amply atoned for his sacrilegious insolence, he should be turned out among the faithful army as an excommunicated traitor. Left to himself, in a small apartment, of which the grated window and iron clenched door bespoke it a prison, Magrath had leisure to reflect on the probable termination of his adventure; while the pacing of a sentry at a short distance proved that he was carefully guarded.

"And didn't you repent of your stoutness the while?" asked Shane, the intentness of whose interest struck all the party,

"I didn't repent of my honesty, any way," answered the other, with strong emphasis; "but Father Peters' blarney had put me on thinking over past times; and sure it was I that had sins to confess, and wouldn't be let tell them to mortal man." He paused, his heart seemed full, and his downcast looks bespoke deep thought. Then, suddenly raising his eyes with a bold and frank expression, he fixed them on Basil, saying, "I'll tell you what myself did: I couldn't well bear the weight that was on me; for somehow, talking of ould Dennis brought back the remembrance of the lone tower where the bishop was pent: and I couldn't but think a curse was upon me for that same: so I kneeled down and confessed to the Lord Jesus Christ, without priest or patron; and when I was in it, somehow I couldn't leave off, but confessed for ould Dennis and all the race, and asked him would I get absolution that way? why shouldn't I? for sure the words were clear in my mind:" and he recited in Irish. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Bryan started from his chair, and repeating the text in English, paced the room, absorbed in mental thanksgiving; while Basil, suppressing his emotion, asked Magrath whether he experienced any comfort from this, to him, novel mode of confession.

"Sure, and I did, Sir. A feel came over me as if the great God looked and listened, and I cannot say but I trembled. Yet, comfort it was to think that he heard me, and I got up with a lighter heart." He then related that another attack was made on his constancy by one of the servants, who, coming as if by stealth, set before him the certain death which awaited him, should the priest denounce him from the altar on the morrow, as he would do, unless a timely submission averted the fate. Magrath, however, described the report of the pieces which sent shells and shot into Derry, as assisting to harden him against all pleading; and he made up his mind to brave the worst; passing the night in painful reflection, not unmixed with joy, as passages from the Irish Scriptures were forcibly brought to his remembrance.

At early morning, Peters once more appeared, accompanied by the bishop, and armed with all the artillery of expostulation, and thundering menaces, both as regarded this world and the next. He stood firm; and they left him for the first mass, giving him until noon to consider the consequences of such unheard-of pertinacity. Peters had informed the bishop of old Dennis's refractory end; and the virulent abuse heaped on the word of God by these *soi-disant* ministers of his truth, operated to strengthen Magrath against the uttermost that their malice could achieve. Through his narrow window he saw the men crowding to mass, and, not wishing to be behind hand in devotion, he knelt down to pray, as before.

The sentry had been frequently relieved; and about noon, when, after a short query, to which an equally short negative was given, the priest had left his door, Magrath recognized in his new guard, one whom he well knew as an active emissary of his party; high in the confidence of some leaders among the native Irish clans. Magrath called him by name; and the other, much surprised, advanced to the grate, enquiring by what means he had been placed in such a dilemma.

"For my honesty," was the reply; and before he could proceed, the other burst into low but bitter invectives against the French party, who, he said, were using the Irish as tools, to gain a footing in the land at the expense of their blood, and afterwards to enslave them. The priests then at Culmore, he said, were all in the plot, and would, no doubt, make away with every honest man who sought to maintain his country's independence. He then enquired if it was by their means that the prisoner lay under sentence of death, as he understood; Magrath simply gave an affirmative; which drew from his friend renewed expressions of indignation. As, however, the time for relieving him approached, he hastily desired the prisoner to watch until he should see a sentry on guard, wearing a green ribbon at his button-hole, and then to try the door of his cell, and make what use he could of the opportunity. He finished by directing him to seek out their former employer, and apprize him that those in authority were deeply plotting the subjugation of Ireland beneath the yoke of France; and was gone before Magrath could answer a word, leaving him doubtful whether he should avail himself of succour given under so evident a misconception.

Connellan, his ancient comrade, he knew to be a man of dark and stern resolve, in whatsoever regarded the exclusive interests of the native race. Religion formed, with him, only an inferior branch of patriotism, and his was the hand that would stab on the high altar even a sovereign pontiff, capable of conspiring against Irish ascendancy. Called from a distant post to take his turn in guarding a prisoner whose safe keeping was only entrusted to men of tried resolution, he knew no more than that he had fallen under the displeasure of their leaders. His former experience of Magrath's devoted attachment to the native cause, brought at once his impetuous mind to the conclusion that for it he was now about to suffer: nor would he regard the representations subsequently made in answer to his enquiries as any but the artful invectives of his enemies. Revelry prevailed throughout the camp, while, in honour of Columbkill a high feast was kept: and this disorder bade fair to facilitate the plans of Connellan, whose

fixed resolve it was to liberate the captive.

Magrath, meanwhile, ruminated on the strange event, opening so unexpected a way of escape. With characteristic scorn of consequences, he resolved to undeceive Connellan, rather than bear the brand of treachery to any party: at the same time not purposing to lose any hope of an honourable retreat from the grasp of those against whom his patriotism was rising into active hostility. Some hours elapsed, and several times had Magrath taken an anxious survey of some new guard, before the welcome sight of an end of green ribbon, drawn out through the button-hole of his vest, apprised him that a confederate of Connellan had assumed the office. This man took a wider range than his predecessors, whistling a national melody as he paced the ground; and while observing him, Magrath distinctly heard a key turn in the lock of his door. At the same time, the sentry ceasing his tune, stood stationary with his back to the building.

Magrath opeded the door; all was clear: he turned the key again, to secure the entrance of his prison, and slipping it into his pocket, passed swiftly round a projecting angle of the wall, and descended a bank overhanging the lower ground—a rude natural rampart—under which he paused, stooping low beneath its level, to ponder on the next movement in his novel and perilous expedition. At any other time, such an escape would have been morally impossible, nor could he have occupied his present position for three minutes undiscovered: but all bonds of discipline had been loosed, and every military precaution sacrificed at the shrine of drunken revelry. In fact, the army had long manifested symptoms of disgust, and even of an insurrectionary spirit, under the severe privations imposed by their arduous task before the stubborn walls of Derry; and it was wisely counselled by the crafty priesthood, that a day of unlimited enjoyment should be conceded, to restore in some measure the good humour of the troops; while by an extensive application of that invaluable engine, the confessional, they should themselves be able to ascertain that nothing like an organized plan of mutiny existed among the complainants. Always ready to take full advantage of such festive seasons, the men were continually assembling in that part of the camp where liquor abounded; and no such attraction residing in Magrath's present vicinity, he was comparatively safe, while screened from the view of the sentinels, whose measured tread still vibrated before the empty guard-house.

In deliberating on his future course, Magrath decided on that from which a mind of ordinary nerve would most intuitively have shrunk. With care and circumspection he might have won his way back to the walls of Derry, favoured as he was by circumstances that would speedily be changed into double vigilance; but he resolved on gaining some farther insight into the condition of his countrymen, and with this intent he prepared to throw himself into the midst of that confused company, which, like the mixed multitude that went up out of Egypt, still hovered about the regular camp, and anticipated, if not a share in the future spoil, yet, at least, a sanguinary participation in the meditated carnage of the devoted city. The better to avoid such suspicion as his decent garb would perhaps excite, Magrath divested himself of his coat and shoes, which, with his hat, he buried under some loose earth: then, having torn his waistcoat, and otherwise damaged his remaining apparel, he placed the fragment of a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and sallied forth, exposed to any eye that might be roaming thitherward, and deliberately passed on towards the outermost part of the encampment.

Bryan could not refrain from expressing some astonishment at a proceeding so manifestly imprudent; but Magrath assured him that, barring Father Peters, he could have faced any man who had seen him during that or the preceding day, without apprehension of discovery. Adding, that at first he had assumed somewhat of a staggering gait, as though intoxicated; but some passage which came into his mind, bidding him abstain from every appearance of evil—and he quoted it in the Irish—induced him to lay aside the semblance of that sin which he would not actually have committed, and to trust to such disguise alone as his conscience could not condemn.

Arrived among the wild stragglers of his race, he was allured by the savoury

steams of a pot, which promised some relief to his hunger: and which, as he approached, was just taken from over a fire of turf, where it had hung suspended from sticks, and carried into a sort of cabin, or rather shed, most rudely constructed for the shelter of as many human beings as chose to congregate beneath its roof. His wistful looks were remarked by one who seemed to exercise some control over his surrounding companions; and who, as a matter of course, proffered a welcome to the stranger in that tongue which was almost exclusively spoken around him. Magrath thankfully accepted the invitation, while his host remarked that it was a long fast some of them had kept: adding, that probably Magrath, like himself, had been with the priest that day: a fact which the visitor readily confirmed.

"I could not get to the blessed sacrament," said the other, crossing himself, "until just now; and that is the reason that I am fasting still. Oh, it's a comfortable thing to come under the priest's hand, and to know that all is right between God and your soul."

"Ay, Corny," remarked another, "you are the most religious man among us. I don't believe you ever put your head down without prayers."

"Never, without an act of faith, and of hope, and of charity," answered Corny. "How could I get my rest, if I was not in peace with God and all the World?"

By this time the savoury mess was emptied into a capacious pan, and the guests proceeded to help themselves, each as suited his own convenience. Some women and children were among the party, and the latter appeared particularly ravenous; one little fellow was grasping at a small bone, in such haste that he burnt his fingers severely, and threw it down with a cry.

"Served you right, Dan," said Corny. "What good do you think you'll get of the food without blessing yourself? come, sir, do it now; you are a perfect heathen." The child readily crossed himself, and Magrath could not but feel respect for the character of his pious and hospitable entertainer. As the dinner proceeded, he cast his eyes around the room, if such it could be called, and in one corner discerned a confused heap, the outlines of which struck him with sensations of uneasiness, though he could hardly assign a name to the object before him.

Corny, however, followed the direction of his eye, and exclaimed, triumphantly, "Aye, that's one of them, and snug enough he is, I'll engage you." He then put forth what partook pretty equally of the character of an imprecation and a prayer: trusting that the Virgin would give them as many whole heretic carcasses to pike, as there were hairs on that fellow's head.

"Where did he come from?" asked Magrath.

"Skulking from Enniskillen, I suppose, to the wall of the devil's other fortress, yonder. We laid hold of him, last evening, and paid him off to some purpose. It was myself, though, that cut at him both first and last."

"No, it was not," said little Dan, "for I stuck the knife into him after you."

"Well, you are a brave little lad, and there's a better bone for you, only don't forget the blessing again, Dan; for what is man or boy without religion?"

Magrath had never been sensible to how great an extent the veil had been removed from his heart, until he experienced the thrill of horror which this dialogue sent through it. A few weeks ago, and not the slightest incongruity would have appeared on the face of this fearful compound of religion and butchery; but now it struck him as the very masterpiece of satanic domination over the soul of man. Still, with his unfailing self-possession, he escaped exciting a surmise as to the tenor of his feelings; and wishing for farther confirmation, where his own experience bore but too clear a testimony, he asked, in a careless way, "And what said his reverence to you about it?"

"It would not become me," answered Corny, "to repeat all that his reverence was so good as to say; for surely I did no more than my duty. But he gave me a plenary indulgence for seven years, and power to deliver the soul of my father and grandfather from purgatory; saying—and that I tell for the encouragement of others—that if every heart was as sound, and every hand as steady as Cornelius O'Keefe's, we should not be so long unkennelling the poisonous vermin, and clearing the sod of their whole generation."

"The infernal hypocrite!" ejaculated Ross, while the rest of the party seemed petrified by the tale. Magrath quietly asked him, "Is it Corny, or the priest, Sir?"

"Why, both, but particularly the murdering scoundrel who made such a fuss about crossing himself."

"Then, begging your honour's pardon, no more a hypocrite than yourself, Mr. Ross; or than Mr. Basil was, when he prayed over his enemies in the ould tower. And why did he do that? Sure, wasn't it because his religion taught him, and his own bishop showed him the way into it? Now, Corny's religion taught him the other plan, and his priest encouraged him in the same. If Mr. Basil had murdered ould Dennis that guarded him, I'm thinking it's he that would have been the hypocrite; and sure if O'Keefe let the Protestant escape, the same would have been his rightful name. Moreover, he'd have earned the curse of his church, instead of getting sowls out of purgatory."

"Och," groaned old Shane; "and you think they were in it?"

"Myself didn't see them any how, in or out," answered Magrath, with one of his peculiar grimaces. He then resumed the thread of his narrative, relating that the sufferings of the Irish without the walls fell very little short of those experienced by the besieged: while famine prevailed to a great extent, and contagious diseases carried off numbers daily. A feeling similar to that expressed by Connellan seemed very generally diffused among the native Irish, who complained heavily of the callous indifference with which the foreign soldiers and officers beheld their sufferings, securing to themselves whatever they could lay hold on, and treating as an inferior race of beings those to whose aid they professed to have come. Still the priests had laid a timely and effectual curb on this murmuring disposition; and by directing every excited feeling into its ancient channel of vengeful hatred against the Protestant name and cause, these ghostly engineers had wrought a diversion highly favourable to their arrogant allies; into whose hands, as Magrath again asserted, they had most assuredly sold both the country and its whole population.

When he had completed his survey, the intrepid Irishman bent his steps towards Derry; but having excited some suspicion when approaching it, he was fired at and pursued. As a dernier resort he had plunged into the Foyle, by his skill in diving, baffling farther aim, and under the shades of closing twilight, escaped their view; the attention of his pursuers having been arrested by the sudden report of a fleet entering the Lough. He had, however, exhausted his strength so much, that he might have perished in the water, had not Ross, with his little reconnoitering party, happily discovered and rescued him.

"Aye, my lad," observed Ross, as he concluded, "and with a hearty good will I landed you on *terra firma;* but mind, the next time you sally out at the priest's bidding, you may e'en fight your way back again, for any help that you'll get from me."

"True, for you, Sir," answered Magrath; and the smile that accompanied his words seemed to augur little success for the priest, should he issue a second summons.

Ross declared that he would have Smith tossed over to his confederates, at the top of the morning; but that worthy gentleman had anticipated his kind purpose, by stealing out soon after nightfall, leaving them to conjecture that tidings of the prisoner's escape had reached him, and that his disinclination for any possible meeting with Magrath prompted the hasty retreat.

Magrath had not described to his auditors the effect produced on his mind by the horrible incongruities displayed under the roof of Cornelius O'Keefe; but from his ready disclosure of the facts, the inference was necessarily drawn, that popery had nearly lost her victim; and powerful was the encouragement deduced, to pursue those rational and scriptural means whereby the infernal yoke should be effectually and for ever broken from his neck.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a remark of King William, when alluding to the protracted defence of Derry. that there could not have been one soldier

either without or within its walls. He spoke with that exclusive reference to second causes, which is too prevalent among warriors and statesmen; evidently implying that no man of military genius could have failed of carrying, or ventured upon defending, so weak a post. In thus saying, he, however, under-rated the professional abilities of the French Mareschal, who, on the first view of that little citadel, was so struck with the human impossibility of any garrison maintaining possession, that he expressed supreme contempt for those who had failed of capturing it; swearing a most impious oath, that he would make his soldiers bring it to him stone by stone. It would seem that neither the monarch nor the mareschal called to mind the over-ruling power of him who, in answer to the prayer of a believing king, said of the vaunting enemy encamped before his walls, "He shall not come into this city nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord."

It was a sore trial of faith to the fainting inhabitants of Derry, when the ships, whose approach had so revived their hopes, and struck terror into the besiegers, turned their prows against the breeze and departed. The drawing of a few cannon from the Irish camp down to the banks of Lough Foyle, intimidated the English commander into this cruel desertion of his allies; and they were once more cast on the unseen Arm to which many of them clung with an enduring trust, well worthy the brightest periods of the church.

In vain did the signal of distress wave from their cathedral-spire; in vain did the famishing people mount their walls, and stretch their hands, and strain their eyeballs, as if to catch some answering sign from the receding vessels; some with cries of anguish, others with loud reproach, or bitter execrations, while a few, in patient submission, secretly prayed for grace to wait the Lord's appointed time. The shouts and insulting gestures with which the enemy mocked their baffled hope, proved to some more irritating than the disappointment itself; and one of the apprentices exclaimed that, to be revenged on those unfeeling English, he could find in his heart to fling open the town-gates, and swear fealty to King James.

"Indeed you would not," answered Bryan; "our cause is unchanged, and so are we. We struggle not to sustain this dynasty or that, but to keep alive a glimmering spark, which, once extinct, must leave our poor country in utter darkness. We have nursed that little spark through storm and flame, through pestilence and famine, and we'll guard it still, the Lord being our helper. Precious beam! yet destined to survive, and shine, and brighten every nook of our own green isle!"

"Bravo!" cried Walker; "three cheers for that sentiment from all true Derry boys:" and the call was obeyed with all the alacrity of rekindled enthusiasm.

But sadly they descended from those walls to bear the unwelcome tidings, each to his home: to meet the hollow eye of craving famine, and to blanch the hectic of expectation on many a care-worn cheek; to hear the moan of insupportable disappointment, or to gaze on the more pitiable smile, beneath which affection sought to veil the sufferings of nature. This last it was Bryan's lot to encounter; the Lady of M'Alister looked up with meek submission, saying, "All is well. The fire would not be thus intensely heated if the Lord had not here some precious metal to refine and purify."

Ellen, stretched on her couch of chairs, turned her cheek to the pillow, and remarked, "I must needs grieve for others who hunger; but none need pity me, who have so poor an appetite."

"You'll be saying that any how," rejoined Shane; "but it's a sup of nourishment that would put the blood into your veins again, avourneen."

"I have a heavier trial than this," observed Basil, "for the swelling in my ancles threatens to forbid my visiting the prisoners."

The Lady anxiously exclaimed, "Do not say so; you shall be wheeled in Ellen's chair. Amid these sights and sounds of horror, O let not that voice of pity be silenced."

"And why would it?" asked Magrath, who in gloomy silence had occupied a distant corner. "Sure, and I'm quite agreeable to go in his place."

"And to read the Scriptures to your countrymen?"

"Why not? The story o'pace is a good story to tell a man any day, let alone such days as these." He took Basil's book from the mantel-piece, and immediately sallied forth.

"Now, grandmother," said Ellen, "is not that better cheer than all the ships of England could have brought us?"

"I'm thinking it is," remarked Shane, as he took his staff, and tottered out after his nephew.

"These are cordials," cried the Lady, "precious cordials for fainting hearts. Year after year has that stubborn soil resisted the hand of culture, and chilled me oft with sinful unbelief, as though God had willed the death of a soul, placed by his own overruling providence under every means of grace. The famine and the drought are consuming his aged flesh: but Shane's spirit now hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and it shall be filled."

"Indeed," rejoined Basil, "I never witnessed a more lively eagerness after spiritual nourishment than he has lately shown. When you read, he listens with serious attention, and strives to understand; but soon as the sentence reaches his ear in the beloved Celtic, every faculty is roused, and his whole soul absorbed, in the seeming exclusion of all bodily suffering."

In the mean time, the subject of their remarks proceeded to the prison, where Magrath, surrounded by his wondering countrymen, was reading the word of life to some who had formerly known him under very different circumstances. Basil had in some wise overawed them by his venerable aspect and superior manners; but with Magrath they were under less restraint, and one began loudly to cavil, rejecting the Bible as a book proscribed by the priest, and therefore to be abhorred of all true catholics. Another maintained that the book proscribed was the English Bible, the real heretic words, whereas nothing but the right religion could be put into Irish. Magrath refused to avail himself of the ready assent yielded by the rest to this characteristic distinction: he stoutly asserted the supreme authority of God's word, in whatsoever language conveyed; and his arguments, though abounding rather in point and shrewdness than in spiritual power, plainly indicated that growing light, which had begun to triumph over the long-cherished darkness of his soul.

He returned home in good spirits, recounting what had passed, and apparently much gratified by the invitation given at parting to renew his visit.

"This blessed leaven will work," remarked Basil to Bryan, "and the teacher will learn while instructing others."

Ellen observed how much England must have to answer for, in so long neglecting these simple means of instructing her sister island.

"She has answered, dearly answered for it," said the Lady of M'Alister, "in rivers of her best blood, and hoards of her treasure: nor will the effect ever cease while the cause remains. Ireland unenlightened, will still be Ireland unsubdued; her people may be won, may be melted, may be attached with all the ardour that their glowing affections are capable of; but coerced they cannot be into perfect subjugation, while the dearest feelings of their nature are outraged by the wild attempt to crush their national predelictions, or left to expatiate amid exciting themes, in a language unknown to the strangers who govern them. Strangers still, and ever to remain as such, while they suffer that language to run, like an impassable river, along the boundary, which by a little patient and judicious labour might be led into channels of kindly communication and mutual benefit between two people so near, and yet, alas! so widely and fatally separated!"

Thus, under many a roof, where the manifestations of divine love enabling suffering families to glorify God in the fires of increasing tribulations; and the prayer of the people prevailed to strengthen the bulwarks, in themselves so miserably weak. A few days brought the expected augmentation to their besiegers' forces of fifteen hundred troops, commanded by De Rosen, whose preliminary vaunt has been already noticed, and who took especial care that threats and promises should be conveyed in equal abundance to the straitened garrison. He menaced all of every age and either sex, with the most cruel deaths that protracted torture could inflict, unless the

town were immediately delivered up to him: while bribes as costly as the denunciations were terrific, were held out to those who should induce submission; but, as Walker writes in his brief diary, "God having under all their difficulties established them, with a spirit and resolution above all fear or temptation," this intrepid governor immediately issued an order, denouncing the penalty of death on any man in Derry who should even mention the subject of surrender.

Magrath, with undisguised satisfaction communicated this order at home, adding, "It's his riverence that is arch, sure enough; and he'll be guessing that Mounseer hasn't the gift like one of the real blood, to bring the boys after his heels. Connellan wasn't the only one that grumbled over it; and myself doesn't care if I join the next sally, to put down the foreigners that come to enslave us." From that day his activity increased in the service of the citizens, who were kept in continual anxiety by numerous desertions, and the consequent accuracy of the intelligence perpetually conveyed to their vigilant foes.

Language is insufficient to pourtray the horrors of accumulating misery sustained by the diminished band. The horse-flesh was all expended, and the twenty thousand sufferers who still remained were reduced to greater privations than they had ever yet anticipated; the daily deaths becoming a matter of calculation, not unmixed with selfish feeling, among those whose craving hunger grudged the supply of so many mouths; but instances abounded of noble devotion to the public cause, and self-denial was practised to an extent truly admirable. Bryan's little party had long since made a voluntary relinquishment of their private hoard to the public store, and he had himself embarked in an attempt to gain the distant ships, with the view of making known their desperate situation to the unfeeling Kirke, who still rode at anchor where he could behold the piteous signals of agonizing distress. This effort was rendered fruitless by opposing enemies; and the little party returned after braving such peril in the cause of humanity, that Magrath could not refrain from uttering a few remarks on the subject of M'Alister's cowardice, within ear-shot of his ancient antagonist Crowe.

The Lady was privy to this expedition, but they concealed it from Ellen, whose wasted powers could ill have sustained the agony of sisterly apprehension. Her grandmother had cut the silver buttons from a suit of her husband's garments, and added to them the poor remains of her family insignia, in the hope that a price of some magnitude might win, from the well-supplied shipping, a few articles of suitable nourishment for the uncomplaining girl: but in vain. Bryan returned, after an absence of twenty-four hours; and the first feeling of his mind, on re-entering their poor abode, was a conviction that Ellen's sufferings were nearly terminated, although, to eyes less habituated to the sight of premature death, she would have appeared surprisingly revived.

"What tidings do you bring us, dearest brother?" she asked, as he took his station by her side.

He answered, "Governor Baker is no more; and the enemy persist in tempting the garrison to treachery by every species of inducement; but they will not prevail."

"Prevail is it?" said Shane; "sure I saw the boy, Larry, seize a fellow, with papers in his pouch, to tempt the lads; and no thanks to them that he wasn't tore to pieces before Larry could get him under shelter."

Magrath entered to confirm this statement, adding that the Derry men had a greater spite to traitors within than foes without.

"And that is a good rule," observed Ellen, "if we all applied it to the traitors in our own hearts, as being far more hateful than all our outward afflictions."

The Lady of M'Alister had caught Bryan's eye, and the look told much of mutual expectation of what was at hand. Magrath had rivetted his on Ellen, and, with an altered expression of countenance, seated himself opposite. The summer twilight was closing, and a small lamp shed its pale glimmer on the beautiful but still paler face beneath it.

"Now let us speak," she said, "of the mercies already experienced in our little besieged city, that from the past we may gather hope for the future."

"First then," said Bryan, "for a recent

interposition, too remarkable to be overlooked. We removed our gunpowder from Campsie's cellar, on a vague apprehension of insecurity. In less than twenty-four hours, a bomb fell and exploded in that cellar, by which, but for the providential removal, our city had been destroyed."

A pause of thankfulness ensued; and several other instances of merciful interposition having been recounted, the Lady spoke of that discriminating goodness which had removed, by so easy a transition, the two who, of their little household, seemed most ripe for heaven; sparing them the anguish which thousands were left to endure; adding "Few and feeble will be the remnant reserved to welcome deliverance, if, to any, temporal deliverance come."

"Never 'if' it, my Lady," said Shane. "Delivered we shall be; and of that we have tokens galore."

"The token of continual answers to prayer," added Bryan.

"That, to be sure, Master Bryan dear; but we've signs to show us the same, if you'll only listen to what has been seen."

"Well, go on."

"Troth and it's uncle that will make a long story," said Magrath; "but I'll tell you clean off hand. Why then, Sir, every night, as soon as the bell goes twelve, fair or foul, light or dark, there come's a big angel, riding a horse as white as Miss Ellen's hand, and going the round, with a drawn sword, over land and water, to trace the holy circle, that neither man nor devil may pass;"—he was about to cross himself, but desisted.

"And you believe this?" asked Bryan, smiling.

"And why wouldn't he?" indignantly retorted Shane. "Hasn't he told you the real truth? How else would he know the horse's colour, and the sword that is pale and pink, like-the top of the morning? Och! but it's no time to be doubting: when the devils come up against us by troops, is it that the Lord couldn't spare ut an angel to stand sentry?"

"Very true, Shane; but"——

"It isn't a but," interrupted Magrath: "and yourself, Mr. Bryan, shouldn't question it: for why? Didn't you show me the Psalm that says it?" and he repeated in Irish, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

"There, Sir," cried Shane exultingly.

"Not one angel alone," exclaimed Ellen, "but hosts of heavenly guardians, chariots and horses of fire are on the hills around us. Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to us? Have they not charge concerning us, to keep us in all our ways? Do they not joy in the presence of God over one repenting sinner? Oh! to attain to that innumerable company—that great multitude of the heavenly host, who, on the plain of Bethlehem, hymned the new-born Saviour, and now roll their unceasing anthems round the throne of the Lamb!"

She uttered this most energetically: and Magrath's countenance bespoke such triumphant animation as recalled to every one present the fact of his having been taught, from infancy, to worship those ministers of God's pleasure. Ellen gathered breath, and proceeded: "Shall we not love our fellow-servants, and bless the hand which commissions them to aid us? Because some have erred from the truth, and taught men to pray to them which are no gods, we run into the other extreme, and fear to speak of them. I can rejoice in the sun-shine, love the warm beam, and bless the power and wisdom which created it, without danger of worshipping the sun, with eastern idolaters."

"You are right my love," responded the Lady, "we dwell too little on the realities of that spiritual world near which we live, unseeing, but how clearly seen. And doubtless, the sin of worshipping angels, introduced among a cloud of other abominations, has operated to deprive us of many a sweet and cheering contemplation on their existence, nature, offices, and privileges—so soon to be our own, through the grace of Him, who, for our sakes, stooped to be made lower than they."

"I'll tell you," said Magrath, who perceived the drift of their allusions to his creed. "It's myself that hasn't prayed a bead to saint or angel this many a day. Why should I?" Then with an emotion that defied controul, while tears burst from his eyes, he added, "Miss Ellen, dear, the cold hand of death is over ye."

"I know it, Magrath."

"Then carry this comfort with ye, that poor Larry Magrath will never put hope nor trust in living soul, let alone them that are dead, but believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for 'tis he that can save—and make his prayer to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, without cross or crucifix, bead or wafer, or any thing but the blessed Bible itself. Amen."

He clasped his hands, and raised his eyes with a look of fervent appeal; but, save Ellen herself, none could fully participate in its feelings. A gleam of heart-cheering delight it did indeed shed over each; but his abrupt annunciation of her approaching departure, and the calm response which confirmed it, wrung every bosom. She perceived it; and after extending her hand to Magrath, with an earnest blessing, she threw it round her brother's neck, and asked him whether he wished to detain her from the blessed society of which they had been speaking.

"No Ellen, I do not. These are tears of selfish envy. You are happy—quite happy?" and his voice softened from assertion into interrogation, as he bent over her.

"Perfectly happy; not a doubt, nor a fear. The Lord is present, who has done great things for me, and in that I rejoice. O Bryan, trust him at all times, and pour out your hearts before him! Yes, I am very happy; but oh, my bereaved mother!" and she turned to the Lady, who knelt beside her.

"Hush, my darling: the mother sees her children laid to rest, and then how peaceful her own pillow!—how bright that morning of the resurrection, when all shall bloom in renovated beauty around their Father's table! I have lived to see the fruit of many prayers—every prayer; and shall I murmur? No, Ellen, this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Go in peace, vein of my heart! and we will abide in hope."

Peaceful indeed, as affection itself could desire, were the few remaining hours of Ellen's mortal existence. She declined to be carried into her own apartment, observing, that there would be less trouble in removing her remains from where she then lay. Encouragement to persevere in defending the citadel of Protestantism, mingled with fervent supplication for her deluded countrymen, and glowing anticipations of the rest upon which she was about to enter, occupied her latest breath. The last faint whisper was one of praise; and the last smiling look was bent on poor old Shane, who could not be persuaded to relinquish her hand, until its pulse had long ceased to throb. She departed soon after midnight, as if to verify the earnest whisper of Magrath to Basil, that the angel would rein in his horse to wait for her spirit, and bear it around the city, and away to heaven: a thought which seemed to delight him so much, that the old man, smiling through his tears, forebore to check it, otherwise than by an answering whisper, reciting in Irish the promise of Jesus, "If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." Magrath assented, but immediately quoted also the passage which describes Lazarus as being carried by angels to Abraham's bosom; and Basil was too much rejoiced at his readiness in appealing to scripture, to cavil at the innocent and touching inference which he delighted to draw.

The last sigh was hushed, the long lash had fallen over the sunken but beautiful cheek, and the chin was supported by a ribbon which had confined her chesnut tresses, now straying over the pillow. Solemn stillness reigned, broken sometimes by a stifled sob, as recollections of past days became too powerful for entire restraint; and occasionally by a short but fervent supplication, offered in a low tone, by Basil or the Lady, and mingled with praise. Bryan sat in deep, calm silence, gazing on the features which, from the day when first he peeped into the cradle to admire the "new baby," had been of all earthly things most lovely in his sight. The short gloom of a summer night soon passed away: the little lamp was extinguished, with that frugal care which the deep poverty of the poor succourless inhabitants rendered indispensable: and the Sabbath morning's golden hue crept round the apartment. Magrath arose to shade the window with a token of death; and with one consent the trembling voices of age, suffering, and sorrow, commenced a funeral dirge, from the simple melodies that had frequently cheered their hearts during the long season of wasting calamity. Absorbed in the soothing employment, they

marked not the opening of the door; and on concluding, beheld with surprise Colonel Murray leaning against a projection of the antique wall, gazing on the group, with an expression of such mingled pity and love, as words could but weakly have conveyed.

"Another deserter from our garrison," said Bryan, as with a melancholy smile he pointed to the couch.

The Colonel advanced, and with clasped hands bent over it for a moment; then starting away, exclaimed "It will not do; we must be men of iron and rock. A few more such sights as this, M'Alister, will melt us into children."

"You wouldn't say that," uttered Magrath reproachfully, "if you'd heard the creature's dying breath, telling us to stand by the last stone of Derry walls."

"And did she? the beautiful martyr: may that lovely smile upon the lips that spoke such cheer, be prophetic of its accomplishment! M'Alister I came to speak of death and the grave, but knew not of this. Baker will be interred to-day: you will, alas! you must be there!" and again he looked on the corpse, and from that to the Lady, until his eyes swam in tears.

"Grieve not for us, Colonel," she said, "we share but the common woe. Would that every mourner equally shared our abundant consolations! We are chosen to suffer in the cause of truth:—May succeeding generations estimate the blessing, for the preservation of which we gladly endure the loss of all earthly things."

"Amen," he ejaculated. "The Protestant cause is the cause of posterity; and we are cementing with our dearest blood bulwarks which they will value and maintain."

Before the sun had reached his meridian height, a long and mournful procession conveyed to the cathedral the mortal remains of Henry Baker, in whom the citizens had lost a valuable friend. He was united with Walker in the government of Derry, and generally beloved. A solemn funeral service was performed, a sermon delivered on the occasion, and groups of mourners surrounding their respective dead, collected as usual for interment near the door, listened with deep interest to a theme but too widely applicable. Ellen's bier was, by Murray's command, brought near the governor's; and among the haggard countenances assembled, none excited more commiseration than the venerable trio attached to it, Shane, Basil, and the Lady of M'Alister. Magrath voluntarily accompanied them, and joined in the service of the church, having fulfilled his self-imposed task of digging a grave unusually deep, beside that of the two first victims; and here, after depositing Baker in the vault, they bore the corpse of Ellen to its nook of peaceful decay.

On that same day the infamous De Rosen sent in his peremptory order to surrender the town, before six o'clock on the ensuing evening, on pain of indiscriminate slaughter, by fire and sword. It was rejected: and he proceeded to renew the bombardment with increasing fury. This producing no appearance of intimidation or fluctuation in the devoted little garrison, the Frenchman had recourse to an expedient, in the execution of which he proved himself an incarnation of the spirit of cruelty; a meet son of her who is drunken with the blood of the saints.

On enquiring for his friend Ross, Bryan ascertained that he had been wounded, and was unable to leave his bed. Repairing to him, he found him under considerable excitement, having been assured that De Rosen had some project of cruelty which should overcome the obstinate resistance of the Protestants. "It is the ruffian's boast, that in Languedoc, he found means to quell them, such as had never entered the dull heads of English or Irish. Come, M'Alister, promise me, helpless as I am, that you will join to your own my share of resolution, and stand, though it be singly, against every temptation to yield."

"My dear fellow! what is my resolution, and what your own?—the weak, wavering flame of a candle, to be blown out by the first breath, unless lighted at the altar of divine love, and holy zeal. For a double portion of such fire I will pray: and so far as I know myself, I will suffer martyrdom rather than flinch from the sacred cause—the cause that my poor Ellen cherished with her latest sigh."

"So, so! Ellen too is gone? Very good, and I am glad, and so ought you to be. She will never more feel heat, nor thirst—burning thirst like this"—he was evidently in great torture, and his brain becoming affected.

"Be calm, dear Ross; leave these agitating themes, and look to the Lord—the Lamb who now leads Ellen to the living fountains of waters; who is equally willing to lead you there, and to overrule these bodily sufferings, to the eternal refreshment of your soul."

"I know it; I think of it sometimes—often. But I fear it is the freshness of the cool, cool damp green pastures, and the bubbling and flowing of the delicious cold waters, that allure me. O, M'Alister, I fear it is my raving thirst of body, not the thirst of a parching soul, that makes all this so lovely; for I am dying under these parching agonies, and no drop to moisten my burning lips."

"Try to compose yourself until I return," said his friend; and then borrowing a small pitcher, he sallied forth, at the imminent peril of his life, and filled it at one of the wells without the gate, while the enemy's marksmen showered bullets around him. The furious bombardment just renewed, had polluted the water in the town to such a degree, that many of the sick, like Ross, rejected the nauseous draught, while perishing with thirst; and few had the hardihood to brave, on their own behalf, what Bryan readily encountered for his friend.

Ross quaffed the precious beverage with gasping eagerness, and lay down refreshed.

"Now will you hear of the Saviour?"

"Ah yes, gladly; but I fear that gratitude for the water, love to the friendly hand which brought it, will predominate over better feelings."

"Well, you are right to mistrust yourself: but you must not therefore reject the offered mercy." He then spoke, and read, and prayed with the youth, and left him much composed. At the door he was met by Magrath, who asked him, had he heard the Mareschal's message? and informed him that the inhuman foreigner had threatened to plunder all the Protestants in the country round and then to drive them, men, women, and children, to starve under the walls of Derry.

A menace so barbarous was not to be credited; and Bryan found the council preparing an answer expressive of universal indignation at the threat, with the reiterated assurance that no regard would be paid to any proposition which he could convey, on the subject of surrender. This was the unanimous feeling of all ranks; and the message was confirmed by hearty cheers from the walls.

On the following morning the Lady of M'Alister appeared equipped for a walk. Bryan suggested that the continued bombardment rendered the streets unsafe; but she replied, "My child, I have now no sacred task to fulfil at home; and it becomes my duty to devote the remnant of strength to our more helpless fellows."

"But, dear mother, you can pray."

"And work too, Bryan. He who has coupled 'fervent in spirit,' with 'not slothful in business,' will accept the heart's prayer, while the feet and hands are occupied in the service of his poor afflicted ones.—Lead me to Ross."

With secret gladness he obeyed, and rejoiced in the delighted welcome of his friend, who received her as a celestial visitant. He left her there, and joined by Magrath, who had fulfilled his visit of mercy to the prisoners, he mounted the walls. These celebrated bulwarks of Derry consist of an inner and an outer wall, the former of which is about twenty feet in thickness, affording an excellent promenade; the height of the other varies, in some places rising above the stature of a man, but generally not more than four feet, forming battlements to the inner one, to which it is united. Here then the besieged were wont to array themselves, and employ their smaller fire-arms with such effect as they could, to aid their guns, planted on the bastions and lines. Of these they had no more than twenty fit for use, which, with two stationed on the cathedral roof, formed the entire battery for defence of the town.

Some excitement prevailed in that quarter to which Bryan had repaired; for a rising cloud of dust bespoke the approach of a large body of assailants; and De Rosen's threats had rendered them doubly watchful. "Be steady, lads," said the officer in command, "and give them a proper greeting, if they advance." A line was formed, the men stood to their arms, and, the party still drawing nearer, a volley was discharged into the mass. Screams and cries, in the shrill voices of women and children, with the loud and

melancholy tones of entreaty from men, pealed back instead of the expected fire of musquetry; and the smoke dispersing, on a light breeze, and the dust abating from the temporary halt, a scene presented itself—would it were a vision of the writer's fancy—but alas! no description can do justice to the appaling reality of what has been left on record by eye-witnesses, then gazing from those walls.

A crowd appeared, comprising several thousands of Protestants—not captives taken in battle, but victims dragged by force from their peaceful habitations, of whom the great majority were females of every age, from extreme decrepitude of years to the infant newly born; the rest were old men and young boys, or invalids brought from their sick-rooms, with some more vigorous in appearance, seized in the moment of unarmed security, overpowered, and compelled to mingle in the wretched throng. Half naked, with bleeding feet and tottering knees, they staggered on, raising their supplicating voices to the besieged to spare their helpless friends; while the latter, in the very attitude of reloading their pieces, stood petrified with horror, staring as on some hideous vision which they wished to dispel. It was, however, no vision; still the crowd advanced; and they might see the ruffian soldiery behind, violently pushing and goading with their swords, the fainting forms that lingered last from inability to proceed; or dragging them along the ground, to which some had fallen.

The trance of horror into which the Derry men had been surprised was of short duration; and such a yell of frantic fury was perhaps never heard from human lips, as then echoed from the walls. Faces pale and ghastly with famine, now flushed into the deep hectic of rage, and not a menace nor an execration was left unuttered, that their boiling passions could suggest. For a time, nothing was heard but incoherent invective, and threatenings, till Murray shouted out "a gallows!" and instantly a thousand eager hands were at work, preparing the apparatus of ignominious death, which they erected within view of the enemies' camp, for the execution of the prisoners then in their hands.

Meanwhile, the exhausted crowds had gained the walls, under which they sat or fell down, wiping the starting moisture, and tears, and blood that mingled on their faces: extracting the thorns from their blistered feet, and striving to close the tattered garments that scarcely covered their emaciated frames. Mothers clasped their infants, and rocked them to and fro, moaning in answer to the little sufferers' cries, or vainly tried to appease the clamours of children who screamed for drink and food. Young girls were seen smothering their own complaints, though racked with the anguish of fatigue and suffering, while busied in contriving some little support for the trembling head of an aged parent; or binding up the wounds of a brother, or relieving some fainting mother of her helpless babe. All this was terrible to witness; but when the victims looked up to those who hung over the walls, and smiled, and blessed them for their heroic fidelity, it was too much: tears and sobs broke forth from many who had endured without a groan the inflictions of that dreadful siege: and the leading men hastened to despatch a message to the general who commanded under the hateful De Rosen, declaring that unless the fugitives were properly refreshed, and reconducted to their homes, the prisoners should be immediately hanged within their view, including a nobleman, and several officers. Yet, with this atrocious example of religious persecution before their eyes, they added a free permission for popish priests to enter, and prepare them for their fate.

The captives, acknowledging the strict justice of this proceeding, and expressing deep abhorrence at the deed of De Rosen, wrote an imploring letter to their general to save them from a disgraceful death by his compliance, but in vain. The Frenchman was inexorable, and left them to their fate, merely signifying that their death would be revenged on the defenceless multitude. The sentence was not carried into execution, but every possible method was taken to relieve the sufferers, who on the following day were joined by another thousand in similar circumstances.

There was not a person in Derry, able to move, who did not seem to lose the sense of every privation, in the all-absorbing sentiment of indignant pity. Many climbed the walls, whom age or sickness

had apparently disabled from walking the street, and some were seen to drop their own scanty morsel of food, or change of clothing, in the laps of such as seemed perishing for help. Recognitions the most heart-rending took place, while those on the walls discerned in some bleeding famishing creature beneath, a sister, a parent, a child—sometimes a wife or husband. Distressed as was the garrison, it became necessary to prohibit, under severe penalties, the reception, and even the relief, of those over whom all hearts yearned; but the pleadings of natural affection overcame both fear and prudence, and many were admitted, fed, and clothed, during the night. Among these, one amply recompensed the mercy shown, by delivering a message from the fleet, directing that in case of great extremity, two fires should be lighted on the church. The beacons were immediately ignited, and plentifully fed, that their blaze might reach the ships with a silent tale of unparalled distresses.

CHAPTER XII.

The garrison of Derry was now reduced to less than six thousand; and within the walls were many rendered useless by age or debility, but assisting to consume its scanty store of provisions; while under its battlements there lay some hundreds of comparatively able men. It was proposed by several of the former that they should steal out under cover of the night, and their places be supplied by the latter. The most afflicted of the Protestants without, had remonstrated against receiving that help which the besieged could so ill spare: and the voice of tender compassion from above, was often answered from below in terms of cheering encouragement from those who lay dying. Many a sublime instance of devotion to the righteous cause was long recounted to the children's children of the martyrs: and when the above-mentioned proposition was communicated, they united in assisting to single out the stoutest of their party, to the number of five hundred, while as many from within prepared to take their places.

It was a night of partings in Derry; and often the half-stifled cry of agony broke forth, as the voluntary victims crossed their thresholds, to place themselves in the immediate power of their deadliest foes; and still the question will present itself, Why did they thus suffer? What nerved the citizens of this diminutive fortress even to the endurance of death in every shape, rather than surrender it? The answer is obvious; they knew the unspeakable value of that Protest from which they derived their very name; that solemn abjuration of an anti-christian heresy, wherein consists the getting of "the victory over the Beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name"*—the maintenance of that pure and spotless faith, which loathes the ways of spiritual uncleanness. They trusted that the privilege which they individually enjoyed, would, through their constancy, be confirmed as a national blessing; and that the bulwarks of their citadel should typify an impregnable defence, to be reared around the altar and the throne, to guard alike the palace and the hovel. They succeeded, and the walls of Derry yet stand a venerable monument of its incorruptible defenders. Shall we go on? Shall we ask, where are now the national barriers? Gone. The adamantine bulwarks were undermined, and crumbled, and those who prostrated them are building a wall, and daubing it with untempered mortar. But let them look to it, for the great hailstones are beginning to fall, and England will yet learn that it is an evil thing and a bitter, to forsake the living God, who will not brook the Babylonian vest, however goodly in man's eyes.

The voice of fervent supplication rose around the Proestant city, for those who manned its walls; and with it the plead ing of intercession for the deluded agents of a foreigner's cruelty. The victims said that the Irish officers had shed tears over their miseries; and that General Hamilton, in defiance of his tyrant commander, had given them provisions on their passage through his camp. Indeed, deeply as were the native troops embrued in kindred blood, this unprecedented act of barbarity towards their countrymen, on the part of a French intruder, united them in a feeling of detestation against him, and

* Rev. xv. ii.

prevented that zealous co-operation which would have rendered the safety of Derry a human impossibility. This the sufferers did not fail to remark to their friends on the walls, rejoicing that their wrongs would be overruled to the promotion of their ultimate triumph.

On that mournful night the home of M'Alister presented signs of participation in what was going on. Nothing had been said; but Basil, after tottering to the walls, and holding converse with some individuals below, returned to gather up his little bundle of necessaries, and with tearful eyes gazed on the Lady who sate in melancholy silence, while Bryan and Magrath held a whispering conversation near the window. They approached, and Basil said, "Under this hospitable and blessed roof let me once more render praises to the Lord who brought me hither, and commend to his grace those who yet remain." They joined him in his prayer, which flowed in a strain of devotional joy and hope, well fitted to cheer their spirits. "And now," he said, on rising, "farewell for a little, a very little space, until we meet in our Father's dwelling."

While exchanging their tearful adieu, they were startled to behold Shane O'Connogher issue from his little cell, equipped for departure, while his countenance left no room to doubt that it was a final one. With earnest expostulation Bryan approached, and the Lady united her remonstrances; but hiding his face, the old man called upon Magrath to state his reason for accompanying Basil.

"Sure and I will, uncle dear, and the Lord strengthen ye! It's the Irish, my Lady, that has warmed his old heart, and he cannot 'bide without it."

"The blessed Word," said Shane; "the story o' pace, it's what I can't leave. And it's he that has the comforting words that keep me looking to my Saviour. Och! but it's many a long year that ye prayed over me, and wasn't weary, though I grieved ye sorely; but he was sent, and my heart opened at the sound of the tongue: and I can't part with him."

"And can you part with us, Shane?"

"Don't, Master Bryan dear, don't ye ask me. 'Tis duty, and God gives me help, and comfort in it. We'll be meeting again, avourneen: with *them* and with *her*. It's I that couldn't sit and look on the empty chairs. May-be I'd get dark, and anger the Lord. It's the cross, Master Bryan, and who hasn't it now?"

"He is right," said the Lady with a deep sigh.

"Come, brother pilgrim," exclaimed Basil, "let us go forth without the camp."

Magrath stood by, frowning most sternly, and making every grimace that could serve to hide the workings of emotion. Basil's Irish Bible was in his hand, and he grasped it with tenacious affection; but now held it out to its owner.

"Keep it Magrath."

"Me! I wouldn't rob you of it for fifty thousand world's," he exclaimed with extreme warmth.

"I'm glad you know it's worth to be so priceless; but I cannot lose what you may gain: for I have it stored in my memory: and the book itself would be taken from me by the foe."

"Then," said Magrath, "give me your blessing with it."

"God bless thee, my son! The Lord has evidently given the promise which is never revoked. May the day-star brightly shine, where already day has dawned, in thy heart. May thy life be the life of faith, and thine end peace!"

"Amen!" was the simultaneous response.

But it was difficult to get Shane away from his Lady: he sobbed and seemed to lose all resolution. Magrath whispered, and he regained it in some measure, while making the parting request that they would take young Mr. Ross into the house, and nurse him, and teach him in the right way.

Supported by Bryan and Magrath, the old men gained the walls; and were presently slipped into the crowd without; while several stout young fellows stole in at the half-opened gate.

"I'll stay and look after them," said Magrath: "go, Sir, and fetch Mr. Ross home."

Bryan felt the excellence of this arrangement, and fully appreciated the motive that suggested it. He found Ross, to his surprise, prepared for the removal; and a bier in readiness to convey him, beside which he walked, recounting what had occurred, and describing the self-devotion of

the poor creatures under the walls. "They tell us to look on their sufferings, not as an inducement to surrender, but as a warning sent by heaven to show us the consequences of trusting such perfidious foes; for scarcely one among them but has James Stuart's protection. Several expired yesterday in the very act of encouraging us; and indeed it has nerved us all to desperation."

"How did Magrath behave?"

"Like a madman at first: tried to tear stones from the wall to hurl at the ruffians. On the suggestion of the gallows, he darted away, and was foremost in that work: but when I spoke of the deed as emanating from a foreigner, and he heard Lord Netterville justify us in hanging him and his companions, his feelings took a less violent turn: at least, the whole tide of his indignation set in against De Rosen, his French troops, and their religion."

"Aye, this is popery unmasked to some purpose," said Ross, "and worth all your controversy."

"Our controversy, however, in directing his attention through the produce of the tree, to the root, paved the way for an application of the event, which few, I fear, of his former party will think of making."

When the day was a little advanced, many citizens thronged the walls, in hope of discovering among the multitude below some beloved relative, who had participated in the voluntary exile of the preceding night; but carefully avoided any sign of recognition, lest the watchful foe might detect the arrangement. They did, indeed, accuse the garrison of forming such intention; but failed to discover its success, although with insulting mockery, they passed among the shrinking victims, smelling to their garments, and declaring that they should identify the Derry people by the ill savour resulting from their wretched mode of existence. For, not only had their dwellings been impregnated by the sulphureous effluvia of the shells continually bursting, which also had rendered the water unfit for cleansing their linen, but they were now reduced to subsist on the flesh of dogs, cats, and rats, on tallow, greaves, and every description of offal that famine could compel itself to swallow. The extreme length of the town being but three hundred paces, and its greatest breadth one hundred and eighty, some conception may be formed, even by those who have not seen it, of the dreadful effects produced on the health of its inmates, by a contest already of seven months' continuance; during the last ten weeks of which their rest had been broken, their houses shattered, their friends slain, the water polluted, and the air poisoned, by the almost incessant explosion of shells in the streets, three hundred and forty having been thrown in, to that date. To this we must add the horrible circumstance of dead bodies being frequently torn up from the grave, by the same destructive engines; and the devastating nature of the pestilence which was carrying off the inhabitants in augmented numbers every day. It becomes a matter of increasing astonishment that human nature could endure such varied and protracted sufferings: if we refer it to dread of the infuriated enemy, what shall we say of those who voluntarily placed themselves in their power, for the sole purpose of relieving and strengthening the garrison within? That party spirit actuated its defenders is palpably false in the eyes of every one who considers the circumstances; for when did the overflowings of party zeal produce effects in any way comparable to those so faintly described in these pages? Men of resolute minds, or of very excitable passions, have been known, under the influence of ambition or revenge, to sacrifice present advantage, to hazard fortune and character, perhaps even to peril life itself in pursuit of that wherein they had embarked as avowed partizans: but when did the demon of faction so influence a mingled and motley crowd, comprising both sexes and every grade of rank, that with one heart and one hand they should combine to immolate upon his altar all that endears existence, all that makes it desirable, all that even renders it supportable, and then to pine and waste away in the protracted agonies of a most lingering death? We must look far higher, for a motive capable of producing acts of such extraordinary devotion; and vain will be the search if we stop short of that high and holy principle which has, in all ages, nerved to super-human endurance, sincere professors of the true faith, when called on to resist the rulers of the darkness of this world.

The Huguenots of France, the early confessors of the Piedmontese vallies, bear witness to the all-conquering power of this divine principle, which so overcame in them that they loved not their lives unto the death, but willingly partook the cup of martyrdom, aggravated as it was by all that the craft of Satan and the cruelty of man could wring into its overflowing bitterness. To the Lord of Hosts, and to him alone, ascribe we all the glory of that endurance which the Protestants of 1688–9 were enabled to manifest under their fiery trials; in so doing we detract not from their well earned meed of pitying admiration, but crown them with a wreath more glorious than all the unhallowed trophies that deck the vaunted heroes of old Greece and Rome. Shame and confusion of face belong to us, while we contemplate the deeds and the sufferings of those confessors, contrasting with them our own unfaithful and sinful connivance at the rapid growth of the overspreading abomination which they died to oppose. Will they not rise up in the judgment with this generation and condemn it?

Magrath had succeeded in finding a spot on the wall of Derry, where, on bending forward, he had a full view of his uncle and Basil, who sate at some little distance from each other, amid a group of most desolate-looking creatures, one of whom was evidently about to enter eternity. The dying woman lay with her head reclined on the knees of a companion; while her eyes fixed on Basil, with a character of earnest, deep attention, only wandered occasionally to the wan countenance of a little babe, which had apparently, not many days before been added to the number of those helpless sufferers. The old man spoke in English; and his earnest though tremulous tones frequently rose above the discordant sounds that pained the dying ear, generally drowning the voice of pity and the accent of prayerful supplication. Complaint was rarely heard, except from children too young to stifle their lamentations, or when a wail of agony burst forth over the closed eye of some endeared connexion; or, more painful yet, when the maniac laugh and scream told a tale of woe, that reason itself had given way under the pressure of unmitigated sufferings of body and mind: but there were shouts of exultation from the foe, and bitter jests uttered in their own foreign tongue by invaders, too generally lost to every feeling of humanity; mingled with bursts of indignant reproach on the part of many who bent from the walls, while the accustomed storm of bombs abated nothing of its fury, twenty-eight of those destructive missiles being cast into the city on that day.

Magrath gazed for a while from his elevated position, and then shifted it a little to approach a group upon whose wretchedness a party of the enemy stood gazing, and evidently animadverting. Some French soldiers were talking fast and loud, their tones bespeaking much of mocking levity; while several native Irish, with scowling looks, surveyed their allies, uttering in their own tongue remarks that seemed by no means favourable to the latter.

It was not unusual for individuals among the besieged to hold parley with stragglers who came under their walls: and Magrath seeing them within a favourable distance, approached his countrymen near enough to ascertain the subject of their discourse.

"To be sure," said one, in reply to a comrade's observation, "we have always done our best to rid the country of the heretic brood; and good reason for it. The land is our own, and we've a right to recover it, and to see our holy church restored to her ancient glory; but what brought these fellows over to show their impertinence here?"

"They came to help us," observed another.

"Help us! sure there has been no luck since they came. Does not the old wall stand as fast as ever? and does the Frenchman suppose it will fall down with the cries of those perishing creatures beneath it?"

"The starving heretics," remarked a third, "will only become more obstinate by seeing what sort of usage they should get from him. Any way, they can but die; and better among their friends within yonder, than to be mocked at in their last agonies by those booted baboons."

"That's a true word, my lad," said Magrath, bending over the ramparts where he leaned. "Starving we are no doubt;

and yourselves have no great feast to boast of, if all were spoken honestly."

"Troth, no;" answered the former speaker, "We are short enough; but 'tis merit to suffer in the cause of religion, to root out heresy, and recover our fathers' inheritance."

"You are likely to have all the merit," observed Magrath, "and your allies all the rest. They don't look so hungry as yourselves; and I am doubtful whether they mean to hand over the country to you when they've had the glory of conquering it for ye."

This speech produced the effect anticipated: his hearers burst into indignant invective, and one exclaimed, "'Tis ourselves that can conquer it far better without them. Haven't they taken the command over the heads of our best leaders? Isn't General Hamilton overlooked and affronted every day? Does not our provision go to pamper the foreigners, while we are kept starving, and kicked about like dogs if we do but growl over our wrongs?"

"Fair and softly," said Magrath. "You ought to consider that these gentlemen made their terms before coming here, and who can blame them for looking to their own share in the bargain? It is but reasonable to make room for themselves before they send for their families; and you'll not catch a dancing Frenchman building a house where he can find one ready furnished to his hands. Now here," pointing to a crowd of sufferers who lay round, "here is the French manner of serving ejectments on troublesome tenants. Many a nice little dwelling-house and patch of land is left vacant by turning these out; and being convenient to the coast you see 'tis all the better. Our town, when they get it, will be a famous key to the whole Island; and as to starving a few thousand of ye, boys, or putting you forward in our way when we take the air in a sally, is perfectly natural, for it leaves more room in the land. Don't be severe on your friends, nor expect that they'll fight your battles for nothing." And so saying, he withdrew from the wall, leaving his countrymen to vent as they might the indignant feelings to which he had added no small degree of poignancy by his ironical harangue.

It was, indeed, unspeakably galling to the native Irish, particularly to their officers, to witness the increasing arrogance of the Mareschal and his troops; whose general deportment was such as to justify the surmises expressed by Magrath, and secretly entertained by many of those who hailed then as allies, and fought under their command. The recent act of outrage appeared too barbarous, even in the eyes of those who had not scrupled to commit atrocities equally cruel in the prosecution of that unnatural warfare: but the latter had been perpetrated on a small scale, individuals, or at most single families, having been the victims of their murderous animosity; while the dreadful aggregate of human suffering presented to their eyes, under the wholesale system of De Rosen, assumed an aspect of horror not recognized before. Added to this, a secret jealousy, a sympathy which in the case of heretics they were loth to confess, even to themselves, whispered that the sufferers were their countrymen—the aggressors foreign intruders; and national pride was roused to resent what bore the aspect of national insult.

By such means, division was wrought in the adverse camp; and no small degree of perplexity harassed the impatient commander, who experienced its effects without being able to apply a remedy to evils to which he was unused, and which indeed were in their very nature irremediable. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," is the gracious assurance given to God's persecuted people: and he has a thousand ways of rendering ineffectual the most skilful devices of their foes.

The fourth of July found De Rosen in a situation far from enviable: the half suppressed murmurs of his Irish confederates were rising into threats of open insurrection, on behalf of their tortured countrymen. The professing Protestants, who had disgraced their calling by co-operation with the Popish army, and who were chiefly men of influence, put no restraint on their angry feelings, but inveighed most bitterly against the unprecedented insult offered to their nominal faith, and the scandalous violation of all that man could deem binding on his fellow man; for the greater number of De Rosen's vic-

tims had James Stuart's protection in their pockets. The popish officers, as we have seen, shrunk from identifying themselves with the perpetrators of the outrage: and their feelings were responded to by the native soldiers. When the Mareschal looked out upon his motley camp, he could not but perceive that elements were there at work, which threatened a serious explosion; and on turning his eye towards Derry he beheld the appalling apparatus still displayed—the gallows on which Lord Netterville and his companions were to terminate their earthly course, in full view of their former associates and followers. Yet all this, it is probable, would have failed to turn the foreign General from his purpose, and under the walls of Derry those four thousand Protestants might have perished by famine, while above its ramparts the bones of his captured comrades had whitened on a gibbet, if he could have farther calculated on the countenance of the unhappy king whose cause he had been sent to uphold.

But James was not sufficiently divested of humanity to concur in the dreadful project of the Mareschal. On being made acquainted with his cruel order, the monarch dispatched a letter condemnatory of the proceeding, and strongly protesting against it. The receipt of this communication left De Rosen under a responsibility too weighty to be incurred; and after some delay, he reluctantly issued the order for driving the poor captives back to their homes.

This command was hailed with joy by many who had often been the ready instruments of persecution, but whose bosoms were melted by the piteous spectacle before their eyes: and by them it was communicated to the men of Derry, who mounted the walls to take a last farewell of their fellow-sufferers, and to exchange one parting look with many a dear connexion, who had mingled secretly with the crowd below. The enemy on this day were liberal of their ammunition, sending into the town a number of bombs much larger than those fired on the five preceding days: but these missiles appeared to have lost the power of intimidating even the weakest, where death in such variety of terrible forms continually crossed their path. Indeed, it became with many a matter of cool calculation, or a topic of desperate levity, in what manner they were likely to quit the world before another sun should set or rise. When, therefore, it was known that a movement had commenced among their friends without, none were deterred from hastening to the walls, who had power yet left to mount them.

The Lady of M'Alister, supported by Bryan and Magrath, was among the number who succeeded in ascending those impregnable ramparts; and melancholy beyond description was the scene displayed. Hundreds had already died upon the spot, and now, when the welcome sound of home saluted their ears, many were seen rising eagerly from the earth, only to fall again in helpless debility, beneath the over-powering burden of famine and disease. Of these, some in the wild eagerness of that hope which will cling even to a shadow, essayed to crawl along on their hands and feet; while others even rolled in the direction to which their hearts pointed. Many in meek submission to the divine will gave over the attempt, after a faint struggle or two; and greeting with audible blessings the departing footsteps of their comrades, resigned themselves to the approach of a lingering death where they lay. And there were partings, characterized by such ebullitions of violent feeling as wrung the hearts of many whose overflowing portion of private sorrow might have been expected to render them heedless of all besides: such a spectacle was displayed immediately under the spot where the Lady of M'Alister bent to survey the scene.

A woman of interesting appearance, the remains of whose garments bespoke that gentility to which her language also bore witness, was compelled to give over her feeble attempts at rising from a rude couch, spread by some compassionate hands for her accommodation. A girl, apparently about eighteen years old, stood near, gazing in silent anguish on her parent, while three children of tender age were using all their artless rhetoric to rouse the sufferer into renewed exertions.

"We are going home, mother dear," said the elder of the three; "and you will be well when once you see our pretty home again."

"Ah, mother," added a little boy, somewhat younger, "the smell of the roses, and the sweet honeysuckle over the porch, will be so nice after this place. The gunpowder and the noise of these naughty men, have made you sick—home will make you well again."

"I want to go home," sobbed out a little creature, who clung to her mother's neck, attempting to raise her.

"Kathleen will take you home, my darlings," answered the poor mother.

"But you must come too."

"Yes, I shall go home, my children; but not to the one you are returning to."

"Then we'll go with you, dear mother, to the other home," said the little boy.

"No, not now, Robert: but if you love the Lord and pray to be among the lambs of the Good Shepherd, you will come to me in that pleasant home where I am to enter first."

"Oh then you are going to die, mother! You must not die—you must not leave us;" and with cries of grief and terror each little voice repeated the words; adding such entreaties, mingled with terms of endearment and tender reproach, that the parent's natural feelings seemed for a while to overpower even the working of divine grace in her soul. She groaned with anguish of spirit, and exclaimed, "Oh, Kathleen, take them hence — leave me, leave me!"

Kathleen bent over her with an aspect of tearless despair, and in a smothered voice, answered, "Mother, I cannot."

"You must," said a voice from the wall, so deep, so unearthly in its tone, that all who heard it turned involuntarily towards the speaker.

Kathleen started: the mother raised her eyes to the spot, clasping her hands, but neither uttered a word. The children renewed their lamentations, mingling the name of father with that of mother; until Kathleen, evidently impelled to a renewed effort, stooped down to fold her parent in a long, a fervent embrace, and then raising herself, proceeded to disengage her from the arms of the children, to whom she spoke in an earnest manner, but too low to be heard by any others. Her words seemed to produce the desired effect: for the little ones checked their tears, and in turn kissed their mother, each whispering some injunction in her ear, while she held them close, and seemed to experience the rending of a heart-string as each soft lip was withdrawn from her face. They then surrounded their sister; and the girls, gathering up their garments, displayed the scars that had marked their tender ancles: while the boy's feet, without shoes, shrank from the rough stones, with which they came in contact as he moved away. It was with unspeakable thankfulness that the weeping lookers-on beheld a pair of shoes suited to his size flung from the ramparts just in his path; which the little fellow immediately put on, jumping with delight at the valuable acquisition. Kathleen turned round—she appeared doubly glad of the excuse so to do; and raising first her arms and eyes to heaven, she fixed an intent gaze upon the walls: she then bowed her head, clenched her hands in unutterable agony, and with one more hurried glance at her dying mother, she buried herself and the children amid the departing crowd.

All this was clearly comprehended by the spectators on the wall; and deep indeed was the sympathy excited for the father, who beheld his lovely and delicate children thus driven from beneath his eye, to seek a home, where no protection, beyond that of the bare paternal roof, awaited them; while the partner of his sorrow lay expiring, nor dared by one glance of recognition to hazard the discovery of his having been admitted into the garrison. He stood, his elbows resting on the outer wall, and his face entirely concealed upon his hands. There was no visible sign of what was raging within, save the short and violent gasping of his breath; nor did those who immediately surrounded him venture to break the silence, which spoke more than audible complaints could have expressed. Bryan had beheld the whole scene with feelings unusually excited; for as the venerable forms of Basil and Shane had receded from his view, until they became lost in the promiscuous company around them, every wound recently inflicted on his affectionate heart, bled anew under the sense of irreparable loss, rendering him more keenly alive to the sufferings of others. Besides, the objects most dear to him, his mother, Letitia, Ellen, were committed to a peaceful grave, over which

it was his privilege daily to watch; and their spirits, he knew, were yet more safely housed in the mansions of the blessed, under the guardian hand of Him who had loved them, and who gave himself for them: whereas this agonized husband and father was left to the most dreadful surmises, as to what of mortal suffering might yet await those in whom his own life seemed to be wrapped up. "And I know not," thought Bryan, "whether he be a partaker in that precious faith which seems to support the soul of his expiring wife." With such thoughts in his mind, he gradually approached the stranger; and having rested for a while on the wall beside him, addressed him in a voice of respectful commiseration.

"You are not alone in your sufferings: alas, that the only consolation which we can offer should be a fellowship in wretchedness!"

The stranger shook his head in token of bitter assent, but neither spoke, nor looked up.

Encouraged by this slight proof of attention to his words, Bryan proceeded: "I know that He whose power to save is as infinite as the compassion which calls that power into action, is likewise touched with a feeling of all our infirmities—has in all points been tempted like as we are"—

"Yet without sin," interrupted the other: and then raising his tearful eyes to heaven, he ejaculated, "Oh, merciful High Priest! subdue these sinful repinings, and teach my soul to say, 'It is the Lord.'"

There was a simple, a sublime fervour in the tone of this short appeal, that bespoke the agony of spirit under which the sufferer struggled for resignation; it carried reproach to many a heart which had failed under similar trial to seek to the same source for comfort and submission. To Bryan the words were fraught with solid satisfaction; and confirmed him in a purpose already formed in his benevolent mind. Pressing still nearer to the object of his compassion, he continued, in a low voice, the expression of his christian sympathy; then said, "There is evident danger in your remaining to occupy a station from which it is yet hardly possible to urge your removal. Whenever your feelings will permit you to relinquish for a short space this post of melancholy watching, leave it to me—I will not neglect for a moment the sacred charge—and give my aged grandmother the support of your arm to her bereaved home, where your presence will fill one of its many vacancies with a fellow sufferer, partaking alike in our abounding affliction, and in the consolation that, through divine grace, sometimes much more abounds."

The stranger turned upon him his heavy and swollen eyes, with an expression of deep thankfulness, replying, "It is a brotherly offer; and with a brother's frankness I will accept it."

"Where have you been, Magrath?" asked Bryan, as his faithful follower mounted the wall near him.

"I have been putting my hand to the work yonder, your honour," he replied, pointing to the place where the gallows had stood, which, with scrupulous adherence to the letter and spirit of their declaration, the Derry men had taken down as soon as the crowd moved off from below.

"And did your governor really purpose to execute those miserable captives?" asked the stranger, whose name was Morrison.

"Every neck of them, Sir, we would have stretched," answered Magrath sternly, "and themselves never denied the justice of it."

"That acknowledgment was what saved them," added Bryan; "together with the evident fact, that the savage foreigners cared not how much of native blood might flow, but would rather rejoice in proportion to the horrors perpetrated under their iniquitous domination."

"They are encouraged by the priests," said Morrison.

"Look yonder!" exclaimed Magrath, unconscious of the agonizing interest that the scene to which he pointed must excite in the breast of his hearer.

A French officer, who appeared to have received some order to investigate the condition of those who remained below the walls, had approached the place where Morrison's wife lay, seemingly in a quiet sleep. Attended by three or four soldiers, he reached the spot, and rudely pushing with his foot the helpless creature before him, he demanded in broken English why she did not follow the rest of the rabble on their march.

She raised her hollow eyes, and articulated some words too faintly to be understood. The Frenchman, with his sheathed sword, was about to thrust the pillow of ragged clothes from beneath her head, at the same time ordering her to rise, while Morrison, grasping the top of the wall, seemed in the act to throw himself over, as the nearest way to succour her, when an Irish sergeant approaching, in a tone of suppressed rage, exclaimed, "Let the woman die in peace."

The officer commanded him to retire, but he stood his ground, seemingly prepared to resist, in deed as well as by words, the wanton barbarity of his companions, towards one so evidently suffering the pangs of dissolution; while the soldiers, pressing nearer, seemed anxious for some command to remove him by force.

This was presently given; and at the same moment the sergeant, placing himself astride over the narrow couch, drew his hanger: but several of his countrymen running up, among whom was an officer, the Frenchman moved back, calling on his men to disarm the mutineer, and conduct him to the fort.

"What's this, Connellan?" asked the Irish officer, "how came you to mutiny, sir?"

"Is it mutiny to defend a dying countrywoman from those who thirst for Irish blood?" said the sergeant, in his native tongue.

"Is she dying?"

The Frenchman asserted that she was as well able to walk off as the rest of the party; but that she preferred lying there, in the hope of being taken into the town.

"No fear of that," answered the other. "The starving rascals know better than to let more hungry mouths into their den; besides," he added, stooping to look at her pallid face, "she is really at the point of death."

The Frenchman made no reply to this, but in a more violent tone repeated the order to seize Connellan for mutiny.

"I've committed no mutiny, and I'll not be disarmed by you," said the sergeant, darting a look of defiance at all the foreign soldiers.

"You're right, my lad," exclaimed the officer, "and General Hamilton will say the same."

The Frenchman vehemently protested that all the rules of military service were on his side; that for a non-commissioned officer to draw his sword upon a superior, was death before any court-martial.

"Never mind," replied the other, with provoking coolness. "We're not particular here, you know. Monsieur de Rosen has dispensed with all the troublesome laws of honour, good faith, and humanity; and we need not stick at a trifle in the articles of war."

The Frenchman peremptorily ordered his men to advance upon Connellan; the others as promptly joined in defending him. A desperate scuffle took place, pistols were discharged, while Magrath and others shouted from the walls their loud encouragement to the Irish party. It was a short interval of unspeakable horror to the husband, who beheld this sanguinary struggle around and over the death-bed of his beloved partner; and scarcely could Bryan withhold him from leaping down to certain destruction. But the fray was ended, the Frenchmen retreated, leaving one of their number bleeding on the ground, and as the combatants separated, the Irish officer gently raised the lifeless object of their compassion, saying, "She's gone, indeed: a bullet has passed through her brain."

The fact was evident; and Morrison, bowing his head upon the wall, exclaimed, in a smothered tone, "Even so; and there is mercy in it. Lord, teach my soul to praise thee!"

CHAPTER XIII.

When the little household of M'Alister assembled at their evening duty, Morrison formed the principal object of interest, and their united prayers arose for the safe guidance of his distant children, concerning whom many questions were asked; less from curiosity than to indulge the fatherly feelings of their guest. He represented Kathleen as endued with wisdom and discretion far beyond her years; well armed in the gospel panoply, either to do or to suffer in that glorious cause, for

which he professed his readiness to see even his children offered up as victims on the altar of their faith, rather than he or they should compromise it.

"I begin," said Ross, "to understand something of this high and holy principle, the fruits of which I have, with admiring wonder, continually seen displayed beneath this roof, without being able to comprehend the root that produced them. My head, I think, gets clearer; but the heart, alas! errs more widely every day,"

"Say, rather," replied the Lady of M'Alister, "that grace is given more clearly to discern its errors. The admission of light, my dear young friend, makes manifest many displeasing objects that were not before seen: but it neither adds to their number, nor increases their actual deformity."

"I've been thinking on that myself," said Magrath, "when reading to the prisoners to-day."

"Then you found time even to-day, my good fellow?" said Bryan.

"Sure, Sir, and I couldn't do less. The poor souls expected every one to be hanged, though we told them it was only the officers that we meant to execute; and when the people marched away and the gallows were taken down, it was myself that couldn't but go and read them a psalm out of Mr. Basil's beautiful book."

"And this was what detained you so long?" asked Ross.

"No, Sir; I had other work in hand afterwards; but I didn't like to mention it till prayers were done:"—Then turning to Mr. Morrison, with the hesitation of real feeling, he inquired whether the name of Connellan had not reached his ears in the morning; to which the other, with a heavy sigh answered that it had; under circumstances never to be forgotten.

"Well, Sir, that Connellan is an old comrade of mine; and a lad who won't be nice about his religion when his Irish blood is up against the French. I took advantage of this after you left the wall and"—he hesitated again, and then, in a more hurried manner, added, "There are graves of my digging in the church-yard, that cover some who were the sunshine to our eyes. I've dug another beside them, and at midnight we'll receive the body of her who is gone to their blessed home. Connellan will bring it to the gate, and I've the Governor's leave. I know 'tis a comfort," he added, turning away to hide the starting tears, "for havn't I found it so myself?"

While Morrison, overcome by this unexpected mercy, vainly strove to express his gratitude, Ross exclaimed, "Magrath, I verily think you were sent here to be a perpetual reproach to my shameful prejudices against the native race."

"You've no prejudice now, Mr. Ross, avourneen;" answered Magrath, with an affectionate smile; "but when they who should sow good seed plant nothing but thistles, what crop can you expect? Only lay the blame on the right shoulders."

"He speaks most justly," observed Morrison; "and the generous deed that he and Connellan have performed are more characteristic of our countrymen's natural feeling than are the sanguinary acts which have made their name a terror and our beautiful island a reproach among the nations. My own life has been an active one, bringing me very frequently into contact with the most untamed among my countrymen in their mountain fastnesses and secluded vallies. I have been so situated in those remote districts, that my personal safety depended so far as man was concerned, on an unhesitating appeal to the nobler feelings of their nature; and when uninfluenced by the present instigation of their priests, I have found their enmity melt away before the appearance, or let me rather say the reality, of affectionate confidence on the part of one who threw himself on their hospitable faith."

"'Tis the way of them when left to themselves," said Magrath, thoughtfully; "but your honour was right in barring the priest's blarney."

"I have good reason to do so, my dear brother," rejoined Morrison, whose every look beamed with grateful cordiality towards Magrath; "and one among several instances I will name. Some years since, I was travelling through a mountainous and unfrequented district in the wildest part of Galway, where scarcely a trace of civilization could be discovered, and where my ignorance of the native language left me in the state of a man cast ashore on some foreign strand. In fact, I had acted very incautiously, in neglecting to provide

myself with an interpreting guide; but I could not believe that the English tongue would be so universally unintelligible within half a day's journey of places where it was generally understood, and used. However, I found my error too late to profit by the discovery; and committing myself to the Lord, I went on, accosting all whom I met, in the hope of obtaining an answer from some one. I was disappointed; and to aggravate it, there generally appeared a scowl of displeasure accompanying the muttered Celtic, or the sullen silence in which my address was received."

"I'll engage for 'em," said Magrath, smiling; "It isn't the English sound that will make a man welcome in Cunnamara."

"I went on," continued Morrison, "until the closing evening, and my own fatigue, together with the jaded pace of my horse, compelled me to make an attack on the hospitality of the next cabin that offered any appearance of comfort. I reached one, situated in the midst of what seemed a respectable little property, well farmed; but the house, though large, was as rudely built, and of as rugged an aspect, as any cabin in the bogs. Here I reined in my horse, and fastening him to a tree, walked into the kitchen."

"And parlour, and bedroom," interrupted Magrath, who seemed to enjoy the recital greatly.

"Yes; I believe it would be difficult to name any use to which it was not applied. My entrance was hailed with respectful courtesy, but when I spoke in English, the party looked one upon another, with countenances that promised me little encouragement. Affecting not to perceive this, I advanced towards the table, on which smoked a plentiful load of hot potatoes; and, smiling with the air of a man who knows that he is welcome, I drew a stool nearer to the board, and seated myself; taking off my hat, wiping my brow, and letting them see that I was pretty well fatigued."

"And how did they look?" asked Ross.

"Perfectly well pleased. Some remarks passed among them in a tone of good-humoured raillery; but the best potatoes were culled, and a slice of bacon presently cut, and laid over the clear turf embers. One of the young men, spying out my spurs, looked from the door-way, and went out, returning soon after with my saddle, bridle, and valise; which he put down, nodding his head and pointing in a direction where I had observed some sheds to intimate that the horse was housed; and taking out with him a bucket and a measure for corn, he left me well satisfied that my poor steed was sharing the hospitality of which his master heartily partook."

Magrath's countenance shone with satisfaction. He rubbed his hands, and turned involuntarily towards the corner from whence old Shane's smile was wont to respond to any expression of national feeling on the part of his nephew. But that corner was empty, and a shade passed over the clear brow, not unmarked or unfelt by Bryan and the Lady.

"I need not describe," resumed Morrison, "the kindness with which I was treated, having once been made welcome by this Irish family: and on a rough but comfortable bed I slept that night, as free from apprehension as though my own roof had been over me; notwithstanding the evident dissatisfaction with which they had marked my rejection of the holy water, carefully placed within my reach. Next morning I found that my horse, whose limping motion I had attributed to fatigue, had been injured by some sharp gravel getting into an old sore in one of his ancles, and really needed the rest which his good-natured attendant, by signs, requested me to afford him; and while I considered the matter, a younger lad, whom I had missed from the breakfast table, appeared leading a pretty little maiden by the hand; who with a low curtsey, and blushing, informed me that she was come to give us the help so much needed, being able to speak both the language of my hosts and my own. With her assistance, the invitation was pressed more eloquently, and the case of my poor horse feelingly described; so that I consented to be their guest for a day or two longer."

"And did it last, the hospitality of them, Sir?" asked Magrath anxiously.

"It did, for three days; and we really had become such friends, that I could not without pain, think of parting from them. On that day, however, being with Judy,

my little interpreter, at some distance from the house, and reading to her, from the Bible, some of those precious truths which, by her means, I had also conveyed to the family party, we heard on a sudden a very loud voice, evidently in great anger, expostulating in Irish, while the crack of a stout whip seemed to give emphasis to the exhortation."

"Long life to the whipcord!" said Magrath, with one of his inimitable grimaces; "'tis the best argument his riverence has to the fore."

"My poor little companion," continued Morrison, "turned so pale, and trembled so violently, that I easily guessed what formidable personage was at hand. The voices approached nearer, and Judy, suddenly seizing me by the arm, compelled me to crouch with her beneath the shelter of a clamp of turf, which effectually concealed us; while the priest slowly walked his horse, vociferating at the farmer and his eldest son, who silently accompanied his progress, until, just over against our hiding place, the young man spoke in a tone of respectful but earnest remonstrance.

"On this the priest pulled up his horse; and prefacing his speech with a crack that made poor Judy start terribly, he commenced a long and indignant reply, to which my companion eagerly listened. Her countenance bore testimony to its purport; for she first let go my arm, which she had been holding fast, and then, by degrees edged away from me, casting every now and then such a glance of fear and perplexity at my face, as it really pained me to witness. At length the parties proceeded on their way; and we left our retreat. I had remarked that Judy seemed quite ignorant on the subject of her own religion, and unconscious that any difference existed between others on matters of faith. She was also artless, grateful, and affectionate in an uncommon degree; and as I easily surmised the cause of her sudden estrangement, I had little difficulty in counteracting the effect of the priest's discourse on her mind, so far as to regain much of her innocent good-will. I depended on the Lord's mercy to make her instrumental in preserving me from any snare that might be laid.

"Towards evening, Judy sought me out· and in a trembling voice, told me to go away from that place as fast as I could. 'Why, my child? Do you think that I will hurt you or any one?' She replied, that it was not *me* that would hurt *them;* and spoke it with an emphasis that showed she wished me to understand the reverse to be the cause of her fear. I pondered upon the case, not a little at a loss, and still unwilling to believe that any harm would reach me in the bosom of that hospitable and frank-hearted family."

Magrath shook his head, with a bitter smile.

Mr. Morrison proceeded. "At the evening meal I watched the looks of the assembled party, but could detect no change. Indeed, if any thing, the farmer and his son were more officiously cordial than before; and this certainly perplexed me, seeing the effect produced on Judy by the priest's harangue. The little girl was evidently watching also; and at one time, when the men were talking in a loud, cheerful tone, calculated to dispel all suspicion from the mind of one who could not understand their language, I saw her so much terrified, that combining it with some side looks cautiously darted at me by the speakers, I felt convinced there was no time to lose. I took advantage of a half hour, when I knew that the men would be absent in a distant field; and saddling my horse, with a heavy heart, I rode hastily away."

"But you had no proof of ill intentions being entertained," observed Bryan.

"Not at that time: but I afterwards met with one of the farmer's sons, under circumstances where I was enabled to render him such an important service, that in the overflowings of his gratitude, he confessed how near I had been to losing my life. The priest, he said, had threatened to denounce them all for harbouring a heretic so long; and to such a pitch were the national and superstitious feelings of the elder son excited by his inflammatory language, that he had resolved to do me some mortal injury, in revenge for the wrongs of his country and his religion, as he said."

"I don't doubt it," observed Magrath; "but unless the others had joined him, he would hardly have been able to do it. No thanks to the priest, that all the party were not against you. If the farmer had

withstood his riverence, and kept your honour in his house, he'd have had the parish raised up against him, and a long day it would have been before he saw the end of their persecution."

"Pernicious influence!" exclaimed Bryan.

"And unaccountable too;" added Ross, "that it should quell, at a word, the strongest impulses of the national character, the force of habit, and all that appears most stubbornly rooted in man."

"That mystery of iniquity," remarked the Lady of M'Alister, "will be a mystery always; yet we may in some wise account for the despotic power so banefully exercised over the consciences, the souls, and the actions of our fellow men. They are taught from earliest childhood, that to the priests of Rome are committed the destinies of their followers; that he who ministers at the altar, and presides over the confessional, possesses unquestioned authority to admit or to exclude; to throw wide the door of heaven, or to fence it with impassable barriers against the individual who kneels at his feet. What marvel that, ruling as a demi-god, assuming to wield at will the thunders of Him who governs earth and heaven, his sway should be unlimited, and his dominion perfect?"

"Still," said Ross, "I am astonished that religion should so powerfully and extensively influence the members of the popish communion, when among the followers of a purer faith we see it generally occupying a very small share of their attention. Supposing that a Protestant could believe his minister equally potent, in spiritual matters, as the papist holds his priest to be, I doubt whether the former, I mean the great bulk of professing protestants, would show sufficient concern for things not of this world, to yield such blind obedience to the dicta of his guide."

"It is true," replied the Lady; "and it affords a lamentable proof how much wiser in their generation are the votaries of delusion than the children of light. But mark the origin of what you have alluded to: the priest of Rome knows that it is essential to the existence of his power to bring up every child in habits of religious observance. He must be kept mindful of his soul's concerns, because on that depends the value of all priestly services: and to accomplish this, the father of lies has framed for him a religion in no wise opposed to the natural bent of corrupt minds; a religion consisting of bodily exercises, and will-worship, fitted to nourish and to gratify his carnal pride; a religion perfectly compatible with the dominant prevalence of all sin and uncleanness; which does indeed point out and stigmatize those things as displeasing to God, and dangerous to the soul of man, but which at the same time proffers to the offender connivance—impunity in transgression—at the price of perfect submission to the church. The wealthy must purchase with their riches the privilege of sinning; the poor must render such service as they can, by holding themselves in perpetual readiness to execute every mandate of their crafty guides. And all this is comparatively easy to the natural man, to whom any sound is more welcome than that which calls on him to repent and be converted—to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that he may be saved—which assures him that, in order to enter heaven, he must become a new creature, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and glorifying God in that body, and in that spirit, which are his alone."

Magrath listened attentively to this remark; and when the Lady concluded, he said, "It's all true, for your Ladyship, and there's yet another thing that you haven't noticed. The poor people, indeed, are careful for their souls, as well they may be, seeing how little comfort they have to their bodies, let alone looking forward to the fire of purgatory; but you'll please to remember, that the priest has power to harm them, in life, limb, and substance. Many's the one upon whom he has put his curse; and myself has seen it—bad luck was all that came to the sorrowful creature from that day forward. I've seen how the pratees would fail, the cow would be dry, the turf was rotted in the clamp, and the man would sicken, and pine, and melt away till only the bare bones remained, and into the grave he sank, withered by the curse of the altar."

"Indeed, Magrath!" said Bryan, "I did not suppose that you still believed these lying wonders."

"I have seen it, Sir," answered Magrath in a firm tone, that seemed to set farther question at defiance.

"You may have seen all these things, indeed, and I do not doubt your word; but they were not the effects of the priest's curse."

"Then why did they follow it, Sir?"

"The failure of a crop, of a cow, or a clamp of turf would have occurred, and passed unmarked, only that, the curse being borne in mind by the superstitious people, every untoward event was traced back to its operation. Did no other like misfortunes happen where the priest had given his blessing, Magrath?"

"I don't say but they might, Mr. Bryan: but then for the pining away, and melting of the person, just as the priest had said, wasn't that his doing?"

"Most probably it was," replied the Lady of M'Alister; "but not by any power of his own. The poor victim who has fallen under a ban, which he vainly considers of such potency as to affect his life, becomes a prey to despair. The persecution to which he is subjected destroys every comfort of his existence, or dreadfully embitters it: and, looking on himself as doomed to destruction, he pines away, under the dread of what he has no hope of averting. Trust me, Magrath, should any power which he could believe to be more effectual than that of his priest, visibly interpose on his behalf, to reverse the unholy charm, he would quickly cast off his fear, the danger would vanish from before him, hope would revive his fainting heart: and if the malady of grief had not already eaten so deeply as to injure the springs of life, he would quickly walk abroad among his fellows, as alert as ever, and as far removed from that grave to which his own despondency was rapidly consigning him."

Magrath looked very thoughtful; and Bryan added, "Remember, you told me yourself that the hoisting of the gallows, and the prospect of a sudden, shameful death, had left the prisoners but little life for our justice to deprive them of."

"I'm glad," said Magrath, "to have heard all this; for, troth, Mr. Bryan, I've been more bothered by the same than you would suppose. I couldn't deny that my own eyes had seen the curse prosper; and understand it I didn't: but it's reasonable to be as you say, and it's sheer roguery among the priests to frighten men out of their natural lives."

During the latter part of this discourse, Morrison had remained painfully abstracted from all that passed; absorbed in the musings of a mind most cruelly bereaved, and following, in anxious thought, the path of his helpless children. He was roused by the energetic tone of Bryan, who, rising from his seat, exclaimed, "Against this system of satanic delusion,—against this merciless traffic in the souls of men,—against this moral blight and spiritual pestilence, which desolates our country, we have manned our solitary fortress; and we will hold it, by God's help, while one stone remains upon another. Though foes press us from without, though famine pinches us within, though death stalks along our streets, and grave after grave yawns to receive the desire of our eyes;—though sorrow and suffering eat away our strength; and hope, perpetually deferred, sickens the heart that it ceases not to mock—yet, yet we are unshaken: our cause is that of immutable truth, and an immutable God will give us the victory still. No SURRENDER!"

"No surrender!" was repeated by every individual around him, while their sunken cheeks kindled into a flush of sacred exultation; for even Ross now felt within him the actings of that principle which he had truly characterized as high and holy, and to him for a long time incomprehensible. In Magrath it had taken deep root; like a plant which at first vegetates but slowly to the sight, its vigorous fibres were fixing a firm and lasting hold in the prepared soil of his heart. Under ordinary circumstances, it is probable, he would have maintained a more protracted contest in defence of those delusions on which, but a few months before, his hope had been exclusively built: but the besieged fortress of Derry was no common school, nor the very court and presence chamber of death a scene wherein to trifle with the things of eternity. To this may be added the rare advantage of seeing his instructors called upon daily to exemplify their teachings, by doing and suffering in the cause of truth, what the stoutest heart might quail to encounter: and in their unshaken con-

stancy, their unrepining endurance, their freedom from all rancorous or vindictive feeling towards the wretched agents of persecution, he read a lesson the most touching, the most convincing to an observant mind. Thus, by external helps that infinite wisdom devised, was that secret work accelerated, without which all outward means had surely failed: Magrath grew in grace and in knowledge; the light that had so recently dawned upon his soul lightening more and more into perfect day.

Bryan's apostrophe had not been uttered without an especial view to the trial which awaited the stranger then under his roof. Midnight drew on, and the nourishment that would have recruited his exhausted frame, the cordial by which a temporary animation might have cheered his drooping spirit, that impoverished household could not bestow. Themselves pining with unsatisfied hunger, so long that its cravings had become, as it were, habitual, and, therefore, more endurable, they beheld with yearning commiseration the unsupplied wants of one to whom the privation came with the severity of an untried affliction. Bryan well knew the power of that stimulus which he had applied: he followed it up by a prayer such as they alone can pour forth on whom is laid the chastening hand of the Lord; and closed the exercise with those impressive words that the suffering Protestants were often wont to appropriate, "My heart and my flesh faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

"Now, Mr. Morrison," said Magrath, "'tis time for us to be going. You've a sorrowful hour before ye, Sir—but the sorrow is all to you—she's done with it for ever."

Morrison grasped his hand, unable to reply: and with Bryan they proceeded to the place of melancholy rendezvous.

"Lady," said Ross, "shall I ever attain to this triumphant spirit of self-surrender, which shines out so beautifully in those around me? Removed as I am far away from every near connexion, and under no apprehension for their security, I seem exempted from the trial under which I should probably be found to fail."

"Say not so, my young friend. Your faith, too, will be tried, for it is no less precious than that of others: you too will be scourged; for what son is he whom the Father loveth and chasteneth not? But the time and the manner are in his hand. Your cross is prepared, though as yet you may not feel its pressure on your shoulder."

"I often wish that I did," said Ross.

The Lady smiled. "If your tender mother, and the sisters who love you, could witness that emaciated frame, those cheeks of famine, and the disabling wound that holds their Frederick in tedious captivity, would they not implore the mitigation of a cross so heavy?"

"Yes: individually considered, I grant that I might be deemed a sufferer. But when I look around me at the widowed husband, the bereaved brother, the childless parent, and above all, when I look at my multiplied transgressions, I cannot but ask, oh, why is the rod so lightly laid upon one whose demerits call for its most unsparing strokes."

"Believe me, Ross," said the Lady earnestly, "the latter consideration is one of the most perilous snares spread in the path of God's afflicted children by their indefatigable enemy. You know now somewhat of the plague of your heart; you feel the burden of those sins that, through your life, have grieved a compassionate Father; and, conscious of your desert, you invite the punishment which, for the glory of his justice, you feel willing to endure.'

"And is that wrong?" asked Ross.

"Alas! were he to reckon with you for the least of all your transgressions, hell must be your portion, and that for ever. I have witnessed much of this dangerous spirit among our sufferers, and therefore, my son, would I warn you. He who considers that the punishment of his offences is to be laid upon himself, will, when heavily afflicted, regard the chastening as meritorious in God's sight, and make a Saviour of his own endurance. When you behold in the sacrifice once offered on Calvary, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice and satisfaction for all your sins, when in the undeviating obedience of the incarnate Son of God you see a justifying righteousness, and lay hold on it, and make it all your plea, then will you be strengthened to suffer and to do, according

to the will of him who must be to you all that you require—wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption."

"I see somewhat of this," said Ross, after a few moments of deep thought: and, raising his eyes, he added, "Oh, for more of that divine teaching, by which even I may become instructed in the things of God!"

During this discourse—to the Lady of M'Alister most richly refreshing, as another token of accepted prayer—the party who had left the house bent their way to the gate at which Connellan had appointed to meet them. Late as was the hour, there was little appearance of repose within the walls of Derry: on the contrary, there seemed a greater stir than by day; a temporary respite from bombardment, combined with the freshness of the night breeze that swept over Loch Foyle, having tempted many to leave the covert into which they had been driven during the glare of a sultry sun, rendered doubly oppressive by the perpetual explosion of gunpowder in every street. Of the better sort, many felt an insuperable reluctance to expose the squalid wretchedness of their unwashed garments and blackened visages, even to the gaze of partners in affliction: and among all classes there were mourners whose very heart-strings had been rent, while the objects of their tenderest love perished miserably before their eyes, and to whom the darkness seemed more congenial than the day. To this may be added the appalling fact, that their principal support now consisted of such animals as might be discovered prowling about the haunts of famine, under the cover of night; and these were sold at a high price by those whose love of money overcame the cravings of hunger, or who had a surplus, after deadening that craving by a scanty meal on such loathsome fare as they had seized. Dogs were turned out in the evening, to prey upon the unburied bodies of those who had been slain without the walls: and on their return were slaughtered to furnish a meal for the family, at whose hands they had once been plentifully fed. To such extremity had the garrison been reduced before the end of July, that a single quarter of one of these dogs was priced at five shillings and sixpence of the then currency, and his head at half that sum. Even a cat was gladly purchased whenever it could be found, for four shillings and sixpence; and animals yet more disgusting to the human palate in proportion.

Such being the condition of the beleagured fortress, the imagination may perhaps sketch an outline—it cannot by any possibility fill up the picture—of what was passing under the midnight sky of Derry. One object appeared to possess attraction, even for the most reckless wanderer; and that was the double beacon which sent its red columns on high from the cathedral roof. It was the appointed signal, communicating to the tardy fleet the desperation of that distress which they alone could relieve: and to the hollow eyes upturned towards the glare, it presented a sort of link between them and the objects of that oft-defeated hope which they could not relinquish. It was piteous to see the wistful countenances with which many would pause, to gaze upon this unconscious messenger of their grief; as though by so doing, they could communicate to it an additional power of expressing what they longed to send to the eye and the heart of unfeeling Kirke. Seen under its ruddy blaze, the broken windows of the cathedral, the shattered walls, and dismantled buildings around it, roofs ploughed up by innumerable bombs, and wood-work blackened by the frequent ignition that had marked the progress of red-hot cannon balls—all these things united to produce such a spectacle of wretchedness, as the mind will shrink from dwelling upon. Yet, happy had it been for poor Ireland, could that scene have lived indelibly engraven on the memory of her Protestant race, as an abiding stimulus to incessant exertion in the peaceful and holy warfare, whereby alone the souls of their deluded countrymen can be rescued from the usurping powers of darkness and cruelty!

Absorbed as he was in the contemplation of his individual calamities, Morrison could not pass along the street of Derry, an indifferent spectator of these things. His heart melted over the sorrows, and glowed in the devoted heroism of the sufferers around him. "Methinks," he remarked to Bryan, "it would be a sore reproach to walk among these martyrs, if I

bore not a portion of their cross, in humble anticipation of sharing with them the crown."

"True for you, Sir," eagerly responded Magrath: "It was myself felt the same, and couldn't rightly look them in the face till my hand and heart went along with theirs. It isn't the starving among them, Mr. Morrison, that gives one a fellowship in their troubles: 'tis knowing what we suffer for, and being willing to suffer, though a man were left standing alone for the cause, and every back turned upon him."

"And what do we suffer for, Magrath?" asked Colonel Murray, who, unperceived had joined them, and walked beside the animated speaker.

"Troth, Colonel, I'm somehow bothered to tell the matter clearly, but"——— he hesitated; then turning full upon the enquirer, he made a stand, and raising his voice, emphatically uttered, "Sir, we suffer for our God, and for our country."

"Most true, Magrath; and from you that testimony is invaluable. It is not long since you held us the direct enemies of both."

"I'll not be denying it, your honour: but now I've learned God's will out of his own word myself: and I'll suffer to death, rather than not see my poor country share in the blessing. They are God's enemies that wouldn't let his mighty works be made known to the people; and they are Ireland's foes who blind her people from seeing the glory of God's truth. If Derry fell, we'd soon see the dead idols set up over all the land; and the living Word buried out of sight. 'Tis to hinder this, Colonel Murray, that we gladly suffer; and in the name of God and poor Ireland, I say, 'No SURRENDER!'"

The last words were uttered in a shout, while he waved his hat exultingly. That watchword was caught by the surrounding population. Murray himself being the first to re-echo it; and like an electric shock the impulse was communicated, until a hundred hands were raised, and a hundred voices pealed the inflexible resolve, "No SURRENDER!"

Murray, after this ebullition of patriotic, and more than patriotic feeling had subsided, turned with graceful courtesy to Morrison, just as Bryan was about to pronounce his name. "I need not," he said, "any other medium of introduction than the deep and heartfelt sympathy that must draw me towards one who has done and undergone so much in the sacred cause which binds us all together. Your name, Mr. Morrison, is familiar to me; as are the many good deeds that adorn it. In yielding a hearty assent to the request of our honest Magrath, Governor Walker gratifies his own feelings, no less than he hopes to sooth yours. He would have expressed this in person; but unavoidable engagements detain him for two hours longer. At the end of that time he will be ready to perform the last solemn offices over one whose grave will be bedewed with many a tear. Meantime I attend, his willing representative, to sanction, and in every way to put such honour as we can upon this mournful duty."

Morrison expressed most warmly his grateful sense of such delicate attention; while M'Alister enjoyed increased satisfaction in finding that his roof had sheltered a valuable and active labourer in the cause for which it was his dearest privilege to endure the loss of all things.

They had now reached the gate, Murray's presence affording a most welcome countenance to the proceeding: and on a given signal that gate which, seven months before, had been the first to close against the enemy, swung back upon its hinges to admit the lifeless remains of one who had perished under that enemy's implacable cruelty.

The body was laid on a rude bier, a dark coarse sack being thrown over it, the better to conceal the nature of its freight. Before, however, any one could enter the half opened portal, Magrath presented himself at its aperture, and in Irish, demanded whether all was fair and honourable.

"You need not doubt it," answered Connellan, in the same language. "My own officer is on duty here, and not a Frenchman near us."

"This is my old comrade, Colonel:" said Magrath to Murray. "I'll answer for him, if once he gives us his word: the other I don't know."

By Murray's direction, Connellan was told, that in consideration of his compassionate interference, he was welcome, if

such was his wish, to attend the body to its last resting-place: pledging of course, his promise to take no undue advantage of such discoveries as he might make. The assurance was given to Magrath's satisfaction, and Connellan, with the bier, entered within the eventful gates.

A considerable number of persons had gathered around them: and many proffers were made with indications of respectful sympathy, to assist in bearing the humble carriage to the burial ground; but Morrison himself took the place of Connellan's former helper, while Bryan and Magrath each raising one of the poles, the bier was thus carried onward, followed closely by Colonel Murray, and a long train of voluntary mourners, who arranged themselves in procession behind him.

It was now that the full tide of sympathy seemed to set in with an uninterrupted flow towards the widowed husband: nor could he, amid his smothered anguish, be insensible to its soothing power. Appropriate texts of Scripture, touching allusions, sentiments of elevated piety and holy resignation, fell continually upon his ear; while the haggard looks of those who uttered them, bespoke how needful to themselves was the consolation that they tendered to an afflicted brother.

Arriving within the church-yard, there was a temporary halt, preparatory to the opening of the cathedral door; and Magrath suggested the removal of the uncouth covering, to be replaced by a sheet, which he had considerately provided. He had previously ascertained from Connellan that all was neat and respectable about the corpse. "Some poor Irishwomen," said he to Morrison, "undertook to settle the dear lady in her little bed; and you'll find they've not neglected it."

It proved so: the placid countenance was uncovered beneath the flickering light of the beacon; for other torch could ill be afforded. The oil was spent, the remaining wood stored up to feed the watchfire; and tallow was become an article of food, eagerly purchased at four shillings the pound.

Morrison, nearly overcome, seated himself on the bier; and with clasped hands gazed on the sweet face that had never failed to meet his eye, with smiles of conjugal affection. The by-standers pressed nearer, after a short silence of pitying respect; and by degrees their words reached his ear with somewhat of intelligible meaning.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation," said one: and another added, "They were slain for the testimony of Jesus."

A grey-haired man, raising his folded hands above his head, and casting up his eyes, fervently ejaculated, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee!"

A famished mother, pressing in her arms the living skeleton of a child of two years old, bent over the corpse, and repeated, in the bitterness of agonized feeling, "*They* shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more:" while a school-boy, gently touching the shoulder of the silent mourner, tendered his little mite of consolation by whispering a Latin line,

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

"Sweet and becoming indeed it is, my child," responded a by-stander, "to die for our beloved country, a willing victim in that cause, which, with us, is no less the cause of God."

The door was now unlocked, a taper provided, and the body having been borne into the church, Morrison was left for a while to indulge his grief alone over the beloved remains.

Connellan looked around him with a mixture of surprise and painful interest, not altogether divested of hostile feelings; while, heedless of his presence, the group pursued the subject that seemed for a time to have absorbed their individual sorrows. "I beheld the lady's death," said one, "and could not but thank God when I saw she was really gone. It was a quick passage at last, after some grievous tossings on the troubled sea of affliction."

"Alas!" exclaimed a female near him, "did you see the parting with her children? Yonder are the graves of my two darlings, cut off, the elder by the sword, and the other by the pestilence, within a fortnight. I did not begrudge them in the cause; but I never felt how mercifully I had been dealt with, until I saw that lady's children driven from her side, to wander through a scene of horror, and cruelty and blood: without a friend to watch over their young heads."

"Without a friend!" ejaculated another. "When did the best of Friends forsake those who cheerfully took their cross for him? We know better: we have tasted his mercy. He hath delivered us, he doth now deliver us: and in him we trust that he will more fully and triumphantly deliver us yet."

"It must be by a strong force, at any rate," said Connellan.

"There is no restraint with the Lord, brother, to save by many or by few;" mildly answered the old man who had before spoken. "All power is his, and he wields at will the armies of heaven no less than the elements of earth. By the waves of the sea were Pharaoh and his host overwhelmed: by the soundings of rams' horns did proud Jericho's bulwarks fall. A few lamps concealed in pitchers wrought the defeat of the many thousands of Midian: and when the haughty Sennacherib lay encamped around the city of David, even as yonder our enemies encompass our city, an angel was sent forth at dead of night, who, with noiseless destruction, slew at once a hundred and eighty-five thousand of these boastful Assyrians. This God is our God: his hand is not now shortened, nor his power in aught diminished. For the better trial of our faith, deliverance is delayed; but in the appointed hour it will come—it will come, and not tarry."

"And is this the way that you encourage yourselves to hold out?" asked Connellan, with a shrug.

"Ay, it is—it is," responded many voices: and some added, "We'll stand to our guns while we can lift a match to them."

"That won't be long," observed Connellan, looking round him with more of pity than of scorn.

"Perhaps not," replied Magrath: "but when we can't move a hand to help ourselves, what follows?"

"Why your town will be captured at once."

"Captured, is it? Sorrow a bit do we fear that. It is'nt yet that the Derry men have lost the trick of peppering their friends outside: but when God takes it out of our hands, he'll take it into his own. With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, he will get for himself the victory!" and this he again repeated in Irish.

A hum of applause, restrained, by delicacy towards Morrison, from breaking out into a cheer, followed this apostrophe: and Connellan, to change the subject, asked why they kept that great fire on the top of the church. Various replies were given, chiefly in a jesting strain: one saying it was to assist the enemy in rightly pointing their guns and mortars; another, that it was used to fumigate their town, being none of the sweetest. A third remarked that it would be wanted to roast the oxen and sheep which they intended to take in the next sally; while Bryan, more truly, observed that a pillar of fire having been formerly the signal of God's presence among his people, the token of his guidance, and pledge of their deliverance, it could not but cheer them to be reminded, whenever they looked towards the house of prayer, of those works and wonders of old, the contemplation of which was their unfailing encouragement.

"Here comes the Governor," said Magrath. "Now Connellan, we'll show you a better friend to poor old Ireland than your camp contains."

"He's an Englishman," observed Connellan, sullenly.

"He's not a Frenchman," warmly responded Magrath. "He's not wading through Irish blood to enslave the land: to keep it in darkness, and shut out the blessed light of truth."

Walker now approached; and Connellan, from under his bent brows, took a keen and curious survey of a man whom he had more than once seen in the confusion of a skirmish, but who now appeared in a garb better suited to the sacred profession which he had so often merged in that of the warrior. The Governor's countenance bore testimony that he had fully participated in the privations of the suffering garrison: but his air was more lofty, his step more firm, his eye more animated than in days when hope was buoyant, and their present extremity of want altogether unthought of. Slowly and majestically this singular man walked through the opening crowd, with every individual of whom he seemed to be on terms of personal acquaintance. There lacked not several, even among those then before him, in whose bosoms rankled the feeling of envy, suspicion, or dislike; but the observing eye of Connel-

lan operated as a check upon them; and care was taken to maintain in his presence, at least, the semblance of unanimous attachment to their celebrated leader. On arriving at the place where Bryan stood, Mr. Walker stopped short, addressing him in words of familiar friendship; and, apologizing for the delay in his arrival, enquired for the person who had acted so humane a part towards the slaughtered lady.

Connellan was immediately pointed out, and respectfully returned the Governor's recognition.

"Sergeant," said Walker, in that abrupt phrase, which generally told well among the troops, "it seems you have not yet met a mutineer's fate."

"Nor ever will, Sir," answered Connellan, sternly.

"The French are worse masters than the English," continued Walker.

"English or French," retorted Connellan, almost fiercely, "Ireland needs no masters,—she can govern herself."

"James Stuart thinks otherwise," said Walker, with a half smile; and slowly passed on.

The principal door of the church was thrown open, and thither in silence the spectators followed their clerical governor. Murray's considerate kindness had provided the unwonted luxury of a coffin; which had been privately introduced through a side door, by attendants who assisted Morrison to enclose the beloved remains in that narrow receptacle. When, therefore, the bier was again discovered, it supported the coffin, and over it was thrown a pall; Morrison stood at the feet, not far from the reading desk, on which two tapers were lighted, casting their feeble glimmer upon his pallid countenance, while with folded arms, and tearless eye, he stedfastly gazed on the inanimate object before him. Connellan pressed forward, accompanied by Bryan and Magrath, and followed by a considerable number of persons. It was Walker's custom to render every thing as far as possible conducive to the grand concern so near his heart; and no man better knew how to give a powerful effect to such means as came within his reach. The present was an inviting occasion, not only to strengthen his friends, but to display before an enemy that unshaken constancy, that vivid interest in their glorious cause, by which alone he could entertain a hope of ultimate triumph. At the moment of uncovering his head, and stepping forward, he broke with startling suddenness the deep and death-like stillness of the scene, by uttering in the most sonorous tones of his powerful voice, the sublime commencement of that service which he came to perform, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Here he ceased, advancing in silence until he stood beside the bier, over which he stretched his right hand, standing erect in stately dignity; and turning full towards the listening audience, whose eyes were fixed upon him, he addressed to them the next of those impressive sentences; giving to it an emphasis of enthusiasm not to be described, "I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth; and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold him, and not another."

The last apostrophe followed, after a second solemn pause, during which he bent his head with a thoughtful and compassionate gaze upon the coffin. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out of it." Then raising his eyes to Morrison he concluded, in a voice of really touching pathos, "Brother, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Walker then ascended the desk, and proceeded to read, or rather to recite, in a most animated strain, the magnificent lessons from the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, while Magrath, almost unconsciously, whispered it close to the ear of Connellan, in the beloved language of his country and his heart.

It was now, indeed, that the hostile visiter might take an accurate survey of those who had so long bade defiance to the united efforts of Rome and France—so long resisted the evil spirits of Ireland's worst delusion, with a constancy of endurance scarcely to be paralleled in the an-

nals of human fortitude. Already had the morning put on the tints which promised a speedy brightening into day. The windows, retaining scarcely one unbroken pane of glass, gave ready entrance to her beam; and from the casements of surrounding houses was reflected the deep red blaze of the beacon above. Every head was bare, every countenance upturned towards the minister, receiving from the eastern window a full portion of light, and exhibiting such traces of famine, such wrinkles of care and sorrow, such a fixedness of earnest thought, while communing in spirit with that eternity on the visible borders of which their daily path was held, that all Connellan's feelings became softened into a mixture of pity, wonder, and involuntary respect; while his heart secretly pleaded that the sufferers before him were but defending their native soil from the inroads of a foreign enemy,—were but rallying round the altar of their fathers, for the faith in which they had lived and died.

When the procession moved towards the grave, Connellan resumed his former station as a bearer; his subdued tones giving testimony to the effect of what he had witnessed, on a heart replete with Irish susceptibility. Magrath observed and rejoiced in the change; resolved to follow up the advantage gained, with all the powers of his versatile mind.

The coffin was deposited in its final resting place, amid the unfeigned sympathy of many, who had recently borne to that burial ground the remains of all that their hearts cherished. Hitherto Walker had acted in his sacred character, performing its functions in such wise as to impress the spectators with that holy submission which the beautiful formulary is admirably calculated to nourish in every christian breast: but he ceased not here; on closing his book, he assumed an attitude of animated earnestness, and commenced an harangue addressed to the sterner passions, which it was his policy to keep perpetually awake.

He pointed to the open grave characterizing it as the glorious couch of a martyr; and waving his hand around, extended that character to the innumerable mounds that had, during the last few months, changed the aspect of the place, and filled to repletion the yawning appetite of the king of terrors. He apostrophized those mouldering ashes to utter an articulate voice, protesting, even from the grave, against the merciless ban-dogs of infuriate Rome. He reverted to the massacre of 1641, sketched the partial outrages of intervening years, expatiated on the treachery that had doomed the inhabitants of Derry to the knife, and which would have been glutted with their blood, only for the closing of those impregnable gates. He stigmatized the native Irish as willing instruments in the hands of butchering priests, bent on the destruction of every thing Protestant, and sworn to deluge Ireland with blood, so long as any power remained with them. Referring again to the victim whom they had then interred, he dwelt upon the dreadful scenes enacted under their very walls a day or two before; asking whether, after such a specimen of popish cruelty, his hearers could hesitate in preferring the most lingering or excruciating death, to any league that could be formed, any agreement that could be concluded with the vassals of perfidious Rome? Exulting over the numbers who had been slain in their various sallies, he spoke of them as so many irreconcileable foes laid prostrate beneath their feet: auguring a complete subjugation of the island to Protestant authority. As he concluded, some inconsiderate partizan proposed a cheer for King William; and the call was obeyed, but by no means unanimously. This war-note seemed to grate on the feelings of many, attuned so recently to holier strains. Morrison turned away, evidently much pained; Bryan passed his arm through his, addressing him in a low tone; and Magrath, apparently under great excitement, seized a shovel wherewith to fill in the earth, putting another into Connellan's hand, and calling on him in Irish, to finish his good work for a countrywoman of his own. There was a bitterness in the emphasis, which accompanied with a quick glance towards Walker seemed to bespeak a disclaimer of any such tie in that quarter; and when the partial cheer was given, he did not scruple to utter pretty audibly, the very dissimilar note of "Erin go bragh!"

The general cast of Connellan's counte-

nance was dark and stern in no common degree: shaggy eye-brows, closely contracted by the deep furrows of an habitual frown, were wont to conceal the flashes of an eye that never quailed before created being, though frequently cast down to mask its glittering animation, when some ulterior purpose required the sacrifice of present impulse. Magrath had often marked the momentary struggle, in which his comrade rarely failed to lay a curb upon his strongest natural propensities, and gather in the lightning that would fain have dealt destruction around him: on the present occasion he witnessed no such conflict for Connellan's features were wrapped in a cloud of sullen scorn: but Magrath had found himself too nearly touched, to doubt that Connellan's towering spirit writhed under what had been spoken.

They were soon left alone at their work, Bryan having seated Morrison near the grave of his mother, and holding discourse with him, so as to preclude all likelihood of overhearing the Irishmen, who conversed in their national dialect.

"It's a sorrowful story that Bryan M'Alister is telling yonder," said Magrath.

"Many such stories may they have to tell!" exclaimed Connellan, in a stern and bitter tone. "What are the sorrows of such intruding strangers, to the tale that Ireland can give of her children's sufferings under their hateful oppression! They have sowed in blood—let them reap destruction—they brought a curse into the land; let it be their meat and their drink—let it poison their lives and disquiet their graves!"

"You are wrong, Connellan," said Magrath, "He that loved cursing never yet inherited a blessing for his own portion."

"And is not that what I am saying? 'Tis well that bloody-minded priest threw off the sheep's skin and displayed the wolf. I was becoming as soft as a child, and doubting whether my hand could again point a gun at the wretched beings who crowded that battered building. I forgot they were English—sassenachs—enemies to God and man; so smoothly lay the serpent coiled under the green herbage. Ay, Magrath, I could have called them Irish; could have made common cause with them, and manned these walls to drive the more recent invader back to his home."

"You were right there, Connellan: the Irish blood is in them, or never could they have shown this endurance. Yet," he added, checking himself, "God can give to any man, of any country, wisdom and faithfulness to stand by his cause, when he knows it to be the cause of truth."

"But their's is the cause of error and falsehood; of heresy, tyranny, and treachery."

"As to falsehood and heresy, Connellan, you and I could know no more of that matter than the priests were pleased to tell us; and judge you what sort of teachers they must be, who now sell the country to a parcel of foreigners, more insolent and cruel than any who have ever before tainted the land. Tyrants there have been, of English race; but the first and the worst were of the same faith with your priests; and as for treachery, let Dermod M'Murtough tell who was the traitor. We have all gone astray, comrade; and astray we must still go, till we get a guide that cannot err, to put us in the right way."

"Such a guide who shall find?"

"'Tis found, Connellan; and if followed we can never go wrong. The words that you heard this morning were part of God's book: and that book is the only lamp to light us in the right path."

"Away with such woman's talk!" exclaimed Connellan: "The words were smooth, and fell pleasantly upon the ear; and I deny not that they helped to lull my better feelings into a dangerous slumber. But marked you not the contrast between those words, read fluently from a printed book, and the burning thoughts that issued in natural language from the heart of that heretic priest? No, no: trust me, Magrath, they are alike—children of one race, and priestcraft is the same, call it what you will. The legend of a saint may be given, in the way of trade, from altar or pulpit, and in the same way may such discourse as we now heard be dealt forth to listening followers, breathing only peace, and love, and pious resignation; but hatred burns in their hearts the while, and that mutual hatred will still break out, whether in the priestly whisper of our

secret confessional, or the open harangue of a Protestant ruffian, laughing to scorn the sanctimonious hypocrisy of their public ministrations. Vengeance, the cry; blood is the demand: and mask it as you will, exterminating hatred prompts both priest and minister."

Before Magrath could reply, the grave being filled, Morrison and Bryan approached. The former, grasping Connellan's reluctant hand, enquired if there was any possible means whereby he could manifest his grateful sense of the obligation under which he was laid.

"None, Sir; we are enemies, and enemies we must remain. I would ask of you yet to be a manly foe; and when the weak and the helpless fall within your grasp, remember that Connellan, though a despised Irish savage, could not look on, when the wife of his enemy was misused by a heartless foreigner."

"Call me not your enemy, Connellan," said Morrison, deeply affected. "I too, am Irish, and my spirit weeps over the woes of my country, the afflictions of her children."

"We will not argue that point, Mr. Morrison, I've done my duty: and if more than my duty, let it be remembered in the right place." He crossed himself; and handing the shovel to Magrath, prepared to depart.

"Connellan," said Bryan, "poor and unsatisfactory as is the refreshment that I can offer, still—" the Irishman interrupted him:

"Mr. M'Alister, sooner than take one mouthful from your starving townsmen, I'd go and blow the brains out of yonder French Mareschal, and make my breakfast on them. No, Sir; had I my wish, I would feed you all first, and fight you afterwards. God and the Virgin give poor Ireland a happy deliverance from all her foes, whatever name they are called by!" and saluting the gentlemen with an air in which respect and defiance were strangely blended, he hastened away, followed by Magrath.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the course of the day which followed the interment of Mrs. Morrison, Colonel Murray paid a visit to the widowed husband, whom he found engaged in earnest conversation with his friends. "Let me not," he said, after the first kind greeting had passed, "let me not interrupt your discourse, United as we are in striving to uphold a righteous cause, it cannot be that any individual member of our common body should suffer or rejoice without exciting the sympathy of all."

"Our discourse, Colonel Murray," replied Ross, "was indeed on a topic of public interest: one on which opinion seems much divided, and where we should like to hear your sentiments. The Governor's address this morning to the spectators—I should rather say the mourners, assembled in the church-yard:—was it or was it not judicious?"

"Pardon me, my dear Ross; but you are aware how much I deprecate the habit of sitting in judgment on the words or actions of constituted authorities: particularly when, as in the present case, the thing is done past recall."

"There's a silencer for you, Magrath," said Ross.

"May be not, your honour," replied Magrath, who appeared to have been much ruffled. "It's the popish way, as myself well knows, to silence a man without convincing him. 'Tisn't in judgment that I'd presume to sit; but when men are perishing by scores and by hundreds in a cause that is dearer to them than their heart's blood, they shouldn't be misrepresented, and that before an enemy, as if they were doing the devil's own work."

"Softly, my good lad," said Bryan.

"No, no: out with your grievance, Magrath," said Murray, good humouredly.

"'Tis some misunderstanding that I may perhaps be able to clear up. Governor Walker misrepresent his Derry Boys! You've been dreaming on an empty stomach, I suspect."

"Is it dreaming I was, your honour? Troth, and my stomach may be empty, but my heart is too full to dream. Why then, Sir, I'll tell you, and your two ears will bear me witness, that the Governor halloed us on like a pack of blood-hounds; and if 'Revenge' wasn't his word, I'll be bound that every soul present felt 'twas his meaning."

"And have we not much to revenge?" asked the Colonel, somewhat warmly.

"You have, Sir; and God give you vengeance, everlasting vengeance upon her that is drunk with the blood of the Saints—that mother of Harlots—that"—— and his vehemence increased until he was obliged to have recourse to his native language for greater freedom of expression.

"He is quoting," said Bryan, "some of the awful denunciations of Scripture against the apostate church, which he now, at last, most deeply feels to be indeed the destroyer of our country. This excitement is carried beyond due bounds; but the scene at his parting with Connellan certainly offers some palliation. Come, Magrath; be composed, and relate once more what passed at the gate."

Magrath obeyed: addressing Murray, he requested his pardon for being so rough in his presence, and then told him, that on reaching the walls with Connellan, he had endeavoured to set before his comrade the misery into which both the country and the souls of her people were plunged, by the selfish machinations of that crafty priesthood, whose teaching they both knew, from personal experience, to be so decidedly contrary to the gospel of love and peace. He represented the contest in which they were engaged, not as one of individual hostility, but as a struggle on the part of the Protestants to preserve that light by which alone the darkness of the land could be dispelled; and their efforts as directed to the subversion of the anti-christian power, by whom a foreign host had been invited to assist in fixing more deeply the fetter, which the priests were perpetually inciting them to cast off. "Didn't I tell him," added Magrath, with increasing vehemence, "that himself and me well knew the cry had been, 'away with the English yoke:' that from father to son they told it to the babe in his cradle, and talked it over the old man's coffin, how, since bloody Henry set foot in the land, Ireland had never known the sunshine of peace—how the strings of her harp were broken, and the song of her bards was silenced, and sorrowful under the blasted oak of her mountain, sat Erin—cuishle-machree!"

"This is poetry, Magrath," said Murray, smiling, as he looked on the flushed cheek of the excited Irishman.

"It is poetry, Colonel Murray; and it kindles the heart of many a one whose hands are made ready to the work of death. But, Sir, I'm to speak of Connellan. I told him all this, and then I asked him, Isn't James Stuart an English King? Isn't it the English yoke that you're fighting to strengthen? and doesn't it prove that, English or French, any foreigners may have the help of the priest, if they'll but support him in making merchandize of the people's souls? Now, Colonel Murray, if Connellan had agreed with me; if he'd been convinced as myself had been, that such is the truth, what would have followed?"

"Why, we should have gained another adherent, Magrath."

"Ay, Sir, and an honest one; and the same would have been lost to the enemy. He'd have seen that your foe is Ireland's foe; and that is the way, the only way, to break down the power that ruins my country. Derry might fall to-morrow, and myself be the first that should throw the gates open, only that I look for peace to grow out of this bitter war. God has said, 'Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.'"

"I agree most heartily with you, Magrath: but how does this affect the Governor's speech?"

"Sure and it was that did all the harm!" exclaimed Magrath, indignantly. "Connellan told me that he had many a thought come over him like what I'd been saying: and only for hearing how well the Protestants kept their account for old grievances, and how they'd be reckoning still on hunting down the native Irish like wild beasts, to be rooted out before the land could have peace, he'd been likely to join us. But that hour was past: truth, he said, would out, and since poor Ireland had no friends, he'd but perish in defying her foes."

"So much," observed Morrison, "for the illustration which has brought home to Magrath's feelings the distinction between the mere casket of nominal Protestantism, and the precious jewel that lies within it. Mr. Walker's harangue was doubtless well calculated to rouse the indignant spirit, and to nerve the animal courage, by which the military defence of these walls may be protracted until succour shall arrive, and our deliverance be wrought; but the ques-

tion arises, how far will this event be made subservient to the welfare of our suffering country?"

"It cannot be otherwise," answered Murray. "Whatsoever tends to the establishment of Protestantism, must conduce to the overthrow of its hateful opponent. Let William of Nassau be firmly seated on the throne of these realms, let a Protestant succession be ensured, Protestant ascendancy take deep and abiding root, we shall, we must, see prosperous days, shining ere long on our poor distracted island."

"This, too, is conceded," said the Lady of M'Alister, "but are we all agreed as to the meaning of that word so precious to our hearts? Do we fully comprehend what is included in that single term Protestantism?"

"I hope so," said Murray.

"I fear it is grievously misunderstood," remarked Bryan: and Ross added, "To that I can bear testimony, for no one more vauntingly claimed, or more successfully won the character of a staunch Protestant than myself. How far I was from deserving, or even comprehending the name, I am every day more feelingly taught: nor is the lesson yet perfect."

"Explain yourself," said Bryan.

"Why, truly I consider Protestantism as a principle that should become exceedingly active and warlike in troublous times; but which might safely go to sleep in seasons of tranquillity. So long as the papist made a hostile show, I held myself bound to offer uncompromising resistance; but let me succeed in establishing my own religion, secure from his innovations, and he was welcome to the snug enjoyment of his darling delusions. In insurrectionary days, I had sword and pistol wherewith to put him down; right order restored, my purse was at his service for the building of a chapel, or for the collection-plate of a conventual school. I laughed at his dogma of transubstantiation and abhorred the idolatrous absurdity of his image worship; yet for the music of a mass, or the raree-show of a nun's profession, I could mingle in the crowd, a serious and respectful looker on. Heartily believing that the popish priesthood constituted the abiding curse of the land, still, in private society, or on a public occasion, I felt it my duty to place his reverence next in honour to the Protestant clergyman; and by no spoken word, or overt act of dissent, to remind him that his creed was the object of my reprobation; his abuse of its assumed authority the ground work of my countrymen's destruction. Now this is the empty shell and husk of Protestant profession; fit only to be cracked, and flung into the fire."

"If such be only the shell," observed Murray, "I should like to hear a definition of what you conceive to be the kernel."

"I refer you to Bryan M'Alister."

"You might have made a fitter choice," replied Bryan, "but I accept the office. You have well described the unsubstantial Protestantism of multitudes: how different is that vital principle of a pure faith, which holds an undeviating, unflinching protest against the powers of a darkening delusion! The former, altogether selfish, starts into angry resistance if the circle of its own privileges be threatened with encroachment: and having repelled the invader, it coils itself within its narrow boundary, leaving the soul of its neighbour to perish in its sin. The latter, divinely taught to look 'not every man on his own things only, but every man also on the things of others,' seeks not to purchase a momentary repose by such dishonest connivance; it wages exterminating war, not against the enemy, but against the enmity—not against the deluded papist, but against the popery which constitutes his delusion. Yes, real Protestantism will seek to establish, even in temporal things, its just and lawful dominion; but this it will make subservient to the far higher and nobler purpose of bringing souls into willing subjection to the righteous government of Christ. Real Protestantism never slumbers, never is off its watch-tower: its very name argues that there is always something against which to protest, and *that* something is known to be the enemy of God and man, and enslaver of souls, and an usurper of the temple of the Lord. When the wretched bond-slaves of that anti-christian despotism take the carnal weapons, and march onward to root out and to destroy, real Protestantism is tender, most tender of their lives; for willingly it would not send one unrepentant soul to the judgment-seat

of Christ: not knowing that its Author and Finisher is the Lord of Hosts, it casts its cause on his Almighty arm; and, humbly using the allotted means, waits for the deliverance which shall glorify his name."

Exhausted by the fervency of his spirit, the weakened frame of M'Alister demanded a momentary pause. It was one of unbroken silence; but with many it was one of secret prayer. Bryan resumed:

"Real Protestantism, when the Lord has given it rest from external enemies, will improve that season to the extension of its Master's kingdom. Tenderly concerned for the souls of men, it will go into the dens of spiritual tyranny, preaching 'deliverance to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' By no act, by no passive acquiescence, will it sanction the deeds of darkness, or connive at the thraldom of a single soul. He who contributes to the building of a popish chapel, he who silently looks on when God is dishonoured in a popish mass, CEASES TO BE A PROTESTANT—he is identified with the abominations against which it is his calling to PROTEST. And oh, how far, how immeasurably removed from the standard of real Protestantism, is he who, by the right hand of fellowship externally given to the false and idolatrous shepherd, assists to confirm his sway over the deluded flock whom he is leading to perdition."

"Pardon me," said Colonel Murray; "but, cordially as I must needs concur in the greater part of your animated description, I do not see how we can carry the protest so openly into the domestic circle, where we must occasionally come in contact with the priest of Rome. It is not every man among us, in fact there are but very few, who can enter upon the controverted points of doctrines: and must we, by such a hostile carriage, provoke the encounter when there is no rational hope of any thing better than a mortifying defeat?"

"Your question, Colonel," replied M'Alister, "involves another exposure of the lamentable defect in our nominal Protestantism. The word of God enjoins every man to be able to 'give to him that asketh a reason of the hope that is in him:' no person who can scripturally do this, need fear the result of even a controversial encounter with a man whose creed opposes the fundamental doctrines of the all-sufficient atonement of Christ, and justification by faith in that atonement. Real Protestantism, therefore, will never need to shrink from such unmasked avowal of its principles, as shall call forth a statement of opposing creeds; and this it will the more readily do, because the minister of a false religion is himself also a man, within the reach of converting grace, liable to be convinced by the Spirit of God; and open to the cheering 'peradventure,' that, through the gentleness with which the servant of the Lord will be 'apt to teach,' in 'meekness instructing them that oppose themselves,' repentance may also be given to him for the acknowledging of the truth. Such has often been the case; such was the progress of that blessed Reformation which began with the conversion of a solitary Augustine Monk."

"If your estimate of real Protestantism be just," said Murray, thoughtfully, "and I cannot gainsay any part of it—alas for the great bulk of those whom we call the Protestants of Ireland!"

"And alas for Ireland!" added Morrison, "if her hope of permanent prosperity be built on what our friend has aptly designated as empty nutshells. Victory may yet be ours; and a successful ascendancy be established in the government of the country; but where shall we look for security against a future explosion of these terrific elements, which we leave within the grasp of the prince of the power of the air, instead of putting forth our spiritual strength to wrest them for ever from his hand."

"Yet let me add one lovely feature of real Protestantism," said Bryan. "It knows not the unhallowed thirst for revenge which characterizes the carnal mind. Emulating the glorious example of Him who says of his people, 'Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more,' the sin alone is hated, the sinner is pitied and forgiven. Our poor countrymen now do the bidding of those who delude their souls, and bind their consciences in fetters: our work is not to take vengeance on them for such erring obedience, but to convince them that the influence under which they act is alike opposed to the will of God and to their own well-doing. Is their sin against us of darker dye than

that of the Jews in crucifying the Lord of Glory, that we should not, in recurring to past outrages, take up the language of Peter, 'And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it'—'Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord?' "

"There!" exclaimed Magrath, striking his hands together, "There's the blessed truth of God's own word, to encourage poor ignorant rebels. A long day it would have been before Larry Magrath took the name of a Protestant, if the story that was told him hadn't been a story o'pace: and Connellan's proud heart, that's now breaking in sin and despair, might have softened and turned under this very roof, only for Governor Walker's speech. Myself, that ought to have known better, felt all the Irish blood in a blaze about me; and what blame to Connellan?"

The conversation appeared to sink deep into Murray's mind, which was of no common cast: but the delicate situation in which he stood, involving him in frequent difficulties between contending factions, induced a degree of external caution, uncongenial, and often irksome, to his frank disposition. Abundant opportunities had been afforded him, of verifying the distinction just drawn between genuine Protestantism and that political bias which assumes the name. Often had such promising shells of fair profession invited his confidence, while strengthening his hope in the stability of the cause: and then, on a more mature inspection, had proved altogether empty, or perhaps inhabited by bitterness and corruption. Colonel Murray already knew, far better than he cared to acknowledge, that Derry owed not its defence, nor would Ireland ever be indebted for her deliverance, to such adherence as worldly minds display, even to the most righteous cause. He had witnessed the defection of some, concerning whom he had entertained the most sanguine expectations from their blind and headlong devotion to the interests of what they called the Protestant faith: while others who, like Bryan M'Alister, appeared comparatively cold, and almost timidly reluctant to take the sword against their wretched countrymen, had shown themselves endowed with invincible courage, and such an enduring fortitude as could not be shaken. Ross, in the recent change so clearly evidenced by his discourse, afforded an instance of this: for Murray, as he looked upon him, read in the sobered and settled expression of his countenance, a spirit of determination more fixed, than he had ever traced when the young man was found in the van of every desperate sally: in the language that bewailed the fate of his deluded countrymen, Murray discerned a better promise of inflexible hostility against all compromise, than in the loud and vehement execrations with which he had been wont to load them and their cause. And fervently, though secretly, was he led to wish that Derry had, from the first, been garrisoned, or, at least, that it could now be exclusively defended, by such men as were before him under the roof of the M'Alisters.

There was indeed, much to occasion the most serious misgivings in the minds of those who knew the actual state to which the stores of the city were reduced: what this was, might be pretty well guessed by the inhabitants, when on the ninth of July, it was announced that the garrison allowance to be served out for that day's subsistence was, to each man, *a pound of tallow*. This was the soldier's fare; the miserable citizens had no such regular supply, whereon to depend: and they were to be seen in every corner, raking among the rubbish with which the bombs had overspread their little gardens, their bony fingers eagerly grasping every decayed leaf of even the most common weeds; while many strolled out, in the carelessness of desperation, beyond the gates, to collect whatever the waters of Lough Foyle might have cast upon the beach, devouring the sea-weed as a dainty, though its only effect was to render more intolerable the burning thirst, to slake which, few could obtain a cup of cold water; so high was the price set upon the refreshing beverage, by those who must place their lives in imminent hazard to procure it. When, therefore, on the following day, bombs were thrown into the town, containing, in lieu of gunpowder, the most inviting proffers from General Hamilton, to such as should be willing to surrender the fortress, it became a matter of

most anxious calculation how far the leaders could depend on those placed under their command. It was with a beating heart that Bryan M'Alister communicated to his friend Ross, the morning after this discovery, that a parley had been agreed upon, and that a council was about to be held for the discussion of that subject, replete with awful interest to them all—the surrender of the city.

"Surrender!" exclaimed Ross, starting from his chair, "never, M'Alister, never!"

"It must not be," said the Lady; "we may not deliver up our strong hold; we may not renounce our trust: we must not make ourselves a scorn, and our hope a derision to those who have hitherto been defied in the name of the Lord of Hosts."

"What excuse upon earth have they found for such a project?" asked Ross.

"The dreadful strait to which we are reduced in point of provision; the rapid decrease of the garrison by death and overpowering disease; the disappearance of the ships, which drop away from their distant station, becoming invisible to our best glasses."

Morrison, who had entered as Ross put his question, added, "And disaffection secretly expressed by some; and more loudly declared since the insidious offers of Hamilton were circulated in the town."

Before Ross could commence the indignant reply which was rising on his lips, Magrath came in, asking, "D'ye know, gentlemen, what's to the fore this morning?"

"Ay," answered Ross, "and to the fore it may still be; for I'll never believe that it can be present while there's breath in one true Derry boy."

"Long life to you, Mr. Ross, avourneen; and its you that will get into Miss Ellen's chair—didn't she bid us hold out like a rock?—and we'll take you to the Diamond, where there's a party assembled that mean to have two words to the bargain. It's no time to be hesitating about the trifle of life that's in ye yet: make the most of it, and die like a man, Sir."

"Magrath, my noble fellow, my true Irishman," cried Ross, "I would crawl there on my hands and knees rather than be absent. No need for the chair, Larry; give me your arm, and your's M'Alister—'tis true you have not yet declared your purpose, as to this new trial of our constancy, but you will not, you cannot"—he fixed a look of anxious earnestness on Bryan; and Magrath with a broad grin, responded, "Declared himself, hasn't he? Sure and 'twas not Mr. Bryan who sent me to collect the boys that first wore the white badge, and to tell 'em all that the seventh of December was come round again. Be asy, Mr. Ross," he added, as the other put the little wheeled carriage aside, "into it you shall go, if 'twas only to honour her that spent her last breath in putting courage into our hearts. There, that's right; and now, your honours, for the Diamond, and no surrender!"

The Lady of M'Alister watched them from the doorway of her dwelling, in which, for the first time, she was left perfectly alone. With uplifted hands, and overflowing eyes, she besought a blessing on the receding group; and then retired, to wrestle in more importunate fervency with him to whom alone she dared to look in this extremity of peril.

When Ross, having left his humble carriage at the entrance, was led into the room, supported by Morrison and Bryan, a movement of mingled gratulation and concern took place among the assembled party. His crippled state rendered his appearance yet more pitiable than theirs, who bore upon their visages the impress of famine, and on their persons the worn out, uncleanly garments that contrasted most miserably with the gentlemanly deportment of the wearers. Few among them had of late paid any regard to outward purification; it was, indeed, next to impossible so to do; for water was too precious to be employed externally, and men who were thankful to feast on a dead dog, or a handful of meal fried in tallow, were little tempted to bring to their disgusting fare the decorations of the toilet. But there was many a sunken eye now flashing brightly beneath the rude mass of uncombed hair; and the hectic colour speckled many a ghastly cheek, eager to encounter a far greater extremity of suffering, in the cause for which they were pledged to live and to die.

"You are welcome, Ross," said one with a smile. "A good spectre added to this most sepulchral assemblage."

"'Tis in contemplation," added another,

"to treat yonder rascals with a display of our plump condition; we are to march out, a funeral exhibition of uncoffined skeletons, to show what sore penance we have undergone, for refusing to deliver up our town seven months since."

"I'll blow up the magazine first!" ejaculated a third.

"Softly, young gentlemen," said Morrison, who was by some years the elder of the party; "we must deliberate, not inveigh—time is very precious."

"Who is he?" was demanded in various tones, some of which sounded rather like those of defiance.

"A Protestant," answered Bryan emphatically, "one who has given many a costly pledge of his immoveable attachment to that cause in which we first closed our gates; and for which, with the help of our God, we'll keep them closed, until our dead bodies, piled against them, form the last barrier for Ireland's enemies to force."

"We will! We will!" was responded in deep stern accents, and with almost unanimous consent; while several extended their hands to Morrison, and some suggested that he should be invited to preside.

"We need not the ceremony of a chairman," said he: "our object is simply to express the unchanged resolve of Derry's original defenders; and to have that declaration conveyed to the council, now assembling to treat of surrender."

The word was echoed through the room, in a murmur of angry scorn; only one or two seeming to dissent from the general feeling.

"Brothers," said Bryan M'Alister, "Brother 'Prentices—for that is our proudest title—we need no eloquence to relate what has been done and endured within these walls, since the Lord of hosts nerved our hands to combine, for their defence, against the enemies of our faith, the destroyers of our country. That tale is imprinted on every countenance before me; and it stands recorded in indelible, though unwritten characters, on the graves of our martyred brethren. We assumed no weapons of aggressive warfare; we desired not to spill one drop of Irish blood, but beholding ourselves sold into the hands of those who make merchandize of our countrymen, and this little citadel about to be secured for the final establishment of antichristian supremacy in our island, we cast our cause upon our covenant God, and pledged ourselves to uphold the sanctuary of our persecuted faith."

An applauding assent followed his momentary pause.

"Sufferings, far exceeding our utmost calculation, have been the consequence: not only the malice of men, but the power of Satan, seems to have been let loose against us to try our faith, and to make proof of our constancy. Death has received an extensive commission, the grave has been peopled with our dearest connexions, and our feelings have been harrowed up by such an appeal as never can be forgotten by those who looked down from the walls of Derry upon their agonized friends beneath. All this we have borne; we have borne to encounter the utmost, in patient waiting upon our God, in whom we trust; knowing that he is able to deliver us, and made willing, by his mighty power, to endure even unto the end, so that we may but go down to the grave unstained with the guilt of connivance at this deed of darkness—this betraying of our beloved, our unhappy country, into the grasp of her children's most dire and pitiless foe—Popery."

"We'll perish first!" was the emphatic exclamation of many; while others vociferated, "No surrender!"

"And now," said Ross, who saw that his friend was nearly exhausted by speaking so long, "Now we are apprized that a sudden panic has seized some who hold the chief authority here, shall we let them carry their plan into execution without one vigorous protest, one solemn declaration, that, come what will, we are no parties to the surrender of what we hold immeasurably dearer than our life?"

"A moment's pause, gentlemen," said Morrison, as another ebullition of strong resolve was about to appear. "Let us consider for whom and for what we hold this important post. Is it for a party—is it for a name? Is it for the pride of political ascendancy, or the emolument derived from hereditary possessions? No: as a Protestant I say that it is not—but we hold it for our countrymen, we hold it for our

posterity. We have here our treasure of more worth than myriads of material worlds:—we have this book"—he held forth a small Bible—"the pure, unmixed, unmutilated word, by which alone poor lost sinful man can be made wise unto salvation, through faith in that only Saviour to whom its blessed pages bear witness. Too well do we know that the indispensable preliminary to the binding of our people in chains of darkness, is the withdrawal of this inspired volume from their sight: and wheresoever Popery is permitted to rear its head, there we find it stretching forth the sacrilegious hand to wrest away his staff, to extinguish this lamp, to rob our souls of this charter of our freedom. God has bestowed this precious book, as the richest of all his gifts to man; and dare we doubt that he will yet put forth his mighty power, to guarantee to us possession of what he has bestowed, that we may, through it, make known his wondrous works unto our children—through it, spread light and knowledge among our hapless countrymen, if we humbly look to him for that help which he can, in the direst extremity abundantly convey? Lay this to heart my friends; and putting aside all angry, all vindictive feelings, resolve in the strength of your God to defend his choicest gift: in the humble trustful hope that some from among your besieging foes shall yet joyfully share with you the treasure that ye now preserve for them and for your children."

This address was received with warm applause, and a resolution was immediately passed, that a deputation of three or four, including Bryan and Ross, should attend the council, to enter a solemn protest against capitulation, on any terms whatever. The delegates had but a few paces of the Diamond to traverse, before they entered the presence of those who were met to decide the fate of Derry.

M'Alister privately acquainted Murray with the purport of their coming: the Colonel shook his head, with a look of despondency very unusual. "You are come on a hopeless embassy, if your purpose is to turn the council from their project: already are they appointing commissioners to treat with the enemy."

"Then it is time for us to speak," observed the other; and advancing to the Governor, he loudly and clearly delivered his message.

Walker frowned. "This painful necessity, Mr. M'Alister, is rendered doubly distressing by the unavailing opposition of our young friends."

Ross did not relish the slight emphasis with which the word young was marked: he spoke, respectfully, but with considerable animation. "They were young heads, Mr. Walker, which first conceived the plan of defending this town; young hands that made fast those stubborn gates; young hearts that have been foremost to bleed in the protracted conflict; and young voices may surely be heard in deprecation of a deed that must render nugatory all their services."

"The ships have disappeared—the stores are exhausted—King William gives no heed to our extremity of suffering."

"The stores are not yet totally exhausted; the ships may sail in again as easily as they have sailed out; and King William—with loyal respect I speak it—holds not the power to save or to destroy. We look to a higher source for rescue."

"Very true, Mr. Ross," said Walker; who while from policy he appeared to advocate the proposed measure, in his heart determined to resist it to the uttermost; "Very true: but if we hold not this citadel for his Majesty King William, and experience not his royal countenance, in what predicament, I pray you, do we stand?"

M'Alister answered, "In the predicament, Sir, of men who have experimentally learned not to put their trust in princes nor in any child of man; for there is no help in them. We, as loyal Protestant subjects, are leagued to uphold that cause, which, to a Protestant government, must be the strength of its life. Imagining for a moment that such a government should become blind or indifferent to that which constitutes its very existence, are we therefore to assist in driving the suicidal knife to its heart? If King William, our Protestant sovereign, whom God preserve; or his responsible advisers, know not the incalculable value of Protestant loyalty in his Irish dominions, must we league in a treacherous surrender of his dearest interests, leaving it to our king and our country hereafter to lament the error when past

recall? No, sir: we must yet be loyal, though our loyalty bore for a day the brand of disaffection: we must withstand the enemies of our king, though for a little moment he were beguiled into considering them his friends. Above all, we must—ay, and we will—contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, nor give the adversaries of that faith occasion to blaspheme, as though we mistrusted the will or the power of our God to maintain his own most righteous cause, and to magnify his great strength in the feebleness of our emaciated band."

Walker gave full time for this speech to take effect upon the hearers; then repeated his regret, that circumstances had rendered it impossible to decline the proffered treaty; and, the commissioners being named, the second day from that—the thirteenth of July—was appointed for the final adjustment of those terms on which Derry should be given up to the combined French and Irish armies.

On that evening a sally took place, in which the Derry men exhibited so little of their characteristic courage and enterprise, that it formed a matter of exulting reproach among the strenuous opposers of capitulation, and wrought on the minds of many who had before wavered, to renew their sternest resolves.

The Lady of M'Alister took especial note of the circumstance, remarking that the Lord would no longer acknowledge their cause, since they ceased to confide in his delivering power: while Bryan was indefatigable in urging upon the citizens every argument, persuasion, and remonstrance, that could tend to fix their fainting hopes upon that succour, which, however long delayed, they had professed to anticipate as certain. "If now we cease to hold fast our confidence," said he, "who shall calculate the extent of that evil which our faithless abandonment must entail on the Protestant name and cause? Enclosed in our diminutive town, we have hitherto found our defence invulnerable, and can fearlessly shout to the baffled hosts around us, that 'their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges.' Shall we invite them to hurl back upon us this word of holy exultation in the tones of triumphant mockery? Shall we yield in a conflict where we assuredly know that the Lord himself is on our side, that our cause is the cause of his eternal truth, and our foes the enemies of his righteous dominion?" By such expostulation he succeeded in increasing and strengthening the party who appeared to be the forlorn hope of Protestantism, in that her strongest hold: and when, on the appointed day, the commissioners met to deliberate in a tent erected for that purpose outside the walls, those ramparts were lined with many an anxious expectant, secretly resolved never to be found acquiescing in the surrender against which they had so steadily, so vauntingly protested.

A letter was received on that very day from the fleet, announcing that a formidable encampment had been effected by Kirke on the island of Inch, with a view to some speedy movement towards the relief of Derry; and the promptitude of Walker in circulating these glad tidings through the town, sufficiently indicated his real sentiments on the question of capitulation. It became a matter of the greatest moment to protract the parley, in expectation of the promised succour; and therefore the commissioners on one side were urgent in demanding for the besieged some days' space to consider of the proposed terms—an indulgence most strenuously resisted on the other side. One day, or rather one night alone, was given for the final settlement of this most momentous point, within the walls, and the terms demanded by the garrison being such as the enemy would by no means accede to, the negociation abruptly concluded: a furious cannonading from their disappointed foes, conveying to the defenders a speedy token of the wrath excited by their enduring pertinacity. This was followed up by new and menacing demonstrations, large bodies of the hostile army being marched upon the different points towards the city; but these were met and repulsed by the intrepidity of the besieged, who sallied forth to meet them, apparently as much refreshed by the assurance of enduring yet longer their dreadful privations, as though they had received that supply for the lack of which they were perishing with hunger.

In the midst of these awful scenes, Magrath had never failed of pursuing his delegated task among the Irish prisoners, who, subdued by the sufferings in which they

were compelled to share, gave frequent encouragement to their zealous visitor to hope that his labour among them was not altogether in vain, In one of the prison rooms was confined an ensign, with thirteen privates of the Irish army, from whom Magrath generally experienced a welcome reception. Going one evening to visit them, he found the guards reduced to so exhausted a state, as to be incapable of bearing to the poor captives their wretched pittance, which, nevertheless, stood untasted by the famished beings around.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked Magrath.

The temporary gaoler, who was lying on the ground, raised himself a little, and replied, "It's sheer starvation, comrade: I could not gain the door, but reeled from side to side after a most drunken fashion, until I fell where you see me; and not one among us is in a better plight. It is yet a good hour before the regular relief of our guard: and I fear the poor wretches within are even in worse condition than ourselves."

"Where are the keys?"

"In my pocket; take them, and carry in yonder the precious mess that would turn the stomach of a dog; 'tis a bitter temptation though, to have it in our sight."

Magrath took the keys as directed; and raising also the earthen pan, which contained the garrison fare of meal fried in tallow—scarcely himself equal to the effort of bearing even such moderate freight, he proceeded to the prisoners' apartment.

The spectacle there was touching, even far beyond what he had witnessed without. The officer, a fair and delicate youth, lay stretched on a low bedstead, surrounded by several of his men; one of whom appeared in the act of directing the point of a rusty nail to the veins in his own bare and emaciated arm, while a comrade with difficulty restrained him, by grasping his wrist, from prosecuting his strange purpose. The discourse that passed was in Irish.

"Be easy, Terence: he has said and sworn, that a drop of it should not touch his lips. Why will you drain the little life that is left in you, to no purpose?"

"To no purpose, Cormick? Is he not my foster-brother? Did not the milk of my mother nourish his infancy, and should not the blood of her son flow, to bring back the young breath that is fleeting fast away?"

"No—no!" faintly whispered the youth, with a movement of the head indicating much distress.

"You must, gramachree: how else could I show my face again under the roof of that cabin where your smile was the sunshine of the day? Now let me go, Cormick!" and he strove by a sudden wrench to release his hand; but, unequal to the struggle, both staggered together, until they fell against the grated window of the prison—a low groan from the officer showing at once his consciousness, and painful appreciation, of his poor follower's deeply rooted attachment.

"Let us have no blood-shedding," said Magrath, advancing. "We are not yet quite driven to be cannibals. Come, Terence, lend a hand to raise your officer's head: while I give him a spoonful of what may yet keep the life in him, sorry food though it be!"

The sustenance was eagerly administered; and its effect presently apparent; for the youth sat upright, and leaning his head on the naked arm of Terence, exclaimed, "Never again think of such a thing; my poor fellow, do you imagine I could feed upon your life?"

Magrath was deeply affected: his heart yearned over the noble and generous natures whom he knew to be perverted, even from the cradle, into instruments of persecuting cruelty. He divided in silence the mess; and leaving them to devour it, hastened to the place where he knew that some of the council where then sitting in anxious deliberation. To them he related the circumstance, and heard with delight an unanimous vote passed for the liberation of the whole party: authority to carry it into effect being at once vested in himself.

With a beating heart, he returned to the prison; and drawing forth his Irish Bible, first communicated the welcome tidings of their release, and then abruptly commenced reading the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, drawing a vivid picture of the far mightier deliverance wrought by the anointed Saviour, for those who are held

in spiritual bondage. He next represented how beautifully in accordance with the divine example was the act of those humane Protestants, in conferring the unsought boon of freedom, in that hour of the prisoners' extremity; and he compelled them to acknowledge, that, had the case been reversed, the spirit of their merciless creed, and the too consistent practice to which they had been inured, would have suggested a scene of slaughter, or of more lingering death by famine, as the fitting dole to enemies so sternly and so perseveringly opposed.

He then conducted his countrymen to the Ferry-gate, recommending them to the care of the enemy's patrol, who in silent astonishment received the charge.

It was by such deeds as this—for such a liberation really took place in Derry—that the Protestants continually weakened the hands of their opponents. To so great a degree was the disaffection of the Irish army now visible, that from the inaccurate pointing of their guns and mortars, scarcely a shot took effect in the besieged town, where previously such fearful execution had been done by those formidable engines. This was continually remarked by the garrison; and while some hesitated not to aver that balls and bombs were miraculously turned out of their course, others, more sober-minded, recognized a no less mighty display of divine power in thus softening the implacability of foes long distinguished by their exterminating rage.

Still, whatever might be the subdued feelings of the native Irish towards their persecuted countrymen, no visitings of compunction were discernible in the leaders of that army. De Rosen prosecuted, to the uttermost of his power, the work of destruction; and little it availed the sufferers that their dwellings were less frequently shattered by missiles from without, while pestilence walked their streets, and famine reigned under every roof. In the frequent sallies, too, their loss was considerable; and every family participated in the affliction experienced, when from one of these sorties, the gallant Murray was brought in, so severely wounded by a shot which passed through both his thighs, that, for a time, his life was despaired of; and his valuable services were, at best, to be lost to the distressed inhabitants in their greatest need.

It was now that the household of M'Alister found the trial of their faith most precious. While confidence was strong, and hope was buoyant, many had rejected their solemn counsels, making light of faithful reproofs; but the season of extreme destitution brought those scorners to their door, in humble quest of the teaching that was often blessed to the quickening of souls, while the poor tenement of clay crumbled beneath the pressure of overwhelming calamities. Often when, on the point of famishing the M'Alisters had resigned themselves to what appeared inevitable death, the grateful love of those whose starving souls they had led to feast upon the bread of life, brought the unlooked-for morsel to their colourless lips, and wept with joy in beholding its revivifying effect. "You have sown unto us spiritual things: is it a great matter if you reap our carnal things?" was the affectionate plea to induce acceptance of what the donors could so ill afford to lose: and every new accession of strength, thus mercifully given, was freely expended in fresh labours of faithful love, of devoted zeal in their Master's cause. Magrath was as a ministering spirit among them: how the cravings of his own hunger were appeased, no one could tell; for seldom was he seen to taste of food—all that his diligent search could obtain, was for those who lived in the warm recesses of his grateful heart. When urged to partake of their pittance, he would smilingly express his thankfulness to the watchful care of Father Peters, in early habituating him to the exercise of fasting; adding, that one who had been accustomed to keep black Lent for forty days would not flinch from a few weeks of self-denial. The natural hilarity of his character shone out in an extraordinary degree, during the darkest seasons of gloom and despondency; but there was one place where Magrath's tone always softened into tenderness, and where his movements were cautious as those of a careful mother by the cradle of her slumbering babe; this was in the chamber of Murray, whither he bore his daily report of temporal warfare and of spiritual peace.

"Please your honour," said he, one day,

on seeing the Colonel somwhat revived, "is it now that you'll hear what I've been about this morning?"

"Do, my good fellow, tell me."

"Why then, Sir, it's me that has introduced a regular spy into the city."

"I can't believe that of you, my lad."

"It's true, Sir, notwithstanding. I made out that an old acquaintance of mine was on the sharps to discover what store of meal we had got inside: so I made my plan known to the Governor, and brought him privately in, to let his two eyes bear witness to the dozen good barrels of meal that were stowed away in one cellar."

"You could not do that, Magrath; for there are not so many left in the garrison, I fear."

"May be not, your honour; but empty barrels there are, galore. 'Twas no difficult matter to turn a dozen of these upside down; and when the bottoms were well covered with good meal, they must have been sharp eyes that could find out it wasn't the top."

"And did you really play off such a trick?" asked Murray, laughing.

"I did, your honour; and sent him away to report it in the camp."

Murray greatly enjoyed the stratagem, which was one among the many that were resorted to, in order to dishearten the enemy; and Magrath very adroitly turned the discourse to the affecting tale of the Zidonian widow, whose barrel failed not, while the prophet of the Lord found shelter beneath her roof. More eloquently he could have told it in the loved language of his race: but the gospel he was resolved to preach, however imperfectly; and now, beside the pillow of that wounded warrior, zealously and sweetly he proclaimed once more the "story of peace."

CHAPTER XV.

Shortly after the renewal of hostilities, the fleet—that mocking vision of deceitful hope to the poor suffering citizens—had anchored in the Lough, near Culmore. The boom thrown across, between that fort and Derry, barred its nearer approach; but the besieged were hourly flattering themselves that the English spirit of the commander would lead him to attempt, at least, some enterprize for their relief. With straining eyes, and agonized hearts, they beheld once more these inconstant ships, spreading their sails. and saw them again recede into hopeless distance. It is difficult to devise an excuse for such selfish, such unseemly forbearance on the part of Kirk neither will the constitutional phlegm of William of Nassau justify, in the eyes of Protestant enquirers, his indifference to the calamities of those attached subjects, whose heroism, in the defence of their litle fortress, materially contributed to the final success of his arms, at this period, against the disaffected Scottish clans. Had Derry been reduced, the Irish and French army encamped before its walls might have speedily passed over from the swelling Lough, to pour a formidable reinforcement upon the Scottish coast, for the maintenance of James Stuart's cause. But they could not overleap that barrier; and while De Rosen thundered forth his ineffectual rage against its stubborn wall, the battle of Killicrankie decided the Northern campaign, sealing the doom of popish usurpation in the hour of bootless victory.

But desperate beyond description was the case of those unvanquished defenders of Derry; for a time, as we have seen, the efforts of the enemy seemed to lose much of their wonted energy; and very little execution was done by their guns. This comparative respite did not long continue; a new spirit appeared to be infused into them, and very severe was the injury inflicted, both upon the outworks and in the town. The enemy's cattle, grazing within sight of the walls, induced the famished garrison to make repeated sallies in the hope of capturing them: and many lives were lost in such fruitless attempts: yet the tones of expectation sounded as boldly confident, the words of encouragement were as cheerily exchanged, as though the floating rumours of promised relief had been its unquestionable harbingers.

The voice of despondency, and even of open disaffection, was indeed sometimes to be heard; but to silence such sounds appeared to be the especial business of all who distinguished them. On one occa-

sion, as Bryan approached a group near the market house, he recognized the querulous tones of Alderman Crowe, who had long ceased to consider even Governor Walker a sufficient staff whereon to lean in the grievous emergency to which they were reduced. "It is useless to talk of it," said the Alderman; "so long as meat remained in the shambles, though it were but a barrel of salted hides, we might anticipate a further struggle against these desperate odds: but after what I have this day seen and heard, it does sound like a jest to talk of holding out any longer."

"Many a true word, however, is spoken in jest," remarked a by-stander: "and the joke of our holding out will come in among them."

"So you say," responded the Alderman, "but look round you. Can we eat the stones out of the walls."

"No, no," observed Bryan, "they do us better service where they are. The walls, boys, the walls of Derry are a marvellously tough morsel, as the gentlemen yonder can vouch."

A hearty laugh yielded the general assent to this observation.

"There now, Mr. M'Alister," said Crowe, "you are well known to be among the most obstinately sanguine of our infatuated citizens: yet you have suffered enough to damp the enthusiasm of any person. Yesterday it was currently reported that your venerable grandmother had died in consequence of feeding upon one of the nauseous rats that now form our dainty provision."

"It must have been the tail," observed another, laughing, "for they say that's poisonous. However, I saw the good lady to-day, as active as ever among the sick; and I shall see her, ere long, carving plump slices of beef and mutton to strengthen her patients."

"Or if not," said Bryan, "we'll never stand by to see the isle of our birth carved out among foreigners, or cut into fat slices, of abbey lands, to nourish the priests and friars of Rome. Come, come, my good friend Crowe," he added, seeing another lamentation ready to beak forth, "what change has passed upon our glorious cause, since you so loudly exhorted us to die in it, that your tone is become so discouraging?"

"The cause is not changed, M'Alister; but"——

"Then it is still the cause of truth, and the God of truth will uphold it. Is his arm shortened, or is there any thing too hard for him to achieve?"

"Certainly not; but"——

"No more butting against our faith, my dear Alderman; or, stay, if we must have a but, I'll find you one presently:—'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, BUT with great mercies will I gather thee'—'for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, BUT my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.'"

This quotation was received with delight; and the Alderman ceased to oppose the strong current of determined hope. He took Bryan's arm and leading him a little apart, expressed his regret for having formerly wronged a character which he felt to be far superior to his own; adding, that he had still a small store of good meal, and some few salted provisions, which he must insist on sharing with the Lady of M'Alister. Magrath conveyed this welcome supply, and the more welcome information that the poor old man had shown him, with tears, the passage quoted by Bryan; observing that the chapter had been the best cordial he had got for many a day.

"Let patience have her perfect work," said the Lady: "We shall know by and bye that there was a need-be for every shot fired against our fortress."

"I doubt it not," remarked Morrison. "But it is for posterity to gather in the plenteous harvest, whatever individual gleanings the field may offer to us."

"Aye, if our posterity follow up the work of those who now sow in tears, they shall surely reap in joy; but should they suffer themselves to be lulled into thoughtless security, while the enemy sows his tares, they will be compelled to enter anew upon this conflict, and against sorer odds than what we now encounter."

"I often fear it," said Ross. "In that false liberality which shrinks from the imputation of bigotry and intolerance, the lesson now written in our people's blood will perhaps be forgotten, or laid aside with disgust; until, bursting forth with recruited strength, the enemy of all righ-

teousness shall succeed in driving Protestantism into its ancient fastnesses; and Derry will again be remembered, amid bitter regrets, that ever its instructive records were buried in oblivion."

"And if it be so," exclaimed Bryan, "let the Protestants of Ireland recollect in whose name we strengthened ourselves, remembering that he abideth always the same. If the Lord deliver us, and establish the true faith in this land, a similar crisis can scarcely occur, except through the most culpable neglect of men's souls; the most infatuated connivance at the moral, the spiritual, and political plague of popery. In such case, let them take patiently the chastisement, searching and trying their ways, and turning anew to the Lord, with purpose of heart to work in reality that deliverance which cometh not by might nor by power, but by his Spirit alone."

But deliverance, though often on the lips of the sufferers, was a word that mocked them. Language is inadequate to describe the wretchedness to which they were reduced, towards the end of this month. Repeated suggestions were made of surrendering the town; but an overpowering majority of resolute voices never failed to drown the timid accents of despair. A formidable sally was planned and executed, of which the object was, as usual, to capture a few of the enemy's cattle: in this they failed, but took some inconsiderable spoil of oaten bread, and fragments of meat, on which the captors regaled themselves, and as many as they could admit to share it—the hungry bystanders felicitating themselves that it was at once a sample and an earnest of what they too should enjoy on the arrival of the promised succours. So debilitated were the frames of the men who made the sortie, that they reeled under the shock occasioned by discharging their own muskets, and often fell in the effort to strike a blow; yet such was the vigour of this unlooked-for assault, that three hundred of the besiegers were slain, while the loss of the assailants amounted but to one officer and two private men.*

* This disparity appears scarcely credible, considering the state to which the besieged were reduced: but it is authenticated by Graham. See History of the Siege of Derry, page 248.

"I love not," said the Lady of M'Alister, "to be told of slaughtered hundreds; my thought pursues those souls into the dreadful world of eternal realities, and shrinks from contemplating their doom."

"The closing of our gates," said Bryan, "was an act purely defensive; and some who were most forward in accomplishing it would have been the last to engage in aggressive warfare. These, however, and others like-minded with them, form but a small, a very small portion of the inhabitants, and possess little influence in the council. Worldly policy, trusting in the arm of flesh, is eager to make a proud display of physical strength, resolved that not to God, but to man, shall be ascribed the glory of whatsoever shall be achieved."

"It may appear a strange assertion," observed Morrison, "but I have always thought that the numerical strength of Protestantism among us constitutes its actual weakness. Our Protestantism is a sacred ark, upon which no unhallowed touch should come: it is pure Christianity, distinguished alike from the systems of false religion, and from the worldliness which regards all religion as a party question—a symbol of adherence to this or that political cause. We have among us a little band of praying and believing brethren, for whose sakes the Lord defends our citadel: but there is also much to provoke his wrathful indignation, to keep the scourge uplifted still, and to make us almost tremble for the final result."

Bryan remarked, "the frequent desecration of the Sabbath day, stands prominently forward in that dark catalogue of provocations."

"Assuredly," answered the Lady; "and my child will remember that, as the first ball fired into our fortress bespoke the enemy's scorn of that hallowed institution, so, alas! did the first sally of our unthinking garrison bring us under the like condemnation, in the sight of Him who is jealous over his Sabbaths."

"I never could relish that part of the business," said Ross, "as far as the Governor was concerned. To my thoughtless and ignorant mind it appeared suitable enough for military men to pursue their work on that, as on any other day; but it struck me as incongruous, almost revolting, to see a minister of religion descend

from his pulpit to gird on a sword, and to lead his flock into mortal combat, merely from choice; not from any necessity, real or imagined."

"No real necessity ever did, ever can exist, for casting God's law behind us," said the Lady of M'Alister. "Woe to the people whose rulers lead the way in provoking to jealousy the Lord of Hosts! Success may, for a little, appear to smile upon their council table; conquest may proudly sit upon the banners of their warlike array; but no blessing is there: no permanent advantage shall that nation reap.—In tribulation and anguish they shall be compelled to own, that it is an evil, and a bitter thing to forsake the Lord their God."

"That experience is deeply written upon all our hearts," said Morrison, with a heavy sigh. "My slaughtered wife, my helpless, wandering children, seem to speak a perpetual reproach to my soul for having compromised the holy principle of Christian separation, leaguing with worldly men, to promote, by worldly means, the cause which rests upon a purer basis than to brook such alloying mixture. Collectively, we suffer for the truth's sake! but individually, each can doubtless point to some by-gone compliance, some treacherous departure from the acknowledged standard of his faith, and say, 'My sin has found me out.'"

At this moment the half-opened door was pushed farther back, and a most pitiable object presented herself. A woman, whose husband and two sons had already fallen victims to disease and famine, reeled forward: clinging to her soiled and tattered garments, were three children, whose cries appeared to have overcome her reason; for she stared around with looks of wild distraction, repeatedly endeavouring to release herself from their grasp.

"Naughty mother! naughty mother!" screamed one of the children, striking at her with his little fist, in furious passion.

"Mother's not naughty," cried another, beating down the uplifted hand, "poor mother couldn't help it."

This interference was vehemently resented by the first speaker, who seemed scarcely four years old: he dealt a blow at his sister, and amid their redoubled cries of rage and pain, the battle continued, each maintaining its tenacious hold on the agonized parent.

The infant combatants were presently separated by Bryan and his friends, who vainly strove to pacify them. Their little bosoms seemed bursting with resentment and despair, and it was long before an answer could be obtained to the mild enquiries of their captors: at last, the girl, who had been placed by Morrison on his knee, said, "Mother had a loaf, a beautiful loaf, that a kind gentleman gave: she dropped it: and a big boy snatched it up, and ran away."

"Naughty mother wouldn't catch the boy," roared her brother: the third child was too young to join in the explanation.

The poor woman, who had sunk into a chair, clasped her withered hands, exclaiming, "when will mercy come?"

"It will come," said the Lady, "when we cast ourselves on it in utter self-despair." Then looking round on the miserable objects that encompassed her, she uttered, with a burst of anguish, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath he shut up his loving kindness in displeasure?"

"Never ask such a question, my Lady," said Magrath, who had entered: "it's the first doubtful word that ever came out of your mouth. Forgotten! No, no; God hasn't forgotten any thing but our sins; and doesn't he say that he will remember them no more?" He then drew from beneath his coat a wooden bowl, adding, "here's a new dish just invented, that's in great request among us: enough to mess ye all." He glanced at the squalid children and their stupified mother, adding, as he put down the provisions, with a look of deep feeling, "When God sends mouths, he will send meat."

This supply proved to be a composition of starch and tallow, fried together: a large quantity of the former article having been found in a store; a respectable merchant, Mr. James Cunningham, was induced to try whether it might not be made available in the extremity of famine. He found it not only eatable, but medicinal; and gladly published the important discovery, which became a means of saving many valuable lives. With the greediness of young wolves did those poor babes devour the portion joyfully raised to their livid lips; and that sight, melting the mo-

ther into tears, relieved her brain from its intolerable oppression. She also ate, and invoking blessings on that hospitable roof, departed with her now laughing little ones.

In almost every house some spectacle of equal suffering might be witnessed; but while the strongest frame lay fainting, and the most sanguine voice of hope died into the silence of despair, even a whisper breathing the hated word SURRENDER, rekindled in each sunken eye the fire of indignant reproof, and "Never! never!" was the universal response. The ministers of religion, who had indefatigably fanned the steady blaze of self-devoting zeal, redoubled their efforts as the time became more awfully critical. Their exhortations varied, indeed, according as the love of God or the pride of man, ruled in the teacher's heart: but their object was the same; and endurance unto death the unvarying topic of their animated admonitions. On the twenty-seventh day of July, there was a general darkening of countenance, an interchange of looks among those who had charge over the public stores, that bespoke an approaching failure of the last poor pittance: and by the Governor's order, an urgent invitation was circulated through the town, for all to assemble on the morrow at the cathedral, and with united supplication to make known their request to God.

The Lady of M'Alister, reclined in her antique chair, with folded hands and closed eyes, was placidly meditating on the inscrutable ways of HIM whose path is in the deep waters. She sensibly felt the loosening of those cords which held her earthly tabernacle together, and secretly resolved to waste as little of the city's scanty provisions upon it, as the vigilance of her attached household circle would allow. More than once she had baffled the watchful anxiety of even Bryan; but Magrath it was still harder to elude, with such jealous care did he note her reception of each providential supply. Neither could her dignity overawe him; for when, with a semblance of displeasure, she had demanded to be left alone over her pittance, the poor fellow replied, with glistening eyes, "And I'll go, my Lady, as soon as I have seen the morsel pass your lips. Sure and what is it keeps the life in poor old Shane, but the hope of looking you in the face again?"

"Shane has a better hope, Magrath," she answered: but touched by his evident distress, partook of what his affectionate zeal had provided. On this evening no inducement presented itself, for food there was none; and Bryan returned from an unsuccessful search, with looks of deeper dejection than he had ever worn, and seating himself opposite, silently gazed on the venerable ruin before him.

It was then that the summons reached them, to join the morrow's solemnity; and the Lady, aroused by the welcome sound, said, "It is well: be the issue life or death, in God's temple let us find it."

The silence of the grave reigned in Derry throughout that solemn night, save only one unceasing sound—the cries of hungry children, unsupported by the high resolve which nerved the adult population. Morning arrived; and at an early hour, the ghastly apparitions of that famished town were seen approaching from every quarter to the house of prayer. In little more than the space of a fortnight, the garrison had lost upwards of a thousand men: the mortality among other classes having been proportionate. No marvel that death, become so familiar to their daily and hourly view, seemed stripped of half its terrors: no marvel that the burying ground, crowded as it was with objects nearest and dearest to their hearts, presented to many an inviting couch of repose. They entered the cathedral, and, prostrate in supplication, sought help of Him who alone is mighty to save.

Walker preached: in a strain of sublime eloquence, he set before his drooping hearers the encouragements of holy writ, showing the marvellous interpositions by which the Lord had of old maintained the right and the cause of his oppressed people. He exhorted them to trust, and not to be afraid: he recounted the extraordinary instances of a peculiar providence which had been remarked during the siege; and with a confidence that infused new life into many a fainting heart, he predicted a speedy realization of their most sanguine hopes. He exhorted, he prayed for, he blessed them with paternal tenderness; and then, descending from the pulpit, he mingled with

the departing congregation, as slowly they emerged from the sacred edifice.

In the burying-ground a pause was made, as by general consent; each individual seeming disposed to take one more survey of the beloved temple in which they had been wont to meet their God; and of the lowly resting places where so many of their kindred reclined—far removed from the troubling of the wicked. Leaning upon tombs and grave-stones, or upon each other, for a momentary support, they gazed in solemn silence on those objects long familiarized, but, by every human probability, soon to be shut out for ever from their view. Then might be seen the dilated eye, deep sunk, indeed, within its socket, but still beaming forth the high resolve of unsubdued devotion to their righteous cause, and fleshless lips, livid as those of a corpse, compressed as though they would forcibly imprison the struggling sigh of famishing distress. Walker, still robed as in the pulpit, paced slowly among the scattered groups, his gaunt frame and hollow cheek presenting a personification of suffering, as acute as had been undergone by any one. Arrived at an eminence, formed by the recent interment of several bodies beneath one mound, he looked for a moment at the crimson flag, whose folds fell languidly over the battlements of the church tower, then cast his eye around upon the patient sufferers, who met it with something approaching to a smile, so full of melancholy endurance, that his tears well nigh overflowed, while once more addressing them in the tones of soothing encouragement. "Nay, doubt not, my faithful, my true-hearted fellow Protestants: the Lord has heard—the Lord will assuredly answer—the united appeal of his poor perishing creatures. Doubt not, for when did he reject the prayer of faith? when did"——A sound, sudden and strange, and wildly joyful, came from the direction of the Waterside: it produced a singular effect upon the hearers, and occasioned, even in Walker, a sensation of such choking emotion as cut short his address. That sound ——dare they believe it? had they heard it aright? Yes, again it was repeated, and again the shout was raised; and again in articulate words was the transporting intelligence borne to their ears. "The fleet, the fleet approaches!—The ships are in the Lough!"

It was as in a death-struggle that the greater number of those emaciated beings rushed to the walls. Husbands carried their dying wives, mothers their expiring children, and by efforts that seemed supernatural, they gained the height, to witness what to their eyes appeared a celestial vision—the broad sails of three stately vessels, filled by a favouring gale, whitening upon the curling waters, and steadily approaching, with the undoubted purpose of anchoring beneath the walls. In the besiegers' camp all was bustle; a desperate resistance would no doubt be made; and the boom that stretched across the Lough menaced destruction to the coming deliverers. The fort of Culmore was manned, and its batteries opened with thundering fury upon the advancing ships; while volleys of musquetry from either bank, poured upon their sides. The fire was returned, and evidently with considerable execution, upon the wretched instruments of Romish aggression; while, comparatively unharmed, the gallant vessels made good their passage past the fort.

"The boom! the boom!" was breathed in gasps, and whispers of unutterable agony, by the terribly interested spectators on the walls. "Will they venture to pass?—Can they break it?—Oh NOW, NOW, OR NEVER!—God give them resolution!—Still they approach!" Such exclamations burst from the parching lips that had so recently moved in united prayer; while a party of townsmen mounted the cathedral, firing as a knell their minute guns of distress, and combining the efforts of their trembling arms to wave the crimson flag, in mute, yet touching appeal to the hearts of their compassionate deliverers.

The Mountjoy had taken the lead: her captain was a native of Derry, and within its walls were his wife, his children, and his friends. The boom was right before her, and she swerved not; but rising upon the flowing tide, impelled by a lively breeze, she bore with all her force upon the sturdy barrier. It broke:——alas! the shock was too severe for the vessel; she recoiled, rolled deeply in the waters, and striking into the shallow stream, was instantly aground.

A shout, or rather a yell of rapturous exultation, resounded from the hostile banks; and boats were rapidly pushed off for the purpose of boarding the Mountjoy; while a groan, a deep, low, scarcely uttered groan, seemed to issue from the walls of Derry, with now and then a shriek of female agony, re-echoed by terrified children. There was a horror on the minds of those devoted beings, compared with which, all their preceding sufferings seemed light and trifling: but there was also many a prayerful spirit wrought into that intenseness of supplication, which cannot fail of entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

The Mountjoy lay upon her side, seemingly a helpless victim, within reach of the foe: but the stake for which her captain fought was too precious to be trifled with. He fixed an earnest gaze upon the crowded walls of Derry, then raised his eyes to heaven as in passionate appeal; and drawing his sword, sprang forward to the most commanding station upon deck, cheering his men to a determined resistance. His shout was answered by a general huzza from the crew, each gunner applying his ignited match, and a tremendous broadside instantly enveloped the combatants in a cloud of smoke.

This was indeed the climax of agonized expectation to the gasping spectators, who clung to their rampart walls for that support which their own trembling knees refused to yield. Mothers strained their infants as in the very grasp of death, and joined their little hands together, lifting them between their own in mute supplication. Some were actually fainting under the conflict of hope and terror; not a few of whom had mounted the walls by that strength alone which desperation gives, to sink exhausted into the arms of bystanders somewhat less enfeebled. And the voice of trembling affection was heard in anxious whispers, imploring some loved one to revive, and hope, and pray for the issue of that fearful hour. It was a scene to mock description; a reality before which all the powers of imagination fade into contemptible nothingness.

The few seconds that elapsed before that cloud of smoke rolled away, leaving the Mountjoy once more fully visible—those few seconds seemed long indeed to the breathless gazers. They passed, and the gallant ship re-appeared, not lying in stranded helplessness upon the bank, but majestically floating in deep water, she ploughed the dancing tide right onwards towards the town.

"That broadside saved her!" shouted Walker. "She has bounded from the shore—she has passed the boom! Derry and Victory!"

Loud and long, varied and strange, were the sounds that pealed from those invincible walls. The thundering shout of triumph again and again burst forth, mingled with passionate cries of devout thanksgiving. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!" was the language of many a lip: while streaming eyes, and outspread hands were raised towards the dwelling place of HIM to whom out of the depths they had called, and from whom they had received so gracious a reply.

"Hush, baby, hush!" said the mother, while the laughter of joy mingled with her agitated sobs; "look yonder at the pretty ships: they come like birds—they come like angels to us. There is food for my baby—bread for my child—meat, meat for us all. Oh God of mercy, ever mindful of thy covenant, thou wilt open thy hand and fill us all with plenteousness?"

Leaping from the walls, the men of Derry now hastened to throw wide the Ship-quay Gate, and in the bustle of rapturous preparation, they made all ready for receiving their precious freight. The other ships had fought their passage past Culmore, and followed the Mountjoy, whose gallant captain had fallen in the moment of success. A musket ball had terminated his mortal career, the last effective shot discharged by the baffled foe.

Magrath had hastened to his favourite post, the bedside of Colonel Murray, whom he found in joyous exultation, too great for language to express. A silent grasp of the hand bespoke their mutual congratulations, and then Magrath sat down, and burying his face in his palms, wept like a child.

"Many a stout heart has melted to-day, my lad," said the Colonel, after a short pause, "and I should not envy the feelings

of the man who could be ashamed to weep, when he looks upon our living spectres, and thinks upon our martyred dead.

"True for you, Colonel Murray; and the last soul that passed hasn't left its fellow among us."

"Do you mean the gallant Browning?"

"No, Sir; I mean the Lady O'Neill."

"The Lady of M'Alister!" exclaimed Murray, almost starting from his pillow: and before Magrath could resume, Bryan entered, with Morrison and Ross.

The smile with which M'Alister greeted his friend met no response; Murray's brow was contracted, and he said in a tone almost resentful, "Surely, surely, she might have been spared to rejoice a while with us!"

"Aye, surely," said Morrison. "She is spared indeed; spared all farther conflict with a body of sin and death; spared to rejoice with us for ever."

"Don't teach me rebellion, dear Colonel," said Bryan, smiling through his tears: "my own heart is ready enough to prompt that lesson. The liberated saint whom we would fain have kept, a longer tenant in this dreary dungeon, lingered till our deliverance was certain. At her own request, she was taken to the church battery, where we were stationed; and there, upon that hallowed roof, she poured forth the supplications of a soul that truly wrestled unto death, for us and for our cause."

"When the minute guns of distress were fired," observed Morrison, "she expressed her thankfulness, that even our engines of destruction had laid aside their character, uttering only the voice of sorrowful entreaty."

"She called them a goodly passing knell," said Ross; "and seeing that I both understood and felt her meaning, she added, 'All, all is peace: full pardon, full salvation, joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

"But the flag,"—said Magrath.

"Aye," rejoined M'Alister, "we waved our flag, the signal of distress, and reeled beneath its weight. She gazed upon its crimson folds, and, in a tone of holy triumph ejaculated, 'Jehovah-nissi! In thy name, O Lord, we first set up our banners: for thy name's sake, put to thy hand, hear, behold, and save.' It was then that Browning's vessel ran aground, and every shout from the enemy, every cry from the walls, seemed to infuse new energy into her prayers. Life was ebbing fast away; I gave her my support, and strove to join her fervent supplications; but I think my head and heart were failing together, for never did so fearful a darkness overspread my soul, as during that season of suspense."

"It was not yourself only, Mr. Bryan," said Magrath. "Every man's face was changed, and blackened as if by a spell. Such looks were never seen among living men, as we beheld this day."

"And did she rally again?" asked Murray, whose interest appeared intense.

"Yes: when the ship gave that successful broadside, she raised her head in earnest expectation; and then the shout, the clamorous joy, that told its glad result, came pealing on our ears; our comrades on the battery exclaimed; 'she floats! she floats!' and I raised my dying charge, and bore her to the point from whence she might descry the stately vessels bearing down in unimpeded approach. She uttered a sound of joy, and spreading abroad her hands, exclaimed, 'Lord, I have lived to pray—I come to praise thee!' She sunk back, breathed the name of Jesus, and departed to abide with him for ever."

There was a pause of solemn silence, broken at last by Magrath.

"There's a rest and a glory, Colonel Murray, prepared for the people of God: a city where nothing can enter that has not been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Outside its gates is another place, and that place is hell. 'Tis an awful question to put, which dwelling is for us? That question was once put to me, within these walls, and it stuck like a barbed hook in my conscience; till God gave me the peace that only he can give. The question is here," he continued, drawing forth his beloved Irish Bible, "and here, too, is the answer; and sorrow a sun, that may rise upon Larry Magrath, shall set, till he's told both question and answer to the ignorant people of his own poor country. Over mountain and bog, I'll bear this precious word, this story of peace, and many a knee that's now bent in sinful worship before an image of wood or clay, may learn to bow at the name of Jesus, knowing no hope but in him alone."

"You must not leave us, Magrath," said Murray, anxiously: "we owe you a debt that I will see paid. Your fidelity, your zeal, your courage"——

"Colonel Murray," interrupted the Irishman, rising, and standing before him in collected dignity, "Colonel Murray, you owe me no debt. The debt that was owing is paid, but not by your hand. This," and he elevated the IRISH BIBLE, and spoke with passionate feeling, "this is the debt that you owe to every poor child of sorrowful Erin. It's a long debt, and it bears a fearful interest, and woe to the Protestant who doesn't come forward to pay his share of it! You've made a resolute stand, and God has prospered it: the dark hour is ended and yonder foes will be marching away by to-morrow's dawn: but papists defeated may rally again; they'll nurse the red spark of hatred from father to son, till your children's grandchildren may see the flame break out the vengeance of heaven to fan, and no power in man to quench it!"

"But Magrath, wherein lies our security, if not in Papists defeated?"

"In Papists converted, Sir," answered Magrath, energetically. "Take the word of a Papist who came here to destroy his friends, and now goes forth with no wish but to save his enemies. You'll never enjoy the land till you've conquered it; you never will conquer it while Popery reigns. You may build palaces, and dwell in fenced cities, and laugh your enemies to scorn; but there's that concealed under the cabin roof which all your armies cannot overcome. You may hang, and shoot, and persecute, but destroy it you cannot; you may flatter and foster, and give it power, but your friend it will never be. Popery is the curse of God upon a land; and nothing can remove it but the blessing of God, made known in the gospel of Jesus Christ."

LETTERS FROM IRELAND.

MDCCCXXXVII.

PREFACE.

The following pages would have appeared six months earlier, but for various hindrances which delayed the work of filling up what was but a brief outline. That they should appear at all may be deemed by some readers matter of apology also; but at a period when such strenuous efforts are made to place in different and opposing lights the country and the people referred to, it seemed desirable to add to the collection even such a sketch as this, taken recently from the life. Facts, rather than inferences, are adduced: and if it be objected, that too much of a private and personal nature is interspersed with what concerns the public, it may be pleaded in excuse that not a small portion of English readers are still misled by prejudice or mistake, in their calculations regarding the Irish character. The writer has had many discussions with friends who, desirous of seeing and judging for themselves of this most debateable land, were deterred from gratifying that laudable wish by a degree of bodily fear. Their imagination represented a succession of perilous obstacles, of which the least formidable menaced highway robbery, or submersion in an unfathomable bog. Not a few really pathetic remonstrances were used to dissuade her from so daring an undertaking as that of traversing from south to north the dreaded country: exacting at the same time, a distinct promise that, if permitted to return with life, she would publish a full and true account of every hair-breadth 'scape; together with a correct transcript of the impression made on her mind by an attentive view of existing circumstances. That promise is now redeemed; and happy will she be if these familiar "Letters" tend to remove an unfounded apprehension, or unjust suspicion, as to this lovely country and its interesting inhabitants; or to arouse a spirit of more impartial inquiry, where the judgment may have been prematurely biassed in matters deserving of the most serious, most patient, and most scrutinizing investigation. When Englishmen learn to view Ireland as she is, the first great step will be achieved towards making Ireland what she ought to be.

July, 1838.

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LETTERS FROM IRELAND.

LETTER I.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

June, 1837.

You will not be much surprised at the date of this latter, knowing how anxiously I have been seeking an opportunity to take flight westward. That I have been permitted so to do, is a matter of thankfulness and joy. A long absence from Ireland, with a watchful eye constantly turned towards it, has prepared me to make the most of the short period allowed for this visit: and here I am, all alive to the delight so earnestly coveted.

It would be a grave speculation, worthy of some calculating English head, to ascertain how far the public health has been affected by the locomotive improvements of the age. I do not refer to the impregnation of our atmosphere with gas and steam, but to the serious increase of maladies requiring change of place. Formerly, and within our recollection, the privilege of being too delicate to stay at home was reserved for those whose abundant wealth and superabundant leisure enabled them to encounter a cost of money and time, far beyond the means of their neighbours. Now it is astonishing what an indispensable necessity has fallen upon the bulk of our countrymen, and still more of our countrywomen, to migrate. How our grandsires and grandames contrived to attain the robust old age that we have admired to see, without an annual flitting to other climes, is a problem indeed. I can shrewdly guess at some of the attractions which irresistibly impelled you towards the far north: but I will not excite your tender sympathy by recapitulating the ailments that rendered my journey almost a matter of life and death. I believe they might, however, be summed up in the Swiss disorder, *Malade-du-pays*. Ireland, to be sure, is not my native country; but if all her children loved her as I do, the migratory propensity would here be little known. The rich would stay at home, and the poor would be fed.

My route hither was from London, *via* Bristol and Waterford: my travelling companions two blithesome boys, in all the exuberance of joyous freedom from school restraints. One delighted to conduct a guest to his paternal dwelling—his own loved Irish home; the other all expectation of what he was to see and to hear and to enjoy in the land for which he is led to pray as constantly as the morning breaks upon his English abode. I think the habit of statedly, and by name, praying for Ireland in the family worship, tends more than anything else to keep alive the flame of Christian love, which, I bless God, does not waver or fail in my bosom towards her.

We had been advised to take our passage on board the Nora Creina, Waterford steamer; but while waiting her arrival from Bristol, we were attracted by the handsome, spacious appearance of a rival vessel, the St. Patrick, lying just below us. We strolled on board, and finding every thing within answerable to the exterior, with the prospect of a rapid passage, and the unconscionably low fare of half-a-guinea each, instead of the 1*l.* 17*s.* that was demanded before a lively competition

reduced it, we shipped our luggage, secured our berths, and became the staunch partizans of St. Patrick against all the world. It is marvellous how the selfish principle operates in these matters; and I think peculiarly so in naval concerns. Whatever vessel you may make choice of for a trip, where choice is allowed, becomes immediately the safest, the fleetest, the best navigated in the service. Nay, should the kindness of a friend bring you into close acquaintance with a man-of-war, allowing you to walk the decks. to number the guns, to inspect the wonderful machinery of that mighty "home upon the deep," you become identified with it; you are personally glorified in all the victories achieved by the gallant ship; and you are ready to maintain that for the skill and bravery of her officers, and seamanship of her crew, she has no competitor in the royal navy. What marvel then that we, being fairly established on board the St. Patrick, laughed to scorn the idea of the Nora Creina or any other boat bound for Waterford coming within the influence of the mighty swell that we should leave in our track? It really was an exceedingly fine vessel; and as I sat upon deck, luxuriating in the consciousness that I was fairly embarked for Ireland, I know not with whom I would have exchanged situations.

An amusing scene passed before us: the agent was receiving passage-money and distributing tickets; and when the steerage passengers advanced in their turn, it was quite a foretaste of Ireland. The lounging gait, the easy unembarrassed air, the arch expression of countenance, and rich nationality of phrase and accent, all gave such a zest to the humorous remark and quick retort, bandied between the parties engaged, that my English youth was quite amazed at the freedom of the poor people, and playfulness of their superiors; while the naturally high spirits of his Irish friend were wound to a pitch of enjoyment that enhanced my own. At length all was settled, and we cleared away in capital style from the land, holding our majestic course towards the mouth of the Avon, not forgetting to bestow a few farewell jokes on the Nora Creina, whose bright red chimney top was peeping from the other side of the lock, and of whom we had got the start so completely as to leave her no reasonable chance of enjoying more than a distant sight of us during the voyage.

But alas for all sublunary glory! In our anxiety to anticipate Nora, we had also a little anticipated the tide; and though no boat could be better worked, yet as we were obliged to leave sea room for the numerous vessels passing inwards to the basin, we brought our gallant steamer too near shore for the present depth of water; and with one bold plunge the mighty St. Patrick stuck so fast in the mud that all the machinery on board would not effect his extrication. Nothing could be more interesting, more animated, more picturesque, or more provoking, than our situation. Not a shadow of danger, to rouse any deeper feeling; and only for one circumstance it would have been delightful. Here rose perpendicularly above us the splendid rocks of St. Vincent, exactly at the foot of which, in their loftiest and most magnificent point of view, we lay: across the water, dancing and sparkling from the continual agitation of passing ships, were spread the beautiful wooded heights of Leigh. I do not think that any river can afford a more strikingly imposing coup d'œil than we had then full leisure to contemplate: but that annoying red chimney-top marred all our gratification. The Nora Creina had cleared the lock, had put on her steam; and while our men were straining every nerve in ineffectual efforts to float St. Patrick, his fair rival paddled by in triumph, bestowing on us a merry cheer—whether of condolence or exultation is best known to those who uttered it.

By means of a rope we were at length hauled into deep water again, and had the satisfaction of following Nora, but at as respectful a distance in the rear as we had intended her to keep. We passed into the Bristol channel, and without further adventure held on our way. An excellent dinner was provided, and the afternoon passed pleasantly on deck, a bright sky above, and a wide outspread of tranquil water around us. Towards evening, as I watched the sun's westward progress, that splendid refletion which renders a sun-set at sea so glorious, suddenly appeared; a stream of light seemed to descend perpendicularly from the flaming orb, still high above the horizon, and to settle on the wave beneath

in a body of effulgence—it was like a carpet of silver tissue interspersed with diamonds, a little larger than the sun's apparent diameter. At that moment my young Hibernian friend approached, "Do you see that, Robert?" I asked, pointing to the brilliant object before us. "Yes," he replied; "*and Ireland is just under it.*"

Oh! what a multitude of mixed feelings came crowding to oppress my mind at that moment! I knew that the morrow must dawn before I could catch a glimpse of that distant shore; but here its location was unexpectedly pointed out to me, and that too with an association of the sublime and beautiful not often occurring together. Ireland is called the land of song; and I think it is the experience of all who have deeply pondered on her history, and looked upon her glorious landscapes, that the feelings excited on her behalf always partake of something which, for want of a better term, I suppose I must call romance. That mixture of the wild, the terrible, the joyous and pathetic peculiar to the Irish character, which is stamped on the natural scenery of the land, marks the pages of her changeful story, and thrills in her national melodies, rouses in those who are conversant with it a species of enthusiasm incomprehensible to such as have never felt it. The anxious bustle of preparatory arrangements, the shifting scenery of a rapid journey, the events of our outset, and the many new faces appearing around me, amid the lively quarter-deck concomitants of a fine day, had almost lulled to sleep a chord long strung in my bosom. It was now touched—struck with a force that sent the vibration through its entire length and breadth; and from that moment I was dead to all else but the absorbing theme of our loved, unhappy Ireland. Often, very often, during a long absence of many years, had I breathed the language adapted to one of the Irish melodies.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea:
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

Can you not imagine with what a rush of gratified feeling they recurred to me now that I was pursuing a swift and steady course towards the land? The silver speck enlarged, it lengthened, it approached us, assuming every moment a deeper glow: and there it lay, stretched from the furthest horizon to the very keel below me, and kindling into diamond brilliancy the gushes of foam from our paddle wheels. How exquisitely expressive of my sensations was the next verse—

And as I mark the line of light that strays
Along the cool wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

"Rest!" that word presented too painful a contrast to the reality of what is, and has been, and too probably will yet be the lot of Ireland. You will not be surprised to hear that I did not withdraw my eyes from that quarter so long as the faintest lingering blush continued to mark the spot; and that by five o'clock the next morning I was at my post, in eager expectation of the first glimpse of Erin. It appeared at last; and after swallowing a hasty breakfast from the abundance of good cheer provided on board the St. Patrick, we again seated ourselves on deck, to mark the bold outline of the Wexford mountains, and the fine approach to Waterford.

On a jutting point of land, conspicuous alike for size and situation, stands the tower of Hook, a round white building; and several other martello towers are seen along the coast where it stretches off to the north-east, forming the bay of Ballyteig. Hook being rounded, we had fairly entered the harbour's mouth; and shall I try to tell you what I felt when beholding on either side the sweet green shores, like arms outspread to receive, with the national "cead-mille-failte," the "hundred thousand welcomes" of Irish hospitality, a returning friend? No, I will not attempt it: you know the many touching circumstances that must have combined to render it an hour of trying emotion to me; you know that, since last I beheld her, Ireland has become the grave of that "dear lost companion," who, from earliest babyhood was to me,

'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.'

and you know that a pilgrimage of sorrowing affection to that spot had been for years the object of my daily wish and nightly dream. The circumstance threw a shade of indescribable sadness over my mind: the heart knew its own bitterness; and the tears that for an hour would not

cease to fall, as I looked upon the soft and beautiful scenery around me, were indeed tears of love and grief, sacred alike to the memory of the dead and the doom of the living. I could at once take up the language of David and of Jeremiah; I could say with the former, "I am distressed for thee, my brother," and with the latter, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!"

Nothing could be more lovely than the gradually narrowing banks of Waterford harbour. There is no striking object—no grandeur of any kind,—but a character of simple beauty and repose. A gentle acclivity leads the eye to prospects diversified indeed, yet varying without a break upon the uniform placidity of the scene. Here, a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, with its fine background of wooded hills, and a spacious lawn in front; there, a less conspicuous abode, or cluster of modest dwellings, with the slight spire of a village church peeping out beyond them. Again, where the shore flattens, a busy tribe of fishermen, launching or unlading their boats, with their lowly cabins scattered or congregated a little farther inland. The houses in Ireland are, as you know, almost universally white; and you could not but admire the picturesque effect thereby produced, when they are thinly scattered on rising grounds clad with that delicious verdure, the just boast of the Emerald isle, and relieved by a sufficiency of trees and hedgerows, which is not always the case, though Waterford harbour can display as much as the eye of taste would desire. We passed along, under a glorious sunshine; and the necessary demand on my attention, when the marvellously moderate charges for cabin fare and attendance were presented and the selection of luggage commenced, gave a turn to the tide of feeling, better suited to the realities of the moment.

What changeable beings we are! No sooner were those tears dried, than a flow of cheerfulness, presently amounting to the most mirthful glee, succeeded. We found ourselves near our friend Nora, whose red chimney-top had discarded its long black pennon of smoke, and whose passengers were already dispersed to their several destinations. St. Patrick was laid alongside his rival, who formed a bridge for us to the pier; and Robert having recommended that, as we had not to seek a public conveyance, and were under no obligation to hasten ashore, we should remain quiet until all the rest were landed, we collected our trunks about us, and sat still, delighted spectators of the lively scene.

For, whatever else an Irish scene may lack, there is never a deficiency of liveliness in it. There is something in the national character always on the *qui vive* for amusement; and an unsophisticated set of Irish porters, at home, are very different from any fraternity whom you have probably seen exercising that calling. I never was more amused by the contrast than now, that I had so recently experienced the sturdy demands, and witnessed the angry competition, of the London and Bristol professionals. As I sate guarding my little stores, many a polite offer of service was tendered, more with the air of a gentleman who wishes to oblige you, than of a hungry fellow whose dinner, and supper too, depend on what he may gain by it. "I'm just going over there," pointing across the Nora; "may-be, I'd carry your luggage with me," said a fine, broad-faced Paddy, who had strolled up, and stood before us with great composure. "Thank you; but I'm not going ashore yet, and there's a gentleman managing the luggage for me." Paddy responded to the smile with which this was spoken, touched his fragment of a hat, and, wheeling off, saw a large telescope, fixed in its rest, with the broad end about eight inches from an upright board. Not heeding the latter obstruction, Paddy immediately placed himself at the eyeglass, and applying his hands to his knees squatted down till he brought himself, as he thought, in the right line of vision to enjoy an excellent view of the harbour and distant shipping A long pry convinced him, I suppose, that the glass was a bad one; for he walked away in search of some other amusement. This, trifling as it was, delighted me beyond measure: I felt myself in Ireland; and when at last permitted to spring ashore, my very feet seemed to rejoice in the privilege of kissing the beloved soil again.

Waterford has a most noble quay, little less than a mile in length, broad, and at

the point where we landed exhibiting some fine buildings. The most conspicuous of these is a very ancient tower, of Danish origin, round, massive, and once no doubt of prodigious strength. It is said to have been erected in 1003; and among the purposes to which it has been applied, was that of a fortress, by Earl Strongbow; a state prison, too, wherein were confined his captives, Reginald prince of the Danes in Waterford, Malachi O'Faelan, prince of the Deeies, with other conquered opposers; and a mint, by Edward IV. It is now the head-quarters of the police establishment in Waterford. In occasionally naming the police, I must guard you against the mistake of identifying them with those peaceable-looking gentry, who, with blue coats well buttoned up, and respectable round hats, perambulate the streets of Londen, apparently not only inoffensive but defenceless too; and whose chief business, as a casual observer would surmise, is to answer the frequent queries of bewildered pedestrians, at a loss whether the right turning or the left will sooner bring them to their destination.

The police force of Ireland present a far different aspect: their uniform is dark green, altogether of military fashion, with regimental cap, broad black belt, short musket, cartouche-box, and bayonet. The officers, or chief and deputy chief constables as they are called wear swords. This is one of the saddening characteristics of poor Ireland. The sword of the Spirit has been withheld from her children; therefore the carnal weapon is become indispensable to control the excitable and misguided populace.

All around us, however, was peace and good humour when we trod the broad and well-placed flag-stones that separate, with a delightful promenade, the water's edge from the carriage-way; and crossing the latter, proceeded on another excellent pavement, along a line of handsome shops, which spoke well for Waterford's trading prosperity. Our plan was to engage a private conveyance to New Ross, where we meant to dine; and I had little difficulty in persuading my guide to order an outside car, that we might be as Irish as possible. We were shown into a handsome drawing-room at the proprietor's office; and while waiting, I had leisure to admire the beauty of the splendid river, with its rising banks on the opposite side, and regretted my inability to take a survey of the town. Our starting scene was amusing enough: the car was of very ordinary materials, and the driver presented as grotesque an object as could well be imagined. The very slender remains of what had once been a hat caught the master's eye, and an order was given to find him a better. "Can none of you lend Barney the trifle of a hat?" resounded through the establishment. Several were produced; but Barney's phrenological developments set at defiance all attempts to force a covering on them. At length one shouted out from the hall, 'Here's Pether's hat; it'll just fit.' 'Pether's out,' responded the official man, 'and can't want it. Clap it on, Barney.' This was done; and just as we hoped our delays were ended, a difference appeared in our respective computations of the fare, which required no less than a committee of the whole house, all talking together, to settle. We began almost to regret having declined places on the mail car, which had long since rattled merrily away loaded with our fellow-passengers: but the difficulty was overcome, and we stepped across the threshold. Alas! we were arrested by a storm of indignant eloquence, directed against poor Barney, who, it seemed, had taken the master's own particular bridle for our use; and many were the exclamations, while he in the most leisurely way removed the handsome bridle, replacing it with an article that would scarcely hold together. At last we fairly mounted our vehicle, Barney in the driver's seat, my Irish friend occupying one side with me, and on the other our English youth with his hatbox, and a mountain of luggage piled up between.

Away we went, at a tolerably equal pace, so long as the fine level pavement of the quay lay beneath us; but, Oh! the jolting that ensued, when, after crossing the river, we began to ascend and descend the abrupt little hills! My spirits rose to the highest pitch of joyousness, while the vehicle danced along, as if in sympathy with my bounding heart. The road was narrow and wild, the banks low; and our position of course commanded only a view of one side of the country;

but that was a highly Irish one. If you ask what is the distinctive mark of an Irish landscape, where the country has no particular feature of mountain, valley, or wood, I must reply, that it consists chiefly in a gradual easy swell of ground, from the road upwards divided into portions much smaller than we usually see in England, fenced by very low boundaries of a few stones, or a bank of earth, but rarely displaying a quickset hedge or row of trees. This method of laying out the ground gives you a full view of each separate patch; and these again, being variously cultivated, present a picture altogether dissimilar from English scenery. The background, in this part of Ireland, is almost invariably a fine mountain peak, or chain of gigantic hills rearing their dark summits against the sky. Add to this the frequent glimpse obtained, now of some venerable ruin, standing alone in its little surrounding sanctuary of grass and shrubs; then, perhaps, a light playful stream murmuring over the bright pebbles; and anon, a noble plantation, holding in its bosom the family mansion, the glebe house, and often the village church. And at this season you may fill up the canvass with every variety of rich and glowing tint the whole family of wild flowers can supply. Although quite the end of June, we were regaled with the choicest beauties of spring, mingled with those of midsummer. Shrubs and trees of the hawthorn, presenting literally one mass of rich and fragrant blossoms, adorned the road side; and these, as we advanced farther into Wexford, were richly interspersed with tall bushes of furze, not yet entirely stripped of their golden buds. It was not until we had left New Ross considerably behind us, that we found ourselves thus hedged in; but never did we miss the glorious profusion of flowers, among which the foxglove, larger and more beautiful than I have usually seen it in our gardens, continually reared its head, waving above the little rude fence of stones that often constituted the only barrier between us and the corn or potato-field.

But you will expect to hear something of New Ross, the antiquity of which I greatly longed to explore; for, although still called "New," it was chartered by Richard II. and was at a very early period a place of great strength. A more recent and painful interest also attaches to it, from its having been the scene of a sanguinary battle in the rebellion of 1798, when thirty thousand rebels attacked the town, defended by about twelve hundred effective troops, and a hundred and fifty yeomen. The assailants were fully armed with muskets and pikes, and had four large guns, besides swivels. A number of Romish Priests, robed, and bearing crucifixes in their hands, moved though the lines, kindling the wildest enthusiasm in the bosoms of their unhappy victims. As we crossed the bridge above the noble river Barrow, and ascended the exceedingly steep streets, I could not but shudder at the recollections excited: for, within the memory of some who then surrounded us, those streets had actually been choked up and the passage impeded by heaps of mangled bodies, the victims of civil war. I saw the spot where a sergeant of the Donegal militia, with sixteen men and two badly mounted ship guns, defended his post against six hundred furious assailants, whom he repulsed with tremendous slaughter. The bare fact that six carts, with a great number of men, were employed throughout the whole of two long summer days in collecting the dead bodies, and shooting them into the river hard by, gives an appalling view of the scene. It was here too, that the circumstance really took place, which I have seen in the form of a jest, and of course, considered an absurd fabrication. One of the infatuated rebels, relying no doubt on some imaginary charm conferred by his priest, rushed up to a cannon, just as the gunner was about to apply his match, and thrusting his hat and wig into it, cried out, "Come on, boys, her mouth is stopped!" In an instant he was blown to pieces.

I could not, however, take more than a hasty survey of the corner of the town through which we passed; time only allowing us to regale on a dish of mutton chops, and exquisite potatoes; which, together with the assiduous attention of the waiter, reminded me again that I was in Ireland. The genuine courtesy with which this class of people here fulfil their duties, and solicitously strive to anticipate your wishes, with their thankful acknowledgment of a small gratuity at parting, is re-

markable: it belongs to that national hospitality which, go where you will, delights to cherish you. This I will say of the lower orders of Irish people, that a smile and a kind speech addressed to them, an avoidance of contemptuous looks or disparaging remarks on what is before you, and a fair word of commendation with regard to any thing Irish, when you can utter it in their presence, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, win their warm hearts, and render them for the time being your attached, devoted servants. I envy not the person who would derive no pleasure from this return for pleasure conferred. Sunshiny looks enlighten the dreariest scene; and why should we not elicit them?

At New Ross we parted from Barney, after making him as happy as we could; first by chatting on the road, asking him numerous questions, and letting him hear our exclamations of delight at revisiting his loved country. The only cloud that passed over his countenance arose from my asking if he could speak Irish. "Spake it!" he replied, with some warmth: "Why shouldn't I spake it, and I an Irishman?" But when he heard us extolling its antiquity, and heartily wishing we knew as much of it as he did, his countenance shone with smiles; and he opened the storehouse of his knowledge, both local and traditional, with liberal hand. If ever you travel in this country, particularly in the more retired quarters of it, I recommend you to pursue a similar plan: for it is astonishing what a mine of original thought and curious information conveyed in language the most quaint and expressive, you will frequently open. I have not to reproach myself with merely jesting and chattering during our short ride; for when the poor man pointed out the spot where a cruel murder had recently been committed, and gave us the particulars, I spoke freely to him of the blessed effects which would result from a knowledge of God's love in giving his own Son to die for sinners; and strove to lead his mind to the great propitiation offered for our transgressions. He not only listened, but gave a cordial and feeling assent to what was said.

After leaving New Ross we were engaged in an adventure that threatened serious consequences. Descending a narrow, broken road, we were to pass a line of small cars laden with stones, the leaders of which either had some party feud with our driver, or were exceedingly ill-disposed. When desired to let us pass, they returned a volly of irritating language, addressed to him; and one man seized our horse's head, endeavouring to drag us into a dry ditch by the road side. He reeled however so much from intoxication, that he twice lost his hold; and on the third unsuccessful attempt, our driver managed to slip by him, and to clear the whole line. Had the man lost his temper, or the horse been restive, or had we exhibited any signs either of fear or resentment, I know not what might have occurred: but through the mercy of God all parties were restrained, and we proceeded in safety.

Barney's successor was not so interesting as he, but possessed a fund of humour and drollery, delivered in a dry, quaint way, that kept the boys in a continual roar of merriment. We introduced the youngest of our party as an Englishman: no one could have mistaken the other for aught but what he is—intensely Irish—and I am proud to say, that among the natives of this land I am universally greeted as a countrywoman, and never betray myself unnecessarily. So Pat thought he had the majority in his favour entirely; and the broadsides of sly wit that he discharged at the solitary John Bull were irresistible. On my making some passing remark expressive of warm attachment to Ireland, he said nothing, but leaping down from his elevated seat went to the hawthorn hedgerow, and cut the most beautiful plume-like spray of its delicate blossoms that ever I beheld. Of the look and gesture with which he presented it I can only say, that if I were to carry a costly tribute of loyalty to the foot of a throne, I would try to imitate the carman of New Ross. These people are all heart; all glowing warmth and devotion of feeling. Oh that we studied them aright for their own profit; and strove to lead in bands of love those who cannot, will not be driven by the goad of stern authority.

The mountain range, behind which the sun had disappeared, now rose in grander altitude and more defined outline, as we approached the foot of its fine termination.

Blackstairs and Mount Leinster, constituting in appearance a single mountain, soon engrossed the landscape of which they had formed the back ground; and most majestically do they rise before my window in this delightful mansion, where all the graces of polished elegance were combined with the ardour of Irish hospitality, to welcome us at the threshold. Late as it was, we found the family dinner table awaiting the expected completion of its joyous circle; and though I had not been in bed for two nights, and was pretty well fatigued with such a day's jaunt over roads of indescribable ruggedness, I lingered long to trace under the soft twilight of this summer midnight, the wavy line of Blackstairs mountain; and rose, almost with the sun, to explore the amphitheatre that seemed to shut me in. Indeed, I was rather too early; for a tremendously fine watch dog, seeing a stranger in the grounds at that hour, thought it right to arrest my steps, which he did by taking up a position at about four feet distance, and sustaining one continuous bark, that would have shaken stronger nerves. I dared not advance or retreat; so stood perfectly still, neither speaking nor shrinking, nor menacing; but looking as innocent and unconcerned as the circumstances would admit of; well knowing the dog to be a shrewd physiognomist. Great was my relief when some one from the house called him off. I record the event for the benefit of early risers in strange places; and shall henceforth take especial care to procure an immediate introduction to all the dogs in the family, wherever I go. Happily for me, this was a civil Newfoundlander: he has a comrade of prodigious size, a mastiff who, had I crossed his path while ranging on guard, would probably have torn me in pieces. The house would not, humanly speaking, be safe for a moment, from nightfall to sunrise, without these faithful sentinels, whose well-known ferocity in defence of their charge holds many a midnight foe at bay. They are indeed a noble gift to man from his all-bountiful Creator.

LETTER II.

COUNTY WEXFORD

July, 1837.

My last was a sketch of our transit to this place: I now proceed to matters of deeper interest. To visit Ireland with no purpose of promoting in any way the good of her people, would be criminal indeed: and I know no way of promoting it so effectually, as by bringing their actual state fairly before the public eye in England. I write, of course, with that view, and will relate nothing which cannot be substantiated. Books are perpetually coming out on Irish subjects, but none that meet the case. One travels with a view of ascertaining the existing relationship between landlord and tenant, scanning with a sharp judicious eye what bears on that point; but caring for none of those things which stand in the same relative position to the other as the soul does to the body. A second makes a tour in search of the picturesque: anxious to be himself pleased, and to please his readers, he carefully screens off from view whatever would mar the beauty of his picture, and introduces immortal beings as he does the stocks and stones, to heighten the landscape. Or else, with a cynical supercilious discontent, finds fault with every thing, without attempting either to ascertain the disease or to suggest a remedy. Another comes over, fully awake to the supreme importance of the moral and spiritual branch of the subject; but having received a wrong bias at home, he visits Ireland much in the spirit with which some good people open their Bibles, anxious to discover somewhat in favour of his preconceived notions, instead of being willing to model them by what he shall find there. They who know the vast influence of first impressions, particularly where the individual is prone to jump to hasty conclusions, may, if they have an interest in the matter, give the desired colouring to all that he shall see, by commending him at the outset to a clever misrepresenter of facts; a character by no means hard to find among the divided and deeply-prejudiced parties of this unhappy land, and so the result shall be a heavy blow unconsciously dealt to his

friends, and a chuckling triumph secured to their foes. Now I am not going to set myself up as an oracle, where so many have failed: far from it. My purpose is, simply, to read Ireland as I read an important book: to receive no text without a careful examination of the context; and on every occasion to recur to first principles. Or, if you prefer a plainer expression, to judge of the tree by its fruit.

Shall I recite my political creed, that prominent consideration in these troublous days? I believe that God is the supreme and only source of all human authority: that his revealed will in the Holy Scriptures is the plummet line whereby the whole work of government must be directed; the foundation being that which God has laid, and beside which "other foundation can no man lay," even Christ Jesus, King of kings, and Lord of lords, I know him to be; and whatsoever rebels against his authority, or waives the consideration of it for any purpose whatever, is a step from legitimate rule to anarchical revolution: its object being to unseat the king from the holy hill whereon he is enthroned, and wherefrom he looks down, principalities and powers being made subject to him. With me, the question is not, what says Mr. O'Connell, or what say the priests, or what says the Earl of Roden, but WHAT SAYS THE LORD? I ask not, Is this or that measure, or is it not, recommended by its expediency, its aptitude to meet present emergencies, its concurrence in the flowing tide of popular opinion, and passing events: but, is it consistent with the unchangeable decrees promulgated by divine authority? Does it "render unto God the things that are God's," and show those who act it out to be ruling in the fear of the Lord? If not, then I appeal to effects, in proof that a contrary course is not to be pursued with even the semblance of present success: for as godliness has promise, as well of the life that now is as of that which is to come, so does ungodliness bring its promoters to shame and confusion of face among men, while they treasure up for themselves wrath against the great and terrible day.

If it can be shown by incontestible proof, that there is one system exceedingly abhorrent to all that God enjoins, opposing and exalting itself above Christ, usurping his exclusive prerogative of a priest upon his throne, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, and those too stamped in the Holy Scriptures with that awful character, "Doctrines of devils;" if there be a power that reckons among the staple commodities of its merchandize, "souls of men;" destroying them by assuming to dispense at its own sovereign pleasure what none can receive but as the free gift of him who bought both it and them at the costly price of his own blood;—if this usurping and malignant power be clearly defined in God's word, branded with a name that expresses a direct and total contrariety to Christ and his gospel, and expressly marked for a final destruction distinct from all other visitations of the divine vengeance, while the only way of escape from that impending doom is opened to its subjects in a proclamation from heaven, "Come out of her, my people; be ye not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues;" then I say, that whatsoever tends to strengthen the position of this adversary, to extend, confirm, or even to sanction the authority already usurped over any part of God's heritage, or to shade off the broad black line of demarcation laid down by the inspired penmen, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—I say that it is an act of deliberate rebellion against the Most High; an open attempt to prevent the kingdoms of this world from becoming the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. These are my principles, this is my faith, not acquired by associating with any particular set of men, but built on the immutable word of God. Politics *and* religion! what an idle distinction. It is as though on meeting you, instead of the simple salutation of 'I am glad to see you,' I were to say, 'I am glad to see your body and soul.' To be sure the thing is understood; for I should grieve to see your body without the soul, well knowing that it must then be rapidly approaching the loathsome corruption of the grave; but while I behold it living and thriving, I know that the soul is there, and the union complete. That soul will outlive the body, as spiritual religion will outlive the body politic: but as well might your mortal frame perform the functions of an animated and intelligent being, while your soul was carried away into Abra-

ham's bosom, as the governing organs of a people on whom the light of revelation has shone, can act and prosper in the absence of that great mainspring of vitality —Christian principle.

And the Lord, in pity to the blindness and unbelief of our hearts, has vouchsafed a perpetual witness to the truth of his word. My purpose, therefore, is not in the course of this tour to declaim upon causes, but to trace effects. The inference will make itself understood. I put spiritual things first, because revelation and reason alike give the pre-eminence to that which is enduring: but faith is of all things the most practical: and if there be a statute book that even to the minutest particular takes thought for the temporal interests and personal comfort of the poor of the land, that book is the Bible. Political economists enter upon a mazy track, dark, full of obstacles, indented with pits, overgrown with entanglements: and then having carefully extinguished or buried their torches, they blunder on, now lodging their feet in a quagmire, now fracturing their skulls against a branch, now finishing a breathless and exulting course at the precise point whence they started. Each cries out to his neighbour, "Your road is impassable;" each in turn makes the same discovery respecting his own; yet sure I am, that if they had light unto their feet they would find a safe and pleasant path, prepared by him who is not the author of confusion, but of peace.

I have looked around me with an earnest desire to obtain clear views on that stiffly-contested point, the origin of Irish evils. Their existence is not disputed, neither can any person actually on the spot, who has had previous opportunities of investigation, deny that they have alarmingly increased. I have no hesitation in declaring that, trunk and branch, they spring and thrive from one plain root, *culpable neglect of the poor;* and that one remedy alone can reach the seat of disease, a competent provision for that neglected class. You will not suppose that in these words I include only bodily relief: I do indeed believe, and am perfectly certain, that without a permanent, legalized, sufficient provision, on the plan of a poor-law enactment, nothing whatever will be done to improve the state of Ireland; but I am equally sure that the most ample supply of all their temporal need will be alike inefficacious, while their minds remain under the baneful influence of Popery. It is idle to argue the contrary, from the fact of some continental nations presenting a picture of tranquil industry and comparative prosperity, while still in bondage to the See of Rome: they are not subjects of an essentially Protestant state: nor is it the interest of their priests to encourage disaffection to their respective governments. If it were so, the history of the world, from the first rise of the Papal kingdom to this time, furnishes proof that they would speedily find a pretext for exciting the people. The cruel, shameful neglect, that allows the Irish peasant to perish in utter destitution, is indeed a powerful weapon in the hands of his misleaders; but, were that removed, so long as the high places in the state, the revenues of the church, the magisterial and military power, are not lodged exclusively with themselves, so long will those whose influence governs the popular mass, both of mind and matter, in this country, be movers of sedition. Trust me, while Mordecai sits in the gate, his ancient enemy, Haman, who abhors his race, will disregard with sullen unthankfulness all the favours, all the privileges that can be heaped upon him, and go to his house heavy and displeased.

I am in Wexford: in a place where blood cries from the ground with a mighty and terrible voice. If I never proceed farther on my journey, the spots that within a day's excursion I have looked on would furnish proof sufficient for my purpose. Travellers seem, by general consent, to pass by the appalling recollections inseparable from these places; considering it a breach of charity openly to revive them. But charity calls for a different line of conduct where the past affords an important lesson for present use, and offers a safeguard against the future recurrence of those terrible incidents.

The question forcing itself upon the mind is this: do the same elements now exist in an equally formidable state, and with the same combining and directing power at hand to wield them, as when, in ninety-eight, the beautiful landscape that lies before me in soft, unbroken repose,

was transformed into a wild battle-field, reddened with blood and flame. I am forced to reply, they do: they exist in the consciousness of union and strength, with an object more defined, in a position incalculably more advantageous: successes gained, at least in their opinion, through intimidation, at once improve their ground, and inspire them with confidence. The authority to which they implicitly bow has been recognized, honoured, advanced, by the legislature; its demands as yet meet no repulse; therefore the act that would in a moment once more array the mass of the population against the government, is suspended. But how may the palpable danger be averted? That is a query the importance of which you may partially feel, at the safe distance of your quiet home: to comprehend its thrilling interest aright, you must be domesticated awhile under a Protestant roof, in the south or west of Ireland. The only alternative is to be sought either in the forcible suppression of an insurrectionary tendency, by holding the sword suspended over a whole people, or in the dissolution of a confederacy that gives life and motion to the hostile body. So long as the Romish hierarchy and priesthood retain the essential character of their class, they will stand prepared to wield the whole moral and physical force of their boasted millions against us: so long as the Irish peasant continues to suffer under the grinding oppression, to endure the helpless, hopeless wretchedness of his unspeakably destitute state, he will be a weapon ready whetted for the work of destruction. The miseries that he endures, and which he knows must thicken upon him as his years increase, render him at once desperate as to his present conduct and fate, and doubly solicitous to insure a happier lot in the world to come. This, he is taught, can be done, and done only, by the most perfect submission to his spiritual guides; and whither such guidance may lead—has led—every spot of ground about me bears awful witness; for, I am in Wexford!

The original plotters of the rebellion in 1798, as far as it can be traced, were nominal Protestants, infected by the revolutionary mania of France, and blindly expecting to find in their Romish countrymen, not only ready instruments for their murderous work, but fellow-helpers in abolishing all systems of religion together. The latter, on the other hand, practised what their republican allies had projected, and made efficient tools of the men who thought to do the same by them. This was speedily discovered, only too late for the wretched dupes thus taken in their own snare. The insurrectionary war, commenced on political ground, quickly assumed its natural character of a religious contest: and no victims were more readily sacrificed to the bigotry of the priest-led troops, than the nominal Protestants who had incited them to rebellion. Bagenal Harvey, the nominee of the Dublin Directory, whom they affected to recognize as general-in-chief in this his native county, possessed not half the real authority or influence that any private Romanist in the ranks could boast: while Father Murphy, Father Roche, Father Redmond, Father Kavenagh, and the rest of the priests, numbers of whom personally led their flock to combat, held the power of life and death so despotically that a written line or a spoken word from any one of them was a safeguard through the whole sanguinary host; while a frown, or an averted look, delivered up the hapless suppliant to a terrible death. That the same absolute authority is enjoyed by the Romish priesthood at this day, no one can venture to doubt: and that it is now directed to the loosening of all other bonds, as regards their poor victims, I have already beheld a proof. I have passed some years in the south of Ireland, and that too in very troublous times, yet I never witnessed a lack of respectful courtesy on the part of the poor peasant towards the gentry. It seems, however, that an order has lately been issued by their priests in some of these districts, forbidding the usual recognition of a superior, should he happen to be a Protestant, and this of course is obeyed: but at what expense of feeling to many of the poor people, their looks betray, as they steal past with a mortified air, or strut by with one of assumed bravado. The present policy of their leaders is to superadd contempt to their long-cherished hatred of the Saxons; while flattering them that the land will, ere long, be again their own, and their cherished superstition the established the exclusive religion.

And now let me give you some insight into the actual condition of the people, on whose vivid imagination and poverty-stricken spirits these golden dreams are brought to bear. The Irish peasant is a being so totally dissimilar from the same class in England, that your knowledge of the latter can only assist in obtaining a right view of the former, by the force of contrast. Our rural labourer takes a small cottage, cultivates the piece of ground attached to it, and by his earnings in husbandry, or whatever branch of industry he may have embraced, pays his rent and provides for his family. Should sickness, or the failure of work, or any other real calamity reduce the latter to actual want, a measure of relief is granted by the parochial authorities; and should he become disabled, or utterly destitute of subsistence, the workhouse affords an asylum to him and to his helpless dependents. The possession of land is an object of secondary importance to the English labourer: settled employment being easily obtained in his own neighbourhood. Bread is his staff of life, and the day's work that gives him means to purchase a loaf in the evening is more productive than he could render it, by raising a crop on his own ground. Among our peasantry, no one would think of taking land for cultivation, unless he held some little capital that would admit of a present outlay, in the prospect of a distant market for its subsequent produce. He pays, perhaps, some thirty shillings or two pounds per annum, for a small but substantial cottage, well glazed and weather-proof, with its little slip of garden, and outhouse. He has his tenement at a fair valuation: so long as his rent is forthcoming he may safely calculate on the continuance of these comforts; and when all fails, a resource is left, and he is under no apprehension of perishing by the road side.

But the poor Irish cottier, or labourer, knows nothing of this independence. You must imagine, first, a state of society where the individual past work has no public asylum, no gratuitous provision of any sort whatever in store: the only prospect is that of having children grown up, who, through the powerful influence of natural feelings, cherished as most sacred among these people, will be constrained to shelter and sustain an infirm parent. Go where you will among the Irish poor, you may hear this motive expressly assigned for the very early marriages that they contract. If they deferred the engagement until they might have realized some little matter to begin the world with, their children would not be sufficiently grown to take charge of them, on the approach of the premature old age induced by their severe privations and over-work. Accordingly, they hasten to form an alliance. The mere boy, anticipating the period when he shall no longer be able to labour for himself, determines to provide betimes against the evil day, and looks about for a girl to suit him, when, in all probability, the connexions of both parties can scarcely muster among them the means for paying the exorbitant marriage fee which the priest never omits to demand. They must have a habitation, and the youthful settler is not long in finding a cabin with its single apartment, mud walls, ceiling of thatch, and floor of earth. Chimney it has probably none; the window is merely an aperture in the side; the door a few broken boards patched together, and the fireplace a stone laid on the bare ground. For furniture, there is a straw palliasse, or very likely only a litter of straw, shaken down in one corner, to form the bed, and perhaps a blanket or so. A thick block, hewed from a tree, serves as the table; the householder, if ingenious, may have fashioned out a couple of stools; or some wealthy friend may present him with a wooden chair. An iron pot to boil potatoes, and a mug of any material, complete the necessary furniture of this abode. Plates, knives, and such appendages, are unthought of. Whatever surplus may remain after satisfying the priest, must go towards treating the friends of the family.

But the rent:—such a cabin is rated as high as the Englishman's cottage. I do not remember to have known less than thirty shillings charged on any one in a long street of these dwellings, where I was intimately conversant with all the details. How is the young tenant to pay this rent, entering on the holding as he does, pennyless, and with the hopeful prospect of a growing family to enliven it? As the English cottager does. No: there is no parallel here. The Irish cottier, or la-

bourer, knows nothing of bread as an article of food: his scanty wages would not purchase enough of it to satisfy the cravings of his own hunger, much less would they extend to the wants of his family, and the payment of his rent. The potatoe is his only dependence, and the first necessary of life is to procure a plot of ground for the cultivation of the root. Two alternatives alone appear: either he must agree with his landlord to work out in day labour the amount of his holding, or else he must make the ground attached to it yield a sufficiency for all demands. The latter he can rarely, if ever do: for ground to be at all productive demands frequent dressing; and this again requires an outlay of money, and money he has none. If he reserves to himself so much of the produce as will feed his household, the remainder will never for any time suffice to cover the landlord's claim. On the other hand, if he undertakes to work out the value of his possession, a rate of wages is invariably fixed that leaves him far behind hand; and the arrear accumulating as he goes on, increases his difficulties, depresses his mind, and paralyses the main-spring of industry—honest independence. Children are born, unavoidable expenses are incurred, and for the supply of all these pressing wants he has the little potato plot, which, in a bad season, will not furnish his own family with a daily meal throughout the year. Some of them must beg: it is a sore trial to his feelings, but how can he help it? The utmost that he earns will barely satisfy the landlord, and avert an ejectment, and those whom he cannot feed must cater for themselves, by appealing to casual charity.

But when this bargain is not struck between landlord and tenant, the matter usually becomes worse. Labour is uncertain, and dependent on seasons at the best; the earnings of an able-bodied, industrious man, rarely exceed sixpence a day, when he can find work; and many a day must he stand idle, through the disproportionate amount of employment and of the numbers seeking it. In the summer he crosses the channel, leaving his wife and children to subsist by begging, while he traverses England and Scotland in search of work. Haymaking, harvesting, and hop-picking afford him a little profit, and he returns to pay up part of his arrear, and to purchase seed potatoes for the ensuing crop: A valuable store, which the poor creatures are frequently driven to consume for the support of nature before the season arrives for committing it to the earth.

But is not this an extreme case? Would it were! It is the simple, unadorned story of the population in more than three-fourths of Ireland—a story that I could relate on my own personal observation, but which is placed beyond a question by the heart-rending report of the Poor Law Commissioners, who visited every part of the island, and investigated the matter to the bottom. To that report I refer you, and after thus slightly sketching the outlines of a picture, over the details of which my heart has often bled as it lay—not the description, but the very reality,—beneath my eye, I must ask you to decide, whether the ingenuity of man, or of Satan himself, could contrive a piece of machinery more admirably adapted to be set in motion by a designing, crafty hand, than this impoverished, harrassed people, endowed as they all are with fiery spirits, quick apprehension, daring hearts, and powerful frames. Add to this, that through the whole mass is infused the most unlimited confidence in, and devotion to the very system that looks to them for its advancement on the ruins of what they are taught to believe is the weight that bears them down, and you have an appalling, but a correct view of Ireland, in her present state and seeming prospect.

Forty years ago the attempt was made, and baffled. A lesson of wisdom was derivable from the event, which has been read backwards and transformed into a lesson of fatuity. The vital principle of that rebellion has been nourished, and fostered, and nursed into more portentous growth and energy; the means of our former deliverance have been rejected, broken, scattered to the winds. At best, the hope was faint and the probabilities of success doubtful and contracted, as regarded the infusion of a better spirit into the adult race of Irish Romanists, but a noble field lay before us in the rising generation; while the anxiety of the poor parents to see their children taught opened a vista of brightness and beauty, to fill the

Christian heart with joy. We approached them with the boon, of all gifts most prized by them—a fair system of education, combining useful knowledge in the affairs of this life with the far more precious instruction that maketh wise unto salvation. The priesthood of Rome would necessarily array themselves in opposition to the latter; because it was letting in light where their interests made the prevalence of utter darkness indispensable: but experience had shown that in the breast of an Irish peasant one feeling could prevail over the otherwise insurmountable habit of subjection to the priest. Despite of all that the latter could do, wherever a scriptural school was opened, thither the children flocked; and if by the force of intimidation, or, as it often happened, by the vigorous application of a stout horse-whip, the little ones were for a time arrested in their path, an instance was never known where they did not soon contrive to surmount the barrier, and to return—flying like doves to their windows. By this means, a tie the most endearing was gradually forming between the poor Romanist population and their Protestant landlords and neighbours. That precious book, the message of which is, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men," was prevailing where nothing else could prevail, to remove the mists of prejudice, and to cement a band, indissoluble by all the craft and subtlety of the devil or man. The Irish are a most affectionate people; win their hearts, and they are wholly yours. What sight so calculated to awaken the strongest emotions of grateful attachment as that of their children carefully tended and taught under the direction of their more affluent neighbours, receiving at their hands the reward of diligence and obedience, while the fruits of those habits, and of the higher principle instilled through God's holy word, shed a light and a comfort at home to which the miserable cabin had before been a stranger.

Neither was this a mere theory, the experiment had been on trial for some years, and the effects were beginning to manifest themselves in a way calculated to make the kingdom of darkness tremble for the foundations of its throne. Dear friend, my heart sickens over the sad reverse presented to my view. Many a delightful hour have I passed in schools conducted under the different plans that, however varying in detail, all met in one common centre—and that centre the Holy Bible. Now, if I see a Romish chapel, I look in its immediate vicinity—within the very precincts of its boundary—for some new, spruce building, bearing the inscription "National School;" and what is the system of instruction adopted there? The Bible is excluded; a mutilated extract, unfaithful even in its mutilations, is substituted nominally; but even that is scarcely ever used; while all the debasing fables of monkish superstition, all the contaminating licentiousness of the lowest class of immoral and indecent publications, are placed in the hands of the poor children; and in a multitude of instances the person appointed to the office of master, is a furious zealot in popery and sedition. These, you will say, are strong statements: challenge me to the proof; and proofs you shall have, too conclusive as to the fact.*

Thus, by an act of infatuation for which the history even of Ireland affords no parallel, the only feasible plan for ameliorating the physical, and correcting the moral evils of this people, has been worse than abandoned; it has been adapted to the aggravation of both. Whatever tends to rivet the fetter of Papal domination on the necks of the Irish poor, builds a barrier against every species of improvement. No man in his senses can affect blindness to the fact that the Church of Rome is straining every nerve to recover her former footing in this country; that is, to reign as she did for some centuries previous to the Reformation, to enjoy unreservedly the ancient church-lands and revenues, and to replace the forfeited estates in the hands of her most devoted lay members. You may question this in England; but in Ireland you cannot. The thing stares you in the face through all gradations of proof; you see it in the ostentatious magnificence of the costly mass-house, far outvying the Protestant cathedrals, while the pompous insignia of men openly assuming the title of Bishops, glitters in the noon-day sun; in the lofty gait, the vaunting air, the spruce attire, and the side-long glance of contemptuous defiance, that prove the man who crosses your path to be a priest of

* Vide Appendix A.

Rome; and in its lowest demonstration, in the insolent stare, or slinking avoidance of the poor labourer who dares not touch the hat, or utter the respectful salutation that he would have formerly crossed the road to tender, with all the profuse courtesy of his race. That the priesthood of the Romish church, instructed by the hierarchy, are training the people to even more than their former subserviency is evident beyond contradiction: and unless the leopard has changed his spots, the past holds forth a dark augury for the future.

It was on the morning of Whitsunday, the 27th of May 1798, that the rebellion broke out here, in Wexford. Dangerous indications had been perceived, and the magistrates were on the alert, until suspicion was lulled by an address sent from the different parishes to Lord Mountnorris, remonstrating on the injustice of having their loyalty doubted, and demanding to be sworn, at their respective chapels, to their perfect freedom from all insurrectionary designs. Lord Mountnorris, accordingly, with several others, attended at the altars of twenty-eight Romish chapels, where, in the presence of their priests, the congregations all took the oath—it is awful to contemplate that solemn declaration. It contains an engagement to be true to the king and his successors, to support the existing constitution; and to prevent or suppress all treason or conspiracy; it disclaims all present or future connexion with the united Irishmen; engages to give up all secreted arms, and to inform of such as may be known to be secreted—concluding in these words. "All the above I do most solemnly swear, in the presence of the Almighty, and as I hope to be saved through the merits and mediation of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *without any equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever.* So help me God."

These declarations, made some months before, were repeated on the very eve of the outbreak. More effectually to blind the magistrates, a good many of the people were brought to them by the priests to make a surrender of arms, which they confessed, with every appearance of penitence, having formerly concealed. A vast number of pike-heads were thus given up, with other weapons, mostly unserviceable, the owners craving forgiveness for their past illegal conduct, and requesting protections on this evidence of their good feeling, which were granted, together with certificates of their loyalty and peaceableness, signed by Protestant magistrates, clergymen, churchwardens, and principal parishioners. By these devices, in which the priest always sanctioned them by his presence and acted as spokesman, they averted the proclamation of the different baronies, and the stationing of a military force among them. The yeomanry were considered sufficient for the maintenance of tranquillity; of these a large proportion were members of the Romish church; and they not only deserted, with horses, arms and accoutrements, to the rebels, but were eager to turn their weapons upon their former commanders, comrades, and the Protestant gentry whose houses they were appointed to guard.

One circumstance among many, brings the crime home to the priests with fearful aggravation. During the whole week preceding the massacre, a magistrate, Mr. Pounden, sat here, at Enniscorthy, receiving the oaths, and the surrendered arms of the people. Three priests, anxious to give the greatest apparent force to the obligation, suggested that they should be sworn on a Romish manual; this was done; protections were given; and were found in the pockets of those who were slain in their sanguinary attack on Enniscorthy the following Monday, to which the priests led them on.

Mr. Turner, the rector of Edermine, was employed during the Saturday in administering this oath to the crowds who pressed to take it; and on the following morning they murdered him, with five of his parishioners, and consumed the bodies in the flames of the parsonage, which they burned to the ground!

But I am not about to detail the horrors so vividly brought to my recollection by beholding for the first time the place where they occurred; I merely wish to make good the assertion, that in the frightful atrocities perpetrated, the wretched people acted as troops of the Romish see, regularly employed by their spiritual directors to extirpate Protestantism. Their leader was a priest, John Murphy; who personally headed them, and commenced the crusade by lighting a beacon on the hill

of Corrigua, as a general signal, on the Saturday evening; and before day-break on the morning of Whitsunday he and his flock were steeped to the lips in slaughter. With the exception of one poor woman, whose husband was butchered before her eyes on Vinegar Hill, and whose heart-rending story I received from herself, I find none who will speak of those events, although very many are now living on the spot where they saw their dearest connexions barbarously murdered. I, also, shun the theme; for it is better to avoid recalling those terrific scenes, calculated as they must also be to increase the feeling of insecurity resulting from the exposed, the humanly defenceless state of the handful of Protestants who are thinly scattered up and down among the multitudes of the adverse population. You will say, Why then introduce them here? For the purpose I have before named, to show that not to individual hatred, or to political republicanism, or to the destitution of the lower classes, are those horrors to be traced, but to the working of a system, the life-spring of which is exterminating enmity to the Protestant faith and name, and which would produce to-morrow the self-same effects, if occasion required and opportunity admitted it.

A wretched man, named James Meaghan, executed for his deeds of blood on Vinegar Hill, made a deposition, fixing the guilt where it chiefly lay, stating many circumstances in confirmation thereof, and concluding in these words—"Now, gentlemen, remember what I tell you; if you and the Protestants are ever in the power of the Catholics again, as they are now in yours, they will not leave one of you alive; you will all go smack smooth. Even those who campaigned with them, if things had gone well with them, would in the end have been killed. I have heard them say so many times." When he was brought to the place of execution, the officer in command took him aside and read to him the confession above mentioned, and asked him if it was correctly taken down. He answered affirmatively, and just when about to be turned off he desired the executioner to stop, lifted up the cap, and in a very loud voice said, "Captain B. you have taken down my confession perfectly correct; if it was not for the priests, I never would have been guilty of murder, nor have dragged five unfortunate persons out of the windmill to be murdered." With these words he was sent into eternity.

I am far from intending to fix the charge of such tremendous guilt on the present race of Romish priests in Ireland: the crime was that of individuals: its root is the system, which, holding the arrogant doctrine of supremacy and infallibility, condemns to bodily destruction and eternal perdition all who oppose those claims, or dare to question their divine authority. We know from the recent revelations of Dens' theology, the adopted text book of the Romish clergy in Ireland, that the assumed right and duty to slaughter heretics is waived *when* the church lacks temporal power to carry it into effect: but we must remember that the pious inclination and the power to fulfil it naturally promote each other. Individually a Romish priest may be as humane a man as averse from bloodshed, violence, and every species of cruelty, as any man can be: he may shudder at the contemplation of such scenes, and repel, with honest indignation, the charge against his order, because he feels within himself no desire, no ability in fact, to cry havoc, and to carry flame and sword into the bosom of a peaceful, confiding neighbourhood. But is not the priest himself the slave of the system? Can he dispense with the vows that bind him in the most helpless subjection to the governing powers of his church? Dare he dispute a mandate from the Vatican, or will he place his natural repugnance in opposition to the declared interests of the church which he is so deeply sworn to uphold? He cannot —he *knows* that if a man comes to the confessional, and reveals a murder committed or intended, neither his sense of justice in the first instance, nor the strong pleading of nature and duty in the latter, can prevail to loosen the iron band that holds him a guilty, perhaps a loathing accomplice in the crime. Should the same terrible authority be brought to bear upon the slaughter of a whole community, what can he do? If he believe the lie that he is bound to teach, he dares not for his soul's safety exercise a will, or cherish even an opinion contrary to what his superiors enjoin: if he believe it not, the searing process of a continuous deception

sustained towards others, will so indurate his conscience as to leave him destitute of moral power, given over to a rebrobate mind, and a ready instrument for any evil. I have made out a case for the priests, sufficient to inspire any Christian bosom with the deepest pity for their share in the galling bondage:* but it cannot be forgotten that they form the links of that chain by which, connecting as it does the more palpable works with the hidden spring that acts upon them, all the mischief is perpetrated. We are bound to commiserate the priests; we are bound to seek every means of enlightening them: but till that be effected, we are also imperatively bound to disarm them.

LETTER III.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

July.

Great and varied have been the enjoyments of one short week, the first of my sojourn here, and, I grieve to say, the last. For a long track lies before me, even to the opposite corner of Donegal, and Wexford with all its enchanting beauties, its thrilling recollections, and its endearing hospitality, must be left. You have often smilingly asked me to define Irish hospitality—I cannot. It would be like painting a sunbeam on canvass for one who never felt its influence. In an Irish house you are emphatically at home. Its inmates do not put themselves out of their way, or tease you with attentions and arrangements that make you feel you are a supernumerary, however welcome. Here the guest is at once installed in all the immunities of a settled resident: the good folks having the tact to impress you with the conviction that you make no other difference in their establishment than is occasioned by the increase of social enjoyment. In reality, every soul is plotting for your comfort and gratification all day long; but they do it so cunningly, and make all their propositions of agreeable parties with such an easy off-hand air of every-day custom, that it seems merely accidental that every thing you could best like happens to be done while you happen to be with them. In spite of your secret misgivings, they make you believe that your departure will occasion a serious blank, where no blank existed before you dropped in, a perfect stranger: and the vagrant propensity must be strong indeed that could enable a person, without a painful struggle, to disengage himself from all the ties that have imperceptibly entangled him during even a very short sojourn in an Irish house. This is all the definition you will get from me: I am too happy to be able to sit down and analyse my enjoyments.

I have just been feasting on that most cheering of all spectacles, a scriptural school. The history of this may furnish a specimen of what might be done, if Protestants would act up to their obligations, in regard to the children of their poor neighbours. Some years ago, the boy's school here was built and established on Erasmus Smith's foundation; and Mr. E. anxious to extend the blessing, at his own private cost added to the building one for girls. The support that he might naturally have looked for in such an undertaking, was not given; and with the exception of eight pounds a year afforded for the mistress's salary by the London Ladies Hibernian School Society, and a small allowance paid by the Dublin Foundling Hospital,* for each foundling admitted, the whole burden of expense falls on the clergyman, who has not for years received a shilling of tithe from those whom he is thus benefiting. The trifle granted to the mistress, of course, will scarcely find her in clothing, and she is maintained at the glebe. A very large proportion of the children in both schools are Romanists. They have frequently been forbidden to attend, and for a time prevented; but so fully alive are the poor of this country to the value of education, that in every case they have returned to their teachers. Opposition in some form is invariably offered to the good work: but its adversaries cannot prevail. He who when on earth said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," has power to

* See Appendix B.

* This is one of the noble Protestant Institutions lately crushed by the *liberal* system.

enforce his own command. If we be willing, he will open a door for us which no man can shut.

But what a humbling spectacle is this to us! We are living at ease, and enjoying a thousand superfluities, while the public purse amply provides for general education, and wealthy societies unite in supplying spiritual aid. Here is a clergyman, the incumbent of a large parish, defrauded by an unprincipled conspiracy of the income assigned to him by the laws of the land; himself the father of a numerous family, thrown entirely on his private resources for their support and education; and maintaining that ungrudging hospitality which Scripture and his own benevolent mind alike direct him to use: yet voluntarily adding to all other burdens the heavy expenses of a school, established almost exclusively for the advantage of children whose parents are taught to regard him with animosity, to harass, annoy, and if they may, to injure him. Such an instance of patient continuance in well doing, in returning good for evil, and blessing, yea multiplying blessings where the "curse causeless" perpetually assails him, speaks eloquently. Would that it might speak effectively, and bring forward some who can not only commend his work but substantially aid in it. *Eight pounds a year* towards such an outlay, in such a place, and for such a purpose, is all that England can give, and that too by the hands of private beneficence. If Mr. E. would apply to the Board, admit the priest, banish the Bible, lay the "Extracts" on a shelf, and put into the children's hands the legends, the catechisms, the inflammatory denunciations of Rome, he might command any measure of government patronage: but no, Mr. E. is a Protestant clergyman, he desires to feed the poor lambs of his flock with the sincere milk of the word; and so he may, provided he does it at his own cost, and that of his own family.

The spectacle was indeed most interesting, of the poor children assembled in their respective rooms, and diligently engaged in learning from anxious teachers. The situation of the school-house is quite a contrast to the flaunting publicity of those under the "Board." The latter are sure to stare you in the face by the road-side, in naked newness of stone and mortar, man's work all. This is shaded by trees, which also overshadow the approach to the church, the hallowed fold of a small and scattered flock, standing in the rustic grave-yard, with a fringe of trees, and an occasional yew or hawthorn marking some endeared resting-place of mortality. Roses and other sweet climbers embower the modest school-house; and for a back ground the noble mountains rise in dark magnificence. A little garden parts it from the narrow, rugged road, which separates both it and the church from the glebe. There is something very touching in the retired loneliness of the place; surrounded, as it is well known to be, by a most formidably hostile neighbourhood; banded against tithes, and tainted by an hereditary enmity that only the healing stream of gospel love can ever wash away. Oh, what a field is this fair, ruined land! White to the harvest, but where are the labourers to gather it in? We are mocked, befooled by projects of amelioration; one man proposing to regenerate Ireland by building workhouses—another by establishing temperance societies—a third by giving up all political and local authority to the demagogues who clamour for it—and carrying on the spiritual work without visible means. All are alike futile. The first indispensable step is, indeed, to relieve the wretched poor from their intolerable destitution: therefore build workhouses. The evils of wide-spread intemperance must be checked; therefore declare war against the whiskey-shops; but unless you unloose the fetters of bigotry by means of religious instruction, your very workhouses will become barracks for a rebel army, and all the money saved, all the energy redeemed from the debasing habits of intoxication, will be devoted to the manufacture and the application of pikes. As to the political remedy—the Justice-to-Ireland municipal plan—it may very well be adopted if the resolution is come to of colonizing some distant settlement with the exiled Protestants of Ireland; and making over the other portion of her inhabitants to the powers of darkness for ever.

It is in contemplating the scene presented within the walls of a scriptural school, that the mind, oppressed and grieved by what passes without, can re-

cover its elasticity, and rejoice in the dawnings of a better hope. Here, as I have before remarked, is the connecting link forged that alone on a large scale will bring into harmonious junction the divided portions of society. Nor is this the only, nor the most essential point to be gained; for the children of different persuasions, conning from the page of the same volume the same inspired lessons of love to God and to each other, will not, even humanly speaking, grow up in that state of estrangement naturally ripening into enmity, that must result from the one being taught to shun and to dread what to the other is a supreme rule of faith and of practice. This is so indisputable that no one attempts to deny it—the objection started is that the spiritual guides of one portion of the community, dreading such a result, will not permit it. But here I have ocular demonstration that with or without such permission the children will avail themselves of the advantage offered, even in the most hostile part of the country. It is only when the temptation is held out to them of receiving instruction in this world's lore, not at the expense of abandoning, but with every facility for strengthening the bonds of spiritual error, and the virulence of party animosity, that they are drawn off from those green pastures, to a barren and envenomed track.

The children whom I have here seen have not, in general, the lively, intelligent look that usually characterizes the Irish poor. Indeed, a glance into the wretched hovels that sprinkle the road-side will not only account for the heavy aspect of those who burrow within their dark recesses, but must render it a matter of surprise that the faculties should be capable of such development as I have witnessed, under the hand of their kind teachers. Some admirable answering in the Scripture classes, with the progress made by others towards it, and the orderly, clean, contented appearance of the little learners, all gave promise, that if the benevolent efforts of my kind friend were seconded as they ought to be, and his hands strengthened by the help which it is disgraceful to withhold, the same means, applied co-extensively with the wants of the population, would ensure an abundant, an unspeakably precious harvest. On Sunday the school was attended by some pupils of more advanced age, and among them I found a knowledge of Scripture, an evident delight in its study, truly heart-cheering. One of the best answerers in the Bible class that I took, was a Romanist; and I am assured it is generally the case here. From this we passed to the church, which, being under repair, presented a wretched and desolate aspect, not properly belonging to it; but the pastor knows his duty too well to allow the presence of bricks and mortar, beams and scaffolding, to interrupt the regular course of parochial ministrations.

The congregation was numerous, adapted to the size of the edifice, which is not large. This was my first sabbath in Ireland, for thirteen years; and when I reflected through what a fiery ordeal her persecuted Church had recently passed, and how fiercely it is still assailed by those whose incessant cry is, "Down with it! Down with it!" mine eye affected my heart in no small degree. The clergyman here has been exempt from the cruel privations undergone by many of his brethren, not from the prevalence of a better spirit among the people, for a worse can nowhere be found, but by the possession of private means which rendered him independent of his clerical income for the comforts of life. I speak of external comforts; no one has more largely participated in the other ingredients of the general cup. All that factious malignity and unprovoked enmity could do, to distress, to insult, and, if they could, to intimidate, has been put in force: insomuch that at one time it was a matter of extreme personal danger to cross from the glebe-house to the church, for the purpose of the accustomed ministrations; but my friend was not to be daunted in the discharge of his sacred duties, and he can thankfully repeat, "By the help of my God, I continue to this day."

The curate of the parish preached a most splendid sermon, suited to the occasion, which was the reading of the queen's proclamation: for it was on this spot, so replete with overpowering recollections and associations, that I first received the official call to allegiance on the part of my youthful sovereign. Oh, how earnestly did I pray, within the bounds of that little fold, surrounded by and exposed to the

grievous wolf of Rome, that God would so dispose and turn the heart of the royal maiden, as to make her a nursing mother to the afflicted Church of Ireland! This was the second proclamation of the kind that had met me in this country: I was residing in it when good old George the Third exchanged his earthly for a heavenly crown. Then the nation lay basking in honour and security; we enjoyed the ripened fruits of a long reign of Christian truth and uprightness; and the blessings of a grateful people encircled the head of the monarch who had declared he would sooner lay that head upon the block than violate his solemn engagements to uphold the British constitution in the integrity of its Protestant character. Dark, sad, heart-rending were the reverses over which my mind rapidly glanced, since the Lord took from us "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof;" and never shall I forget the suitableness of the discourse addressed to us by the pious and highly-gifted young minister, who, in opening the nature of that sin which caused a terrible judgment to swallow up and consume the rebellious murmurers against the delegated authority of Moses and Aaron, impressed on us a lesson of loyal submission to our queen, of devoted attachment to our Church, for which I hope often to bless the God who sent that message by the mouth of his servant.

Hereto do these devoted men both labour and suffer affliction. The Church that has been shorn of her bishoprics, defrauded of her dues, and in every possible way discouraged, curtailed and oppressed by legislative enactments, is pre-eminently the Church that most rigidly enforces on every one of her members, not the mere letter alone, but the pure pervading spirit of obedience to rulers, and respect for the laws. I could not look around on the disfiguring appendages that made the place appear so forlorn, without deriving some satisfaction from the thought that the Church was so defaced in order to repair the fabric and enlarge its accommodations. Thus may it prove with the Establishment of which it forms a part! So long as her teachers remain at their posts, and her congregations assemble to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, undeterred by the forbidding aspect of the times, we need not fear: dilapidated, she will yet attain to greater perfection and beauty; consumed, she will arise with phœnix life and lustre from her ashes. So be it!

To the hospitable glebe of Templeshanbo I bade a reluctant farewell, and proceeded to the town of Enniscorthy, of which I had before only a transient view. This spot, so fearfully memorable in the page of modern history, was attacked by the rebels, but so gallantly defended by the garrison, that they were beaten off after a dreadful conflict carried on in every street. The royalists were, however, compelled to retreat afterwards, by the disaffected inhabitants igniting their own dwellings, and firing on them from amid the flames. When this important post was carried, the rebels, to the number of ten thousand men, encamped on Vinegar Hill. They were commanded by a priest, as was usual; and from ten to twenty of their clergy daily said mass among them, exhorting them to more strenuous efforts for the extirpation of heresy.

Vinegar Hill is in fact a mountain, which rises above the town with a very gradual slope, until you approach the summit, when it becomes so abrupt as to require considerable effort in ascending. The lower part is covered with a short coarse grass, heather, and such vegetation as generally bespeaks a harsh, dry soil: the crest, however, is remarkable, being a perfect ridge of rock, diversified only with a variety of mosses, that, springing up in irregular crossed lines, give it the appearance of being paved. The footing is slippery and uncomfortable; but the thrilling interest attached to the scene, and the striking view stretching below, would have rivetted me there while daylight lasted. To the right of this long ridge, which, facing the town, afforded a cover for the rebel battery, the hill rises to a conical form, the rocks and moss giving place to a ranker species of vegetation than elsewhere. The heart sickens while imagination traces the origin of this fertility, for here stands the shell of the old windmill, a strong brick building, used as a prison for the victims captured in the town, who were daily dragged forth, as vengeance, policy, or caprice directed, and within a few yards of the windmill piked or shot. Their offence was Protestantism. Here,

in the space of three weeks, upwards of five hundred individuals—men of property, clergymen, merchants, farmers, labourers, and mechanics—were deliberately massacred in cold blood, and the greater number of their mangled remains buried where I then stood to trace the lines of march by which General Lake's army advanced on the rebel camp, and in a desperate battle routed them. With that action terminated the rebellion of 1798.

Not a man, scarcely, of the wretched people would have escaped; but General Needham, either from a real oversight, mishap, or, as some think, from a desire to spare the farther effusion of blood in this unnatural warfare, omitted to rendezvous by the path assigned to him in sufficient time to intercept the fugitives, who thus escaped by that unoccupied road. No one, at all accustomed to take an interest in military operations, could look out from the crown of Vinegar Hill, and fail to comprehend the different movements, as described by my companions. I was well versed in the details, from a long and intimate acquaintance with Musgrave's History, from which I have drawn information that I would not have sought on the spot. For, while opening these painful wounds, never yet properly healed, in the hope of attracting the notice of some who not being aware of the patient's actual state will not look for or accept an adequate remedy, I am most careful not to rekindle in the bosoms of those around me feelings and resentments that must, in this locality, partake too much of individual wrong to be safely awakened. If I did not believe that rebellion was at this moment spreading and ripening for a more terrible outbreak than before—if I did not know that past experience alone can yield a lesson for the probable future,—I would never stain my paper with a recurrence to that terrible lesson so deeply imprinted, so soon obliterated from the minds of our rulers.*

Nearly at the foot of the hill stands the glebe, rebuilt from its ruins. On the occasion referred to it was burnt, and the Rev. Mr. Burrows, the incumbent, barbarously murdered. It has now come into the possession of one whose heart's desire it is to pour the oil and wine of Christian love into the gashes of his poor country. With him I visited the schools under his immediate superintendence; and a more refreshing cordial could not have been afforded to the mind, so painfully excited by contemplating the memorials of civil war—or rather of religious war, for so in the strictest sense it was. Just where the first swell of the ground warns you that you are upon the ascent to Vinegar Hill, stands a most substantial new building, shaded off from the road, and surrounded with a garden. This comprises two schoolrooms, large, airy, and pleasant in no ordinary degree: such an array of sprightly, shrewd, intellectual-looking children, I had not seen, I know not for how long. The master and the mistress were two of the most prepossessing persons imaginable, and not a countenance was there among their young charges that did not bespeak some promise of a return for their diligent labour. The best of the girls were absent just then; though from the answering of those who were, on the spur of the moment, called up, I readily conceived what the *elite* of the little community could do. But the boys!—I speak advisedly, and apart from all excited feeling, when I say that no class formed of picked individuals from any number of scriptural schools in England could have shamed or surpassed those boys. I was soon obliged to give up altogether the task of questioning; for, to say truth, I could not speak for weeping; but they were tears of most unmingled gladness. I was allowed to choose the subject, and to direct the line of examination; but never should I have dreamed of going into such depths of spiritual knowledge with the half-clad, volatile-looking creatures before me, as they proved themselves capable of exploring. The passage selected was in the Pentateuch; its chief matter, the types: and light, successive flashes of light, did the poor boys throw, by their answers, on texts that had always been obscure to me. They had *studied* God's word; and the happy expression beaming on their countenances, softened into seriousness as they stood round the desk, bespoke the delight that they took in the exercise. One little child, actually in petticoats, soon made his way from the bottom to the top of the line by his extraordinary answering; and if any thing were wanting to complete the picture, it was supplied by the smiles of grat-

* See Appendix C.

ulation with which the superseded lads greeted their little comrade as he gained the highest place. I afterwards asked the dear pastor, who stood quietly by, rejoicing in heart over his interesting young flock, how he had brought them to such a pitch of attainment in biblical knowledge. He replied that his plan, which seemed to succeed remarkably well, was to make the study of the Scriptures *a reward for good conduct.* Every child who could produce a testimony of diligence and obedience through the week, was allowed to pass some hours on the Saturday in the way I had seen: such as failed of giving satisfaction, by gross misconduct, were sent away at that time. He assured me he had seen little Romanists in agonies of weeping because they had thus forfeited the privilege. I never heard of this plan before: in theory, I know not that it would please me: but after what I witnessed of its effects, I could not doubt. I should have told you, in extenuation of my weakness, that from the large open window I had a full view of the frowning ridge of Vinegar Hill; and that the children who surrounded me, closely linked in the holiest, sweetest, most enduring bonds of brotherly love, were nearly all of them the children, perhaps not beyond the second generation, of actors or sufferers in that fearful scene of bloodshed. I know not, my dear friend, if *ever* the precious word of salvation appeared so trebly precious in my sight as when I saw it in the hands of those children at the foot of Vinegar Hill.

An excursion of many miles was before us, and the bright noontide hour was past: yet I could scarcely tear myself from the school. What marvel if the enemy puts in practice every possible device to hinder a work so subversive of his power, whether the deadly superstitions of popery, the vain arrogance of natural reason, or the debasing bonds of total ignorance be the prop of his throne. Of course, the locality with its dark and terrible associations, caused this lovely picture to stand out in most brilliant relief; arrayed as it was in the light of heaven, it shone more divinely fair from its proximity to the deepest shadows of hell; but, strip it of all these advantageous contrasts, and place it where you would, its effects must be glorious. Placed where it was, it embodied before my eye what my heart had long believed, and my spirit had yearned to realize. My lip never breathed a blessing more fervent than that which I left with the children of Enniscorthy.

Seated in an open landau, for my partiality to the Irish car is by no means a general sentiment here, we now commenced a trip, the extent of gratification prepared for me being as usual, concealed under the appearance of an every day affair. "Mr. S. is going to visit some endeared members of his former flock: we thought you would like to see a little of the country." And I did see a little, and a good deal, of the most beautiful country on earth's surface. We first drove along the banks of the Slaney, a little playful stream, rippling on through green meadows, and giving no promise of the mighty swell that it very soon takes into a noble river. After passing through scenery that continually extorted exclamations of delight from us all, particularly while driving under a natural arch of luxuriant trees, intermingling high above a winding road, and affording at every opening some landscape view of exquisite richness, we again met the Slaney in the form of a magnificent river considerably wider than the Thames at Westminster: and here we also met a party deeply engaged in the plot of the day. Twin sisters, sweet and simple, and blooming too, as ever twin rosebuds were on one stalk; with two manly youths their brothers, attired in the loose light habit of sailors, with broad straw hats; and a very handsome capacious boat, their own property, waiting our arrival. I then found that we were to row to the town of Wexford; and to partake in the hospitality of our young friends not far distant from it.

We entered the boat and pushed off to the middle stream. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the day; the river rolled along in quiet majesty, often widening to a lake, and diversified with such scenery on its rising banks, such a succession of wooded hills, noble mansions, and picturesque points of land, that the eye could never tire of gazing on them. At length we approached a resting place, and moored our boat under the most imposing scene I had yet beheld, while our kind rowers sought some refreshment. The place is

called Carrig-ferry; but now a wooden bridge is thrown across this narrowing part of the river. Directly from the shore where we lay rose a very steep rock, decked with abundance of wild flowers, yet palpably a rock, as the word Carrig imports. Beyond the bridge, but still quite close to it, and at the same end, another portion of the rock forms a regular conical hill, abruptly from which ascends the most remarkable relic of ancient strength and stability that I have yet met with. It is a fortress built in 1169 by Robert Fitzstephen, who erected a line of these mighty towers to defend the ground as he proceeded in the arduous task of conquest. This being a very important point of the Slaney, he seems to have fortified it accordingly; and it is astonishing with what an aspect of frowning defiance the stately ruin overlooks the stream, at the distance of nearly seven centuries from its erection. All that remains of this famous fortress exhibits a square tower, of which the sharp though broken outline, the lofty, compact, and enduring character, as it shoots up from its rocky base, conveys the idea of something so independent, so warlike, so full of pride and menace, that visions of feudal days occupied my fancy as long as I could trace the varying profiles it presented while we glided away. Castle Carrig is a rare gem of antiquity, and remarkable, too, as the first military edifice built by the invaders.

On we rowed, and the Slaney expanded into a sea; throwing off an arm here, scooping out a bay there, and increasing in beauty at every advance. At length we left a very extensive curve of shore to the left, and made for an object bearing to our right. It was Wexford Bridge,—not the very bridge of 1798,—that was destroyed; but another built on the same spot, and of similar aspect. We were yet at a considerable distance, when, rowing through shoals of seaweed, we made the interesting discovery that the water beneath us was about one foot in depth; and the sensation of scratching our way upon pebbles, then making a dead stop, added the information that we were aground in the middle of the river, many hundred yards from either shore. Much merriment was excited by our situation, and many a vigorous effort was made before the boat could be worked into a floating depth. We then ascertained that too much time had been lost to allow of our making the bridge; and our ultimate destination being on the left bank of the river, we put about to gain it. Nor did I regret the disappointment: the horrifying recollections that would have prevailed in my mind over every other consideration had we neared the place, were too much at variance with the train of thought lately called up. I had no desire to approach Wexford; and had I known the delight in store for me at Artramont, I should have grudged every moment's detention from it.

This handsome mansion stands on elevated ground, the lower part of the demesne being washed by the Slaney, which, after sweeping round Lord Arran's wooded lands, makes here a capricious, irregular excursion along the eastern line of its boundary, and then returns to narrow into a channel over which the bridge of Wexford stretches. Beyond, it forms a noble bay and harbour. The view across this sheet of water, terminated by the town of Wexford at a softening distance, is most beautiful. Very near the landing-place stands another specimen of Henry's fortresses, from whence, for the trouble of climbing some ruined stairs in the tower, I enjoyed a nice prospect down the river; but of the grounds more immediately surrounding the house I am at a loss to convey an adequate idea. Picture to yourself a very large extent of the finest land imaginable, laid out in groves and gardens, of which the whole plan and the growth of vegetation combine to impress you with the notion that man's puny hand had no part in the work. The trees are gigantic: they looked down with a patronizing air upon our pigmy forms, and waved in stately pride at an immense height above us. The trunks, shooting up to an unusual elevation, impart this character; while, in the open spaces, choice specimens of flowering shrubs, in the very wantonness of luxuriant profusion, seem to have taken forcible possession of the soil, and to be resolved on engrossing it. Roses of every variety, intermingled with jessamine, woodbine, clematis, and all the family of climbers, overtop the high walls; not trimmed, and stretched, as it were, on the rack, with a modicum of leaves sprinkling

the formal, straggling twigs, but clustering, and intermingling, and waving in such masses of flower and foliage as I suppose never met the eye of our English villa denizens. Beneath these, and many noble standard shrubs, the earth was heaped with every variety of glowing tint, and the atmosphere around impregnated with odours. To complete the charm, there was an intricacy in the grounds that required some knowledge of the place to arrive at any given point: so you wandered through grove, garden, shrubbery—now finding yourself completely enclosed among dark pines and venerable oaks, now suddenly emerging into light, with a noble conservatory before you, where the magnolia displayed its enormous pearls, the lime its lively gold, and the orange its deep rich blush, beneath a dome of glass—the treasury of a thousand costly exotics. To one so devotedly fond of flowers and trees, it was an almost intoxicating delight to wander through these grounds; while the total absence of every thing that could tend to remind me I was a stranger, the warmly artlessly affectionate attentions of those who desired no greater happiness than to minister to the enjoyment of an humble guest—my only claim on them an ardent love of their native isle,—all rendered it a season of such sunshine as does not often burst upom my path.

Here, in this abode of love, peace, and piety, I could have learned a terrible story of those times, so often alluded to: for the house was visited and almost wrecked; its master a prisoner, and his agonized partner a spectator of the scene on Wexford Bridge. But no word escaped the placid survivor in reference to the past; and the paramount object of all the party was evidently the extension of temporal and spiritual good throughout the land. They spoke with joy of the progress made in their schools, and of the efforts of neighbouring gentry to ameliorate the condition of their poor countrymen. My evening trip to the boundaries of the place was most interesting; it actually outrivalled the flowers, and the stately groves that surrounded them.

The spot to which, with my twin companions and my friend Robert, I wandered, was a very ancient fragment of what had been a church, I should think even of an earlier date than Strongbow's castles, a vestige of these early temples, where pure worship was offered, before the iniquitous project for subduing Ireland to the Romish See had been conceived,—at least before the arms of Henry carried it into effect. To the venerable ruin the poor people attach so much sanctity, that to this day they covet a grave beneath its shadow: and very numerous were the mounds, with their grey headstones, or plain wooden crucifixes, alike almost hidden beneath the luxuriance of the grass and wild flowers. The stem of a very aged tree was near, with a few boughs still shooting forth, and some rich specimens of the hawthorn and mountain ash, with other thicket plants, gave a peculiar character to the wild secluded scene. Of the ruin, only a small angle remained, but heaps of stone lay scattered on the unequal ground; and the whole was closed in by lofty trees on every side. There we lingered long, examining the various attempts at fortifying every grave with something in the form of the cross, and lamenting over the abuse, alike of that sacred symbol and of the ardent minds so cruelly fettered by superstitious bigotry. We spoke of early times, of Ireland's former blessedness, her subsequent degradation, and the dawning of a hope too often overcast with clouds of doubt and despondency respecting the future. Again reverting to the high antiquity of her monumental relics, I fell into a strain calculated to quicken the nationality of my young companions, which in truth needed no stimulus; and suddenly recollecting one special immunity enjoyed by the green isle, I exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, Ireland is the only country where at this sultry season one may plunge into such grass, in the midst of ruins, and fear no bite from venomous reptiles." And in illustration of the fact, I stepped forthwith into the thickest part of the vegetation; but I was presently reminded of John Gilpin's experience,

> 'Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,
> For which he paid full dear,'

for as I vauntingly proceeded, I found that the high grass, reaching to my knees, though it harboured neither toad nor snake, concealed some very large slippery stones, on one of which I unwittingly trod, and slid down with my foot doubled under me. The sprain was so severe as to render my

return to the house rather difficult, and after a most lovely drive back to Enniscorthy, I found myself unable to stand without assistance; and what was worse, unable to rise from my bed in the night, to take a view at that solemn hour of Vinegar-hill from the glebe-house which stands, as I have said, on the ascent of that memorable ground. Imagination however was busy, and never did my spirit yearn with more affectionate longings for the ingathering of the lost sheep of Erin to the safe and happy fold, than while resting in the spot that bears so fearful a testimony to the blood-guiltiness in which their alienation from the faith of the gospel has involved them.

I am about to leave Wexford, probably no more to revisit it; and the consciousness that one stage of my journey is completed, induces a natural anxiety to review the short period now passed, with a reference to the great object of my visit. I am confirmed in the persuasion that poverty, even in the extent to which it exists here, is not the cause of that turbulence which we deplore; at the same time, I cannot doubt that it furnishes the most potent auxiliary to the movers of sedition, insomuch that an extensive amelioration of the people's condition is indispensable, as an ingredient in any plan that can rationally be formed for their improvement. Individual conversions may and will take place, where God is pleased to bless the means used for enlightening the mind; but wherever the heart is not spiritually renewed, and this we cannot look for on a general scale, we have that to contend with which will bid defiance to our efforts, so long as the native race are left to grovel in such depths of poverty, while those whom they are taught to regard as hostile intruders into their country live in comparative affluence, eating the fat of the land. At a period of the world like this, when in every place evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, there will not be wanting a party actively engaged in stirring up discontent among the lower classes, whose success will be commensurate with the miseries of those to whom they address themselves. Education, or as some are content to call it, useful knowledge, imparted without any reference to religious principle, will aggravate the evil. The nearer the poor man approximates to his rich neighbour in mental acquirements, the more intolerably galling will be the degradation of his bodily wretchedness. I repeat, this misery is not the origin of outrage, for the fact is notorious that persons in the enjoyment of competence are the prime movers in such transactions; but the destitution of the lowest order keeps them constantly prepared to act as powerful instruments in their hands. We are on the eve of a general election, the events of which, passing before my view, will prove whether or no the priests exert their influence as of old, in exciting a political ferment among their flocks; or whether the erroneous concessions made have produced that healing effect so largely promised by them. Hitherto, I have seen nothing to hold out so cheering a prospect for the government and the people.

LETTER IV.

WICKLOW—DUBLIN.

Dublin, July.

It was with feelings unusually depressed that I bade farewell to my hospitable friends in the south, to proceed hither unaccompanied by my lively young Irish companion, who, from the moment of our quitting my English home to that of my entering the Dublin stage at Enniscorthy, had seemed to consider me his guest, and performed all the offices of hospitality in a truly national spirit. The continued effect of my sprain seconded the warm entreaties of our kind entertainers to rest a while longer under their roof, and inclination was eloquent on the same side; but I had promised to meet an old friend in Dublin, to arrange the future line of route, that is to terminate in Donegal; and with a heavy heart I quitted them all. You know this trip was relinquished, after long anticipation, and excuses forwarded to the many kind friends who had engaged me to visit them. Circumstances led me to resume my original design, only a few days before starting: and one inconvenience resulting from this vacillation has been the departure of several for England or the coast, who,

had I not changed my first plan, would have confined themselves at home to receive us. This will hinder a projected excursion into Galway, disappoint my hope of seeing Edgworthstown, and materially circumscribe our movements; but the certainty of a dissolution of Parliament reconciles me greatly—not that I have any personal fear, for strangers are never molested; but I do not wish to expose to my young fellow-traveller the scene that will too surely be presented in some parts of Ireland, at this time.

How different was the journey in a close stage, from our delightful drives about the country during the past week! The scenery presented little to interest, or else I was not in a mood to be interested by it. Yet one thing is always striking in Ireland—the courteous kindness of all classes where they see it will not be coldly repelled. No sooner was the fact of my having a painful ancle discovered, than all manner of considerate contrivances were adopted by our fellow-travellers to afford it an easy position; and by the time we reached Gorey I had become a little more alive to the surrounding objects. We had passed into Wicklow, but sad recollections continued to attach themselves to the locality. A dreadful and disastrous battle was fought here during the rebellion; one incident of which you must have, because I am persuaded that the touching anecdote gave rise to a song that we have both admired. You remember,

'The minstrel boy to the wars is gone,'

but I doubt whether you have heard its probable origin.

In the engagement that here took place between the King's troops and the rebels, the latter were victorious. Among their prisoners was a little drummer, named Hunter, twelve years of age, who fell into their hands. They told him he should still carry his drum and beat it for them on the march; but the intrepid child, filled with loyal devotion, exclaimed, "Never! the drum that has sounded in the King's service shall never be beaten for rebels;" and instantly leaping upon it, he burst it completely through. Must I add the sequel? the heroic little fellow was directly put to death, perforated with pikes.

Mr. Moore visited this spot; he could not but know the tale, which is recorded in the annals of the rebellion. It was worthy of the author of "Captain Rock" to steal this trophy from the brow of loyalty, and with a little of his own brilliant colouring superadded, to place it on that of something very different. The minstrel boy, who to prevent the desecration of his harp, "tore its chords asunder," was evidently fighting on the other side. Poor little Hunter lost the wreath of poetic fame by being true to his King; but we, at least, shall not again fall in with "The minstrel boy" without recollecting the youthful drummer at Gorey.

We now approached the far-famed vale of Avoca, and my curiosity, sharpened by the assurances of my fellow-travellers that the scenery would surpass my expectation, led to the achievement of an exploit which, considering all things, you would hardly expect. I was prevailed on to try for an outside place during one stage; and by the extreme kindness of some very respectable females who sat behind the coachman, warmly seconded by that functionary, room for me and my young friend was made on the opposite extremes of their seat. All their good-natured endurance of a squeeze however, scarcely afforded space, and my situation was not very enviable, perched on three inches of board, nothing to rest my foot upon, and while the vehicle thundered on at the full speed of four fine horses down a steep road, I was indebted for support to nothing but a strap passed across the luggage on the roof of the coach, of which I contrived to take a firm hold, at the length of my outstretched arm. Repent I certainly did, and heartily wished myself imprisoned again; but as the beauty of the vale opened on us, all thought both of danger and uneasiness vanished. It appears like a dream, when I recall our rapid flight through that enchanting region. Our road was a continued sweep downwards, a perpetual curve, every gradual turn of which revealed some new feature; but all in the same style of magnificence. The bank on the left is a mountain, abrupt, and so richly wooded, that the trees which continually struck our heads with their luxuriant boughs seemed to rise into the sky. Occasionally an open space occurred, and then we saw the naked mountains where

the copper mines are worked, with all their gigantic and varied machinery displayed. To the right, we were sometimes enclosed as on the other side; but frequent openings, leading the eye downwards into a dell, gave such a succession of delicious views that I was transported almost beyond taking due care to preserve my delicate equilibrium. A stream, so rich, so full, so wildly playful, seemed to race us on the other side of a beautiful hedgerow, above which rose at short intervals a line of noble trees; then the lovely stream wound away, encircling a level sward of green—real Irish emerald green, in the deepest, softest, coolest excess of that refreshing hue. It strolled past one of those ancient round towers, the sight of which brought home to my very soul the fact of being in Ireland; for I had not seen one since I quitted it thirteen years ago. Again the road became a close vista of lofty trees; and when they next opened, the picture to the right was changed into a strand of clear pebbles, upon which meandered most irregularly some shallow rivulets crossing each other's path, a picturesque bridge being thrown over the spot. This was the Meeting of the Waters, as I learned from the coachman, who seemed to enjoy my delight almost as much as I enjoyed the scenery that called it forth. It was impossible to restrain the exclamation, "First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea," which always awakens a response in the bosoms of these ardent people. Oh why will we allow them to hate us as a nation, while we hold the gift that would attach them in the closest bonds of love and peace for ever!

After admiring the pretty little fishing town of Arklow, and sending some homebound thoughts over the fine expanse of sea that unexpectedly appeared, studded with many a tawny sail, and slender boat, I resigned my elevated seat, with abundance of hearty and sincere acknowledgements to the accommodating party, and thenceforward from the interior of the coach the prospect was nothing, until we arrived at the Glen of the Downs, a spot that would again have tempted me outside but for the discovery that one of the leaders was so restive as to endanger an overset, in which case the situation I should have occupied would be one of extreme peril. I did not feel justified in encountering it. You will not, therefore, hear any more about Wicklow, save that I can bear witness to the great beauty of some mountains that rose on the northern verge of the country. On pointing one of them out to my English comrade, I received this characteristic reply: "It is very fine; but just now I would rather see a pudding of the same size." In fact, we had been travelling eight hours on the strength of a light breakfast; and though I had forgotten to be hungry, the young gentleman had not. By this time I had formed a travelling acquaintanceship with a fellow-passenger. He had seen me deposit my bible in a pocket of the coach, previous to mounting the outside; and when after expressing great admiration at the glimpse afforded us of the Glen of the Downs, I proceeded to deplore the contrast between Ireland's natural beauty and the moral deformity overspreading her neglected population, he pointed to that pocket, emphatically remarking, "The cure for all this sin and wretchedness is there." This, of course, led to a very animated conversation in which he gave the fullest confirmation, the result of his own experience, to all that I have advanced, and much more that I hope yet to state on the subject. In fact, the surprising beauty of this land, together with the noble monuments of a very high antiquity that perpetually cross your path, aided by the recollection that it is just off the coast of England, and has for seven centuries been considered an integral part of her kingdom, will force upon your mind the consideration of a problem that admits but of one solution—the actual state of those who form the mass of Ireland's population. If the theme is wearisome in its constant recurrence on paper, what must it be in the exhibition of its living reality—in the wretched hovel, the squalid rags, the careworn, poverty-stricken aspects that cast a blighting shadow upon the gorgeousness of even Wicklow scenery. Tourists in general avoid the subject, or advert to it in the way of commiserating regret that so it should be: they cannot avoid seeing how grievously wounded is their poor brother, and robbed too; but they pass by on the other side, anxious to be delivered from so painful a sight. Few are the Sa-

maritans who will pause to examine the hurt, for the purpose of administering a remedy, or apprizing others of the case to the end that a fitting remedy may be applied. Mr. Inglis went into many details, with a most laudable desire to discover and make known the origin of this acknowledged misery. He judged rightly and spoke truly as to the neglect of landlords, with its attendant evils of unjust, oppressive agency, and a tenantry debarred the common rights of mankind; but he discerned not the hand employed by night to unravel the work of day-light benevolence; he entered not into the chambers of that secret conspiracy which prevails to render the best efforts of the best landlords abortive, because the interests of those veiled magicians require a distressed, a discontented peasantry to carry forward their own nefarious designs. Inglis was a very clever man, and a kind-hearted one; but he was altogether a man of the world, who never carried his inquiries or anticipations beyond what he could look upon with the bodily eyes of a philanthropist. Had he pursued the same route some five and thirty years sooner, he would have possessed a clue to the grand secret of what pained and perplexed him so much in "Ireland, in 1834." The acuteness would presently have directed him to that quarter unsuspected because unknown to his experience, whence emanated the former horrors that, at different periods, have disfigured the land with blood: and he would have been tempted to inquire whether the unchanged aspect of the population, their unaltered ignorance, bigotry and hatred of any thing English, might not be traceable to the unchangeableness of a system that, whoever or whatever may ostensibly bear rule, is notoriously the governing power among that class of people.

On the other hand, Mr. Noel experienced the force of first impressions. His observations, it seems, commenced at Drogheda, where he took for his guide and informant, "a civil and intelligent tradesman," of the Romish creed. Whether this worthy citizen consulted with his spiritual directors as to the best plan of meeting the case—to them rather a startling one—of a pious, literary, influential English clergyman avowedly come over to investigate that delicate point, the origin of Irish evils, we cannot do more than surmise; but it is sufficiently clear that with admirable tact the individual gave an adroit turn to the course of his visitor's enquiries, and slipped the whiskey-shop so effectually between his penetrating eye and the mass-house, that it engrossed thenceforth the traveller's attention almost exclusively. I have not yet seen Drogheda, nor do I know any thing of its size; but I hope to take it in my route, and to judge whether it be of sufficient bulk or importance to account for the extraordinary fact stated by Mr. Noel's informant: viz. that he, the tradesman aforesaid, failed in his praiseworthy attempt at reforming the whole population by becoming in his own person a member of a Temperance Society, and giving the weight of his influence to a canvass for signatures to the pledge. It seems indeed that many, with the good nature that renders it difficult for an Irishman to say no, did relent and sign: but the evil habit had obtained too great an ascendency to be easily laid aside, and they relapsed. The worthy tradesman "saw it to be useless, and accordingly withdrew." The people of Drogheda continued intemperate: the usual characteristics of the lower classes remained unchanged, they were still idle, dissolute, dirty, lawless, impoverished. All this was clearly shown, no doubt, to be solely attributable to the failure of the Temperance Society plan: had that succeeded, the people would have become moral, industrious, peaceable, loyal: would have eschewed Ribbonism, and built pigsties. This was held out as an epitome of all Ireland: and by a deduction as incontrovertible as the premises were just, all Ireland's ills would vanish along with the last exhalation of the last tumbler of whiskey-punch that should taint her atmosphere with its noxious fumes.

Such was the beautiful theory sketched out by the patriotic man of Drogheda. Alas, that any thing so goodly should exhibit but the baseless fabric of a vision. Independent of the fact that, fetter as you will a member of that church with oaths, not to say mere nominal pledges, a nod in the confessional leaves him free and fearless to smile at the broken fragments of his bonds; I never yet found that lopping away the topmost branches of a vigorous tree, would reach the vitality of its root.

Drunkenness is the most wide-spread, the most conspicuous, most debasing fruit of the national upas here; but the root lies below, hidden deep beneath the surface; and he who would permanently smite the branches, must dig into its dark abode, bare the accursed fibres, and with a strong arm rend them forth from their lurking place, no more to pollute the soil that they usurp, transforming its healthful juices into deadly poison, and circulating them through the boughs whose goodly shadow murders where it falls. The palpable device practised on an unsuspicious, because an honourable, an upright, and a most benevolent and pious man, succeeded so far as to inspire the operator with some hope of convincing him that, as whiskey was the sole origin of Irish misery and sin, so the church of Rome was the Catholic church, the great spiritual Temperance Society, the panacea for all present error and future woe!

Here, however, he could not succeed: he had a Christian to deal with, who, though throughout his book he by some oversight concedes to the Romish church that term to which she has no claim whatever, still knows her to be the mother and mistress of all abominations, the destroyer of man, and the enemy of God. In this part of his undertaking, therefore, the Drogheda tradesman utterly failed.

Our travelling friend was evidently a gentleman of high intelligence, who had seen much, and reflected not a little on the subject that engrossed my mind. He too, had taken both history and prophecy to aid him in reading the mysterious pages of the present day; and strongly expressed his conviction, that our only help must come from the name of the Lord, proclaimed according to his appointed way throughout the land. The congregated swarm of beggars who besieged the coach at the commencement of our last stage, led us also to the topic of an equitable provision for the outcast poor; and here too I was much gratified to find a coincidence of opinion. We entered Dublin at last, and I found myself once more among familiar scenes. Hitherto my journey had been on ground untrod before. Waterford, Wexford, Wicklow, were perfectly new to me: not so Dublin. Personal feeling became so strong, as I looked upon its well-remembered outlines, that even the theme on which I had been conversing lost its absorbing interest, and self predominated. We crossed Stephen's Green, thrown open into a more visible expanse by the removal of the noble trees that once shaded its ample inclosure; but no improvement thoroughly reconciles me to the loss of an old tree, much less of a long and stately line like that which has been levelled here. We passed the hotel whence with an aching heart I last took my departure for England, and after leaving the coach, and vainly enquiring for a covered conveyance, I once more mounted the national car, to present myself, an unexpected guest, at the house of a dear old friend. Of course you will again denounce as an instance of blind partiality my oft-repeated assertion, that London can show nothing to equal the line of street stretching from College Green to Rutland Square. At all hazards I reiterate it; although the English metropolis has added to her architectural displays the striking features of Regent Street, and Park, Belgrave Square, and the Carlton Place buildings, since last I saw Dublin. I cannot yield the palm: I cannot find a competitor for the *coup d'œil* that appears, when emerging from Grafton Street, you behold on your right the massive, compact, severe looking old University, with its advanced ground, a lofty wall of a most frowning aspect, with here and there a tree flinging its patriarchal arm over the rampart; on your left the fine opening of the so-called green, which is an exceedingly wide street stretching away in perspective, while in the most central point William of Orange bestrides his horse, apparently but little hurt by his recent fall from the very high pedestal that supports him. The corner of this street is occupied by the magnificent bank, formerly the parliament house of Ireland. You have seen good prints of this extraordinary building, and have allowed it to be beautiful: but unless you beheld the thing itself, contrasted in the lightsomeness of its noble aspect with the unadorned solidity of the grave college; unless you saw with what exquisite gracefulness it sweeps round, transforming that angular corner of two streets into a gentle curve, unless you could witness the effect of its grove of Ionic and Corinthian

columns, clustering over an extent of one hundred and forty-seven feet in length, with the elegant cornices, the sculptured frieze, the light balustrade, the majestic porticoes, the combination of all that is rich, grand, and chaste, which entirely covers an acre and a half of ground,—unless you could really look upon all this, my good friend, I deny your capability for forming any opinion on the subject.

But this is only the foreground, right and left. Straight on you look through Westmoreland Street, a short but very wide thoroughfare, worthy of its entrance, and terminating in Carlisle bridge, the easternmost of the elegant structures thrown across the Liffey, up to the pier of which extends the forest of masts, like that of our own Thames at London Bridge, though of course not so numerous, nor is the river of such a mighty width. Hence the unwavering line, direct as an arrow's flight, is still carried on through the long, broad noble avenue of Sackville Street, terminating in the Lying-in hospital, the Rotunda, and the rising gardens of Rutland Square, which, standing on a sudden ascent, throws its luxuriant vegetation high and wide, giving a finish to the picture that nothing else could have bestowed. In the centre of Sackville Street, not far from the bridge, stands the fluted column, upwards of 120 feet high, which bears a colossal statue of Lord Nelson; and to the left of this the General Post Office, worthy, for the chaste grandeur of its design and nobleness of execution, to stand so near the Bank. This street was formerly the abode of the Irish aristocracy, when Ireland was a nation, and had a senate of her own. Privileges that she might still enjoy, but for the diabolical spirit of that system which, calling itself a religion, reckons not to what it may expose its votaries, so that their guilty tumults and throes of agony assist to heave it into political supremacy. Striking in beauty and magnificence as is the scene I am thus lingering upon, even these fade before the awful interest that clings around it. Those dark college bulwarks frowned defiance on James Stuart's efforts to force an unprincipled man, his fellow-tool in the hands of popery, upon their Protestant establishment. They lifted no hostile hand against the fugitive prince, who came to regain in Ireland the throne that in England he had abdicated: but they firmly resisted the invasion of their rights, and sooner than compromise those rights, or tarnish their Protestant faith, they permitted their house to be assaulted by armed troops, their treasures to be seized, themselves imprisoned or thrust out, and the peaceful chambers of science and divinity to become a barrack for licentious troops. Then the Bank—I should never get beyond it, if I were once to let loose my pen on the subject. The extinction of the Irish Parliament, which had for sixty years occupied that building, would lead me back beyond the limit of six hundred if I ventured into the track—I must turn from it. Sad enough it is, in passing on, to realize the fact that the stately abodes of Ireland's aristocracy know their former possessors no longer. Lines of noble houses, converted into hotels, shops, and public institutions, announce what Dublin has been, and too vividly declare what Ireland is. A resident, wealthy, enlightened aristocracy, attached to their country, and rightly informed as to their true interests—a representation purged of the old leaven of malice and wickedness that wrought destruction here, and is now fulfilling the same work in Westminster,—a church, built up and strengthened by the hand of righteous authority, with those very men for her ministers who now in persecution and affliction maintain their posts among her ruins—Oh, might I but live to see such a day for poor Ireland! But it is a vision flitting by, like the summer clouds that have passed over me while I penned the thought; beautiful, unsubstantial, and gone for ever.

From the farther corner of Sackville Street the distance was short that brought me to the dwelling, to the arms of one whose joy at the unlooked-for visit proved how little a protracted absence, and long neglect too, had prevailed to abate her sisterly affection. I am settled here, enjoying her hospitality for perhaps a week; and shall have a little time to look about me. You are not, however, to expect much in the descriptive way, as regards the peculiar features of Dublin. Illustrations both from the graver and the press abound; and my object is not to fill a certain number of sheets with a due propor-

tion of words and lines, but to record what I can of the present doings in this great focus of light, which sends forth many a ray into the remotest corners of the land. Here are fixed the head-quarters of those valuable societies which unite in building a barrier against the advancing foe. Many changes have occurred since I was last here. Old friends have dispersed, or have gone to see Him whom unseen they loved and served; while new faces occupy posts formerly held by those whose features I shall behold no more. It is delightful, however, to know that among the latter are very many who were walking in darkness and in folly, without hope and without God in the world, now brought nigh by the blood of the cross, and faithfully serving God in the gospel of his Son. The increase of vital piety here is very great. A little one has become a thousand, through the abundant blessing given to the efforts of a few faithful men, twenty years ago; and when I see so many instruments raised up, can I doubt that the Lord has a work to achieve in the land?

By the way, I have been advised to say as little as possible to mark the distinctions between nominal and vital Christianity. I am told that other books have been received and read far more extensively, by means of a little prudent reserve on the part of their writers, who kept back what might excite the scorn of carnal minds, and thus prevent their well-meaning representations from being attended to in high quarters. This is well adapted to the master-spirit of the day—expediency; but until I find in my Bible some sanction for it, I dare not either in lip or pen be a dissembler. Let such as doubt the reality of the truths which they profess to believe, disguise or conceal them: I believe—therefore do I speak. God will never put honour upon any other course than that which, proceeding from an open acknowledgment of Christ crucified, has for the avowed end of all its efforts, Christ glorified.

One of my first movements here was to visit again that rich magazine of spiritual stores, the Religious Tract and Book Society's depot, in Upper Sackville-street. Many and sweet are the recollections that endear it to me: it was there that I first learned to wield an humble-weapon in the Lord's service, and to experience how events in themselves painful and untoward could be made to work together for good to myself and others. In the hour of affliction, depression, I may almost say of destitution, there it was that I found not only Christian sympathy for the then present, but cheering encouragement to enter upon a path of honest industry, with the prospect of independence, and, as the Lord might vouchsafe to bless the labour, usefulness to his cause, and to the dear people of this land, yet sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. I could not without strong emotion re-enter the open doors, and look round upon the accumulated treasures of spiritual knowledge ranged about me. Truly that house is to me somewhat of the nature of Jacob's pillar; and to the God of Jacob, the Angel who redeemed him from all evil, the Guide who led him all his life long, my heart ascended in thankful acknowledgment that, as with him, so it had been with me. The institution has wrought an immense amount of solid good in the land, not only among the poor, but peculiarly in the higher ranks of society. Its publications, restrained as they are within the bounds of an excellent code of printed rules, and subjected to the searching scrutiny of a most able committee, cannot but be select: the numerous reprints of standard old writings, or rather the concentrated forms in which their spirit is exhibited, have done much towards raising the tone of religious principle and practice; while their tracts, carefully adapted to the spiritual wants of the mingled population, Romish or nominally Protestant, carry the purest scriptural doctrine, like good seed, to many a spot of rich but neglected soil. The Tract and Book Society is a valuable instrument in promoting the knowledge of the truth, and its utility in following up the work of the various schools is incalculable.

To many a sharp trial has the faith of its conductors been exposed; and often does the menace of an entire stoppage overhang the machinery, through the failure of funds; resulting partly from the lukewarmness of public support, and partly from the multiplicity of demands on the purse of Christian beneficence. Ireland is very poor, view her how you will, except in natural beauty, and in the good works of her believing children: and if those in England

who, without the stimulus of personal observation, stretch forth a helping hand to her, could see all that I have seen, and learn all that I have learned, both of the need for and the value of their generous aid, they would thank God, and take courage, and abound more and more.

From this establishment, after enjoying a delightful interview with one of mine and Ireland's best friends, whom I found where I left him thirteen years ago, at his post, voluntarily and indefatigably employed in promoting the welfare of the society to which he has long devoted himself and all that he has—I proceeded to the neighbouring house appropriated to the offices of different religious associations. In one of these I met and conversed with a fine intelligent youth, the son of an Irish clergyman, who has been admitted into the school at Edgeworthtown. It is a great disappointment to me to find that indispensable business still detains the dean of Ardagh in England; for I was to have been his guest, and to have gone into all the details, and examined all the operations of that important institution. This I must now abandon; but it is a pleasure to have received from the lips of a pupil a full confirmation of all that I believed and hoped respecting it. You are aware that when the recent desperate effort was made to crush the Church of Ireland by starving her ministers at their posts, it was overruled, among other good things, to the establishment of a school where, for a sum little more than nominal, a number of the sons of these oppressed clergymen proportioned to the amount of its funds, are received, boarded, and most liberally educated, with a view to mercantile, literary, or scientific pursuits, according to the bent of their own or parents' inclinations. A large class is set apart for entrance into college; such of them as look forward to the sacred ministry being carefully instructed in the Irish language, that key to all usefulness among the native population throughout a great extent of territory, and that in the darkest quarters of the land. Thus has the rude shaking of the parent plant occasioned a deposit of much precious seed upon a soil where it promises to yield fruit a hundred fold. Sanctified afflictions have always produced signal blessings to the church of Christ; the individual sufferings of Joseph, and the general persecution that followed Stephen's martyrdom were alike glorious in their results; and is it not cheering to trace the same untiring hand of providential love still overruling for good the troubles of his people, and compelling the wrath of their enemies to praise him.

I have named the Irish language, and you are doubtless prepared to hear a great deal on the subject of the Irish Society, now that I am at the central point of their operations. Strictly speaking, that distinction belongs not to Dublin, but to Kingscourt; and one of the greatest disappointments I have encountered results from the lamented indisposition of a dear friend, which has laid her fast by the sea-side, when I had hoped to visit with her that scene of her assiduous labours. Neither Kingscourt, Edgeworthtown nor Achill, can now be included in my route; and the absence from town, at this sultry season, of all who can escape to the country, while the inland inhabitants have hastened to the coast, leaves me to make what I can of a contracted sphere of observation. A miniature Kingscourt I have, however enjoyed: for on going to the house of the Rev. Mr. Pendleton, the secretary and devoted helper of that society, I found him, though confined by illness to his study, busily engaged in encouraging to the work three interesting peasants, delivered from the thraldom of Popery, and preparing to go forth with that polished weapon, the Irish Scriptures, to assail the strong holds from which they had escaped. My heart overflowed with contentment as I looked on these men: their simple, yet sparkling countenances, the earnestness of their attention while listening to their instructor, the fervent response that lightened every feature of their faces into joyous animation, when I spoke my thankfulness on their behalf, and implored them to labour without ceasing for the souls of their brethren after the flesh,—all fell like a refreshing shower on my spirit, wrought as it was into feverish excitement by contemplating the immensity of the demand, the paucity of means to meet it. Sweetly did the passage recur to mind, "There is no restraint with the Lord, to save by many or by few." A single individual, endowed with the Pentecostian gift of

tongues, was the means of converting three thousand in one day; and here was the same gift, not indeed conferred miraculously, but graciously consecrated to the same end, of making known to the people, in their own language, wherein they were born, the wonderful works of God. Two of the converts were young men, recently brought out of bondage; the third was a veteran in the service, rejoicing anew in his own deliverance, while he blessed the Lord for theirs.

And from what were they delivered? Glance back on the fearful scenes from which I have ventured partially to lift the veil, while writing on Wexford. Had I withdrawn it farther, you could hardly have endured the exhibition. It was from a liability to be called on for such services as were there performed by the wretched peasantry, that the men before me were delivered. From the secret oath that bound them to murder; from the midnight rendezvous of hardening preparation for that task; from the mutterings of rebellious discontent, the groanings of unmitigated distress, the execrations of unrestrained rage, the incoherent ribaldry of habitual drunkenness,—from all these they were delivered; and they were brought to rejoice in a bond of universal love to God and man, to meet their assembled countrymen with a message of mercy and peace, to receive with thankfulness at the Lord's hand whatever portion he might see good to mete out to them, and to use their tongues as instruments to show forth his glory and praise, in a walk of sobriety, charity, and holiness. In this transition from the power of Satan to the kingdom of God, they well knew that they were to become a mark for persecution, violence, personal injury, and perhaps a cruel death; for it is a fact, that there are few among these devoted missionary peasants who do not bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, in visible scars from the fierce attacks to which their undertaking exposes them; and several have been barbarously murdered—a noble little army of martyrs, of small account with men, but Oh! how precious in the sight of Him for whose sake they are willing to die, not counting their lives dear unto them, so that they may declare unto their deluded brethren the unsearchable riches of Christ!

From Mr. Pendleton I received most delightful reports of the progress made in this work. It is beyond all others a DEBT, for the non-payment of which we shall have to yield up a tremendous account, if we see not to it while yet there is time. You are aware of the terms on which Henry II. undertook the conquest of this country. A church, planted by the hands either of an Apostle or his immediate successor, existed in Ireland for centuries before the apostacy of the Romish see revealed "that wicked" who has for upwards of twelve hundred years usurped it, and made war upon the saints.* Patrick was a Roman Briton, a member of the pure scriptural church in which Alban was the protomartyr; and the doctrine which he proclaimed in Ireland, not later than the fourth century, was that of the undefiled Gospel. To the people of this country he became exceedingly dear, and his memory was held in such veneration among them, that when the Romish apostacy resolved to direct one of its poisoned streams through Ireland, their emissary Palladius adopted the name of Patrick, and commenced his mission in 430, professing to hold the same truths with that eminent teacher of righteousness, and thus laying the foundation for a confusion of the two individuals which involves the early history of the Irish church in such darkness and perplexity. Still the corrupting process, aided by continual machinations on the part of the Vatican, was so impeded by the attachment of the Irish to their pure ancient church, and by the independent spirit of the clergy, that so late as 1156 Pope Adrian was obliged to avail himself of the filial piety of our second Henry, to propagate with fire and sword the holy doctrines of his apostolic see.† Artramont, Castle Cairrig, and the other stately ruins that frowned on us in solitary grandeur from amid the groves and gardens of those beautiful banks of Slaney, marked the advancing steps of popish aggression; and many more of like character I am probably to meet in the course of my rambles. Wherever the British sword prevailed, the Romish crucifix was planted; the voice of Gospel truth, already much weakened, and giving forth an uncertain sound, was totally silenced: and the man of sin, with

* See Appendix D. † See Appendix E.

his hosts of cowled monks, begging friars, and tyrannical priests, over-ran the soil, like the Egyptian plague of frogs—

'Till the land stank, so numerous was the fry.

Retribution—what thinking mind can term it otherwise? has overtaken us. Our fathers invaded Ireland for the avowed purpose of fettering the people to the chariot wheel of Popery. They succeeded: Ireland became the very hot bed of that evil, her children its most assiduous cultivators and propagators. Centuries rolled on: England, awakened from her fatal dream, burst her own bonds, but neglected to remove the manacles with which she had loaded her poor sister. This her sin has found her out, in a manner calculated to make the earth tremble and fear before the just God. The Popery that she fastened upon Ireland makes the latter a continual thorn in her side, yea, an adder in her path, and that of her race who have settled in it. The Protestantism that she rooted out is now the object of their implacable hatred, whose fathers were despoiled of the blessing. It is nothing else than trifling with the Most High, and making light of his eternal attributes, to devise schemes for restoring peace to this country while her population remain in the attitude of war against the Lamb, thirsting for the blood of his saints. As to the notion of dispelling this tenfold night by letting the twinkling glimmer of rationality play upon it through the chinks of "useful knowledge" contrivances, apart from spiritual instruction, I can only account for it by remembering how invariably men professing to be wise have become fools, whenever they took upon themselves to discover a more excellent way than the Lord himself has appointed, for carrying into effect his divine plans of government.

The debt of duty which we owe to the Irish people is to break the shackles that our fathers imposed on them: all the political projects, and expedient contrivances ever broached, merely tend to gild those shackles. Still dragged at the chariot wheel of impious Rome, the poor victims must go wheresoever she will, and execute whatsoever she commands. Clad or naked, housed or shelterless, fed or famished, sober or drunk, they must do her bidding. In the lowest debasement of ignorance, or replenished to the lips with unsanctified "useful knowledge," their mental and moral subjugation is perfect; their conscience enthralled, their actions, their words, their very thoughts under the despotic control of those who assume to overrule the decrees of the Eternal, as well they may, when they affect to create his substance out of a piece of dough, and compel their wretched slaves to worship the work of their hands. Can a fraction of our awful debt be paid while such a state of things is allowed to continue? Nothing short of judicial blindness can lead to so futile a hope. No—a quenched Gospel was the origin of all these calamities, this Egyptian darkness; and a rekindled Gospel, casting its glorious beams far and wide over the isle, can alone restore light, alone bring peace, and induce prosperity.

This leads us to the point where I delight to rest, and to look abroad upon a brightening prospect. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?" asks the apostle of the Gentiles; "and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Again, the same inspired messenger declares, "If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh, a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me." These two short passages, taken in their obvious connection with each other and with the subject before me, are worth a volume of human reasoning. Our work is to restore the Gospel to these people in the tongue that they understand; and to accomplish this object, the Irish Society was instituted. The only question therefore is, How far has success crowned its operations? The answer is, Just as far as those operations have been carried.

With a large map of Ireland spread on the table before us, we traced the extent of the society's quiet work, its schools and districts, and delightful was the account given of each attempt, with its accompanying Eben-ezer. The ladies' auxiliary, for supporting and supplying teachers, is rendering important service; and the little islands so long neglected off the western coast, are beginning to send forth the voice of praise. The Achill mission, like a noble plant wholly of a right seed, strikes deep root, and gathers strength from the

storms that assail it; while the hitherto wild, lawless, and discouraging region of Kerry is the scene of a work that will ere long astonish and shame such faint-hearted doubters as the boldest of us yet are. In fact we are addressed as of old, "Only believe." No believing effort proves abortive; and bold as the assertion may appear I make it deliberately, that if the Irish Society had means to extend its labours wherever the language is spoken, the most superstitious, bigoted and hostile portion of the native population, would stand foremost in exhibiting the reverse of these characteristics. It is remarkable that a far richer and more extensive blessing attends the preaching of the gospel in Irish among the Irish-speaking Romanists, than the same thing in English among those who speak the latter. The fact may be difficult to account for; but it is undeniable. I will give you here two instances where the priests artfully endeavoured to bring English scripture to support their false system, but were defeated by a reference to the Irish.

One of these false prophets, arguing with an Irish reader, maintained that the word 'mass' was to be found in the New Testament, and in proof adduced the passage, "the whole mass is leavened." This would have puzzled one who had no learning of his own, and no other language to refer to; but the Irish Bible was consulted, and at once gave the clear signification of the term. Another poor teacher was harder pressed; the priest said to him, 'You ought not to withdraw from the Roman church, the mother of all the churches. These Protestant churches are quite modern; they cannot apply to themselves some of the most important passages in the Bible.' The teacher inquired which of the promises the Protestant church could not claim; to which the cunning priest replied, '"The Lord of hosts is with us"—the Protestant churches cannot apply that.' 'Why not, sir?' 'Why, because they do not worship, or know any thing about the host; and therefore they have no right to apply to themselves that promise "the Lord of host is with us."' Here, again, the simple unlettered countryman had an answer provided; his Irish scriptures informed him that host had another meaning besides the conjured wafer. You or I might laugh at such an absurd play upon words; but when we consider how wholly uninformed, and how beyond the reach of such common information these poor peasants are, the wicked perversions of the priests assume a formidable character; and the safeguard provided against them a very important one.

Do you remember the volumes in brick-dust-coloured boarding, that you saw me so busily pondering on, not long ago—Sir W. Betham's Irish antiquarian researches, with the fac simile of those elaborately illuminated MSS, which you rashly pronounced unreadable by mortal man or woman? These were accurate representations of copies of the gospels, in the Latin language, and Irish character preserved through successive generations in some of the first among Irish families in point of rank and respectability. Of their authentic antiquity there cannot exist a rational doubt; and by them is the fact placed beyond dispute, that Ireland possessed and cherished the word of God long, very long before the corruptions of Popery had begun to taint even Rome itself. Is it not marvellous that in spite of the continued endeavours to root it out, the same language in which the word of salvation was first preached to these interesting people, at the very latest, fifteen hundred years ago, should still so prevail and be so cherished among them, as to render even priestly influence unavailing to bar its access to their ear and heart, when proclaimed again in the same loved tongue. Truly I think we may say of the native Irish language what we are constrained to say of the Irish Protestant church—that in the face of all assailants it seems to bear this protecting warrant, "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."

Do not imagine that I have been moved from my former position, as to the primary importance of scriptural schools, and the absolute necessity for a legal provision, to rescue the people from their present degraded and desperate state. A new-born child requires three things, air, nourishment, and clothing. If I say the infant cannot live, unless you allow it breath and covering; it does not follow that I suppose they will suffice, without the addition of proper nutriment. One grand error in scheming for poor Ireland, is the niggardly

hand with which necessaries of different descriptions are dealt out. One projector recommends one thing, and his neighbour another, when both are alike necessary. See what a goodly company of kindred charities harmoniously unite to render the English peasantry what they are. Fair wages; good public instruction, perfectly intelligible to him; equal laws, which while they protect the poor man from oppression, also withhold him from outrage; schools for his children, hospitals for his sick, alms-houses for his aged, and a fair field of honest competition in every branch of industry. Concerning each of these it may be said, "This ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone," with regard to the Irish poor. Give them with one hand the lamp of truth, while with the other you open to them a path of tolerable comfort and respectability—you will soon learn the efficacy of such a proceeding. It has been tried individually, and in communities too, with complete success. I am told that in the north I shall see farther proof of this.

Another admirable institution for which I feel warmly interested, is prospering also:—the Claremont establishment for the deaf and dumb. When I say it is prospering, I do not mean that its finances equal the demand on its philanthropic efforts; but that, so far as they can be carried, ample success crowns them. Did you ever hear the rise of the Dublin Deaf and Dumb Asylum? I have been enjoying a pleasant day with my old friend the benevolent originator; and had the farther gratification of meeting at his house the object of his single, but most prolific attempt. The young man was rejoiced at again seeing me, and his conversation, very rapidly carried on by means of the finger alphabet, satisfied me that the labour of our excellent friend had not been in vain in the Lord.

Years ago, Dr. Orpen, in the course of his professional attendance on a charitable institution in Dublin, frequently remarked a most forlorn looking little creature, sad and abstracted, huddled up in the chimney corner; inquiring who he was, he learned from the women around that the boy was deaf and dumb, a friendless, helpless little outcast. The christian compassion of the doctor was deeply moved: he longed to alleviate the child's wretchedness, but how? No institution existed in Ireland for the relief of that dreadfully afflicted class; and to impose on himself such a burden, such a task, with the mere possibility of succeeding, was not clearly his duty. Still he attended the infirmary, and still the cheerless apparition of poor little Collins haunted him on his return home. He took courage, asked a blessing from on high, and removed the child to his residence. Long and perseveringly did this good man labour in secret for the improvement of his charge, nor did he fail in his efforts. At the end of a year, whether of one year or two I am not quite certain, he assembled a party of gentlemen at the Rotunda, related the circumstance, and exhibited his pupil. The progress made by the little lad was extraordinary; and when Dr. Orpen, taking advantage of the emotion excited by the boy's appearance and attainments, pathetically pleaded the cause of his partners in affliction, with a powerful appeal to their compassionate sympathy, a contribution was raised, and a society formed on the spot, which so prospered as to be soon enabled to purchase the spacious dwelling and grounds at Claremont, and there have many deaf mutes received instruction; the number of admissions being of course regulated by the state of their funds. I regret extremely, not being able to visit it again now: many delightful hours I passed there formerly, conversing with the children, and their worthy, able, benevolent master, Mr. Humfreys. Collins was then head boy in the school; for Dr. Orpen placed him there as a pattern and encouragement for the rest. He is now a journeyman printer, and doing very well in his business. It was most touching to witness his look and manner, when I asked him, did he not love Dr. Orpen? A rapid glance took in the whole domestic circle, the Doctor, his partner, and their eight fine boys—all being additions to a bachelor's establishment since we met,—then an upturned look and clasped hands prefaced the short reply, 'I do;' imparting to it an eloquence that mere words could not have boasted. It brought most vividly to my recollection one who was with me when last I saw Collins; a deaf mute, now hearing and joining in the hallelujahs of heaven.

Perhaps you will inquire of me whether the Claremont institution is a proselyte-making establishment. I cannot say that it is, in itself; but the Bible is freely studied there, and it rarely, if ever, happens that a pupil who has been at Claremont will consent to attend mass after leaving it. Nothing but the notable plan of mutilation will prevent that book from enlightening the youthful mind. Despite of all the wisdom of this prodigiously wise age, the entrance of God's word WILL give light and understanding to the simple. "Extracts," such as the National Board use, may very well leave the ignorant soul where they find it, or wrapped in a deeper delusion. The devil knew how to wield such a weapon: *he* took extracts, and made a slight verbal alteration or two, as the worthy translators have done in their class-book; and then used it to oppose the work, and to grieve the spirit of Christ; but a whole Bible he never would venture to bring forward; nor do his agents at all approve the Claremont plan. If they did, I should be tempted to doubt very much its efficacy.

Another pleasant evening we passed at the Castle—not, I assure you, with Lords Mulgrave or Morpeth, but with that loyal old Protestant soldier, Major Sirr, whose fine museum of antiquities, and every description of rarities, far exceeded my expectation, highly as it was raised. Among the most interesting natural curiosities, were some exquisite specimens of the rocks in Achill, transparent amethysts they seemed, of some feet in circumference. It was sweet to think that the island, which had long been spiritually afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted, was now having her stones laid with fair colours, and her foundations with sapphires. (Isai. liv. 11.) Many relics I saw of the earliest days of Ireland's history, both martial and regal, some exquisitely wrought, others remarkable only for the weight of the precious metal that composed them. Nothing, however, led me back so completely to those olden days as the frame of an Irish war-harp, such as the minstrels bore to the battle-field. This was of oak, almost black with age, rude, but perfect in form, and about two or three feet high. I should have liked to have borrowed it for a day, to muse over the recollections that it could not fail to excite. It was to me very touching to see the owner of these treasures, in the enjoyment of a healthful and vigorous ripeness of years, moving tranquilly among his stores, pointing out and explaining, with all the bland courtesy of a better era of manners, what was worthy of remark; and to remember through what fearful struggles he had passed, manfully braving the forefront of danger, in defence of that very castle, and of the Protestant faith and name, forty years ago. I found the Major keenly alive to the importance of the Irish language, as a means of achieving what the sword can never effect among this people; and I left the vice-regal edifice, more than ever convinced that Ireland has never yet been conquered, never will be, till the sword of the Spirit be deeply buried in her bosom.

At Bethesda, on Sunday morning, we had a valuable discourse from the Rev. John Gregg; in return for which, I most ungratefully gave him a scolding in the vestry. I never before saw him exercising his gifts any where but among the native Irish, hundreds of whom I have assisted to collect about him in the suburbs of London, to hear the "story o' pace" in their own tongue. It made me jealous on behalf of the perishing Irish, that one so surpassingly eloquent in that language should even for a day wrap his talent in a napkin, and preach to an English-speaking congregation. I told him so; and obtained the only redress I could get, a promise that in his circuits on the home mission he would always select the most Irish district, and devote himself as much as possible to the native race. I cannot bear to see any servant of God, possessed of that incalculably precious gift—the power of addressing these lost sheep of an ancient fold, and calling them to return to the good Shepherd—employed in any other work; and little as the congregation of Bethesda might thank me, I would silence for ever, if I could, their dear pastor's English tongue, and lay him under a bond to speak Irish only to the end of his days.

The afternoon was devoted to indulging my young companion with a visit to St. Patrick's cathedral, of which I speedily repented: for though the excellent dean takes care to compel its frequenters to hear the gospel, by giving the sermon before

the anthem, which is the principal attraction to that service, no power of man can force such an assemblage as I there beheld, to assume even the outward semblance of devotion. It was painful; and I know not what would tempt me there again, while any other Protestant church is open for public worship.

Our next destination is Westmeath.

LETTER V.

COUNTY WESTMEATH.

Near Mulligar, July.

This almost central spot of Ireland, a centre of mournful attraction to me, was a principal object of my summer tour. After leaving Dublin, all that lay before me was unexplored ground, and every individual I could expect to meet, for some time, a stranger. With heartfelt regret I bade adieu to my hospitable friends in Dublin, and commenced the journey towards a beautifully retired spot in the heart of Westmeath, warmly invited where I was personally unknown. The canal was chosen, as offering a speedier and much more refreshing line of transit than the dusty roads. Accordingly, at nine in the morning, we English wanderers stepped into the boat, with a promise of being met, a stage short of Mullingar, and conveyed to the dwelling of our considerate entertainer. Many things concurred to render the moment of embarkation very depressing. You may judge whether my spirits received a cheering impulse when I discovered that, with the exception of the corner which I occupied, and one over against me, the long narrow cabin was entirely filled with priests, bound, as it appeared for Maynooth. Some especial work had called them to Dublin, I suppose, and this goodly freight of eleven was returning to college. None of them had the appearance of students; all were evidently men of some standing in their vocation; and, prejudice of every kind apart, I regretted that habit of studying countenances which has from childhood made me a physiognomist, in spite of myself. Whether some untoward occurrence had called the darker passions into exercise, or whether an instinctive dislike of their company occasioned it, I know not; but looks more ominous of ill I never encountered, than from under the slouched hats and bent brows of my fellow-voyagers, during the three hours that I was pent up in their society. W., preferring the pleasant look-out from the open boat, soon left me to enjoy alone my singular privilege—singular in several respects, for I had in the portmanteau at my feet a great folio of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, in my pocket Dr. Newland's cutting exposé of the antiscriptural Education Board, and on my lap the plants that I had brought from the top of Vinegar Hill.

Fancying myself in the Holy Inquisition, I could not but think how it would fare with me had all these silent witnesses been produced, and their testimony received; nor did it require any great stretch of imagination to suppose such a juncture. Had I been a man, openly observing them and their country, asking information or taking notes, I can readily imagine how bland, how courteous, how frank and agreeable the gentlemen around me would have become; but a female plainly attired, acompanied only by a school-boy, and giving no token of reverential homage to 'the clergy,' was not calculated to induce any disguise on their part. Glances of stern displeasure, quite unprovoked, frequently crossed my view, as I took a peep towards the opposite windows. The conversation was low, and much of it in Irish, as W., who knows a little of the language informed me. I cannot say that, with the exception of one elderly man, who looked mild and thoughtful, and said very little, there was a face that I could have wished to see again. Yet some of them were very handsome men, and all had a most gentlemanly manner and demeanour. Each was habited in black—good broadcloth it appeared, with a fresh gloss on it; each had the distinguishing badge of a Romish priest, the broad-hemmed collar of white lawn turned down, about two inches in depth, over the upper edge of his black stock; two had clerical slouched hats, and one of these wore the habit of some monastic order, a coat rather loose, with exceedingly wide sleeves, the cuffs of

which folded one over another as he sat with closed hands.

I felt as if under the influence of an uneasy dream: I strove to pray, and did pray for these destroyers of their own souls, and the souls of the poor. I thought of our blessed Reformers, every one of whom had been as they, before the Holy Spirit enlightened their darkness; I thought of Nolan and others, actually brought up among those very individuals, yet now preaching the faith which once they destroyed. These recollections encouraged the secret prayer, but no effort would dispel the gloom that overhung me as I realized the presence of the very priests of Rome; contrasting, as I could not help doing their expensive attire, and the look alike of high feeding and high-mindedness, with the penury, the privations, the deep depression, to which their wicked machinations had reduced the dear servants of Christ, the faithful, devoted ministers of the Irish Church. Had they assumed an aspect less dark and haughty, I might not have felt these impressions with equal force; but the reality of the case could not have been affected by any externals; and miserably uncomfortable as it made me, I rejoiced that it was not my lot to be imposed on by the lamb's face, so easily assumed at the dragon's will. Knowing as I do what Popery is, why should I desire to behold her masked?

When the boat approached Maynooth, a general preparation for paying the fares was made. Each drew forth his money, to be in readiness for the expected demand. The silver counted out, and gathered together on the narrow table, was far from diverting my thoughts into a pleasanter channel: they sickened with two-fold pain, as I involuntarily reverted to the source of that income. Oh, what a tissue of abominations had been spread before those men in the confessional! How slightly, how treacherously, had the desperate hurt of the daughter of their people been healed by the deceptive "Go in peace."* I thought of the poor despised immortals, for whose soul no man cares—of the poverty-stricken creature who, having with difficulty contrived to scrape together the stipulated sum, though but of a few pence, goes and barters it for a lie that leaves his former sins unatoned for, unrepented of, while it encourages him to the commission of more. I seemed more distinctly than ever to see that fearful item in the catalogue of great Babylon's merchandize, (Rev. xviii. 13,) "and *souls of men;*" and yet again I prayed that I never might be permitted to fall into the snare of seeming to consent to, or to connive at, or to tolerate, any scheme whatever that would in its operation leave a single soul for a single day under the power of that mystery of iniquity whereof the men around me were the sworn, the active agents.

A smart jar, as we touched the pier, gave the welcome signal of release. I sat next the entrance, and as they severally brushed past me, and stooped to avail themselves of the low, narrow doorway, I did indeed breathe over each a prayer from my inmost heart, that God would convert him from the deadly error of his way. I felt a pang too of remorse for not having attempted to win them to converse on a subject that might have laid the foundation of an answer to that prayer; but, all things considered, it was really not possible. At the same time the problem appeared more inexplicable than ever, how men of learning, both human and divine, and in other instances evidently desiring to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, could pass hours on the road, yea, within the very walls of that Maynooth, and carefully avoid saying a word that might tend to the salvation of its deluded guilty inmates; and even bargain with a more zealous companion for a silence that was pain, grief, and conscious guilt to his spirit. From all false charity and expediency-loving unfaithfulness, good Lord deliver me!

Disburdened of our priestly freight, the boat sped lightly on. I just sent a parting glance after them, as they wound, a long black line, upon the innocent green sod towards the great curse of Ireland, the foul blot of England's unrighteous legislation —Maynooth: then, without being tempted even to look upon its outline, I turned to the opposite bank, and breathed freely. We were passing through a flat country, an extent of bog frequently enclosing us on either hand, no otherwise diversified

* The words with which a Romish priest dismisses the so-called penitent, who has confessed his sins, paid his dues, and departs to commence a new score.

than by the clamps, or as you would call them, stacks of black turf, carefully piled up to dry and harden in the sun; and by the abodes of the turf-cutters, which being more of excavations than buildings, and roofed over with luxuriant vegetation, presented the appearance of hillocks rather than of human habitations. I was not, however, travelling in search of the picturesque, though, had I been so, there was a charm in the novelty, the lonesomeness, the interminable extent, to reconcile me to that ocean of swarthy moor, whence, in the far distance, the peak of some lofty mountain seemed to rise, like a rock amid the waves. But other associations occupied my mind: to me, the dark desert was a field white unto the harvest. I knew that, unattractive as is its aspect, peat soil is one of the richest loams; for the most luxuriant garden I had ever possessed was a reclaimed acre of that very bog. Yet had a stranger totally unacquainted with its properties been told that the dreary monotonous waste around him would afford a more promising field for agricultural enterprize than any other land that we had yet looked upon, he would probably have retured an incredulous smile. Even so, I thought, it is with regard to the forlorn, the squalid, the half-civilized objects now moving upon its surface. Prejudice, building on mere externals of character and condition, repels the plea that would encourage to a nobler experiment than that of reclaiming bog-land. Not only among the gentry of England, but among those of Ireland too, does this erroneous impression prevail. The attempt has never been fairly made; therefore it is concluded to be hopeless. The person who, twenty years ago should have asserted that it was practicable to lay down an iron road from London to Liverpool, and to travel the distance in eight hours, without animal assistance, would not have been regarded as a more chimerical projector than he is who says that the turbulent Irish papist, employed in cutting turf from a bog, may himself be as effectually reclaimed, improved, and rendered fruitful in all good things as the bog itself frequently is. Yet the transit to Liverpool, under the circumstances mentioned, is no longer matter of conjecture or experiment, but will in a few months be an every-day occurrence. Alas, that such daring enterprize, such unwearied labour, such a prodigality of outlay should be eagerly brought to bear on a matter of commercial improvement and individual convenience, while all are withheld from the nobler essay of conferring present happiness and opening the gate of eternal life to the vast population of this distracted, guilty land! To drain away the black stagnations of error and bigotry, to break up the stubborn spirit beneath the gospel plough, to sow the seed of divine truth, and lay down the enclosures of equitable restraint, and build the shelter that poverty and feebleness require—is all this more impracticable than it was to bid yonder little village where they are waiting with fresh horses for our boat, rise and flourish on a tract of this extensive bog? It is alike a libel on human nature and an insult to the Most High God to assert it.

Such were my imaginings, as I leaned upon the open window, and met the smiles of innumerable lovely flowers that overhung either edge of the canal. Occasionally a party of children whose bright merry looks contrasted strangely with the filthy tatters that scarcely veiled their light forms, would start off in a race along the side, encouraged by the halfpence that we flung in their path. One little fellow, apparently not five years old, exhibited a specimen of Irish energy and resolution, and reaped a proportionable reward. It was pleasant to think that the few pence so sportively earned by the poor children would help to eke out the wretched family meal. I longed to build a school on the bog, though it had been but by hollowing out a clamp of turf, and to gather these dear little lambs, and lead them to Jesus. My heart perhaps expanded more widely from the painful contraction that it had suffered during the earlier part of the day, retaining too the vivid impressions of those hours. Certes, whatever else my plan of improvement might leave on the bog, Maynooth should be fairly drained out of it.

We were, of course, ascending from the level of the sea, and at every lock we had to rise. I was in the mood to take every thing in the way of an illustration, and the beautiful, imposing process by which the water obtains its level, under such circumstances furnished another type. The par-

tition which separates the two classes in this country is altogether an artificial, an unnatural one. It raises the one too high, and depresses the other too low. Remove the foreign influence, by first breaking its compact force and then fairly turning it away, and though you may provoke a terrible splashing, with no small noise and commotion, and a few thumps, perhaps, against the wall, you will soon be overpaid for your trouble and annoyance by the delightfully calm and united flow of the level stream. This, this is the true "meeting of the waters."

When the storms that we feel in this rude world should cease,
And our hearts like these waters flow mingled in peace.

God grant it! I will never cease praying for it while I live; nor never cease hoping while I can pray. Take away Popery, and Ireland as she ought to be will stand out in all the beauty that is now shrouded in corruption; all the capabilities that are now perverted to the very worst purposes. Bring to the Lord the offering of this rescued people: and see whether he would not open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing that there should not be room enough to receive it.*

The higher we advanced, the more striking was the aspect of the water. I looked down, and traced to their very roots the long green stalks of the aquatic plants that gave to its surface the appearance of a field rather than that of a stream, except where the constant passage of the boats kept a clear tract open. The water was not merely transparent, it possessed a gleam resembling that of a brilliant topaz. The sunshine glanced back from its bed with a softened lustre; and the tinge must have been from that reflection, since the liquid itself is colourless as the purest crystal. Do you know whence that water comes? From Lough Ouel, the spot that I so long, yet dread, to visit; the scene of the heaviest calamity that ever wrung my bosom; where the sun that gladdened my early years, and brightened a darker period of existence, went down at noon. The hundred springs of Lough Ouel supply the waters that cover 1600 acres where they rise, forming the lake; and from them alone is derived the fine stream that carries the traffic of Westmeath to Dublin.

The bridge of Downs, where we found the carriage waiting for us, is only a landing-place. Our way then lay across a tract of bog, sufficiently dreary, whence it issued on pretty cross roads; and these led us to one of the finest demesnes possible. Lands reclaimed, planted, cultivated, and sprinkled with decent cabins, told well for the proprietor of the soil; a yet fairer testimony was afforded when on approaching the park-gate a whole swarm of healthy, well-clad children issued from the grounds. The school-house I did not see; but the happy intelligent looks of the little ones, among whom were mere infants, gave promise of a rich treat in store for me,—nor was I disappointed. The mansion is spacious; a fine entrance hall always impresses me in favour of a house; and this was further beautified by the inexpressible charm of an Irish welcome. Even just within the door I was met by the lady of this fine estate, who with all the buoyancy of manner that bespeaks the active energy of a mind for many years devoted to works of benevolent usefulness, and all the graceful cordiality that wins at once affection and respect, received me not with the formal courtesy due to a stranger guest, but with the warm embrace of maternal affection best calculated to soothe a spirit at that time unavoidably wounded. For I ought to tell you, as an instance of the feeling so honourable to the Irish character, that I was invited to make a stay in this house expressly because of its proximity to Mullingar, and the facilities enjoyed by its kind owner for gratifying my wish to explore the neighbourhood. If any person does not love the Irish as I do, it is simply and solely because he does not know the Irish as I do.

Mrs. S. has taken care to fortify her house, living as she does in the heart of a very disturbed country. If you ask for a sketch of her fortifications, it is soon given, without the aid of pencil or compasses. Her body guard is composed of a large number of those same turbulent Paddies, constantly engaged by day in various kinds of labour, on fair wages, whose cabins are often brightened and their hearts cheered by her benevolent attentions. Near the

* Malachi iii. 10.

entrance by which an assailing party would probably approach, are three fortresses in the shape of exceedingly elegant little cottages, mantled with roses and honeysuckle, and garrisoned with a formidable troop in three divisions, of which the most effective, I should think, comprises warriors and amazons between the ages of three and eight years. Nothing could exceed the spirit and celerity with which this respectable corps went through their exercises, under the command of their smiling captain, Miss S. and the war-song which they lustily chaunted at the pitch of their voices, from the pages of Watts, would at least have daunted their fathers and elder brothers from prosecuting any hostile design. The other detachments were formed of older boys and girls, most of them promoted in course of service from the light infantry battalion.

These schools were of many years standing; seeing the Bible in general and evidently constant use, I asked Mrs. S. how the priest liked her plan. She replied, smiling, Not much, she believed; but so long as the parents and children were agreed as to their coming, she made no further inquiry. In fact, the greater number of active young labourers on the property were educated by her; and the bare idea of any advantage being taken of the lonely situation of the house, and the very small proportion of male inhabitants now occupying it, excites a laugh of playful derision. Mindful of my adventure at Templeshanbo, I requested to be introduced to the watch dogs; and was gratified by being allowed to pat a most venerable specimen of a superanuated Dane, toothless, and just able to obey the kind summons that called him to the hall door. "But surely you have others," said I, after duly noticing the good-tempered animal. "No," replied Miss S. "Mamma is not fond of pet dogs." "But for protection"—"Against what? we have nothing to be afraid of here." In fact, when crossing a long corridor late that night, to leave a message with W., I found the windows entirely unfastened, no shutters closed, nor even a sash bolted down, in a place where I could myself have scaled them, without the help of a ladder, by means of the portico. The circumstance brought home to my mind the peculiarities of my dear Wexford friends' situation. As yet, open war is not declared against the landlords, but the Protestant clergy are doomed to destruction. No extent of benevolence, no claim on the gratitude of their priest-led neighbours, can obtain for them remission of that deadly sin, the preaching of the gospel of Christ. A restraining hand is indeed laid on the fierceness of man's wrath, and the blessed work of giving scriptural instruction to the children is no doubt a powerful means, overruled for their defence: but the menace is perpetually conveyed, the sanguinary intimation given, and hostile demonstrations made, for the avowed purpose of silencing and expelling all preachers of righteousness.

I must not here say too much of what is exclusively personal. I have visited the two spots, the lake and the church-yard, and have gathered from many sources all the sad particulars that I was in quest of. I could not have believed that after a lapse of nine years, an event so unhappily common as a drowning on that most fatal, most lovely lake could be remembered, and spoken of with such vivid interest, by all classes. Yet so it is. I have, as an unconcerned stranger, introduced the subject while purchasing articles in the shops of the neat little town, and have invariably been told some touching incidents connected with the tale, or witnessed some burst of feeling, some simple but eloquent testimony to the love that he never failed to attract during his life, and the heart-felt sorrow excited by the sad spectacle, that in all the solemn pomp of military magnificence wound its way through these streets to yonder burying ground. It seems as though the parting shot still reverberated through their habitations; so very distinct is their recollection of it all. And when the fact was betrayed, that no uninterested stranger was before them, the sympathy expressed assumed a character of tenderness that did not surprise, though it sweetly soothed me: for they are Irish.

Here I must give you an instance illustrative of the spontaneous expression of real, practical sympathy, which occurred at the time. When the event was witnessed from the shore, when the little boat upset, and the suffocating waters received their prey, a boy was despatched for instant medical succour. On the road he

was met by a gentleman driving a gig, who demanded the cause of his frantic haste, to expedite which he had thrown off his jacket. "Don't stop me," cried the lad, "an officer is drowning in the lake, I am going for a doctor." The gentleman sprang from his gig, released the horse in a moment from the heavier part of the harness, and seizing the boy, threw him across the animal, exclaiming, "Mount, mount and gallop." He was obeyed, and remained by his gig in the road until the return of the stranger to whom he had thus nobly entrusted a valuable horse, in the pure impulse of a benevolent and compassionate heart.

Lough Ouel is a lovely murderer. The golden gleam that struck me in the canal, is here in double beauty: and such is the exquisite purity of the water, such the pavement of pebbles beneath, that I was assured the depth of ten feet made no perceptible difference from that of two, where I stood. Even the disturbance of the conflict with the king of terrors did not obscure the crystal beauty of the element: the man who, alas too late! drew him to the surface, told me this: and many a corroborative voice confirmed it. Strange, that from so many dreadful battle-fields he should have come forth, a conqueror and unhurt, to fall at last under the destroying power of an element so soft and sweet as is the water of this lake, surrounded by all that can convey to the mind an image of perfect tranquillity and repose. Lough Ouel is three miles in length, and in breadth about one. Its gently undulating outline leads the eye to banks that rise with a gradual swell, slightly wooded. There are several little islands rising from the water of an emerald green, and crested with tall feathery young trees. I marked them well: for by their bearings I was directed to trace the precise spot. A young peasant, who as a boy had witnessed the event, most kindly offered to row me to it; but I could not have borne that. It was enough to stand upon the very place where the dear lifeless body was landed, and to look out and to bless God for his restraining grace. I had always dreaded the prevalence of bitterly rebellious feelings, whenever I should be permitted to visit that scene; but never was my spirit more completely bowed in resignation, submission, and a soothing conviction that it was well. The beautiful Lough, against which I had cherished so deep an enmity, looked like a friend that had gently conveyed him to his Father's house: it reflected the face of heaven on its bosom, and spoke sweet peace to my mind. Before leaving it, I dipped my hand, and tasted its waters; they were sweet and refreshing as the purest springs could make them. It was a token of reconciliation: I felt it so, and departed in peace.

The church-yard was a sorer trial; and it was encountered first. Yet there, too, alleviations were found singularly chiming in with the peculiar trains of thought that belong to his memory.

He had been a soldier from his boyhood, and died in the midst of his routine of military duty. It happened that on the morning of my sorrowful visit, a soldier's wedding occasioned the church to be opened, and while struggling with the first intolerable agony that almost prostrated me on the grave, I was joined by the good clergyman who buried him, and afterwards by the sexton. The latter told me that being himself an old soldier, he had taken care to lay all the military whom he had buried in a close file; so that no others but officers and their families were there; and what touched my feelings more nearly, the graves could not be broken up while the church stood where it does. Another circumstance you will understand, if you remember how peculiarly I have from infancy associated the sweet flower of May with him, who was born in the middle of that month. The church-yard of Mullingar is, in one part, a thicket of hawthorn trees; and every summer gust during their show, must strew his resting-place with the blossoms. These are trifling matters, but they had their effect; and I am not afraid to bless God for all that helped me to trace a drop of honey in that very bitter cup. I spoke long and earnestly to all who had any hand in the closing scenes, particularly to the old sexton, and to those whose fruitless efforts on the lake I could so well appreciate. God grant that none of those words may ever rise up in the judgment against them!

With the true delicacy that enhances every act of kindness here conferred, I was allowed to enjoy the sad satisfaction of

this visit unaccompanied, save by one who had no difficulty in recalling and pointing out to me many things that had made a deeper impression on his then infant mind, from the awful close of his sojourn here, the sudden departure of the widow and the fatherless from a place where they had passed so many joyous hours, and anticipated many more. A carriage was placed at my command for the day, and it was with no small thankfulness that I had to acknowledge the refreshment afforded by visits to the families of a truly pious officer, and a devoted clergyman, both personally strangers until then: both eager to pour the sweetest balm of Christian sympathy into the re-opened wounds that will never fully close until the spirit be unclothed of its earthly tabernacle. How precious are such palm-trees and wells in the desert.

Returning to my dear kind friends at G——, I was told that the next morning must see us on an excursion to the banks of Lough Belvidere; and thither we went in the phaeton, through shady little cross roads, terminating at length in a most noble demesne, through which we drove to one of those stately old-fashioned mansions, which, particularly when, as in this instance, they are in a disfurnished dilapidated state, irresistibly lead back the mind to the olden times, and throw around it a sort of spell dissimilar from every other charm. Ascending a wide flight of steps, we found ourselves in a spacious hall, with liberty to wander into the rooms that on all sides lay open to our view. The estate has recently been purchased by a wealthy and titled gentleman, who is about to do ample justice to its long-neglected beauties. A man of business-like appearance was taking a survey of the dwelling; and at his elbow was a Romish priest of most rough and unprepossessing aspect. Go where we would, we were sure to find these two engaged in earnest conversation; and there seemed some fatality in our continually blundering into whatever apartment they had taken possession of. It was as though I had been doomed never to enjoy any thing Irish, without having Ireland's evil genius perpetually before me, to throw a darkening shadow on what is so lovely and fair.

Our object in entering the house was to survey the beautiful prospect from the various windows. This is a splendid lake, much larger than Lough Ouel, and is remarkable for the constant swell, that even in the calmest weather appears upon its waters. The banks in most parts are steep, richly wooded, and in some places even presenting headlands and promontories of rock. It is indeed a magnificent piece of water, and the neglected state of the extensive grounds and house long uninhabited, adds a charm to what is in itself so lovely. The recommendation of wildness, however, will soon give place to that of improved culture, under the direction of its present proprietor; leaving me to rejoice that I beheld it as it now is.

Quitting this enchanting spot, we proceeded to the adjoining territory. Here a noble gateway excluded instead of admitting us. We were obliged to leave the carriage outside, and to scramble over heaps of stones, the fragments of its original decorations, and to make our way through a thicket, overtopped by huge trees, until we reached a smaller, but more imposingly situated house. It stands perched on the crest of a hill, which, even from the hall door, sweeps down by a most rapid descent to the water's edge. This intervening declivity presents the appearance of a very fine lawn; and on the right hand side lies a gardenat a great depth below. If these two seats, Belvidere and Rochefort, lay open to each other's view, as naturally they would do, the prospect from either would rival any thing I have yet seen of picturesque and varied beauty; but alas! a barrier exists, not so displeasing to the eye as distressing to the mind. Two brothers, it seems, owned the estates, I know not how long since; who in the unnatural warfare of a fierce litigious contest, became so hardened in enmity that each impaired the beauty of his own portion by endeavouring as much as possible to interrupt and mar the other's view. A range of stabling, so built as to present the aspect of a venerable ruin on the owner's side, formed a great eye-sore to the brother: and the various schemes of retaliation devised by these unhappy combatants, for mutual annoyance, have effected all that man can do to impair the work of God. The property is now in other hands; and we may hope to see these humiliating monuments of wrath and strife removed.

Of all the strange things in this perplexing world nothing appears to me more unaccountable than that there should be a lack of love between brothers and sisters. My thoughts hovered more fondly than ever around the scene of yesterday's pilgrimage; and once more I blessed the Lord that from the cradle to that grave no root of bitterness had sprung up to alloy the sweets of fraternal affection and confidence, or that oneness of interest and feeling that could enjoy no unshared prosperity, or allow any unparticipated grief.

Our homeward drive showed me to greater advantage the fine grounds encompassing this mansion. Fifty-two acres of rich land are laid out in groves, gardens, lawns, and a miniature lake, fringed with stately trees. The most singular feature of the place, and to me perhaps the most attractive, is what they call the grass garden. It is a long slip of land, lying beside the pretty stream that supplies the aforesaid pretty lake, covered with that rich verdure in which the emerald isle proudly defies competition; saving that a multitude of little beds are cut out in various directions, and so arranged that the choicest, loveliest, most fragrant flowers seem to grow up from the very grass itself; with a perfect grove of dark trees and aromatic shrubs overhanging it on one side, while on the other ripples the stream, beyond which rises another grove; the grass garden is a bewitching spot. The Irish are sad voluptuaries; give them but a plot of ground, and time, they will make such a paradise of sweets, and that with so little of the artificial about it, that you are tempted, when once within its precincts, to forget your cares, your very duties in the bustling world, and to imagine you were invested with the privilege of our first father, ere his sin had changed the beauty of this world and his own into corruption. You are in a garden where the creature's hand has but followed the track of creative magnificence; and you feel as though all your business with this earth was now only to dress and to keep it, and to enjoy its enchanting beauties.

LETTER VI.

WESTMEATH TO DOWN.

Newry, July.

In spite of all remonstrances, our dear hospitable entertainer *would* rise at an unconscionably early hour to dispense with her own kind hands the plentiful breakfast prepared; and then, freighting her carriage with abundance of provision for our day's journey, dismissed us with a farewell even more tenderly affectionate than her first welcome had been, to Mullingar, whence I had resolved to cross the country by private roads, instead of retracing my way to Dublin, there to take a northern stage. Private travelling is infinitely more agreeable particularly when you can choose both route and vehicle, and take your own time; and my Westmeath friends heartily approving my contempt for the fears that beset some tourists in this country, commended the choice. Four days had so endeared to me the place and its inmates, that I left it with the reluctant regret of one who had long been attached to both. A more painful farewell, however, remained to be taken: had I known the excess of its bitterness, I should scarcely have allowed myself that second visit to the spot. To find him there was indeed a searching trial of feeling: but to leave him there seemed to rend every fibre of the heart. Rebellion did surely for some moments prevail; but the two concluding lines of the inscription over which my eye wandered almost unconsciously, came at that moment with the effect that they feebly describe.

> Hush, rising griefs: submit, rebellious will;
> Faith looks to Jesus, and the storm is still.

It was indeed His gentle voice that alone could calm the internal workings of a mind more excited than the tempestuous waves. I walked among the hawthorn trees until power was given to bid a quiet and almost a contented farewell. Little prospect there is of revisiting the scene: but no matter! There was a word of promise hidden in my heart from which I had often drawn sweet solace: and now it spoke to me with an application as personal as ever it carried to the bosom of the mourner of Bethany—"Thy brother shall rise again."

At the hotel I had ordered an open car to Trim; but a deluge of rain coming on obliged us to change it for a post-chaise. Once more, and for the last time, as I supposed, I reaped the fruit of the universal love and admiration in which he had been held, and the deep sympathy excited by his fate; for when the master ascertained our relationship, the usual civility shown by his class in Ireland became heightened into an assiduous kindness and respectful attention, the origin of which made them doubly welcome. Even here, I was constrained to smile at the deportment of a group of beggars. Knowing as I do how entirely this class of the poor Irish are driven to subsist on charity, I never like to refuse a trifle: however, to rid myself of much superfluous importunity, I addressed the eager applicants on my first alighting in the easy way that always takes with them. 'Now mind, I am going to stay an hour or two in Mullingar: I shall start from this hotel: and if you will be quiet and not follow me about, I will give each of you something before I go.' This assurance was received with a chorus of blessings pronounced in every imaginable variety of language; and down they squatted on the ground, about the door, with looks so full of glee, that you who are accustomed to the aspect, real or assumed, of the same class in England, would never have guessed at their profession.

I had, or fancied that I had, numerous wants to be supplied at the various shops which stud the opposite side of the single, very lengthy street of Mullingar. On returning from the church-yard, I commenced this course of shopping, and my poor women watched every movement from their station. At last the most wheedling old creature you ever saw crossed over to me, and began with, 'Darling lady, I have looked after your blessed steps all the morning: won't I get the half-penny now?' 'No, for you know we agreed to wait till I should set off.' Just then, the reason of her appeal became apparent; a famished looking creature whom I had not seen before presented herself with two pale babes, and began—'*She* has no family to care for, and I'—'Oh,' I interrupted, 'you must not be jealous of each other; you dont know my promise,' which I repeated, including her in it. The poor woman fell back directly, with a still sad, but very thankful countenance. I went to two more shops, and finding the body of claimants likely to increase greatly, and also seeing the near approach of heavy rain, I supplied myself with change, beckoned to the party opposite, and immediately had the most motley assemblage pressing round me that could be conceived. I was resolved to put their subordination, that is to say, the civilization of *Irish savages*, still farther to the test; so said, 'You must not crowd me, you know: just stand out in a proper line.' It was done immediately; and none had reason to regret their good conduct; on which, by the by, I complimented them greatly. Such a scene would not have done in a more public place; but the hour was so early, and all around so quiet, that there was nothing to prevent it. One remark I must add—when the long delay occasioned by the rain had fairly laid me open to a fresh application from another party, not a creature appeared to ask alms: the former group remained at a distance, others being with them; all had their eyes fixed on us; many raised their voices to send a blessing with us; but some feeling appeared to withhold the approach of every individual. Now, have I not added one more to the many instances that I have in conversation related to you, justifying my assertion that the poorest, the most uncivilized of these despised Irish, are, under proper management, the most tractable people in the world? The smile to which I alluded was not one of merriment, but that expression of affectionate good humour without which all the rest had been in vain: at least, though under different treatment a sense of their helpless dependence might have forced them to wait, like hungry but well-kicked dogs for a bone, the pleased and gratified feeling that gave such a peculiar alacrity to their obedience would have been wanting. My first object was merely selfish—the anxiety of a harassed mind to escape a teasing annoyance at such a time. By degrees it assumed a better character, and ended in a train of thought well calculated to soften the agonizing severity of feelings and regrets purely my own. Some tourists jest with the beggars in Ireland;

others execrate, or bitterly complain of them. I don't know whether any are in the habit of trying how far a little relief and plenty of civility combined will go to neutralize their troubles. Five shillings will carry any one, on this plan, a hundred miles in good humour with himself, and in high favour with the objects of his bounty.

Of the scenery north-east of Mullingar, I can tell you very little. Sheets of water continued to descend, making the windows as opaque as though their material had been ground glass. Whenever a temporary cessation of the torrent allowed us to take a glimpse, pure unsophisticated bog was the sum-total of the amount on either side: but to me, who know somewhat of the mysteries of turf-buying, it appeared of a truly valuable kind, black, compact, and heavy. I believe the soil here is peculiarly rich. We struck at last into a very pretty road, well hung on both sides with foliage, and exhibiting some handsome plantations and gardens. By this time, too, the sun had broken forth with renovated splendour; and the glorious bow of promise spanned the scene, so deliciously fresh after those abundant showers. Few things are more impressively typical of divine influence on the heart of man, softened by some afflictive dispensation, than the aspect of this earth when the sunshine falls upon foliage moist with summer rain. In this instance the glow was so vivid, that before we reached our halting-place, at the end of the first eight or nine miles, scarcely any dampness remained on the road; and while our horses were refreshed, we indulged ourselves with a stroll into what appeared a singular church-yard; for the sacred edifice was built in the very midst of an ornamental plantation, surrounded by a handsome fence of stone, which obliged us to commit somewhat of a trespass, in availing ourselves of a partial gap to scale the fortifications. We did, however, obtain entrance this way, and satisfied ourselves that the church was really built on a private and very handsome demesne.

And a mile or two beyond this I came in contact, for the first time, with what, I confess, roused something in my bosom not quite amicable to the viceregency of the land. The newspapers have no doubt informed you, that, in his zeal for the preservation of this country, Lord Mulgrave had dispatched an army, or something very much like it, to what Mr. O'Connell calls the "black north." The occasion of this military investment of the most devotedly loyal portion of her Majesty's dominions, was the recurrence of the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, in 1690. Fears were entertained, or, if not, they were pretended—which, you know, on state occasions, comes to the same thing—fears lest the loyalty of the northern men should issue in acts of treason. There was, indeed, ground for very serious apprehension, lest the Protestants of those notoriously disaffected counties, Armagh, Down, Londonderry, Donegal, &c., might arm themselves with orange lilies, to the great terror and annoyance of her Majesty's peaceable Ribbon-men. To avert this formidable display, and to coerce the incorrigible upholders of the principles that placed the house of Brunswick on the throne, his Excellency marched all the disposable military forces in that direction, and arranged such a concentration of the armed police as would suffice to mark the paternal solicitude that throbs in the viceregal bosom for the encouragement of loyal and constitutional predilections throughout the land. Proceeding towards Trim, I was surprised to meet so many straggling parties, by twos and threes, of the green-jackets, each with his bayonet, blunderbuss, and cartouch-box. The truth of the matter presently flashed on my mind; and I must confess that indignation the most glowing took possession of me for a few moments. The poor policemen were, however, quite innocent; and I was angry with myself for having felt angry with them. Towards the higher party, I acknowledge, my sentiments underwent little, if any, change. Presently, I found we were travelling beside a very narrow stream, playfully rippling along through an immense field of rushes. Again it appeared, winding capriciously, expanding and narrowing, until it abruptly turned, and crossed our road in a wide sheet of water, over which a bridge was thrown. I then asked the postillion what river it was. He hesitated,

looked rather dark, and finally answered in an under tone, "I don't know: I believe they call it the Boyne."

I shall not trouble you by recounting any of the long train of thoughts that marched successively through my mind, investing it more completely and effectually than the north had been invested a week before. Private feeling had absorbed what was more public, during several days; but here I found the link again caught up, and rivetted alike to the past and the future. Some fragments of fine old edifices, occasionally appearing on the rising grounds, served as landmarks to direct my mental view to periods antecedent to that so irresistibly brought before me; and in this state of feeling I entered perhaps the richest spot that Ireland boasts, in point of material ruins. Moral and spiritual ruins, alas! abound in every inhabited corner of her noble territory.

Of Trim I had thought very little, except as a mid-way stage on the road to Drogheda, where I hoped to arrive that night. Judge then of my surprise and gratification, when I saw on either side, and particularly in advance of us, the most majestic remnants of splendid architecture, steeples, towers, walls, battlements—some mantled with ivy and gay with wild flowers, others frowning in sombre nakedness; some looking down from an imposing elevation, others again embosomed in vallies, or reposing on plains of the richest verdure, while amid the magnificent relics of former greatness, the Boyne rolled a broad tranquil stream, in that depth of blue that only the reflection of such a summer sky as then over-arched us could impart to the bosom of a river. It was altogether a glorious scene: the more so for having been so little anticipated; and when we alighted at the small neat posting-house, we agreed to brave the consequences of a little delay, and to allow ourselves an hour's investigation of some of these wonders of the olden time. The first few steps we took were along the broken wall of a very large monastic building, until we descried a notice that it was a trespass to intrude there: and the next turn placed us at the entrance of a Romish chapel, built as it seemed, upon a part of the ruin. From this of course I turned; and the castle then looked so inviting, that we inquired how to obtain access to it. A respectable shop was named, where, on presenting our request, a person was directed to conduct us to the rear of the house, thence across several yards, and then through a pretty garden, which opened upon a very abrupt though not extensive ascent. Here the guide left us, with directions to return by the same path: we trod lightly up the steep to the enormous central mass of ruin, and looked with amazement on the surrounding scene. Imagine an area, comprising four acres of ground, finely situated on an eminence overhanging the river, enclosed by a massive curtain, large fragments of which remain, together with distinct frame work of the flanking towers that must have rendered it a most formidable fortress. The principal of these, the grand entrance, with the traces of its portcullis and drawbridge, is wonderfully perfect, although the date of this building is not much less than seven centuries back. A stronger position could not have been chosen, nor a finer specimen of durable architecture erected on it. We climbed in at some of the gaps, and mounting broken stairs, traced with delight the proportions of lofty rooms, the immense fire-places, and tiers of windows deeply cut in walls of prodigious thickness. The history of this noble ruin is also remarkable. Here Henry V., when very young, was detained in captivity, by order of Richard II. A royal mint was established here, and parliaments holden. Important events connected with the castle also occurred during the civil wars, when Cromwell became its master. A long summer's day would not have sufficed for a cursory examination of what is really worth exploring on this ground, and it was not possible to avoid dividing our attention between the castle and the scene that presented itself on every side from our elevated station. A wall, buried in ivy, an original outwork of the rampart, descended on one side to a meadow of the purest verdure, which, I am told, is at times overflowed by the Boyne, whose waters probably once washed the wall. On another side, the stones had fallen thickly, rolling down the slope, and forming a seeming, but quite impracticable descent to the rows of cabins below. Turn where we would, vestiges of ancient buildings presented themselves; and it

was impossible to doubt that the extent of this town must once have been considerable, its importance very great. Indeed, few posts were more hotly contested during the wars of the pale, when De Lacy was its lord, and Roderic O'Conner, king of Connaught, led his forces against it, or the Earl of Pembroke laid close siege to harass his rival, De Lacy. With unspeakable reluctance, I finished this hasty glimpse of Trim Castle and slowly descended the knoll by which we had entered, passing again the corner of that pretty garden which basks so contentedly at the foot of the old grey ruins. Here another instance of the national courtesy was displayed. A poor gardener, at work among the shrubs, had culled and bound a most lovely and fragrant bouquet during our stay in the regions above him; and now, with a grace that enhanced the gift, he approached to present it. When I say a grace, I mean nothing studied; but that inherent capability of performing kind things in the kindest manner that seems to engraven the *cead-mille failthe* on all their sayings and doings. The native Irishman, a fine, athletic, healthy, hardy-looking man, in very dilapidated habiliments, was so in keeping with the scene, with the ruined castle and the cheerful flowers, that I could not have dispensed with that little incident to crown the adventure. The trifling acknowledgment tendered in return was accompanied with a coin that never passes as valueless in the sight of these people: courteous words, and expressions of the warmest admiration at the beauties we had been viewing. He then told me that he had at home a little book with some particulars of the place, and readily ran to fetch it. I purchased the greasy pamphlet, which contained merely a plan of the grounds, and some chronological notes; but it served to amuse me on the more monotonous part of the subsequent journey.

Time had slipped away so imperceptibly during our visit to these interesting ruins, that we found it would be impossible to enjoy even a passing glimpse of the yellow tower, or any of the rugged but noble fragments of former greatness that on every side invited our gaze. We took an open car, and after jaunting pleasantly through a rich country, arrived at Navan at five o'clock. This was the most disagreeable halt I had yet made affording the only instance of an attempt at imposition. On ordering another car, one was brought to the door, which, to say nothing of its appearance, would not have held together under us and our luggage for an hour, I declined using it, and was told I could have no other: but when the people heard me quietly ordering the driver from Trim to replace the things on his own, and take us to a different posting-house, the tone was changed, and a very decent vehicle made its appearance. During the delay, I was shocked and disgusted by the spectacles of intoxication presented on every side; while the activity of a numerous party of policemen appeared to be the only means of preventing greater turbulence among some who assuredly did not belong to the "Orange faction." This prevented my going out to look at the place; and when at last we were ready to start, the original demand was increased, with a protestation that the same sum had been named from the first. A boy of not more than fourteen years, who was to drive us, voluntarily corroborated my assurance to the contrary, and for this offence he was unseated, struck, and supplanted by a brother considerably older, whom I presently perceived to be in no fit state to manage either the horse or himself.

Here was an agreeable predicament to be placed in! I had paid the overcharge, which made but two shillings difference, and which was persisted in with the most profound and courteous respect, accompanied by so many fine speeches, that it was impossible to be more politely robbed. I, on the other hand, was equally civil, while lecturing them for giving strangers any cause of complaint against the Irish people. We started off; but the poor boy, whose veracity had deprived him of an expected perquisite, was not to be appeased; he ran alongside the car, most bitterly lamenting, and reproaching his unkind brother, who, in return, repeatedly cut him with the whip. We were now at the head of a very steep little road, thickly strewn with large stones; and the horse, perplexed by the random pulls at the rein given by his drunken driver, was running up against a broken wall. I began to be seriously alarmed, and at a loss what plan to pursue, when a portion of the army of

occupation already alluded to, came up, bestowed on the driver a severe reprimand, and hinting that he was a fitter subject for their superintendence than to conduct our car to Drogheda, they compelled him to dismount, giving the seat to his little brother, who, smiling through his tears, sprang into it, and drove off.

The country along which we now passed, was rich, fertile, and exceedingly pleasant. So long a level, shaded with fine trees, I think we had not traversed; and the beauty of a summer evening, the mellow rays falling on verdure freshened by the morning rain, added a farther charm to the scenery. The boy was not very communicative nor very well informed so that we got but little help in ascertaining the names of several fine parks, dwellings, and ruins that lay in our route. All other interest, however, was soon absorbed in that of personal security; for, long before approaching Drogheda we found ourselves on a road unequalled by the very worst I ever was doomed to cross even in the most rugged North American districts. The peculiarity of this most delectable track consisted in its having, to all appearance, been scooped out at the distance of two or three yards, in every direction, and the soil carried away to the amount of some shovel-fulls in each place. Description cannot do justice to it, no perfection of springs would have rendered the motion of any carriage tolerable; and you may picture to yourself the delights of a clumsy jaunting car, destitute of springs, drawn by a huge cart-horse, whose experience teaching him that the stage was about to terminate, induced a more sprightly progress towards the place of refreshment and repose. What between imminent peril of being pitched forward sideways (the only method of falling from an Irish car) and the tremendous blows received from the wood and iron forming the frame work behind and on either side, against which every jolt sent us with unerring effect, a less enviable situation cannot well be imagined. Certainly we had neither suffered so much nor laughed so much since commencing this tour. The latter was unavoidable through the ludicrous appearance that each presented in the other's sight, when baffled in some scheme for averting the consequences of an impending jolt; while the boy, seated on the opposite side, and preserving a most praiseworthy steadiness of countenance, increased our mirth by his evident struggle to avoid betraying how greatly he enjoyed our mishaps. It was very provoking to be engrossed in self, while passing so near the famous spot where William of Orange secured the civil and religious liberties of three kingdoms. The site of the battle, indeed, was at some distance to the left; but I might have formed a tolerably accurate notion of the exact locality had it been possible to withdraw my attention from the broken road and its concomitants. The entrance to Drogheda, for a mile or so, is one of the last places I should select to give a stranger a favourable impression of Ireland. The town itself, as we advanced, astonished me by its evident size and importance; but the lines of wretched hovels through which we had to pass, and the squalid appearance of their inmates afforded a painful contrast to the massive buildings that rose obscurely against the sky, now again overcast with heavy clouds. Nothing looked thriving in this suburb except the pigs; and it struck me that I had never in any other place, seen them so petted as here. A woman seated at a cabin door, was actually nursing one of the swinish multitude; and in every direction the sagacious animals, conscious of supper time, were to be seen, each hastening with unerring precision to his own domicile. This spectacle wonderfully diverted my English companion, who had no idea to what privileges the grunting race are admitted in some parts of Ireland.

At length, after splashing through one of the dirtiest and narrowest lanes I had yet passed, we emerged into the town itself, and crossed the Boyne where it flows under a respectable bridge, and then widens into quite a spacious port. The farther we advanced the greater was my surprise, to find Drogheda a city so extentensive, and adorned with such buildings. A turn to the left led us round the court-house, a very handsome edifice; and into a street which for extent and appearance would not have disgraced the capital. Here were several first-rate shops, and hotels of considerable size. I had directed our young driver to take us to the best in

the place; not, I confess, without secret misgivings, after the description afforded by a late honourable and reverend traveller, of broken windows, and uncarpeted rooms. I was therefore agreeably disappointed, on ascending a handsome flight of stairs, to find the accomodations answerable to the exterior appearance of the house, which is the very same where Mr. Noel staid—the White Horse. From a spacious balcony, the street looked so inviting that we resolved to make a tour of inspection while our dinner, or rather supper was in course of preparation; and were rewarded by presently finding ourselves in front of a fine old gateway, the most perfect specimen remaining of the memorable fortifications of Drogheda. A heavy fall of rain sent us back, before we could gratify our curiosity with a full survey of this noble relic; and instead of discomforts of any kind, I found in the hotel all that could render our short sojourn agreeable; together with the unexpected incident of discovering that a dear English friend was resting, with her children under the same roof, on their route from Dublin to Belfast. The surprise was mutual; and not even the effects of that unmerciful jolting prevented my enjoying what is perhaps one of the most agreeable surprises that can brighten a traveller's way—the conversation of an endeared friend, who, all unlooked for, crosses a path otherwise lying through a region of strange faces; and when the place of meeting is, moreover, an inn. Mrs. W. finding I was bound to Lord Roden's kindly pressed me to avail myself of her carriage to within a few miles of Tollymore Park; but she was to start at five in the morning, and as I wished to see a little of Drogheda, and had been most absurdly but unintentionally misled by the waiter as to the facilities for reaching my destination, of which more anon, I declined the proposal, and we parted.

The blunder above mentioned consisted in the waiter's positive assurance that they would post me from the hotel to Tollymore Park. In vain did I assure him that the distance was too great to admit of it: he still replied, "We constantly post Lord Roden and Lord Powerscourt, both going and returning, and make it but one stage. We shall undertake to send you to his lordship's house; and if the distance is greater than we charge for, the loss will fall on us, not on you." This was all very fair; and as he satisfied me of the fact of that posting, I could not gainsay it. Had I but brought a road-book, or consulted any one else, or even properly recollected the probable directions we must take, all would have been explained. However, with very unpardonable heedlessness, I gave up the point, countermanded the order for securing places in the northern coach, which would arrive from Dublin at eleven in the forenoon, and resolved to take three hours longer for my Drogheda rambles. You will by this time have guessed that the waiter's promised easy stage was to my noble friend's house at Dundalk; while my object was to reach that at Castlewellan. I give you leave to laugh; but annoyed as I was on making the discovery, by cross-questioning the postillion when we had left Drogheda some miles behind us, I do not now regret the circumstance; as it has opened another and an important field of observation to my view.

With the pleasant prospect of dining at Tollymore park the same evening, we set out, after an early breakfast, to explore the town. Our first ramble was to the round fort, the imposing appearance of which had struck me greatly on entering Drogheda. This is a modern building, comparatively, placed on a most commanding eminence, overlooking both town and harbour. At its base are some barracks; and perhaps you will not wonder at my preferring that spot, when I tell you, that in the company of soldiers quartered there were some of the individuals who had paid the last sad military honours, nine years before, at Mullingar. They were, indeed, a detachment of my brother's regiment; and long and deeply interesting was the tale that they had to tell, of what I little expected so soon to hear more of. One circumstance I am here tempted to narrate, leaving you to account for it;—I cannot. It so far surpasses the natural sagacity of the dog, that although I had the story from at least ten persons, in every variety of rank in and about Mullingar, including two eye-witnesses of the event, who, though not on terms of common civility with each other, exactly agreed in their relation of it, still I could not give

credence to the thing, until these three intelligent soldiers spontaneously repeated and vouched for its accuracy.

He had a favourite dog, a pointer, so attached to him that, even on his frequent aquatic excursions, the faithful animal would be his companion, and invariably entered the boat. On that fatal day, this dog and another followed him to the lake; but when invited, as usual, to embark, the pointer refused, setting up at the same time the most dismal howlings imaginable. Accustomed to exact implicit obedience from all, though in the kindest manner, his master persisted — coaxed, encouraged, commanded, threatened; but all in vain. The dog evaded every effort to seize him, and ran from the water; but when the boat had put off, he returned to its brink, and continued to fill the air with such yells as were never forgotten by those who heard them. In a few minutes the awful event took place: the boat overset; in a few minutes more he was drawn from the bottom, a corpse. During this period, the cries of the dog were terrific; and his movements, as he rushed to and fro, even then divided the attention of the many individuals present. The soldiers told me that, from this circumstance, he was regarded as a sort of bequest by the affectionate privates of the company, whose devotion to their captain knew no bounds. The dog was tended with the utmost care, made a companion of, and taken with them on the march that immediately followed the funeral: but he drooped and pined, and at last disappeared—no one could tell how. I make no comment on this: I cannot refuse to receive such unanimous testimony; but it is passing strange.

From the top of the tower, to which we were kindly conducted by the old English artilleryman in charge of it, a view was afforded replete with more interest than I had anticipated. Far to the right, as we stood facing the town, the Boyne widened, and assumed a grander character, towards the point to which large vessels can approach. A little behind, in the same direction, still stands the vestry of the church, whence Cromwell issued his orders previous to the horrible massacre that for five days rendered the town a scene of carnage. We beheld the first breach made in the walls by this unflinching manslayer, who cared not through what excess of slaughter he waded to more than kingly power. A bend in the river, with the swell of its banks and the thick mass of lofty trees that heightened them still more, concealed the place where, within less than half a century afterwards, the battle was fought and the deliverance effected which we are now exhorted to remember to forget. The old soldier, who appeared indifferent enough to the several causes in which all this fighting took place, was nevertheless well acquainted with the details of Cromwell's movements, and described them; at the same time pointing out the various spots referred to, and adding some historical data. Turning then to the town, we had a better view of its extent and importance; and I no longer marvelled that an individual tradesman, however respectable and intelligent, had failed in his laudable attempt at bringing so large a body of people to act in concert.

A touching interest belongs to the parish church of St. Peter's, the spire of which rose before us. In the year 1643, Lord Viscount Moore, whose family take the title of their Marquisite from this town, was gallantly battling against the formidable forces of the rebel O'Neil, when a cannon ball put a period to his mortal existence. He was interred in that church, where many of his noble house are entombed. Six years after this event, the widow of this brave soldier and most tender husband, came to Drogheda. She was on horseback, when a sudden view of St. Peter's church so overcame her that she fainted, and fell from her saddle. Her leg was broken at the ancle, and in three days, mortification having ensued, she was a corpse. It is not often, in this cold forgetful world, that we meet with such instances of enduring attachment. Had time permitted, I should have visited the resting place, where this fair victim of constant affection moulders beside her lord; but my transit is provokingly hurried; I can but glance on the externals of what I should like to investigate; and as to the main object of my search, I must defer all remarks on that head, until I become domesticated once more in a private dwelling.

Leaving the fort, we resolved to try whether, by rounding the projection of the bank, we could not obtain a view up the

river, as far as Old Bridge; but finding ourselves baffled by another turn at some distance, we just filled our little bottle, and retraced our steps to the town, again passing along the most miserable suburban allies imaginable, with an extra allowance of pet pigs, to assist in dispensing those abundant splashes of mud that must inevitably fall to the lot of the passenger. Crossing again the bridge, and attracted by groups of country people, we perambulated some of the high slopes that form the most antique looking streets of this most interesting town, enjoying the alternation of old buildings and walls, over which hung the venerable boughs of trees, that, did they possess the power of treating us with a volume of auto-biography, would doubtless have many a thrilling tale to record. The streets were perfectly clean; so were the very pretty peasant girls and women, who each with a basket on her arm, displayed the merchandise of butter, eggs, or poultry; all similarly packed in a profusion of fresh green leaves; many of the fowls were alive, and peeping from beneath the verdant covering. I know not when I have witnessed a scene were rural traffic wore so characteristic an appearance in the heart of a busy town. An air and step of sprightly independence, a frank, unflinching, but by no means bold or forward look, struck me as peculiarly belonging to these market women; perhaps the refreshing appearance of their baskets, after our morning annoyances of fierce sunbeams and mud, tinted the picture a little. Certainly, I considered the butter market of Drogheda as one of the most agreeable that I had beheld; and its attendants as affording a highly favourable specimen of the peasantry.

I cannot say so much for the other markets; there we saw, in passing through on our egress from the town, much of the repulsive. Early as it was, intoxication prevailed to a frightful extent, with noise, dirt, confusion, and discord in proportion. The High Street, where my hotel was situated, became crowded with purchasers thronging to the various shops. The frieze coat, and blue cloak with its hood flung over the unbonneted head, seemed universally to prevail; and in point of stature, muscle, and hardiness of aspect, I think the country people here excelled their southern neighbours. After a leisurely tour in the shopping way, we returned to the hotel, where I prudently dressed for dinner, previously to stepping into the post chaise which was to leave us at Tollymore Park. A more careful computation of distances, however, led us to question the postillion, whose first answer unravelled the mystery. He should, he said, quit us at Castle Bellingham, the half-way stage, whence another pair of horses would convey us to Dundalk. "But we have nothing to do with Dundalk." O yes, he understood we were going to Lord Roden's; and sure Dundalk was his Lordship's place. But how far I asked, in no small consternation, were we from Castlewellan? He could not exactly say: but from Dundalk it was nine or ten miles to Newry, and Castlewellan was beyond the Mourne mountains, a long stage, if not two, from Newry.

It was Saturday afternoon; I was tired, and full of happy anticipations of a Sabbath day's repose, after such a week of excitement. Judge of my mortification on discovering the consequences of my thoughtless reliance on the civil and communicative waiter of Drogheda. A place of note for hoodwinking English travellers I knew it to be; but little thought of such an experimental insight into the process. My pocket too was involved beyond my computation, and I sighed to think how far the Belfast coach, and how much farther the carriage of Mrs. W. had proceeded beyond the destination that I now despaired of reaching before night. Such horses too, I had not seen in harness: they were callous to the lash, through feebleness and exhaustion, and it was not until I protested that I would not give the postillion a penny unless he desisted, that I could abate the unmerciful floggings bestowed on the poor creatures at every second step. We reached Castle Bellingham at a walking pace; and so uncomfortably interested were my personal feelings, that I could scarcely spare a look to the exceedingly beautiful scenery around me. Transferred, after provoking delays, to a dilapidated post chaise, with two spirited horses that nearly shook it to pieces, one of which was ridden by a boy apparently

not more than twelve years old, whose childish aspect startled as much as his admirable horsemanship subsequently delighted me, we rattled away for Dundalk, concerning which I had only one defined idea; that of its having sent our friend Gordon to Parliament in 1831. A near approach, however, put to flight all gloomy feelings, so exquisitely beautiful was the bold sweep of that splendid bay, scooped as it seemed beneath a mountain, while the sunlight of a glorious evening fell brightly on the snow-white buildings that appeared nestled among trees in the distance. At each succeeding point of view some new beauty developed itself; and my spirits had recovered their buoyancy, before we entered the handsome town, and drove up to the gateway of Lord Roden's dwelling—not without a vague hope of finding some of the family there.

Disappointment however awaited us; not even the agent's household were at home; and I asked counsel respecting our farther proceedings of a fine old porter, whose large sturdy figure well beseemed the livery that he wore. This consists of a dark blue coat, with waistcoat and accompaniments of a brilliant orange velvet, which I, not having before seen it so fully displayed, innocently took for the uniform of that formidable body whose apparitions had of late so troubled the repose of a viceregal pillow. It is, however, the family livery; and was so long before Lord Roden connected himself politically with the obnoxious tints of royalty and Nassau. The old porter had the cause deeply at heart; he told me with a swell of indignation that seemed to distend his whole person, how grievously he had been insulted. "A man has been here to-day," said he, "a stranger from Connaught, a fisherman I believe, and had the audacity to ask me for my vote. Me," he repeated, standing at full stretch, and throwing his coat as far back as possible, "and with this waistcoat upon me, he actually asked me to give my vote to him, a radical from Connaught!" It was some time before even the sweets of sympathy could prevail to calm the old man's honest indignation; for he regarded it as an unheard-of affront. At length I bethought myself of the little vial which I carried in my hand for security, and laughingly said, "Here is Mr. O'Connell's favorite beverage—Boyne water.* I took it out of the river this morning." His eyes sparkled, his brow relaxed, and with a look of enthusiasm he said, "I know the place; I am proud to say it was by the Boyne my family, who are Scotch, entered Ireland two hundred years ago; and myself swam over, at the very spot where poor Billy crossed." I did not immediately understand that the affectionate and familiar abbreviation was applied to his Majesty King William the Third.

After this explosion of feeling, the porter, whose appearance and whole deportment led me back to the olden times, entered very earnestly into a computation of the possibilities that I might reach Tollymore Park before night. He had already ordered a pair of the freshest horses; and charged me with an especial message to the master of the principal hotel in Newry, requiring that he would instantly post me to the Park; but when I looked at the twilight sky, all hope seemed to vanish. In a short time we were again prepared to start, the ancient serving-man, who seemed to bear undisputed rule over all the officials of the posting departments, continuing his zealous and respectful assiduities with a heartiness that rendered them invaluable; while not a gossoon in the street but seemed anxious to contribute his quota of attention, though it were but in brushing a grain of dust from the wheel. My heart swelled with delight as I traced all this to its obvious source; I was bound for Tollymore Park; and even to be deemed worthy of sharing the hospitality of that most beloved family, gave me a sort of claim on every one of them. Lord Roden is idolized in Dundalk: his very name seemed to refresh the faithful old porter as he uttered it.†

It was near nine o'clock when we entered Newry: I could not tell what to make of it in the gloom of a cloudy evening; particularly of one building, a church, standing on what seemed to be an inaccessible height. We drove through handsome streets, and I lost no time in deliver-

* When this worthy was endeavouring to beguile the loyalists into his repeal project, a few years since, he quaffed off in their presence at Navan, a bumper of Boyne water to the toast of the 'pious, glorious, and immortal memory.' They have not forgotten it; neither has he.

† My poor friend at the lodge is since dead; or he would not be so distinctly introduced here.

ing the porter's message at the very elegant hotel where we stopped. All was in commotion, a chaise was ready, and our luggage safely stowed in it, before I supposed it could be ordered; but to startle the household, perhaps at midnight, I could not bear; Sunday travelling was out of the question; and here we are, to remain till Monday. Mr. Ellis, a new conservative candidate, is haranguing a party under the roof of this hotel, in an out-office; the maid says, five thousand gentlemen. To judge from a peep that I have taken, I should think a deduction of four thousand seven hundred would bring us nearer the mark. However, there is prodigious clapping and shouting; and I feel myself affected somewhat like my orange friend at Dundalk—exceedingly indisposed to forward the views of the opposite party. But I must close this long letter; and reserve for another what I may have to say respecting Newry, which seems worth a day's investigation.

LETTER VII.

COUNTY DOWN.

Newry, July.

Once again I am brought into contact with Ireland's master evil: the very root of all that poisons her atmosphere—the enemy with whom to grapple is to fight for her; and to expel whom, would be to shed light and glory upon her land. I say, to expel, not to transform into a different shape. Satan will not cast out satan; man cannot. It is for the finger of God alone to achieve such a victory; and as he does nothing in vain or imperfectly, I confidently say that to expel Popery from Ireland would be to diffuse light and glory where the blackness of darkness now reigns. My spirit has not been so stirred within me since I set foot on these green shores, as on the morning following my arrival in Newry. The Sabbath broke in unclouded splendour, and I arose refreshed, with no other anxiety on my mind than to insure the privilege of a gospel ministry during the day. Requesting an interview with the very gentlemanly master of the establishment, whose kind efforts to forward me on my way the preceding evening I had duly appreciated, I inquired, as the safest guide, what church Lord Roden attended, when in Newry. Mr. Davis answered that he was not sure; but added that if I would accept a share in his pew at St. Patrick's church, he thought I should be well pleased with Mr. Bagot's successor. In Ireland, morning service commences at mid-day; a practice that I do not at all approve, unless an opportunity was given to such as chose it, of attending early prayers, some hours previous. W— being anxious to enjoy a walk in the interval, I agreed to set out at eleven, and we made a tour through streets as quiet as could be wished, broad, handsome, clean, well-paved streets, intersected by a fine canal, and wearing, notwithstanding the season of perfect rest, such an aspect as assured me that it is a place of thriving activity, trade and commerce through the week. The water is banked in with very solid stone work, every thing indicating that neither cost nor skill have been spared to distinguish the place by superior advantages. The suburbs appeared most beautiful; noble hills, rich gardens, and fine mansions seemed to embellish it on all sides; and a more pleasing impression could not be made by a town of the same size. It wants, indeed the air of antiquity that spreads a halo round Drogheda; tinged with the various hues of many stirring recollections; but there is a freshness of atmosphere, no less than of architecture in Newry, very delightful to the sense. Neither are you to suppose, that it is altogether of recent growth; its foundation is very ancient, Maurice M'Laughlin, king of all Ireland, having established a religious institution here a hundred years previous to the English invasion; but in 1689, the Duke of Berwick burned the town, to facilitate his retreat before Duke Schomberg, and Newry arose from its ashes after the happy settlement of the country in 1691, since which it has been constantly improving.

The spire of a handsome church attracted us to walk past it; and there, just opposite, we saw a striking proof of the retrograde movements which are rapidly undoing that work, accomplished at the

cost of so much blood and suffering. An edifice of most imposing character faced, truly I may say outfaced, the parish church: its use could not be mistaken: it is the Romish temple, justly called a cathedral. A costly piece of architecture, grand, tasteful, and alas! most spacious, yet not enough so to contain the thousands who throng that scene of false worship, as is clear from the numbers who remain excluded, and whose prostrations in the open street, at the elevation of an idol which they cannot see, vex the eyes and grieve the hearts of all who love God and who know what denunciations of wrath must overhang a land where the woman Jezebel is so suffered, yea, encouraged, to teach and seduce his people. The doors were open, and no service at that time going on; and could I have permitted the "lust of the eye" so far to draw me aside from the straight path of Christian consistency, I should have entered, to behold with what sumptuous decorations the deceivers and deceived do honour to them that be no gods: but I would not thus defile my conscience. If we have reason to hope that we, according to the apostle's language, are the temples of God, then it becomes a solemn question, how we can enter a place of idolatrous worship without a breach of the rule laid down in the latter part of the sixth chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians. I have been told that my scruple is new and singular: but although it was first suggested to my mind by Scripture alone, I find it was held, and practised too, by the confessors and martyrs of Mary's days. Bradford's writings in particular, abound with admonitions on this subject: and I constantly pray to be kept stedfast in my resolution, never in any mode or in any sense, to touch the unclean thing, excepting as it may be needful for the prosecution of an incessant warfare against it. As to the splendours of Popish worship, I look for them, not within the precincts of their idolatrous sanctuary, but in the inspired pages. The catalogue contained in the eighteenth chapter of Revelation, is sufficient for me; and in that portion of Scripture, I likewise find a conclusive reply to the query, may not increasing wealth and splendour, aided by intellectual cultivation, work the downfall of this blighting superstition? No; for the word of God which has so exactly predicted the rise and prospect of the papal Antichrist, is no less distinct in describing the particulars of the final doom prepared for the usurper. We read not of a gradual transformation, or of any process by which the work is to be effected, save that God's people will obey the loud authoritative summons to come out of her; to be no longer "partakers of her sins, that they receive not of her plagues;" and this obedience to the gospel call, is the consuming by the breath of the Lord's mouth, of which the apostle speaks, a gradual falling away from the doomed body, of such as shall be saved. The end is to be a sudden and violent destruction, overtaking the mystic Babylon in the midst of that pride of magnificence described in the former chapter, which was ever her characteristic in the times of her former prosperity, and a restoration to which will be the prelude of her final fall. But while we lay this fact to heart, let us not forget the striking passages that also represent the last attitude of this destroyer —not only as sitting in restored supremacy of elevation, but drunken again with the blood of martyrs. I can bear to look upon such ostentatious indications of reviving splendour, as these newly-built mass-houses supply, because I know from the word of God, that this haughty spirit cometh before a fall; but I cannot look for a result that Scripture affords me not the slightest warrant to expect; and which history the great unraveller of prophecy, proves to have never yet followed the means in question.

When the Jewish nation forsook their idolatrous practices, what did they become? Let the judgment hall of Pilate, and the darkened mountains of Calvary answer: let the cup of unmitigated wrath poured out on their temple and city, and the unrevoked curse of eighteen centuries resting on their nation, bear witness. When France, the very den of Popish superstition, and the throne of Popish authority, and the murderous right hand of Popish persecution, underwent the identical process recommended in our day; when the 'useful knowledge' system deluged her land with Cyclopædias, and reason took arms against bigotry, and the consummation followed that her philoso-

phizing teachers so devoutly wished, what was the nature of the change—was it from darkness to light? Nay; the natural the inevitable transition from Popery to Atheism, deluged first France, then all Europe, in the blood of its inhabitants;—all Europe save one small portion of its territory, where the citadel of Protestantism remained, and where, consequently, the sword of Infidelity, drawn to smite Popery, had no commission to strike.

It was then that the great enemy, baffled in his scheme of universal desolation, contrived to introduce the wedge that should, by repeated blows, be driven through the keystone of our arch, and cause the towers to fall. We all know the successive measures that followed, until the fatal stroke of 1829: and now we behold a worse symptom than had ever before been manifested,—a spirit of delusion spreading among enlightened minds, even extending to some who have been enlightened by divine knowledge, which prompts them to look on the most appalling monuments of our national backsliding as so many helps to a future national prosperity, based on what is neither more nor less than investing Satan with the character and office of a missionary; expecting that, by means of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, he will be able—and it seems to be taken for granted that he is also willing—to convert sinners from the error of their way, and to extend the bounds of the Redeemer's kingdom.

With an aching heart I looked upon the edifice where thousands of my fellow-creatures were doomed during the Sabbath to receive, in blind submission, the false doctrine of their blind teachers. I felt that, without a fearful dereliction of duty in some quarters, such a spectacle could not be permitted to present itself in the British dominions three hundred years after the blessed Reformation—a century and a half after the defeat of James Stuart, and the establishment of Protestant ascendancy on this very soil. At the same time I fully anticipated, in the just judgment of God, an extensive visitation on our native shores of the pestilence that we had neglected to eradicate from those of our sister island. Sad, and deeply humbled in the spirit for the sin of my own country, I returned to the hotel, and, accompanied by some of the kind family, proceeded to St. Patrick's church.

The way was laborious, being for the most part a continued ascent; and I found that we were approaching the structure perched on a hill, the elevated position of which had arrested my attention on the previous evening. This, they told me, was the first church built or used, in Ireland, for the pure worship of the Protestant faith; though I well knew that what is considered the introduction was but the restoration of the true Church in this country. St. Patrick's is a simple, unadorned edifice, of moderate size; the congregation numerous, highly respectable, and seemingly devout. The whole service was performed by one minister, who also preached; and, privileged as I have been in that way, I was unusually struck by the powerful eloquence which the young divine addressed to us from that beautiful passage, "Come from the four winds, O Breath; and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." His object was, to enforce the necessity of divine agency in giving spiritual life to a being naturally and judicially dead in trespasses and sins: and this he did in a strain of singular force and conclusiveness, clothed in elegant language. I was delighted, refreshed, and so far emboldened as to venture upon a proceeding that you will perhaps think required no small share of assurance to accomplish it. I went into the vestry, accosted the clergyman, and stating that I wished to improve my involuntary delay in Newry by examining some of the scriptural schools, I asked his permission to visit those of his parish. With much courtesy, accompanied with commendable reserve, he gave me a reply that seemed to invite a more explanatory rejoinder; and I felt myself in an awkward predicament, as having no sort of introduction or certificate of character to warrant such an application. I might be some envoy from Rome, or some experimentalizing political economist, seeking occasion to introduce maxims of false philosophy, or "useful knowledge" systems of anti-biblical expediency. I therefore was obliged to advance a plea of extenuation for my curiosity, by alluding to sundry penny books with which I had from time to time burdened the shelves of Ireland's schools.

Oh what a sunbeam of benevolent pleasure enlightened his animated countenance! These dear ministers of God do not despise the humblest vine-dresser in their Master's service. Regretting that an indispensable engagement prevented his accompanying me, Mr. P. directed the clerk to attend me to the school, and cordially extending the right hand of fellowship, took a most friendly leave. You cannot imagine how cheering this little incident was to me: for it seemed strange to be so cast adrift for long days together, without seeing the face of a friend, in my beloved Ireland.

The girls' school was large, well attended, and beautifully managed; but I could not remain long enough to investigate the plan of teaching, as we were to dine between the services. I therefore left the ladies, whose kindness was unbounded, and repaired to my hotel. Shall I confess to you, that before we reached it every other feeling had given place to one of powerful indignation? Our way was impeded by the march of a large body of troops, dragoons, fully armed, and altogether in battle array, on their return from the more northern stations where they had been sent, gratuitously to insult the feelings of a loyal Protestant population, and to afford a wanton triumph to the real movers of sedition in this wretchedly misgoverned land. At any time, under any circumstances, such a parade of armed troops would have appeared unseemly on the Lord's day: but when I considered the purpose for which they had been marched, the expedition from which they were returning, the place where we met—for I have already noticed that Newry was formerly destroyed by the Popish forces, rebuilt, and elevated to its present importance by Protestant capital, enterprize, and integrity,—it recalled with double poignancy my morning reflections beneath the walls of that vaunting masshouse. I felt that to encourage Romanism was not deemed sufficient, unless insult was superadded to the injuries systematically inflicted on the Protestants: and while anticipating the disastrous results to be expected from so erroneous, so ungrateful, so unscriptural a plan of government, I could not but secretly acquiesce in the retributive justice of what I foresaw and deprecated. Irish Protestants will not become rebels; but woe to the rulers who alienate their honest, unbought, high-principled attachment!

The early afternoon service drew us speedily back to St. Patrick's; and very sweet was the smile of invitation with which pew-doors were silently thrown open as we passed along. They alone who are encamped in the midst of a hostile force can comprehend the strength of the tie which unites the individuals, who, marshalled under one Captain, desire to be found faithful in the glorious cause. Among my fellow-worshippers there was not one whose face I had ever seen before that day, or was likely ever to see again in the flesh; yet my heart acknowledged them all, as brethren and sisters in the profession, many in the reality, of a faith that has before been frequently tried as by fire, and will yet be in the furnance again ere long. Another fine discourse from Mr. P., on the treachery of Judas, closed the day's services; and then ensued an Irish scene. Between the church-door and the outer gate, we were assailed with invitations to accompany the kind individuals to their homes; and all given with a courtesy so graceful, so gentle, so dignified, in the midst of its cordiality, that it was downright painful to say no to any of them; but one of my fair acquaintances among the lady managers of the girls' Sunday-shool had been beforehand with her frank offer of a seat at her mother's tea-table; and I was more pleased than surprised to find the invitation extended to the other hospitable inviters, including my first acquaintance, the young pastor himself.

I could find in my heart to give you a description of the scene—the pretty cottage in its retired nook, nestling beneath a high wall, in a sweet little garden; the very long, narrow, and not very lofty apartment, its row of old-fashioned windows, square and deep-set, each containing some flowering plant or freshly-culled bouquet; the elders of the family looking the heart-warm welcome even more eloquently than they spoke it; the pleasant, unceremonious tea-table; with an accession of smiling faces perpetually dropping in, I knew not how, nor whence, much less could I persuade myself that any among them were strange faces to me. The clergy-

man of the church that is fronted by the gorgeous temple of Romanism was among these; and very rarely have I so enjoyed a party as I did that unexpected assemblage in the place where, but a few hours before, I had felt absolutely forlorn—unowned, and uncared for. My more recent clerical acquaintance engaged us for the morrow's breakfast; and when a kind and numerous escort finally left us at the King's Arms, it was no easy matter to close the animating theme that engrossed my young companion's mind equally with my own.

But, alas! the bright picture of Christian zeal and diligence in Newry is deeply shadowed with that ominous, unwelcome appendage,—the new National Education system. I have not, as yet, fallen in with a single individual of either sex, from Waterford to Newry, who does not denounce it as a curse to the land. In Dublin I saw the immense building, or rather palace that they are preparing for the Central Board; but I had neither leisure nor inclination to turn my attention from better things to that mischievous institution. In Newry the plan is vigorously pursued, under the special patronage of priests and nuns: and a few plain facts in reference to this place may give you an idea of the reasonableness of the hope indulged by some, that Popery will be undermined by such a system. You know the ostensible purpose of these schools is to provide a strictly neutral ground, on which the children of both parties can meet, without any danger of either being influenced in a way contrary to the wishes of their parents. The necessity for such a plan is stated to have arisen from the objections raised by the poor people against having their little ones taught to read the word of God; and the notable device agreed upon was, that religious instruction of all descriptions should be excluded from the schools, except at particular hours, on a stated day in the week, when a separation was to be carefully made, the children of the Romanists to be taught according to the doctrines of Popery by their peculiar guides, and those of Protestants allowed to receive scriptural instruction from any clergyman who might choose to give it. Well, this looked plausible in the eyes of that class called liberal, and even deceived some really good people. How do you suppose it is carried into effect here? The National School for girls adjoins the convent,—the usual entrance being through that building, with another door on a line with the nunnery hall-door, and within its precincts. The teachers are all nuns, habited in the most remarkable and extreme dress of a monastic order, robes, rosaries, and all the awful paraphernalia of the black sisters. No Protestant visitor can enter this 'public' school, without being previously examined, and kept waiting sufficiently long to put aside objectionable books; but in spite of every precaution it has been ascertained, and proved too upon oath, that at all hours bigoted catechisms of the Romish church are in use, being regularly taught by the nuns; and books of the most pernicious tendency have been found in the hands of the children.* Attempts are continually made to induce the Protestant pupils to join in these exercises; by introducing them during the period avowedly set apart for secular study: and the consequence is that all their parents who do not value a little paltry and most miserably inferior education for their children before the salvation of their souls, are obliged to withdraw them. Consequently the national grant, with all the vast and costly machinery of this deceitful system are employed in rivetting the fetters of spiritual bondage on these poor little creatures by the hands of male and female ecclesiastics of the Romish creed. What renders the whole thing most inexcusable is, that by a rule of the board, the regular daily teachers must belong to the laity, while here, as in Galway, and innumerable other places, professed nuns are the sole and exclusive conductors of the whole business of the girls' schools; as monks, regularly habited, and belonging to the various orders, Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite, black, grey, and so forth, are of the boys. It is common to have a small sliding pannel in the doors, which are kept locked: when a visitor knocks, the master partially withdraws the slide, takes a survey, asks questions, then re-fastens his pannel, and puts away whatever books he does not wish to expose to the prying gaze of a heretic, before the door is opened. I will give you an extract from a book

* See Appendix F.

studied by the children in the nun's National School here in Newry, that you may duly appreciate the 'useful knowledge' instilled into the minds of the pupils, and admire the strict adherence of the Board to its first great principles of total abstinence from all that can offend the consciences of any class. Here it is—the work is entitled 'Indulgences granted by the sovereign Pontiffs to the faithful who perform the devotions and pious works prescribed.' Printed by and for 'the Catholic Book Society;' and it was found among the books for united instruction—that is, for instruction totally unconnected with any thing religious, during the hours when, on the faith of this exclusion of all that could bias the minds of the children either way, all are mingled together. As a specimen of the valuable information contained in the volume, and its freedom from all obnoxious subjects, take the following: 'By a plenary indulgence we gain the remission of all the punishment which remains due to sins forgiven, provided we have the proper dispositions, and comply with the conditions required.' These conditions are thus explained, 'It is enjoined to visit a church, and pray according to the pious intentions of the sovereign Pontiff.' These intentions are again described a little farther on: 'The intentions of the Pope are generally these; the exaltation of the catholic church, the propagation of our holy faith, peace and concord among Christian kings and princes, and the extripation of heresy.' Now, not to mention the importance of communicating such knowledge to the Protestant children; what think you of a plan that supplies the monks and nuns with means to diffuse it among the little ones of their own flock? The concluding expression too, conveys an early lesson of fearful import: the lower order of the Irish know of no other mode of extirpating heresy than by draining it out with the life blood from Protestant veins. It was the war-cry of the sacerdotal warriors, who in 1798 led their people to the attack; and whatever spiritual meaning it may be intended to convey to the minds of the pupils, the idea with which they are certain to connect it is that of slaughtering their fellow creatures.

Another instance of the power enjoyed and exercised by the inferior officials of this Board appears in the fact that, although the exclusion of religious instruction except on the appointed day is publicly boasted of by its advocates as the one all-sufficient guarantee against the communication of any thing to the children which their parents would not approve, in this very school the nuns possess a distinct permission in the Inspector's hand-writing, for imparting religious instruction every day. The excuse offered for this is, that no Protestant children attend the school; which again proves that the public money is withdrawn from scriptural institutions, when all denominations alike drank at the pure fountain of truth, unadulterated by man's inventions, to be placed at the disposal of those whose existence as a church and community depends on their keeping the people in ignorance and error: and who do actually employ it for that purpose, to the exclusion of the offspring of a loyal Protestant population.

Do you not suppose it must be a startling thing to those who have had such fearful experience of the temper of Popery towards themselves, to send their little ones within the very walls of a convent, to be taught exclusively by females habited in so strangely imposing a manner, who firmly believe that all must be eternally lost who do not embrace the delusions of popery. I have alluded to the dress—we are all influenced by externals, children especially so, and you may imagine the effect likely to be produced on the mind of a little ignorant timid creature, by the appearance of a teacher, whose sedate severe aspect, and stiff practised solemnity of manner are farther enhanced by the following garb. A loose robe, with a flowing train, formed of the blackest serge; the bust being enveloped in a peculiar wrapper of white cotton, somewhat between a shawl and a tippet. A cap or hood close, and so drawn down on the sides as to perform the same office as blinkers to a horse; while the small portion of face thus left open to view is farther curtailed by an enormous neckcloth, covering the chin, and meeting the aforesaid wrapper. In fact, nothing can approach nearer to the grim effect of old-fashioned grave-clothes. Several of these apparitions, each with an

hour-glass in her hand, a black rosary and crucifix depending from the leathern girdle that confines her waist, and a black ribband beside it, with an image of the virgin and child, are to be seen daily in the school-house, the sole teachers and managers, moving up and down among the awe-stricken little ones, and bringing all these striking externals to bea. upon the doctrines which they incu cate, and of which you have a sample in the foregoing extract.* Such is my solicitude for the deliverance of those poor Irish children of the Romish persuasion from the deep and fatal darkness surrounding them, that I would cheerfully relinquish every shilling of the national grant to their service alone, trusting to private liberality for the means of educating the Protestant class. But is it not frightful to see the latter deluded, except so far as the watchfulness of their parents may keep them from these schools, into sharing the deadly poison thus administered to the minds of the poor little Romanists? It will be a terrible thing for England when in her skirts is found the blood of the souls of these poor innocents. What a strikingly applicable passage is that to which I allude, Jer. ii. 34—"I have not found it by *secret search* but upon all these." This national Board plan is not a sin of mere passive connivance, where abuses may creep in unprovided against, because unexpected: it is a sin of which the government vaunts, an offence in which the perpetrators glory, a confederacy deliberately entered into with Popery and Infidelity, to secure their present possessions against the intrusive claims of the Lord Jesus Christ. He comes to seek and to save his lost sheep: they build an enclosure, shut in the poor victims, and place a guard of wolves to watch their fold. I could not bear the spectacle, had I not that glorious promise ever before me, given by him who most assuredly will fulfil every tittle of his own word. Let earth and hell combine; let all the enemies of Christ unite their efforts, and some of his friends abandon their Master's cause, to bless that which he has cursed, and to build up that which he has sworn shall fall; yet can they not avert the coming hour, when he who has spoken will also make it good. "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick, but I will destroy the fat and the strong; I will feed them with judgment." That thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel will yet be felt in all its awful applicability, by those who so justly incur the rebuke. "Seemeth it a small thing unto you, to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but you must foul the residue with your feet?"

It is a common device to throw the whole blame of this ruinous system upon Lord Stanley. He is so far blameable, in that he rashly adopted a plan without properly acquainting himself with the peculiarities of the place where, and the people on whom it was to be tried. Seated in Dublin Castle, and beguiled with a beautiful vision of liberality, he listened with the heart of a philanthropist to the representations of others, who knew what they were about far better than he did. The result was a sketch of a general system of education, to unite all classes, which might have suited the exigencies of a case where the inhabitants were squabbling about church discipline, and mere external forms, although the exclusion of the Bible at any time, or under any circumstances, would have been unjustifiable—in such a case quite needless too: but Lord Stanley never studied Popery, as developed in the word of God, nor priestly influence as exhibited in Roman chapels, in the confessional, and in the treasonable outbreaks among the lower orders of laity that invariably follow any particular stir in the superior ecclesiastical departments.* Lord Stanley thought he had found a remedy for evils that he sincerely deplored, and with benevolent zeal he hastened to apply it, still declaring that it was but an experimental attempt. He ought to have tried it on a small scale, to a limited extent, but that would not have answered the purposes of the artful suggesters. They hailed his proposition with what seemed a general burst of grateful acclaim

* All this was being given in evidence on oath, before the Committee of the House of Lords, at the very time I was in Newry. It is now published, and may be seen in the report of the examination of Hon. Capt. Wellesley, and Rev. L. H. Robinson.

* See Appendix G.

from every corner of the land; and having thus availed themselves of his united advantages, his benevolence, talent, promptitude, and authority, they persuaded him to launch their vessel, then hoisted piratical colours, stood out to sea, and threw upon him the blame of all the mischief they intended to do.

Besides, exceptionable as was Lord Stanley's plan, they rendered it ten times worse than he had any suspicion of its being possible to make it. Every latent germ of mischief they have forced forward into the most luxuriant fructification of evil: every supposed safeguard against abuse they have set at nought, and openly done away with. They have made it so wholly and hopelessly pernicious, that scarcely a Protestant clergyman can be found willing to compromise his principles by attending at the permitted seasons to instruct those of his own flock: preferring to squeeze from a diminished income, and to solicit from Christian friends, the means of providing them with scriptural instruction, apart from these poisoned streams. I have named only the Girls' School in Newry, nestled as it is under the fostering wing of the nunnery, and wholly monopolized by the veiled sisters of the order therein secluded. The Boys' School contains twenty Protestants; and there the absence of ecclesiastical teachers is compensated for in a singular way. The spelling-book used by the children has the usual columns on one page, and on the opposite page *the catechism of the Romish church.* This is studied of course, during the hours of general instruction, and it affords one of the most remarkable specimens of jesuistical ingenuity on the one side, on the other of criminal negligence, if not of more criminal connivance, and on both of utter contempt for the pledge given to the public, that ever I met with. In fact, the sole object in these schools is wholly to fill the minds of the poor little Romanists with the most fearful errors, and darkest prejudices of the apostate church, while the snare is set to take as many Protestants within its deadly hold as may wander unwittingly into the paths of destruction. There is not, in the entire plan, as now developed, one redeeming point. The teaching ordinarily afforded is rarely if ever equal to what the old hedge-schools of the land supplied; and the book of extracts, given in lieu of the whole word of God, is not only a mutilation of Scripture, but an unfaithful translation—not only unfaithful to the inspired original, but in all the cases of its variation from the authorized version it openly and grossly favours popery, by adopting that of the Douay or Rhemish, and often inculcating its worst dogmas. I promised to make no vague unsupported charges; take then the following specimens. You will probably have heard much of the famous note, *Ipsa*, but may not exactly know what it is: the passage occurs in Genesis iii. 15, where our version thus gives it—"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed—it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The Douay translates it—"she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel:" avowedly applying it to Mary. This was going too far; so the Lesson-book or Extracts has it—"It shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel." But at the same time this note taken from the Douay version is appended to the page. "It shall crush, &c. *ipsa*, she the woman; so divers of the fathers read this place conformably to the Latin. Others read *ipsum*, viz. the seed. The sense is the same, for it is by her seed, Jesus Christ, that the woman crushes the serpent's head." In farther illustration of the meaning attached to this note, you must observe that a print very common among the numerous representations of the Virgin Mary, and known to almost every child in the Romish church, shows her with her foot placed on the head of the serpent. The wicked dishonesty of this note, as introduced here is manifold. Not only is full countenance given to the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary, by recognizing her as the conqueror of hell while her Son is made a mere agent in the work: there is a farther treachery in admitting what every scholar must know is a false translation, as being sanctioned by "divers of the fathers." Every body knows that Hebrew is the original tongue of the Pentateuch: and in that the verb being masculine cannot agree with a feminine pronoun; neither does the Septuagint, the Chaldee, the Samaritan, or the Syriac admit it. The commissioners,

therefore, have gone needlessly and altogether out of the way, to place this Latin authority, false as it is, in the hands of the Romish teachers to whom the office of explaining the lessons is usually committed.

But there is another more flagrant instance of direct encouragement to the practice of anti-christian adoration of Mary. You are aware that the most indispensable part of every office performed in that church is the "Ave" or "Hail Mary." It forms, with the creed and the paternoster, a component part even of the shortest service of devotion; and where time will admit but of one, the Hail Mary is always selected. It is the first act of worship that the child learns to lisp; the last aspiration that falters on the dying lip. By the addition of a few words to the angel's salutation, it forms an express, unequivocal *prayer* to the woman. How do you think the commissioners have contrived to give the Romish children an opportunity of reciting, and the Protestants of hearing, if not of joining in this purely idolatrous supplication? Pray mark it well. The plan of the "extracts" is to give chapters for reading; and at the end of each a string of printed questions, to be put by the master, and answered by the children. With that sort of ingenuousness and veracity which shine throughout the work, the preface informs us that the whole gospel of St. Luke is contained in this number; whereas in the first chapter, ten consecutive verses are omitted, and a short paraphase supplies their place. Among these ten verses is the salutation of the angel to Mary.

Now, observe. In the list of questions printed at the end of this lesson, the following occurs—"How did the angel *address her?*" The child has not been allowed to see the actual address: it is omitted. He has no access to the unmutilated word of God: he cannot answer, "Hail, Mary, thou that art highly favoured; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." But his memory immediately supplies him with what he is taught to recite daily, at home and in chapel, under the title of the angelical salutation, and he prompty repeats, "Hail Mary, full of grace, our Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed s the fruit of thy womb, Jesus: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

I will not go beyond this; I solemnly declare my conviction that if this be intentionally done, it ought to be regarded as one of the deadliest sins ever committed against the majesty of the God of truth. To avoid giving offence to the poor deluded Romanist, a passage is omitted which would at once and plainly show him the testimony of the Holy Ghost against his most habitual act of idolatrous worship; and he is encouraged to believe that the Bible sanctions it. Not only is the blind led farther out of his way, but he is taught to consider that his leader into the paths of destruction, is the infallible word of God. Popery advances her false doctrines by haughtily setting the scriptures altogether aside; but give her the aid of Socinian craft and Liberal recklessness, they will devise a plan among them that shall make the whole fraternity of Jesuits wonder at their own simplicity and straight-forwardness. I have guarded these remarks by the clause, *If this be intentional:* if it be not, we shall see very shortly the impression called in, and another issued, from which the foregoing, and the various passages that favour purgatory, transubstantiation, and justification by man's meritorious works—all fully exposed by Dr. Newland and others—will be altered or omitted; otherwise the stigma must remain, and the guilt rest on the heads of those who have to answer for it. A Romanist, officiating as teacher, would not, if he could, explain to the children the mistakes into which this treacherous book of extracts must lead them; a Protestant dares not. The priest would immediately discover it, and inform against the offender. Besides, the masters are restricted to the very miserable, unmeaning categories appended to the lessons: they may not overstep their commission. At least, an honest man would not do it; and a dishonest one has little temptation, seeing the mischief ably done to his hand, so far as the lesson book is concerned; but in the other points, the published rules of the Board, which afford a seeming protection against undue preponderance on either side, are so much waste paper. The master is paramount in the school, doing, undoing, evading,

altering, and reversing, with an impunity controlled only by one superior authority —the priest.

Yet the open, unveiled violation of rules in favour of the reigning superstition is striking; in England it would not be tolerated. I have remarked on the close juxta-position in which the national schools that I have seen stand to the Romish edifice. I now find that out of seventy-three schools in protestant Ulster, sixty are built actually within the enclosed precincts of chapels, nunneries, or monasteries; in Leinster, out of one hundred schools, there is not one but what is similarly situated. Among these, one school entirely occupies the basement story of a large Romish chapel, in Dublin. Munster has sixty-eight schools; two only of which are exceptions to the practical rule that, in defiance of the nominal rule places them on the holy ground of Romanism; and Connaught with its twenty schools exhibits no exception whatever!

One more remark, and I quit this humiliating subject: for what to an English Protestant can be more painfully humiliating than to see the name, the authority, the wealth of England thus prostituted to aid the designs of God's enemy against the souls of her own subjects? If help had been given to introduce, under such high sanction, this plan among others already in operation, it would have been an evil application of government influence: but we must remember that an excellent system of scriptural education, supported by a public grant, was set aside; and so far as the withdrawal of that grant could accomplish it, extinguished, in order to substitute for it this unhappy device, by which 90,595 poor children, nursed in the soul-destroying errors of Popery, are farther confirmed in them, and placed more entirely under the despotism of the priesthood, while 15,633 young Protestants are exposed to the perils of contamination, from that with which they are brought into daily contact.* I may, however, make a few exceptions: in this obstinately Protestant part of Ireland, some few schools set the priests at defiance; and in one which I could name, the grant of books from the board was found unopened, just as it had been packed in Dublin; the master alleging, that if he once produced those books, every Protestant would immediately leave the school. But even on this there is a sad drawback. The heresy falsely called Unitarianism, as Popery is falsely called Catholicity, prevails to an awful extent among the Presbyterian congregations: it has been indignantly cast out by the sound orthodox body of the true church of Scotland, who have purged the synod of Ulster of that unholy leaven; but they cannot banish it from the professing body there, any more than we can extirpate it in England; and, to give error in every possible shape all practicable advantage, a Socinian sits at the Board in Dublin, to watch over that branch of the anti-christian interest. Thus some who are sturdily resolved not to deify the Virgin or St. Peter, are no less fixedly bent on undeifying our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. Alas for the cause of truth, when such an alliance is sanctioned and upheld by the constituted authorities of the land!

While breakfasting with my more recent ministerial acquaintance, admiring his delightful home and lovely children, and enjoying the converse of a cheerful, intellectual, and enlightened assemblage of friends, we were regaled with the sight of another division of cavalry returning from their northern campaign. I almost wonder at the cool contempt with which the loyal Protestants endure this degrading insult, degrading, not to its objects, but its perpetrators. The former feel this; and I really think that pity for their governors is the reigning sentiment whenever they contemplate this ridiculous exhibition of affected panic, and concern for the public peace. No such demonstrations are made in the south, to intimidate the midnight murderer, or day-light assassin, from his meditated crime. Protestantism is now the only offence deserving viceregal visitation in this country; and happily for them, it is a case where punishment may be inflicted with impunity, which is more than could be said, if treason and rebellion were laid under the scourge. I am now about to quit Newry, and I shall part with regret from many with whose existence I was unacquainted twenty-four hours ago. Pressing invitations to stay, hospitable offers of all that their homes could afford, have assailed us to the last; and if I were

* These were the numerical returns in April 1837.

not longing to reach Tollymore Park, and limited as to time, I could hardly manage to escape from these persuasive Newry friends. I leave them calculating on a triumph in the approaching election. Mr. Ellis comes forward in broad and open opposition to the party who have hitherto contrived to maintain a majority. His politics are conservative; his professions altogether those of Protestantism; and the late gratuitous affront having roused many lukewarm spirits, and united some who before were kept apart by minor considerations, I am mistaken if the ostentatious parade of her Majesty's troops among a loyal and peaceable people, does not facilitate the sending to parliament of an additional opponent of her Majesty's very incompetent administration. It is not that I care for whig or tory: little confidence I have in one or the other, actuated as both too generally are, by the hollow principle of seeming expediency, without a reference to the only rule of right; but with my own eyes I see the daily proofs of a fixed determination to conciliate the destroyers of God's heritage, at the expense of all which they are bound to uphold: and therefore I wish the country a happy deliverance from their mischievous rule.

LETTER VIII.

COUNTY DOWN.

Tollymore Park, July.

You desire me to give you a minute description of all that I should see here: in how many volumes? A plan so well worthy describing, I never before saw; but when I take up the pen, and would transfer to paper the bare outline of what the eye and the mind, even at this moment can take in together, I am lost in a labyrinth of ideas. We left Newry in a post-chaise, and advanced into a region of grandeur, surpassing all that I had conceived from the expressions of my friends. The road winds at first through unequal grounds, ascending and descending considerable swells; then the banks on the right hand rise to what you would call mountains, did not the distance present you with towering forms, which leave you doubtful whether your near neighbours can be termed any thing more than moderate hills. Picturesque, however, they are in the highest degree: a succession of almost perpendicular sweeps, often wooded, always gay with wild flowers, and, whenever the slope will admit of it, fine ridges of potatoes, the white and purple blossoms always appearing in distinct plantations, and wearing the fashionable aspect of flowers en masse. With us a potatoe field is a very homely affair; our straggling ridges, the single rows of plants placed length-wise, and the flat confusion of the whole thing defy all idea of the ornamental. But Paddy knows better: he separates a rising ground into parcels of about two or three yards in width: digging between them a very deep trench, say two feet over, running in as straight a line as the eye of mathematical precision could desire. Across the beds thus divided he sets the root; so that the ridges do not appear on a front view; and thus a long, wide, highly raised bed of very rich plants stretches from the road-side up the hill, well defined by the separating trenches, and these again supplying a singular ornament to the scene; for the prevailing weed, which bears a bright flower of the deepest yellow, is carefully eradicated from the beds, but allowed to grow on either edge, which it does most thickly; and so beautiful is this belt of rich gold exactly bordering the spacious slips of emerald green, with its uniform tufts of pure white, or else of pure purple, that I am in doubt whether it is not the effect of design. In short, I must take leave to repeat the assertion which has more than once offended your nationality, that an Englishman knows neither how to grow, how to boil, or how to relish a potato.

After this well merited eulogium on the staff of life in Ireland, I return to the distant landscape, the dark mass of mountains that rose and looked forth, as if watching to bestow the universal greeting, the hundred thousand welcomes of the land on a friendly guest. Just as their bold outlines became more defined, we encountered one of those untoward events to which all travellers are exposed—a regular fall of rain. Not one of those little pattering concerns that you are accustomed

to, but a real energetic Irish torrent, coming down in sincere earnest. The poor postillion, with his broken hat and thin linen jacket, became an object of sympathy to us; and as I have always experienced the truth of the homely adage, —'Where there is a will there is a way,' our concern proved of some avail to him. Opening a front window sufficiently far for our purpose, we managed to hold a large umbrella over his head, so as neither to impede his view of the horses and road, nor to direct a dripping stream upon his ill-clad person. Frequent practice has rendered us very expert at this operation; and to judge by the earnestness of the poor people's acknowledgements, I should suppose that it is not a common attention. I cannot however, persuade myself that any person possessed of a tolerable share of humanity would sit with a folded umbrella in a weather proof carriage while a fellow creature endured the pelting of a storm from which he might be screened at so very trifling an expense of trouble and condescension. Our Irishman repaid to the best of his power the little kindness conferred, by taxing his memory for every particle of information there stored: and I think where that failed, he sometimes drew upon his invention, particularly in furnishing a name for every hill we passed.

The rain, though violent, was not very persevering; two or three discharges from the frowning sky seemed to expend its liquid ammunition, and the remaining clouds rolled off, just as we fairly reached the foot of that magnificent chain, the Mourne mountains. Bare and undiversified as regards their surface, which is of a brownish green, or rather a greenish brown, and exceedingly rocky, imagination could not picture a finer variety of outline than they in their changing positions exhibited as we wound along. You must imagine, on your right hand, a good black bog, sometimes interspersed with a patch of cultivation, and on its farther edge, seldom removed beyond the distance of a moderate sized field, a crowd of mountain tops, sometimes precipitous, more generally descending with a rapid sweep, now intersecting each other, anon forming a sort of defile, quickly terminated by an obstructing individual, with its round, conical or angular crest fully displayed as we drove past the opening: then again a long unbroken though finely undulating line accompanying you at an equal distance. Turning the last point of this gigantic rampart, you seem to bid farewell to your stupendous companions, and are half wearied with the comparatively flat, and rather sterile aspect of the right hand scenery; while on your left the tall hedge gives place to a stone enclosure, with a plantation within, and you find that you have entered on Lord Roden's estate.

It then became a matter of trifling consideration to me that the mountains had withdrawn; my heart and eyes were both full, overpowered with the consciousness of having at length reached a spot the very name of which had for many years been precious to my thought. For many a long day I had been traversing the land, from Waterford hither, lamenting the evils for which I know there is a radical cure, but not as yet permitted to see extensive power heartily applied to administer that remedy. A calm, firm, uncompromising resistance against the spirit and genius of popery, a vigorous repression of its external risings, a healing process for the alleviation of the miseries that inevitably result from its secret workings, a persevering proclamation of gospel truth, uncontaminated with any neutralizing admixture, and carried out by all the means that active benevolence and untiring zeal can discover, by schools for all ages and all classes, most judiciously apportioned and sustained; all this and much more I knew marked the presiding influence where I was at length privileged to come as a guest; and when, over the door of a sweet little cottage that broke the regularity of the left hand fence, I beheld an inscription *in the Irish character*, indicating that it was a school, my feelings were more delicious than even they had been at Vinegar Hill. There, a dark and dreadful recollection mingled with every gladsome thought: here was a wilderness of natural grandeur that seemed to shut out the stormy world; moral destitution yet prevailing indeed, but with a sweet budding promise upon the desert, that it should yet rejoice and blossom as the rose.

On the right, the ground swelled more and more, but cultivation was carried to its farthest point. The whole hill side

being portioned off, divided with banks of loose stones, and each little estate having its cottage, each cottage its small hedge row enclosure, with a tree or two bending over it, you cannot imagine how interesting was the picture. Much of turf-bog lay intermingled, giving a sombre cast to the scene; and the remaining soil was evidently rough, much encumbered with stone: but those cottage allotments, scattered very widely and irregularly about, some approaching the road, others perched high on the eminence, were a perfect contrast to the wretched cabins that I had seen huddled together in other parts of the country. While watching the varieties of this landscape, we were almost startled by a sudden rencontre with our giant friends: again they flung themselves before us in unveiled magnificence; and presently a scene more enchanting than I had dreamed of appeared: for the onward road descended, and evidently led through a low ground, beyond which in broad and brilliant loveliness lay the sea. I shall not forget the smile with which the poor driver turned his head to look at me, when a rapturous exclamation burst from my lips: and while we proceeded along a beautiful road, edged with handsome cottages, he remarked, "Lord Roden's village:" then, passing a most respectable dwelling, with its range of stabling, he added, "Lord Roden's inn;" and wheeling his horses to the right, where a very fine gateway and picturesque lodge marked the entrance, he almost triumphantly concluded,—"Lord Roden's park!"

The iron gates were thrown open by a porter clad in the same garb with my friend at Dundalk, whose military bearing well accorded with the Waterloo medal that glittered on his breast. A fine carriage way bordered by flower-beds, overhung with stately trees, forming one of the noblest and most graceful avenues possible, swept along first rising, then with a wide curve descending again, and opening such a view! I shall not attempt to describe it yet: I must first take you to the house, still sweeping round to the right, an expanse of grass enclosed within a light fence occupying the foreground of the mansion, until we alighted at the foot of a noble flight of steps, and entered the building. The first step you take is into a spacious lofty apartment, floored with oak, and hung round with fine portraits and maps; crossing this, you turn to the left, and find yourself in a very long and high but not so very wide hall, with a succession of archways, which produce a beautiful effect. Over the first of these on a broad scroll, in large letters of gold, and in the rich celtic character, you read the greeting, the dear Irish greeting, CEAD MILLE FAILTHE. It is impossible to conceive the effect of these few words displayed in such a place. Lord Roden, I knew, was still in England; and the Countess was then on some of her daily visits of mercy to the neighbouring poor; so that for a short time we must be alone: but a welcome, an immediate, a glowing welcome, the noble proprietors have provided, whether present or absent, for the humblest guest who can tread that truly baronial hall. I stood for a moment, arrested by the suddenness of the salutation; and my inmost heart yielded the response, "Yes, I know I am welcome here; for I love Ireland, and my heart's desire and prayer is to serve God in the Gospel of his Son. Therefore I am welcome."

I must linger a little in this enchanting hall: it is lighted on the left by a row of high and richly stained windows, which cast a most beautiful mellow lustre on the opposite wall, hung with a series of family portraits. Rare cabinets, displaying many costly articles of foreign workmanship, stand at intervals on either side, and in the central part a very fine double staircase admits a large opening between the two flights, over which a broad lantern pours down the silver light of day. This spot again detained me; for its chivalrous character struck an old chord in my heart. Four complete suits of mail, so placed as to give you the entire figure of an armed man on each pedestal, are ranged on the left: opposite, in the square opening between the staircases, are two stands, each containing twenty muskets, with their bayonets ranged beside them, excellently kept. A large drum hangs near; and over the whole, depending from the balustrades, float five bright banners of various descriptions; while pikes, halberts, pistols, and a great variety of curious arms, are tastefully disposed around. You may understand from this, that the walls of the staircase and landing place form three

sides of a hollow square; these are occupied above by a very valuable series of five paintings of great size, representing the different hairbreadth 'scapes of Charles II. The figures are all large as life; and the portraits and costume excellent. They were painted by Fuller, shortly after the restoration, and are seen to great advantange among so many tokens of devoted loyalty as abound in this spot. Proceeding onward and passing a farther line of painted windows, portraits, and antiques, two doors to the left lead into the elegant suite of apartments that form the dining and ante-rooms, and the splendid library at present used as a drawing room. At the farther extremity of this hall is another apartment recently added to the building, of which more anon.

You will believe that by the time we had traversed this space, I was sufficiently excited to be thankful for a little leisure to compose my spirits before the noble lady of this noble mansion returned to confirm the greeting of the Irish scroll, and to lead us into the delicious grounds, that, all sparkling with sunlit drops of recent rain, looked more like a gorgeous imagining than a reality of this defiled earth. I could not if I laboured for a week at the task, convey an adequate idea of the beauties of this place; nor could you name an appendage capable of ornamenting a spot that is wanting here. Would you have sublimity? A mountain, planted to its summit with trees of the richest and most luxuriant character rises close to the house; above it appears the long waving line of a noble ridge, called the black mountain; and looking over that, yea looking down with a most patronizing air upon this fairy scene, towers the conical point of Slieve Donard. When this was first pointed out to me, I felt though I did not say it, that Slieve Donard ought to lift his head a little higher, for the sake of a more marked pre-eminence, above his giant neighbour. Yet I was really astonished when, half an hour afterwards, while I was looking up, a thick cloud rolled away, which I had never suspected to lie between me and the object of my curiosity, and showed such an altitude as I certainly had never pictured to myself. The most striking appearance is the seeming proximity of this splendid peak: you fancy that, if permitted to climb over the tree tops to the termination of the wooded height, you could pass by a single step to the black mountain, and thence by as easy a transition, to the ascent of Slieve Donard's crest. You may judge of the grandeur of such a combination; but you can form no idea of the enchanting loveliness of the garden ground that separates the house from its magnificent guardian heights. The gently swelling lawn is diversified with every possible variety of ornamental trees and shrubs, arranged in clumps and clusters with faultless taste, or allowed to rise alone, and show their elegant outline. Flower-beds, stored with the choicest aromatic and brilliant specimens, are cut in the soft grass: while here and there you see an enormous basket, formed of wreathed twigs, adorned with fir-apples, and bearing on the mould that fills them all the delicate creeping and other flowers that can be thought of. These are trophies of the industrious ingenuity of the youthful and noble heir, delighting to add another charm to this region of delights. The famous rhododendrons, averaging from thirty to fifty feet in circumference, form a distinguished feature, though not now in flower: their lower branches rest on the lawn, and each plant naturally assumes a very graceful pyramidical shape. At proper intervals sheep of a handsome breed are tethered, but seemingly at large, browsing fearlessly on the velvet sod beneath them. Turn from this, and go towards the front of the house —your eye following the gradual descent of the wooded hill as it slopes away, rests on the ocean. From the window of my sleeping apartment I see distinctly, without a glass, the Isle of Man, reposing in mid-sea; and with an ordinary telescope, the shipping in its port is clearly discernible. What would you add to this combination of attractions? Rocks, woods, and a mountain torrent might improve it. Well, I challenge the world to outdo the demesne of Tollymore Park in these particulars.

Leaving the house in the rear, and the exquisite lawn on your right, you cross a slip of pasturage, and enter the covert of a dark grove, which leads you by a descending path, just wide enough to walk on between the trees and brushwood, until you emerge on the edge of the most ro-

mantic stream that ever burst its way through a channel of rock. The latter lies in masses, sometimes to a depth of twenty feet or more, but never for that length unbroken. Huge blocks, hurled, as it would seem, by some gigantic arm, lie in the wildest confusion in the bed of the river; while the fantastic shapes assumed by those which line the banks, the variety of lichens and suckers that spring from every fissure, the darkness of the narrow chasm, enlightened by the foam of those dancing, dashing, whirling waters, and the grotesque positions into which the overhanging trees have twisted their trunks, generally mantled in ivy,—altogether form such a scene of witchery, that I only wonder how I dare dishonour it by any attempt at a description. This wild stream, rushing from the Mourne Mountains, winds its eccentric course through the length of the domain, keeping close below the wooded hill, and so perfectly concealed that you must be on its banks to know any thing of its existence. At different turns, where the ground abruptly descends, or the channel suddenly deepens, fine falls are produced; but it is a succession of cascades, sometimes presenting half a dozen at a view, falling from different parts of the same fragment of rock. Man could do nothing here, except to preserve the banks in as perfect accordance as might be with the torrent; and this has very successfully been done. Now a grotto, then a bridge most rustically appropriate, and occasionally a spot of greensward, with chairs and tables *en suite*, embowered in the trees, vary the walk; but still you tread upon the edge, and cannot avoid beholding, at every step, the wonders of the rocky depth beneath, with its ever-varying stream of pure water, sometimes black with the masses of rock and wood that close it in; then transparent as crystal, while it lightly leaps some barrier, and plays awhile around its base.

In a level part of this enchanted glen, Lord Roden has pressed his wild river into the service to which he devotes himself, and all that he is, and all that he has, —the service of his poor countrymen. Here, with that constant attention to the elegant and picturesque which enhances the useful, he has erected a saw-mill; and very delightful it is to see the mountain river, subdued into a quiet force, steadily wending its way for a space, to work by its impetus an extensive machinery. The dense forest supplies trees, without their being missed; and the stream which fed them enables a few workmen to execute the whole process of sawing, planing, turning, and finishing off every useful article, from the solid timbers that support a substantial house, to the little pegs that unite the fences around it. This spectacle of busy operation, the cottagers coming with their carts for a valuable freight of timber, and the young children to gather chips in their pinafores; the solitude, the loveliness of the woods, the occasional glimpse of those towering mountains, the tranquil grace of the river at this useful stage of its progress, and the peaceable, contented aspect of the poor tenantry who avail themselves of the boon,—all impart such a charm, that when to it you add the crowning glory of the whole, the assured truth that love to God is the moving principle of all this active benevolence that nothing here is undertaken, nothing planned, nothing desired, but what has been brought before the Lord in fervent believing prayer, and nothing sought but as a means to glorify Him, and to benefit his creatures for his sake,—you must say with me that sea and land may be compassed without finding a spot where the heart can so rest, so expand, so expatiate, as in this abode of natural beauty, moral elevation, and spiritual peace.

But I must lead you back to the house, for you have not seen the chapel. Fancy a choice collection of all that the sculptor, the painter, the engraver can accomplish to render the oratory of a nobleman's house costly and imposing:—you will then have fancied the exact reverse of Lord Roden's chapel. A plainer apartment I have not seen: it is an oblong square, of a good size and height, the windows just under the ceiling, white walls, and benches with good backs ranged transversely throughout. On the right hand side, as you enter stands a desk, simply to support a book; with a low stool for all but the stately master, who stands, you know, four inches above men of six feet high; on the opposite side is a chair for Lady Roden, with a space for the family and guests, no otherwise differing from the rest than as

having cushions. At the farther end, a door leads into the park, always open to admit all comers. We are called by beat of drum, the butler striking the great drum in the hall at nine o'clock, morning and evening, to this modest place of prayer; and while the inmates of the house enter from the hall, there is not a beggar on the road who is not equally free to approach by the other entrance. A hymn is sung, a portion read and commented on, and prayer offered; after which the kindest notice is taken of those poor who have any occasion for particular attention. Several families residing near also come to avail themselves of this privilege,—among them one to whom I have already become quite attached, that of Lord Roden's agent and valuable fellow-helper in every good work among his people. Captain Hill officiates during his lordship's absence; but we hope to see this delighful household with its head in his own place before long. Meanwhile, I am getting all the information that I can respecting the system pursued: but I am forced to confess that the attractions here are so numerous and so powerful as to make me almost forget my proper business in the enjoyment of pleasure, such as I have rarely partaken in before. This bewitching garden—this romantic steam—this baronial hall with its ancestral trophies, and its many reminiscences of former times—above all, the privilege of watching the beloved partner and helpmeet for this exemplary Christian patriot in her quiet, unostentatious, daily rounds of mercy among the poor cottagers, with the elevated tone of conversation and pursuits, all tending to the highest object of man's mortal existence, make me shrink from remembering what lies beyond the range of this little kingdom of peace and love, and try to persuade myself that poor Ireland and her native race are cared for in every district as they are at Bryansford.

You will remember that in first alluding to the subject of Irish misery and its proper relief, I mentioned a twofold remedy, either branch of which, separated from the other, must be inadequate to the emergency that calls it forth. Here, the very *beau ideal* of what I want is presented to view; and with a success that would be triumphantly conclusive, did not the blighting influence so kindly fostered by the present government interpose to a degree that would be impracticable without such fostering aid. Lord Roden allows no competition for land; he encourages no outbiddings, he drives no hard bargains, he leaves his tenants no pretext for sinking into abject poverty. Every indulgence compatible with the encouragement of industry is afforded; arrears of rent are unknown, because he takes care to require no more than what a reasonable share of attention to his proper calling will enable each tenant to pay. If the man be diligent and industrious, he is under no apprehension of being taxed beyond his means; if idle and disorderly, he must make way for a more deserving person. Neither does it require any superior measure of worldly wealth to put this benevolent plan into daily practice; the landlord's interests are as much promoted by it as those of the tenant. I do not believe that any mortal ever yet suffered even in his temporal possessions by being liberal on a sound Christian principle; but men of the world do not comprehend this part of the mystery of godliness any more than the other parts; they find no bank-notes in their Bibles; and a divine promise will not circulate on 'change. Therefore you rarely if ever find such men stepping out of the beaten track, though common sense should tell them the same tale on the credit of actual experience.

Did you ever amuse yourself as I have often done, by looking over the mottoes of the peerage? Some are singularly apposite to the character of their present bearers; others strikingly opposed to them. Lord Roden's is "*Faire mon devoir.*" and never do I lift my eyes to the scroll that exhibits it over one of the archways in his hall, without thanking God for having engraven it on his heart in a far brighter blazonry than ever adorned a shield. The principle of this motto lies at the root of all his actions; and because, by the grace of God, he seeks his rule of practice no less than of faith in the inspired volume, and the power to act it out from Him who inspired it, "Look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper."

I have, however, only noticed the temporal part of his plan, in the relationship of landlord to his tenants: the other branch is attended to with a zeal that no-

thing can damp: a perseverance that nothing can dishearten. Up, on the mountain top, as high as a cabin can be pitched, down in the loneliest glen, afar on the distant verge of his broad lands, and close to the home of his heart, the voice of instruction resounds. The hoary-headed man, whose dull ear is doubly closed to any other accent, listens to it in his own sweet native tongue, from the lips of some fellow-peasant who has been made to receive and to love, and is now commissioned to declare, the truth as it is in Jesus. The smiling infant, invited to some school, of which there are many on the estate, drinks in with the pretty jingling rhymes that arrest his giddy little mind, the name of Jesus, unmixed with the creature-worship of Rome; and learning to rest his babyish cares and hopes on the Saviour's compassionate bosom, feels no after need of supernumerary helpers. For every stage of human existence between these extremes there is suitable instruction provided; and rapidly was the work proceeding, gathering around this beloved nobleman the little ones of his poor tenantry, daily strengthening a bond that should have endured through time and extended into eternity, when this curse of Ireland—I use not the word lightly nor hastily, but with solemn deliberation I repeat it—this dire curse of Ireland, the National Board of Education sent its emissaries here, opened its pest-house of bigotry and error, and by means of priestly influence forced the poor lambs from under the paternal care of a true shepherd, to fold them in the wolf's den. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord."

The principal schools, those immediately under the eye of Lord and Lady Roden, are just outside the Park-gate. The girls' and infants' schools are under one roof, opposite the gate; the boys' farther down the road leading to Newcastle, the pretty little town that stands on the edge of the bay. In the infants' room a card is very conspicuously hung over the fire-place, requesting that nothing may be said or done to excite vanity in the minds of the babes; a very wholesome and needful precaution, for it is exceedingly difficult to refrain from expressing admiration, which, even at that tender age, children know how to appropriate, and to abuse too. Indeed, the singleness of purpose that characterizes every public act of the Earl, with his simple desire that God may be glorified, and his fellow-creatures permanently benefited, is traceable at every step of this delightful investigation. If ever these pages get into print I shall not escape a reprimand for saying so much: but in this I have a duty to fulfil. "Faire *mon* devoir" requires that I should hold up to such questioners as you a living proof of the practicability of what all seem to think desirable, but few will own to be feasible. I maintain that if the cloven hoof of pro-popery legislation had not intruded here, I should have been able to show an unclouded illustration of my favourite theory: as it is, I can bear witness that Lord and Lady Roden live in the hearts of their people; and I do not believe that there is one among them who, unless personally overlooked by some reverend Roman, would maliciously crush, I won't say his house, but a leaf of the orange lilies that gaily laugh in my face wherever I turn.

But what, you will ask, have I to say about that formidable attack on the mansion, of which we heard so much as having resulted from his Lordship's orangeism? It is not for me to correct the mistakes of my predecessors: I can only state two facts. One is, that the reported assault consisted in a few stones thrown, and random shots fired, as an infuriated body of insurgents hastened past the gate, on their way to an expected fight: the other is, that the affair took place, as nearly as I can calculate, some time *before* Lord Roden announced himself a convert to the orange system. His principles ever were, are now, and I trust ever will be, essentially those which placed the house of Orange Nassau upon the throne, and which are thence called Orange; but he did not connect himself with the Association, until convinced by close personal inspection that its original constitution was as unexceptionable as the critical position of the Irish Protestants rendered it expedient; and his object was to restore to its pristine purity what, in different hands, had undeniably been greatly perverted. Since I have strayed upon this ground, and inspected on the spot that most terrific monster who lurks among the lilies, as Love is said to do among the roses, I will en-

lighten your opacity a little farther on the topic.

In the first place, then, the Orange institution took its rise, not from the noble, the wealthy, the powerful, the ambitious of the land, who might calculate on the value of such an instrument in pursuing their own projects; but among the humbler classes, who finding each his little property, his children and his life, at the mercy of surrounding enemies, the poor blind tools of persecuting Rome, banded in a purely defensive league to uphold the Protestant church and government, and to rally round their menaced firesides, with united purpose of heart, and combined strength of hand. By degrees, as the fatal spirit of Protestant concession fed the inflated hopes, and nerved the destroying hand of Popery, the spreading danger occasioned an extension of the protecting system; and loyal men of all ranks repaired to it, as to a common centre of union. The ancient badge of Nassau, to this day cherished as the national emblem in the kingdom of Holland, was chosen as an appropriate remembrancer of the Protestant prince who instrumentally delivered us all from the yoke of spiritual and temporal despotism. The society extended itself on all sides; and at this hour, the term Orangeman is synonymous with that of Protestant, throughout the length and breadth of the Romish population. Rebellion could not prosper, dismemberment was hopeless, the integrity of the British constitution withstood all shocks, and the blame of this was freely, I will not say undeservedly, cast upon the obstinate Orange faction. O'Connell, despairing of success, either by intimidation or force, against such a host of true hearts and strong hands, bethought himself of a notable expedient. The government, secretly influenced by him, were beginning to look very cold on their best friends, when O'Connell was seized with a violent fit of sympathy, bewailed their wrongs, burned with brotherly resentment against an ungrateful state, and assured the Orangemen that if they would only unite with him, he would speedily effect a repeal of the union, and faithfully share with them the spoils of their recovered isle. With a degree of cool waggery, the Orangemen kept silence until he had made himself ridiculous to the utmost of his versatile ability. No language was sufficiently laudatory or adulatory, to be applied to that noble, gallant, devoted, exalted body, the Orangemen of Ireland. On a great public occasion, he seized an orange flag, tore open his waistcoat, and pressed the honoured colours to his patriotic heart, the medal of the society to his truthful lips;—nay, in the enthusiasm of his newly awakened devotion, he plunged a glass into the Boyne, at Navan, and quaffed the beverage to the famous toast, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes!"

This was the climax: the diverted Orangemen could expect nothing beyond it. So they very composedly gave him to understand that his eloquence and his antics had been alike vain. Instead of sinking into their hearts, his persuasive words had glided off, to adopt a favourite Irish trope, "like drops of rain from the back of a duck." Hence the burst of vituperation, the tempest of compound epithets of execration and abhorrence, that thundered over the heads of the never-enough-to-be-abominated, treacherous, bloody-minded Orange faction. Vengeance on the Orangemen became the subject of his daily device and his nightly vision; and having once obtained the mastery in the Commons' house, by means of his floating majority—that righteous retribution on faithless England, who had provoked it by forsaking her sacred protest—he proceeded to demand, at the hands of a quaking cabinet, the sacrifice for which he panted. You know the enormous, the utterly incredible falsehood on which the charge was grounded—an imputed design to alter the succession, to set aside her present Majesty, and to place the Duke of Cumberland on the throne! Depend upon it, if O'Connell thought such a thing might be agreeable to the Orangemen, he would have proposed it to them over his bumper of Boyne water; but no, he knew better; neither did he dare to leave that stigma to be investigated. He just caused a false representation of some kind to be made to the aged and harassed monarch, who permitted his royal name to be used, in the language rather of entreaty than com-

mand; and well did the traitors who prompted him know that a word of appeal from their oppressed sovereign would do more than an embattled army could do towards the accomplishment of their wily project. And so it did: it disarmed and disbanded the Orangemen of Ireland.

All this I knew at the time; not a sentence has been spoken here upon the subject, except that, when asking an account of the meeting under this roof, at which Lord Roden dissolved his lodge, and all laid aside their badges, I was entreated by one of the gentlemen to drop the subject; for the scene was too agonizing to be recalled without greater emotion than they liked to exhibit. I desisted immediately: my own heart beat too much in unison with theirs to doubt what must have been the bitter anguish of receiving such a requital for their devoted loyalty and unflinching fidelity to the sacred cause. As for the wretched pretence that the people —meaning the poor slaves of the priesthood—were irritated by the name and symbols of the association, it is as notorious as the noonday sun that the oath so generally taken by them to wade knee-deep in Orange blood simply means Protestant blood; and that, if questioned, they would probably tell you that Martin Luther was the first Orangeman, and Grand Master of all the lodges.

I saw to-day a young English lady, who told me she had been visiting the National School just by, and that the master had been absolutely raving against Luther, in presence of the children; and when she attempted to moderate his violence, he seemed disposed to expel her by force. This excited no surprise in me, having heard so many similar testimonies to the fidelity of these Popish instructors; but, considered in connection with the beautiful mode of teaching, and with the very high degree of scriptural attainment in the schools from which these poor children were so cruelly drawn away, it thrilled me with mingled sorrow and indignation. To return once more to the Orange,—there is not a slip of garden belonging to a house, cottage, or cabin, inhabited by a Protestant, which the lilies do not almost exclusively occupy. Positively I have seen more of them within the last week than ever I did in my life before; and the question naturally presents itself, If the symbol was so obnoxious to the Romanists, would they leave it thus unmolested by the roadside, where they might destroy the flowers by hundreds without fear of detection? But it is useless to dwell on the mocking fallacy of all that has been urged to blind the honourable and high-minded people of England to the glaring wickedness of the general persecution now raging against Irish Protestants, and Irish Protestantism, and of which this is only a branch. I have the consolation of knowing that, as yet, the real bond of union is strengthened by the means basely used to annihilate it. The devotion of these people to the church and the throne is increased by the peril to which both are exposed. The Orangeman's principle does not reside in his ribband, his pass-word, or his sign. Had he been mildly and reasonably requested to relinquish these, or to suspend their use, as a matter of sound expediency and good example, no question can arise as to its having been cheerfully done. What renders the matter so deeply disgraceful to those in authority under the king, is this: that, instead of giving the Irish Protestants an opportunity of manifesting their willing obedience where Scripture has commanded them to obey, the public document which, indirectly, called upon them to annihilate themselves as an associated brotherhood, proceeded on the assumption of the most atrocious, baseless calumny that ever was devised. Not content with slaying their victim, these refiners on treachery contrived to blacken his character while they took his life. I suppose you remember the story of Hunne, in the Martyrology: he was imprisoned for his faith; and not daring to bring him to public trial, the persecutors entered his dungeon in the dead of night, strangled him, laid him out very nicely, and then suspended him to a nail. The object, of course, was to make it appear that, under the terrors of a guilty conscience, he had hanged himself; but, unhappily for them, the placid features, closed eyes, well-straightened limbs, and general *tout ensemble*, gave such unquestionable testimony to his having been a cold corpse before he was suspended, that even a Popish inquest in Mary's days could not gainsay the matter. Now, as to who contrived to make the unjust death

of this pious man a seeming evidence of his guilt, every body knew, though nobody could bring the villains to justice. Perhaps it may be the same in this case. Every body may know who, in the malignity of mortification, resulting from an unsuccessful attempt on the integrity and fidelity of the victim, conceived the plan of destroying at one blow his life and his good name; and most people, as in the affair of Hunne's murder, may have a pretty clear inkling of the parties who effected the extinction of the former, and anxiously tried to annihilate the latter; but they are all out of the reach of human jurisdiction: Hunne's murderers have long since been cited to a higher tribunal, and the conspirators against Irish Protestantism are safe in the consciousness that nobody who has the will has also the power to uphold its cause; and *vice versa.* Still, when I took the well-worn folio of old Foxe out of my portmanteau, and pondered over its venerable pages to-day in the Orange lodge, I drew an involuntary parallel; and I never again shall look at the quaint picture of John Hunne hanging in his prison, without viewing the two events in connection.

"The Orange lodge! What treason shall we hear of now? Are not all these lodges dissolved?" Yes, except a few intractable spirits, who are not to be convinced by any logic that loyalty is misprison of treason. They are discountenanced, reprehended, and every way discouraged, by the Grand Lodge, which fully, sincerely, and without any mental reservation, yielded to the royal suggestion,—I was going to say the royal wish; but that I am certain it never was. The apartment to which I allude is not so called by any one but myself. It is a noble room, an addition to the original mansion, situated at the farther end of the long hall, and opening upon the most richly beautiful part of the flower-besprinkled lawn and shrubbery; all the sweets of which are laid open to it by means of the windows actually touching the floor. It was formerly fitted up as a lodge, elegantly hung, and festooned with fine cloth, in pannelled compartments, alternately dark blue and orange; the seats and cushions being of the same. It is now nearly dismantled, and, from its delightfully retired situation and close proximity with the exquisite garden, preferred in summer by Lord Roden as a study, and to transact the multiplied business of his large estate with Captain Hill. In his lordship's absence, I have obtained the privilege of writing in it. Many a solemn, many a spirit-stirring thought is excited when I look around upon the disordered fragments, soon to be entirely swept away, of what for a long series of years formed the outer badge of that within which passeth show,—that which will survive despite the puny efforts made to destroy it, or to transform it into the opposite of its nature.

It was in this apartment that the sacrifice was made, so costly to those who offered it on the shrine of loyalty—a sacrifice that may appear trivial to persons at a distance, whether of place or of feeling, from the men who were called on to make it; but which wrung the honest, affectionate hearts that no peril could drive, no bribe allure, no injustice alienate from their allegiance. Here they met in immense numbers; while the beloved Grand Master of the lodge used his powerful influence to calm their agitated feelings, and to reconcile them to the act of more than self-immolation, the severing of a bond, the distinguishing feature of which was that it united the poor cotter with his wealthy landlord, the labouring peasant with his lordly employer, and inspired every descending link of the chain, reaching from the highest ranks of aristocracy to the lowest grade of obscurity, with the sweet consciousness that they were one in the same common cause. The noble holding his loyal Protestantism as the proudest among many distinctions, the poor man cherishing it as his all—and each prepared to make good his pledge even to the shedding of his dearest blood in its defence. Here, in this room it was, that the badges were laid aside—the orange scarfs, or sashes, under which throbbed some of the truest hearts that ever rallied round an endangered church and throne—the blue ribbands, to which were appended the small silver ornaments that distinguished the different officers; the secretary having a pen, the treasurer a key, the chaplain a bible, all in silver. Here it was that each man despoiled himself of what no open enemy had ever yet been permitted to despoil him, and struggled for submission under

the infamous wrong inflicted on his character, and the irritating taunts that assailed his order, from an exulting class of wilful defamers, who hated because they could neither conquer nor corrupt them. All that I can learn of the scene is, that the lodge, the grand hall, the entrance, and the broad avenue, were thronged with the brave men and their weeping families. Why, there was hardly a Protestant child in the country who did not feel the insult and the injury. As to the poor Romanists, I do not believe they took any pleasure in the proceeding, except as their guides pointed it out to them as a great step towards crushing Protestantism, and expelling from the land those whom they are taught to look upon as alien usurpers of the soil. The Orangemen were bound to credit the solemn assurance that all rebellious societies should be effectually put down if they would set the example by dissolving their loyal association. I never believed it, as you well know; and at this moment every treasonable fraternity throughout the land is in the full vigour of life and activity, unchecked by the hand of power; undisguised in its objects and effects. You will say I am dwelling too long on this painful topic; but consider how recently I have sojourned in Wexford, and the view that has been forced upon me, during my short progress, of the rampant position of Popery, and the depressed state of Protestantism on all sides. Gullibility has been often imputed to the English people; in fact, the open honesty of their own character unfits them for the reception of suspicious misgivings concerning others. In this case they are abused beyond all that can be conceived without thoroughly investigating the matter, and sure I am that they will pay dearly for being so grossly misled with regard to the Protestants of Ireland.

The native language prevails here to a greater extent than I supposed; for I thought it hardly existed in the north. Lord Roden is a strenuous supporter of the Irish Society, alike in word and in deed. You have already heard of the school, with its Irish inscription, by the road side: up in the mountains there is no lack of similar advantages for the poor Irish-speaking tenantry; and I have conversed with a very intelligent, sensible master, himself a convert from Popery, who finds much encouragement in his work. In fact, there is not an individual engaged in it who does not acknowledge that a blessing attends him. Go where I will, and into whatever company, this truth is elicited, often from unconscious, sometimes from unwilling witnesses, that wherever the Irish bible finds admittance, there God manifests himself to be the author, not of confusion, but of peace. I do not mean to say that the worst passions of men are not stirred up to resist the message, and often most dreadfully to maltreat, yea, to murder the messenger; but this is overruled to the wider spread of the work; and many of the fiercest opposers become in turn devoted teachers of what they have vainly laboured to destroy. The plan of the society is to find in any district an intelligent man, always a Romanist you may be sure, who well understands the language. They give him an Irish Testament, and a few primers; promising him a small gratuity for each person whom he shall have taught to read, and be able to produce to the inspector at his next visitation. By this means, both master and pupils are brought into direct contact with the inspired word; its flood of light bursts upon their darkness—its pure and sublime truths conveyed in a language so familiar, so fondly endeared to them, stand out in all their majestic proportions, and the black, deformed, withered brood of anti-christian inventions are put to flight; they cannot endure the presence of the Holy One, revealed in his word. This, this is the object of that desperate enmity displayed by Satan and his instruments. Here is the point at which they drive, in the whole system of anti-protestant contrivance.

The Bible is the mark to be aimed at, whether through the badge of an orangeman, the funds of a school, the temporalities of a parish, or the heart of a minister. It is by Protestant effort that the dreaded book has free course, and is glorified, even where Satan's seat is; and by crushing Protestantism, they vainly hope to say to the word of salvation, "Hither shalt thou go and no farther." They cannot succeed: no, they may gnaw their very tongues for pain, but succeed they cannot. I do not believe that any triumph obtained over the

Protestants, as a body, will in the slighest degree impede the wide-spreading conquests of Protestantism. Quite the reverse: they do but provoke the Lord to jealousy, setting the briars and thorns in battle array against him, and so hasten the swift destruction that awaits their doomed church and cause. My feelings, as I look from the window of this dilapidated orange lodge, to where Lord Roden's Irish teacher crosses the park, with his Bible under his arm, are those of exultation and joy. It is for my own country I grieve; for Protestant England thus beguiled and befooled, and betrayed into an alliance against the Lord and against his Christ, by stretching out one hand to snatch the blessed book from the little ones of poor Popish Ireland, and thrust them by thousands into the nunneries and monkeries that defile the land which they darken: and the other to deal a blow upon the very hearts of those to whose faithful adherence, under God, she is alone indebted for the continuance of her empire over this distracted part of our island domain.

I must now tell you something of the Sunday schools, in which I passed some very delightful hours. In the morning I sat by, to learn the method pursued in Lord Roden's own class, which is taught in his absence by Captain Hill. Parts of the Scriptures are taken in regular order; and on this occasion, some verses of a Psalm came in course, which enabled me to remark the great attainment made in scriptural knowledge by the young men and boys before me. We then attended the pretty village church of Bryansford, where sound doctrine was set forth, and very earnestly enforced by the young curate of the parish. Very soon after the service, we adjourned again to the schools, and I took courage to occupy the honoured place of the absent master, and became interested beyond measure in the work. There were four young men—a gardener and a groom of Lord Roden's and two Romanists from the neighbourhood—whose answering showed not only what culture they had enjoyed, but on what a soil that culture was bestowed. For the two latter, who sat at the head of the class, my very soul was moved in fervent, importunate, though secret prayer to God for their deliverance from the yoke which as yet they had not shaken off. The chapter, in the Book of Kings, did not afford me the opportunity of getting in all that I wanted, but at length I was able to revert, naturally, to Rebekah's mode of procuring the promised blessing for Jacob; and so managed, that the question should come in course to the most intellectual, and, as I secretly knew, the most bigoted of the Romanists, Whether it was lawful to do evil that good might ensue? He maintained that it was; and we fairly contested that point; while his arch smiles and increasing animation showed that he fully understood my object, and knew I was aware of his creed. He was left without an answer at last; and the workings of earnest thought in his lively expressive countenance, showed, that without even a shade of anger or ill-humour he took a very deep interest in the matter. It was such joy to me to see with what alacrity these men kneeled down, and with what sober devotion they seemed to join in the closing prayer. God grant that they be found on the right hand of the throne on the great day, seals among many others, to the faithful ministry of this noble and just steward!

There is no second service at the church, so the domestic chapel was fairly crowded in the evening; when a pastor from the mountains some way off, the very beau ideal of a Flavel or a Baxter, led the devotions, and preached at considerable length on that rich passage, Exod. xxxiii. 12, &c. It afforded quite a taste of old divinity, as the after conversation of the good man did of the zeal, love, and simple devotedness of former times. I cannot tell exactly in what consists the charm that appears to hang over this place, but I seem to realize here a state of being of which I had only dreamed before: yet, they tell me, it is a very melancholy time, for Lord Roden is away. I am going to attempt a gallant enterprise, at which every body smiles, no less than that of scaling Slieve Donard. A party is formed, chiefly of buoyant young people, who kindly promise to leave a basket of provisions for my benefit, some half or one third of the way up, that I may not be starved or stupified during their long absence. I take it all very kindly, but fully intend to eat my share of the good things within the circle of stones

that looks from this house like a common mile-stone, but which they tell me is the size of a church, at least in circumference. I never succeeded in mounting even an ordinary-sized eminence without difficulty, through giddiness of head. Vinegar Hill, which would be a microscopic object beside these Mourne mountains, almost baffled me; but my heart is set on this exploit, and I fully expect to achieve it. There is a prospect of unequalled magnificence, I am told, from the summit of Donard, embracing, besides, an immense tract of Irish scenery, the mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and Wales: and as the weather is brilliant we expect a noble view. At all events, there will be more to brag of in having attempted Slieve Donard, than in walking over the crown of any height I have elsewhere beheld.

LETTER IX.

COUNTY DOWN.

Tollymore Park.

The period of my happy sojurn here is now well nigh expired; and I must give you the particulars of our excursion while yet I may raise my eye from the paper to the lofty subject of the tale. There he rises, with his head just unveiled from a dense cloud, the sunshine striking brilliantly upon its nicely-rounded point, and imparting a smile that seems to add another to the many joyous looks which have brightened the whole district for the last two or three days. I might, to be sure, have told you all this in four words—Lord Roden is here. But though you have witnessed, aye, and ardently joined in the burst of welcoming plaudits that greet him in Exeter Hall, you can form no idea of the quiet yet brilliant sunniness that is shed on his own family, his own household, his own tenants and poor neighbours, by the presence of one whom the Lord has given to be a blessing wherever he goes. Oh that every mountain in dear Ireland had a Tollymore Park at its foot; and every cabin a Roden to care for its poor inmates! I have long appreciated his character, nay, venerated it: but one must see his very face reflected in the sparkling eyes of his own people to know how *they* prize him. And whose testimony shall be taken before that of the poor creatures who are taught by their spiritual guides that to love such a heretic is a sin: to hate and to injure him, a step heavenwards: yet who would give their lives for him any day or hour.

This disgression was occasioned by a glimpse of my noble host, passing down to his favourite saw-mill. And now for Slieve Donard in earnest. Our party, as I told you, was very youthful: my own particular beau, Mr. Hill, being somewhat under twelve years, his sisters not much older, and only one beside myself come to years of grave discretion—an English lady, who had before accomplished the ascent, as had Lady Maria, and all but W. and myself. We started most merrily, some on a car and the rest in a phaeton, and dashed quickly through the pretty little town of Newcastle. Here we found ourselves with the sea spreading broadly on our right, and on the left the beginning of an ascent that it really seemed chimerical to attempt achieving. We had wound along the foot of the Black Mountain, and arrived where nothing but Slieve Donard appeared, heaving a broad shoulder towards the sea, and raising his tonsured head above it at a most forbidding altitude. Nothing daunted, however, we made our arrangements, burdened the guide with an enormous basket of provisions, and wheedled a little bare-headed, bare-footed gossoon to carry our cloaks and shawls. The first stage was very unpleasant: an iron rail-road formed to conduct heavy loads of stone from a quarry above, tried both patience and shoe-leather in no ordinary degree. I quite longed to reach the heathery region above: and was not a little encouraged by a very common deception occasioned by the disappearance of the actual crown of the hill behind that which rose so steeply before us. Laborious it certainly must be, but not so unattainable as at first it had seemed; and after protracted efforts, with frequent applications to the reviving waters of a most lovely rill that fell, rather than ran down the mountain side, we seemed to near the object of our anticipations. The prevailing impression on my mind was that I had at length discovered

the full meaning of two words—fatigue and hunger: for the freshening air, which by means of our drapery impeded our progress not a little, gave such an edge to the appetite, that I think the prospect of Mike's basket as he trudged in the van, that is over our heads, drew me onward with attractive force. Certainly I would not then have bartered my expected share of its contents for the fee-simple of all the hills of Mourne. When next you are troubled with a failure of appetite, do not apply to the doctor until you have tried the effect of an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, attained by your own exertions on a blowing day, just over the sea.

But the top was so near! Mike shortly disappeared over it, and after a rest of a few minutes we followed. It was one of the most startling discoveries that ever poor worn-out traveller made. We had indeed gained the highest point, not of Slieve Donard's head, but of his shoulder; and there rose the formidable dome, for such it exactly appeared and probably is in shape, its sides presenting seemingly a surface of rude rock, a little interspersed with vegetation. 'You had better remain here while we go forward,' was the kind suggestion; and one at least offered to stay with me; but the downward view convinced me that we had reached an immense height; and as the clouds gathered quickly over us, I thought it better to bide a mountain storm under the shelter of the stone walls that peeped over the highest point. Besides, it would be too mortifying to be condoled with on the failure of such an enterprize: so with renewed resolution the toil was resumed, and proved lighter than appearances led me to expect; for those rocky protuberances furnished excellent stepping stones, being generally flat on the upper surface, with abundance of tough fern and heather to afford a safe hold in climbing; while every fresh pause for breath opened a more splendid view than the preceding, as I turned to lean against the hill, and gazed upon the beautiful bay below, with the increasing range of coast on either hand.

Four hours were passed in struggling against the difficulties of the ascent; and when at length we actually stood on the highest pinnacle of this magnificent steep, the prospect, marred and circumscribed as it was by a drizzling rain, would have overpaid twice the effort. If nothing else had been visible but the house and park of Tollymore I should not have complained; diminished to a very toy, they yet looked so lovely, so securely nestled at the foot of that tremendous sweep, that I shall carry the picture in my mind's eye while I live. The sensation of standing at such a height above the abodes of men was very strange to me: it was also very delightful; and while all were lamenting my disappointment in not having a clear day and extensive view, I did not even wish for them. Nothing could be more striking than the spectacle of the whole gigantic range of Mourne Mountains—visible from the farther side of the bay of Dublin, and from points yet more remote—spread like so many hillocks beneath us. But though diminished to the eye, in grandeur of effect they lost nothing; for the alternate swell and depression, the frequent gully and ravine, the grouping, or if I may speak, the massing together of these 'everlasting hills,' and the sober mantling of their giant forms in a vestment of dark brownish green, deepened almost into purple by the sprinkling of small heather bells in every part, all combined to furnish such a foreground that I should have had little notice to spare for any thing that might lie beyond it, had the state of the atmosphere revealed it all. It was only by walking to the very verge of the mountain's scalp that I could obtain a sight of Tollymore park and house; the former in its emerald green, the latter of the purest white, gave the idea which of all others best accords with the reality of the thing; that of a milk white dove nestled in the boughs of a noble tree: and earnestly did I pray that such might ever be the character of that sanctified abode of peace and love. There was, however, much of pain mingled with the hour's enjoyment. The heap of stones furnish a melancholy evidence of that zeal for God which is not according to knowledge; those strenuous efforts of man to establish his own righteousness that must end in everlasting disappointment. The stones are of various sizes; many so large that my utmost efforts could not have moved one of them; yet all have been brought up this laborious ascent, either as a matter of atoning or

meritorious work, by the poor Romanists of a former age. They are arranged, or rather rudely heaped in an imperfect circle, with some appearance of a division into two or more apartments. Inclosed within the range is a well which the guide told us was holy; and the little boy who carried our cloaks added that the water would heal any sick person who was dipped in that well. Near it was a broad slab supported on uneven blocks, and which, from the vegetation that crept round it must have been there a long time —this was used as an altar. The place is now forsaken, so far as its supposed sanctity is concerned; but the delusion, alas! still spreads from shore to shore of this lovely, ill-fated land, and to whatever point the eye can turn, Rome is exalted, God is dishonoured, and man betrayed.

The exact elevation of Slieve Donard above the sea, is matter of dispute: some rate it at 3200 feet: none calculate it at less than 2800. The great abruptness of its rise, and the narrow dome in which it terminates, add much to the effect of its real altitude. It is a princely mountain, and until I meet a nobler, I must call it king of its race. Nothing can be finer than to see its lofty head emerge from a cloud as it has done more than once since I began this letter: and I am told we were wrapped in one during great part of the time that we trod its majestic heights. An hour was allowed for rest and refreshment, during which Mike's basket was lightened to his heart's content; and then commenced the delicate task of descending from our high station to the level of ordinary mortals. Among my many debts of gratitude in this place, I shall not forget what I owe to Lady Maria's new garden-spud, which she recommended as an alpenstock, and without which I should, I verily think, have had the less agreeable memento of sprains and broken bones to freshen my recollections of Slieve Donard. Many an adventurous leap was taken in reliance on its slender point, and I will not deny that I measured sundry parts of the mountain's side by my own length; consoled, however, by seeing others occasionally do the same. Nothing damped the merriment of the party, now widely dispersed, as each undertook to explore the very best path for an involuntary race.

The descent was very rapid, and altogether exceedingly pleasant; the sea spreading out broadly in our front, and the delicious breeze bringing perpetual refreshment, even when we no longer felt the keen bracing air of the higher mountain. The weather had varied; little rain falling, and that only in a slight drizzle, until we were fairly within reach of our umbrellas, which had been left below: then it came down in torrents, and the "cead-mille failthe" in the hall saluted a dripping party, well able to appreciate its value. It must have been owing to the powerful ascendancy of mind over matter, that, after changing my dress for drier materials, I felt no more fatigue than if I had been strolling for an hour along the margin of the mountain-river below. I cannot otherwise account for it; the four hour's upward toil, during which I frequently threw myself down on the slope to gain a little breath, and power to proceed, while every bone and sinew protested against such cruel taxation; the jolts, jars, and falls in descending, with the intolerable annoyance of the slippery railway, which induced some of the party to take off their shoes for a more secure footing, and which all allowed to be the worst part of the day's work, left with me no sensation of bodily fatigue, but an exhilaration of spirits, equally visible on each of our party, which, if I had not experienced its reality in my own case, I might have fancied to be assumed for a vaunt. Yet, looking, at tea-time, from the windows of the library to the very spot where we had stood a few hours before, it did appear very much like a dream to have actually achieved such a feat since breakfast; and I will confess that nothing would tempt me to a similar exploit any where but in this bewitching Ireland. They tell me there is rougher work in prospect among the mountains of Donegal, but you may expect to hear that we have accomplished it also.

The following day was a season of jubilee: I had just finished a most interesting and truly gratifying examination of Lady Roden's Scripture class in the Girls' School—had just made every eye among them sparkle and glisten, by introducing as an illustration of "love fulfilling the law," the pain it would give them to be tempted to do any thing injurious to the

interests, or contrary to the wishes of their noble landlord, benefactor and friend, when, as we left the door of the sweet pretty school-house, a shout of joy made Lady Roden start, and the next moment her son, who was not expected from school in England for a week or more, threw himself from his horse into his mother's arms; with the joyous intelligence of having ridden forward to announce that his dear father would be here in ten minutes. Cannot you fancy how the faces looked, in every feature of which a warm Irish heart was eloquently speaking its gladness? The very trees seemed to wave more playfully, the flowers to shine in gayer colours; and the "cead-mille failthe" to stand out in stronger relief, and deeper gilding than before. There was a deep quiet happiness seated in the looks of the domestics, as they stood on the look-out, or passed through the apartments with a rapid glance, to see that all was as the master would wish to find it. I met Captain Hill in the hall; we could only look each other in the face, and shake hands, for many a word have we spoken of mutual encouragement to pray for the preservation of him whom we both view, in his high character of a Christian patriot, as one of the richest gifts conferred by the Lord our God on this dear, desolated, misunderstood, and misgoverned country. At that moment our hearts were too full for speech.

A great deal is said of the mischiefs of absenteeism: it is indeed a crying evil; but residence alone will do little real good. A man may live on his property, maintain a large establishment, keep open house, give a stimulus to trade, and have his eye upon his tenantry, yet do less good than harm. There are two classes of resident landlords very common in Ireland and very injurious to it. One profess enlarged liberality of feeling; they invite the priest to their table, make light of all difference of opinion—with them it is indeed nothing more—subscribe to his chapel, patronize the national board schools, and leave them under his superintendence. They consider it equally the duty of a Romanist to go to mass and confession, to be idle on holidays, and to observe black lent if enjoined, as it is that of a Protestant to go to church, pay his tithes, and keep his promises. These gentlemen are the chief foster-nurses of Popery, without knowing or intending it; their influence and example alike assist to rivet the chains of error, and to heap up fuel for the beacon fires of rebellion. They may in their hearts wish the country a fair riddance of every Romish priest within its circuit; but they expect to purchase an exemption from the general rule of enmity against Protestants, by abstaining from all that savours of a Protest: and even should they send a stout conservative to Parliament, or go there themselves in that character, the political bias is kept carefully distinct from the religious peculiarity; and they are always ready to bear witness how loyal, how peaceable, how well disposed are their own "catholic" neighbours and dependents.

The other body is composed of men whose prejudices blend in one confused object of reprobation the sin and the sinner, Popery and the Papist—the curse of Ireland, and her native race who wither beneath that curse. They abhor the priest, abominate the mass-house, abjure the national schools, and firmly believe that nothing but the fullest establishment of Protestant ascendancy can save this island. They are perfectly right, so far; but in their detestation of what the aborigines of the land have become, they lose all sense, or nearly so, of what is due to them as brothers of the same nature, heirs of a like immortality of being, whether for happiness or misery. Fully aware of the desperate craft of Popery, and the iron grasp which it fixes on the human mind, and the dreadful perversion of intellect and faculty that it induces, they hold the case to be hopeless: the native race, they say, are too savage, too barbarous, too treacherous, too blood-thirsty to be reclaimed; and the only plan is to transport them, fettered as they are in ignorance and sin, to some distant shore, and to colonize the land with Scotch and English Protestants. This is their real opinion, however it may be softened either by prudence or by the natural benevolence of their hearts. They feel as though, like the Israelites of old, they had a commission to destroy or drive out the original inhabitants of the land because of their sins. Yet they are often among the most kind and just of landlords: they extend their bounty to the bodies of

the poor Irish, and deeply regret the state of their souls; but if you suggest any attempt at convincing them of their errors and converting them to God by means of the Bible, you are told, it is impossible: that the Irish race are beyond your reach: that they will either reject your attempt with insult, or else from mercenary motives pretend to be impressed, affect a reformation, and then take the first favourable opportunity of cutting your throat. Can it be wondered at if country gentlemen hold such sentiments, when even clergymen have been known to utter them, and at public meetings too—bringing as deep and as undeserved disgrace on the orange badge which they usurped, as they did on the church whose professed ministers they were.

Now I say, these two classes had better be absentees than not. The former give materials to form the rebel's pike: the latter sharpen its point; both overlook the origin of the disease, and both despise the cure. There is another class,—oh that the Lord may increase it! I will take Lord Roden as a specimen, and in simply stating what he holds, and what he does, I go as far as I conceive it possible to go in pourtraying the remedy for Irish ills. Like the first named body of men, he shows all courtesy and kindness, without distinction of creed or party; but he gives no countenance to priestly influence by making a guest of the man who exercises it; his purse is open to build a cabin for any poor Romanist, but not a fraction of the smallest coin that ever it held would he dare to contribute to any purpose connected with the anti-christian worship of Rome; neither does he, by counsel or by silence, sanction the soul-destroying practices of the people. Conservative in the highest degree, he takes his station in the senate, and there maintains an open, undisguised protest against Popery, in all its ramifications, theoretical and practical, general and local, ecclesiastical, political, and moral: surrounded as he really is by an attached and grateful tenantry, their personal regard for himself does not blind him to the fact, that if commanded by their priesthood they must, at the peril of their souls, set fire to his house, and massacre his family; therefore he advances on their behalf no plea of exemption from the universal blot. Lord Roden believes, with the other class enumerated, yea, he knows, that without the firm establishment of Protestant ascendancy in every department, prosperity in any shape cannot visit this people; but while rigidly enforcing its necessity in external matters, he bears in mind that Protestantism is, in fact, a distinguishing name for true Christianity; and the ascendancy for which he chiefly labours, is that of divine truth over the heart and conscience of man. He wars against the priest, the mass-house, and the national board, by upholding the authority of God's word, pure, free, and unmutilated, against all systems of human or diabolical contrivance. He assumed the orange badge as an open pledge to each poor Protestant, that in him he should find a helper in the common cause; as a token to each deluded Romanist that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to avow in the bosom of his retired home, or among thousands of opposers, the same principles that he maintains within the safe walls of the British Parliament; and as a public manifesto that those principles are identically what called the house of Orange to the throne of these realms. At the same time, his wish was to revive in the order its originally spiritual and patriotic character; which had been much weakened since its first institution. By the way, this elevation of its character was the chief inducement for putting it down; just as Hunne was murdered for openly confessing the truth, and adorning it with his life. Once more, Lord Roden is fully aware of the depth of debasement into which the native race have fallen; but he well knows what cast them down, and diligently works the lever that alone can raise them up again. Gladly would he see Popery banished, totally and for ever from his estate, and from the land: still, looking to Him who "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live," he strives to accomplish the gracious purpose of his Master, by saving, not destroying; by enclosing within the fold, not by driving yet farther from its boundaries the poor lost sheep of the house that once was God's Israel in this land. Lord Roden tenderly and widely cares for the personal comfort, the well-being and well-doing of every individual on his property, and he

uses the influence thus acquired over their better feelings as a means of doing good to their souls. He is not ashamed to bear the contemptible reproach of trying to proselytize, by introducing the word of God where it would not be received from any hand, save that of a kind, munificent landlord; on the contrary, he feels that he could not otherwise be a faithful steward of the worldly gifts entrusted to him by his Master who, in holy writ, often pleads as a testimony of His willingness to save men's souls, the liberality with which He giveth them richly all temporal things to enjoy, filling their hearts with food and gladness. It is strange how entirely some Christian people seem to forget that they must follow Christ through evil as well as through good report; and I remember the time when I felt disposed rather to beg and to work for the cause of missions to the heathen abroad, than to speak to the heathen at home, that they might be saved. The reason of this lurking preference I was not long in detecting: the former would bring on me a good report —the latter, perhaps, an evil one, with much present disappointment, vexation, and mortification. You know, I got resolution given me to take up the cross and to unfold the banner at my very door; and I am no stranger to the various contrivances of Satan to obstruct such a work, sometimes with the unconscious help of pious friends, damping, by their cold maxims of regard to the world's good opinion, a flame that they ought to have fanned and fed. To be sure they never did really damp it, thanks be to God; and I feel now enabled to defy all discouragement in my own little narrow sphere of hostilities against Great Babylon, since witnessing what my noble friends—and I am prouder to call them my friends than I should be to call Europe my dominions —persevere in doing for the cause of Christ among their poor neighbours.

Lord Roden, being obliged to go to Newry, sent me on an excursion up the Green mountain—that is, the richly, beautifully planted height over which the Black mountain and Slieve Donard look down upon us—to visit some of his cottagers: one scene affected me greatly. The exquisite beauty of the winding track by which Lady Maria drove me in the little poney phaeton, now crossing the romantic river by a bridge as wildly picturesque as itself, now following its course, where the most lovely cascades were produced by the downward slope of its channel; then completely closed in, and embowered by the luxuriant foliage that overhung the path; and again looking from the hill-side, through a casual vista upon the sparkling waters of the deep blue sea; all this had almost driven from my thoughts the ultimate object of the delicious drive, until we came to a rude gate, outside of which we left the quiet, pretty little poney, to take care of himself and the carriage, and proceeded to a pretty-looking cottage a short way beyond it.

The woman to whom I was first introduced, sat close beside her bed, aged, and evidently feeble, and moreover totally blind. When told that a strange lady was by her, she bowed, and gave a courteous welcome, but with that tremulous timidity which usually attends utter blindness under such circumstances. I then said, "It was my dear Lord Roden's desire that I came to visit you; he could not accompany us to-day," and was going on to deliver his Lordship's kind message, but she, judging I suppose by the tone that the expression came from my heart, repeated, "*Dear* Lord Roden,—any body who loves Lord Roden is welcome indeed!" and groping with both her trembling hands till she found my arm, she grasped it with a fervency suited to her looks. I asked, playfully, "Do you then know any body who does *not* love Lord Roden?" and many laughing faces came about me to join in the blind woman's eager negative. She then told with tears of gladness, what a blessing her soul had received through the ministry of her honoured master; and dwelt on all the privileges connected with the reception of Christ crucified into her heart. Her dress had caught fire just before, without her being conscious of it; and while her daughter carefully pinned up the scorched rents to improve her appearance, she dwelt with glowing joy on the security of the Lord's poor little flock let what may betide their bodies. The sorest of her trials was that of being now prevented by increasing infirmities from attending the chapel, so far below the site of her mountain abode; but with this too, she

had learned to be content. Before leaving the apartment, I was asked to look into the neighbouring bed, and see the fine little baby just added to the family party, consisting of three generations. Such a bright, smiling, intelligent face as the mother lifted up to greet us; and such a glow of pleasure overspread it, when she heard the remark, that his lordship would be delighted to hear he had another tenant in that cottage! I could not lose the image of the dear old disciple, with her cheerful resignation to a very heavy infliction: I could not cease to think of her prayerful exclamations of gratitude to him who had been the appointed instrument of conveying to her this rich blessing: and I saw at once by what means Lord Roden's hands are held up, in his sustained, protracted conflict in the cause of his country. It is the poor man's prayer that upholds the nobleman's course; it is the fruitful return of an imparted blessing, that refreshes him on his way. Every individual whom he is the means of bringing to Christ, pleads a Christian's privilege on his behalf; and the help that so many are agreed in asking for him is multiplied from day to day. Oh, that all men of rank, of wealth, of ability, of influence, knew how to avail themselves of this rate of exchange! The true patriot has now a most difficult part to perform, in his public, senatorial capacity; and often when he takes his arduous post in the heated atmosphere, and mingles in the uncertain debate, the evening prayer of some poor cottage family on the remote mountain-side, or deep in the distant glen, tracing to his faithful superintendence the peace, the comfort that is theirs, would rise before the Lord, an acceptable sacrifice, and the answer be sent by a swift messenger, to cheer its object when, perhaps, no man stands by him.

You have asked me, Is it true that Lord Roden, while professing to rely on the arm of God, still "keeps his powder dry?" In return, I would also inquire of you, which act manifests more of Christian charity, the punishment of a crime or its prevention? It is pefectly true, that the powder is kept dry, and that the injunction to keep it so appears on the stand of arms in the hall: it is likewise true that hard by, in very large letters, is the text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and the two are just as reconciliable as, in any other case, is the use of means with an entire dependence on him who has appointed them. You know that, in this country, outrages are rarely committed by those who dwell on the spot: bodies of men from a distant place are summoned, and employed in the work of destruction. If a hostile attack were planned against Tollymore Park, it is not the County Down that would supply the murderous gang. Tipperary, or Galway, or some other remote district must afford them. Is it not an act of positive mercy to the wretched perpetrators, and the more wretched instigators of such horrors, to present such a front as shall deter them from the crime? I know what a clamour has been raised by that song, the burden of which is Cromwell's advice to his troops on crossing a river. "Put your trust in God, and mind you keep your powder dry." Cromwell was a heartless, ruthless, hypocritical aggressor; but it does not follow that his advice abstractedly was wrong. Ahitophel gave excellent counsel, though from a bad motive, and for a bad purpose. The song in question* has nothing to do with the point at issue, whether a Christian should needlessly lay a temptation in the way of sinners to dye themselves yet deeper in guilt by destroying his body, because he knows his soul to be safe in the Lord's keeping, or whether he should restrain them by showing that, as a conservator of the public peace, and a magistrate too, he beareth not the sword in vain. You know that I can go as far as the Quakers do in reprehending and denouncing even defensive warfare; but with all these feelings unchanged, and desiring rather to fall beneath the hand of an assassin than to send his unprepared soul before the judgment seat, I heartily concur in the propriety of presenting such an aspect as shall, humanly speaking, preserve us both unharmed. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Most true: but it does not follow that the watchman is to sleep on his post. Rivers of blood have flowed in this unhappy country, through the neglect of means which God, as we have every reason to hope, would have blessed to its preservation.

* See Appendix G.

I have now to give you a precious document which was brought to me from Newry, in the shape of a hand-bill. At first I vainly thought it an election squib: but the gentlemen assure me it is authentic; posted, and distributed by thousands among the Romanists. This Michael Burke is the titular bishop of the diocese, and, of course, holding sway over the minds and consciences of his miserable followers. You may now see how faithfully the mitred priests of Rome abstain from political interference, and how admirably they fulfil their promises which we, or rather the English nation in general, so complacently swallowed in 1829. Mr. Ellis is prosecuting a most successful canvass in Newry: the high priest in question had a turbulent assemblage last Sunday, whom he stimulated by every possible means to resist, even by brute force, the return of the popular candidate. You will here see the allusion to this mode of keeping holy one Sabbath-day, with the promise of a similar desecration on the next. Here is the hand-bill just as it is before me.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. BLAKE, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP, TO THE CATHOLICS OF NEWRY.

"DEARLY BELOVED CHRISTIANS.

"It is at all times strictly obligatory on a Christian bishop to watch, with unwearied solicitude, over the flock which the Holy Ghost, with an especial intimation of the most awful responsibility, committed to his care; but most particularly is he obliged to do so in all emergencies of extraordinary moment, when duties of the utmost importance and of incalculable magnitude are to be performed by those whom he is bound to instruct, and when he beholds them surrounded by temptations of the most dangerous nature, artfully prepared either to prevent them from doing what is right, or, what is worse, to make themselves instruments for the degradation of their country and of their own characters in this world, and for the destruction of the happiness of their immortal souls for all eternity. And, if it be the indispensable duty of your bishop to enlighten, to exhort, and to warn you upon such occasions, so it is equally your's to hearken with docility, and to regulate your conduct by the principles of sound doctrine. '*Obey your prelates*,' says the apostle, (Heb. xiii. 17.) '*and be subject to them. For they watch, as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief: for this is not expedient for you.*'

"You are called upon at present, dearly beloved Christians, to exercise your right of voting for the appointment of a member of parliament, who is to stand as your representative in the august senate of the British empire, to make known your grievances and wants, to defend your interests, to claim your rights, to co-operate in making salutary laws for the nation, and thus to correct all public abuses, and to redress whatever is amiss in the management of public affairs. The right of voting for such an appointment has been communicated to you, not for your individual benefit, nor to pay a compliment to your private friend, but entirely for the general welfare; and should be *conscientiously* used, only for the good of the entire community, including all its classes and subdivisions. We beseech you, therefore, to consider the nature and importance of the trust with which you are honoured, the magnitude and wonderful extent of the powers which belong to a British House of Commons, and the frightful responsibility which is attached to your *trust*, unless you fulfil your duty as you ought, in selecting no other person as your representative in that grand assembly, but one whom you *perfectly* know to be honest, and governed by liberal and truly philanthropic principles; whose object in offering himself is to promote the welfare, not of a section of the people, but of the entire community; who has already proved himself not merely by professions, but by a long series of facts, and by the whole tenor of his life, worthy of public confidence; one who would have an identity of interests with his constituents; one, in short, whose sentiments would be in exact accordance with those so admirably expressed in the speech from the throne, by our already renowned and glorious Queen, and with those measures which her enlightened ministers have

pledged themselves to carry, and the success of which nothing can now prevent, if those who have the right of voting will, at the coming election, only do their duty to their long-afflicted, long-oppressed, and misgoverned country.

"On this day week, we shall have something more to say on this most important subject. In the meantime, we beg you to turn it often in your minds, and may *the Father of lights, and God of all consolation*, enlighten, sustain, and direct your virtue, that your example, on this trying occasion, may shine forth as it did at the last election, that you may show yourselves even still more worthy of your country, and of your divine religion: and may '*the Lord of peace himself give you everlasting peace in every place. The Lord be with you. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.*' Amen.

"† MICHAEL BLAKE

"*Newry, July* 23, 1837."

You will observe that the date of this "pastoral" is Sunday last; and that for Sunday next the attention of the faithful is bespoken for the farther instructions in store. To explain the force of Dr. Blake's injunction as to letting their light shine forth as it did at the last election, I must tell you how his "dearly-beloved Christians" then conducted themselves. On the Sunday and for several days before and after it, they were collected in immense parties by the agents of the "liberal" candidate into large open spaces, where they were kept by the attractions of music, dancing, whiskey, gambling, and still greater outrages than these on public morals, until they had been moulded into every purpose required; thence taken to the hustings, and polled against their interests, their promises, their consciences, and even their wishes. Under the influence of this brutifying and exciting process, they kept the town in a fearful state for some time after; and bloodshed and the gaol completed the work. Some of the poor people eluded the deadly snare laid for them, and remained within their homes. What was the consequence? Their right to be numbered among the "dearly beloved Christians" became suspected; strong parties burst into their dwellings in the dead of night, and, dragged from their beds, they were forcibly conveyed to distant places, and there locked up until the election was over. It is to the perpetrators of these deeds of depravity and outrage that Dr. Blake addresses his pastoral, inviting them by a repetition of their conduct at the last election to "show themselves men even still more worthy of their country and of their divine religion."

But the point to which I mainly wish to draw your attention is the declaration thus openly made by an authority which they deem infallible, that the Romanists of Newry will not only ensure "the degradation of their characters in this world;" that is, utter temporal ruin, and the imminent peril of their lives; but also incur "the destruction of the happiness of their immortal souls for all eternity," if they do not support Mr. Brady, the staunch advocate of repeal. In England you cannot conceive the tremendous force of such expressions from such a quarter. Dr. Blake has only to speak a word privately, and from their respective altars each priest will denounce the individuals in his congregation who have disobeyed the mandate, and sinned against their country and their own souls, by daring to act independently at the poll. They will then become the victims of an unceasing persecution: if in trade, none will thenceforth deal with them: if in the labouring class, none will employ them. Should the Protestants befriend them in these particulars, interposing between their families and starvation, their persons will be insulted, their dwellings attacked, and their lives menaced on all sides: while the terrors of everlasting perdition will be kept before their eyes, by the stern denial of those rites on which the poor deceived creatures verily believe that their salvation depends.

Now, consider in what way this plan is likely to operate throughout Ireland. The franchise is so extended that the great bulk of voters, in three provinces, consists of those whom the priests can drive like a herd of cattle, by means of such arguments, privately administered, as Dr. Blake, with more zeal than judgment, has openly promulgated. Mr. Brady is a fair specimen of the men patronized by the priesthood: a legitimate joint of what is expressively termed "the Tail," pledged to follow

O'Connell, and to move but in accordance with his volition. The destruction of the Protestant church and dismemberment of the empire, is what these men openly, avowedly aim at: their numbers must increase with the increasing boldness, decision, and activity of the Romish priesthood, whose delegates they are: that number in the Commons House is even now able, as a floating majority, to decide any question brought forward, where the regular parties that compose the British representation are divided: and thus are we already prostrated beneath the paw of the Apocalyptic Beast, who having imposed on our wise legislators by exhibiting his lamb's face, was, on the strength of it, courteously admitted among them; and now with his dragon's voice prevails to lead captive the British government, and to trample upon the British constitution.

LETTER X.

COUNTY ARMAGH.

Tandragee Castle.

I SHALL not attempt to tell you with what feelings I quitted Tollymore Park. The morning was very cloudy, and made even the chapel look dark: but there was light within. I think Lord Roden's exposition of the eighteenth Psalm will be one of the last things that I shall forget, if that can be forgotten which belongs not to the things of time. No man living is surrounded with richer blessings than Lord Roden: it is enough to say that what God in nature has done to beautify the spot where he dwells, that God by grace has surpassed in the beloved circle who inhabit it: the outward being but a type of the inward gifts. All this he sees, feels, and devoutly acknowledges: yet Lord Roden bears as heavy a cross as any man I know. Patriotism of the highest and purest kind is his ruling passion; and who that loves poor Ireland but must go mourning for her every day? Who that desires to see his Lord and Saviour glorified among his own people, his brethren after the flesh, but must take up St. Paul's keen complaint of continual sorrow and heaviness at his heart? Lord Roden is not one of those deceived good men who think it inconsistent to view politics and religion in that connexion wherein I really think the Holy Bible presents them to us: he does not wrap himself up in spiritual abstraction caring nothing for them that are without; or, with a refined sort of fatalism, consoling himself with the idea that since what must be must be, he may look on and say amen to all the doings of Satan, secure that God will bruise him under our feet shortly. No—the heavenward language of his soul is, "Am I not grieved with them that rise up against thee?" and this grief throws him in an especial manner on the promises of God in the Gospel of his Son. My heart is too sore to write much of Tollymore since I have left it. May the dove of peace ever find her tranquil nest among its beautiful bowers! As the mountains are round about it, so may the Lord be round about his dear people there! As the shining ocean spreads before it, so may a bright eternity of blessedness ever form their prospect! And for the kindness shown to me, and many another humble guest, received in the name of a disciple, may the promised recompense be returned a thousand fold into their generous, affectionate, and hospitable bosoms!

Preferring the car to all conveyances, I accepted that at the hands of my noble entertainers as far as Kate's Bridge, where Lord Mandeville's car was to meet us. His lordship and family are abroad; but a very cordial invitation from my old friend Mr. Porter, in whose hands every thing is left, was too tempting to be declined; particularly as Lady Roden had, just before it came, been expressing her anxious wish that I could see, "that beautifully managed estate." I knew that the plan adopted here was modelled on that by which Lord Farnham's property became so conspicuously superior to the generality of Irish estates; Mr. Porter having enjoyed the office of his lordship's private secretary at Farnham, before he came to Tandragee. I therefore determined to take this place on my way to Donegal, making my desire for information subservient to the pleasure of seeing a valuable and valued friend, after many years' absence. The first two or three miles of our journey were what is still a *terra in-*

cognita to me: for instead of remarking the peculiarities of the road, I kept an immovable gaze turned in the direction of the Mourne Mountains, soon totally hidden by the intervention of very inferior but much nearer heights. In a short time the rain began to descend heavily; and before reaching Kate's Bridge, where we stopped at the respectable house of a staunch northern Presbyterian, whose little general shop supplied the neighbourhood, I was more completely soaked than I remember to have been for years. A huge turf fire, in the back kitchen, where a grand wash was going on, afforded a partial drying; and then we mounted Lord Mandeville's car, driven by the smartest little fellow imaginable, and rattled on, under such a driving deluge of rain, that I was obliged to shut out it and the scenery together, by holding an umbrella before my face. All I know of the country is, that potatoes and orange lilies appeared the staple commodities, with an increase of corn-fields, as we approached our destination; indeed, the landscape became exceedingly rich, after leaving the mountain track.

Tandragee possesses a feature peculiar to itself, and very picturesque. The town consists of one very long and exceedingly broad street, the ascent of which is formidable. At the top stands the castle; a large, dark, ponderous-looking gate facing you, with rather a frowning aspect, overhung by trees of immense growth; and among them the church steeple looks out, from the bosom of the enclosure. The gates passed, you proceed by a short drive into a quadrangle, the four sides of which are formed by the castellated building, which is singularly antique in appearance though, in fact, rebuilt within the last few years. The inner gates are fortified, after the old fashion of defensive warefare; the material is grey stone, and the *tout ensemble* very feudal. The square, deep-set windows, with much frame-work and little glass, and the whole contour of the building that completely surrounded us, the paved court-yard without the least mixture of vegetation, and the gallery by which we had to enter,—all formed a strange contrast to the lightsomeness of sweet Tollymore; and not being in the mood to fancy anything unlike that favoured spot, I did not, at first, do justice to the castle. A most cordially Irish reception, however, from my old friend, with the unexpected pleasure of meeting the Dean of Tuam at the door prepared me to enjoy with high zest the treat which was in store; for, passing through the library, we were led into one of the finest conservatories possible, with gigantic fuschias and other magnificent plants rising to the very lofty glass dome; and in the centre, upon a high table, stood what they were pleased to call my garland—a beautiful fabric, four feet high, and of proportionate dimensions, formed entirely of flowers. Each column is the thickness of your arm—a plump one; and you never could believe so elegant and superb a thing to be the contrivance as well as the execution of a poor gardener. Yet so it is: the gardener and his men, unasked, produced this lovely piece of architecture to express the value that they entertained for certain pennyworths of knowledge, circulated in the shape of little books, through the lending libraries of Tandragee. It must, however, be confessed that the orange lily was unsparingly displayed, with a liberal admixture of purple tints, and the *Sweet William*, a naughty political flower much cultivated in the "black north," and which ought to be put *hors de combat*, the next time a military investment takes place. My well-soaked drapery had time to dry upon me before I had sufficiently admired my garland; and then our friend took us on the lawn, in front of the castle, the situation of which is more splendid than I suspected. It stands on the very edge of a descent so steep, that the tops of the highest trees, growing below, are very far beneath your feet when standing on it. Had not the rain prevented, we should have enjoyed a sight of the castle to great advantage from the road, it is perched on such a commanding eminence. From it the prospect is beautiful. A lofty turret, very hard to ascend, by a ladder placed perpendicularly, and fastened to the wall inside, commands a magnificent look-out, embracing Lough Neagh, and a circuit of almost boundless extent. But what pleased me beyond all the rest, was a distinct view not only of Slieve Donard, but of Tollymore Park, the house alone being concealed by the line of an intersecting mountain. The distance is full twenty

English miles, so you may judge how elevated must be the one, and how conspicuous the other spot; for we used no glass.

I shall now give you a sketch of the plan by which Lord Mandeville's property is managed; and in so doing, I hope to embrace the main points of that great question, How can Ireland be rendered prosperous, and her people tranquil and happy? To afford a clear insight into the improved plan, I will sketch that which generally prevails on large estates. The landlord appoints an agent, to whom he pays a percentage on the rents which it is his business to collect, as well as to regulate the division and distribution of farms, and in all respects to act as a medium of communication between the tenants and their landlord. The agent's duties on an extensive property are so various and so difficult, that much of the practical detail must be left to others, the under-agents, persons much inferior to the agent; and drivers, on whom the actual collection of rents virtually devolves; for they are sent out at regular periods to urge the payment, and receive from the tenants a fee on each visit. They are empowered to drive the cattle of defaulters to the pound, whereby the distressed tenantry are subjected to heavy expenses in fees to the pound-keeper, besides an additional demand from the driver. It is a common observation among those who have experience in the collection of any description of dues from the lower classes, that in proportion as compulsory means are resorted to, voluntary payments diminish. The system is a demoralizing one; the feelings of the peasantry being blunted by the frequent demands and rude threats of these subordinates, armed as they are with summary powers, become hardened by repeated exposure; and those who possess the means of making up their rents, or discharging their arrears, are often induced to withhold payment, because it is not the general practice to pay on the first application. The result of this plan is harassing to all parties, prejudicial to the tenant, and inconsistent with the duties of a conscientious landlord. I believe Lord Farnham was the first who ventured upon a total change of system, abolishing altogether that which I have described, and substituting in its place a mode of moral management, which superseding the ruder methods of compulsion, might at once promote the prosperity and happiness of his tenantry, and secure to himself a due and punctual return of the proceeds of his property. What do you suppose was the result, when he fairly reduced to practice a scheme that most people considered as beautiful, but visionary? Why, at the end of seven years, on an estate of upwards of twenty-five thousand acres, the arrears of rent did not exceed one hundred pounds.

The base which Lord Farnham took, whereon to erect this moral edifice, and the rule by which he fashioned the work, were the Holy Bible. Every part of his plan had reference to it; and of course education was primarily alluded to. Twelve school-houses were built in different parts of his estate, where the children of his tenantry, without any regard to religious distinction, all received scriptural education; and this has been successfully persevered in for fourteen years. He did away with the drivers, and in their stead appointed five inspectors of districts, who were forbidden to receive fees from the tenants, and could therefore have no personal interest in either pressing or relaxing; neither had they power to enforce payment by distraining or distressing the poor people: they were selected, as being each by constant residence and intercourse best acquainted with the families and feelings, the wants and circumstances of the tenantry in his respective district. The law of kindness was that by which they were enjoined to regulate their proceedings; their duties were executed with mildness; and thus armed with no terror, but possessed of the high moral influence that such bonds of connexion and such a mutual good understanding could not fail to invest them with in the sight of the people, they acquired an ascendancy never enjoyed by the most arbitrary and despotic manager under the old system. The rules privately printed for the guidance of these inspectors are beautiful; the link which they form between the landlord, or his agent, and the humblest of the labouring classes, are, in my mind, the precise *desideratum*, for the absence of which both have so long and so dearly paid. They are placed under the immediate direction

of the moral agent, to whom their reports are regularly made, but with orders to obey also the land agent, and to render him every assistance that he may require.

This is a very brief outline of Lord Farnham's admirable plan; and fully convinced by his own observation of its practical excellence, thoroughly versed in all its details, my friend Mr. Porter obeyed the summons of Lord Mandeville, to assume on this very large estate the office of moral agent, and to introduce the improved system, to the total exclusion of all others. You must know that in this part of the country, land is at such a premium, that if a farm of five or ten acres is to be disposed of, a ready purchaser is to be found who will give fifty or a hundred pounds for the good will, as it is called, of the tenant in possession, being at the rate of £10. an acre, the yearly rent averaging from twenty to twenty-five shillings per acre, and this land, perhaps, out of lease at the time. The feeling of security against dispossession, added to the anxiety which I noticed in a former letter to become the holder of land, induces this; but many evils result from the competition. The man who freely offers fifty pounds, does not perhaps possess twenty; he runs in debt for the balance, probably at high usury, and all to enter upon a farm requiring great improvements, which he has no capital to expend on. Besides, fees are, in such cases, frequently paid on the mere promise of the agent, and invariably demanded by him on each lease actually granted. This furnishes a strong temptation to subdivide the land most injuriously; and one of the many evils brought on themselves by the anxious bidders, was that of being put into possession of an acre or acre and a half, on the mere promise of paying the agent's fees; and then when they first appeared with a half year's rent, the sum was taken and placed to the credit of the aforesaid fees; while a heavy arrear of rent was allowed to accumulate on the head of the perplexed and helpless occupier. Such was the state of affairs here, and you may perceive in it a striking confirmation of what I told you when writing from Wexford. Lord Mandeville however appointed a land agent, who was alike competent and disposed to carry out every plan of judicious improvement, and who is a most valuable helper in the good work now prospering. On placing this gentleman over the tenantry, Lord Mandeville also addressed them in a circular, which set forth, first his anxious desire to fulfil his responsibilities in a manner that should conduce to their mutual benefit and happiness, being convinced that the real interest of landlord and tenant could not be separated; and that making the discharge of their relative duties according to the will of God their object, he trusted they might all seek and receive God's blessing on their endeavours. Mark, my friend, these truly wise men do not build on the sand; openly acknowledging the Lord in all their ways, how can they but find him directing their paths? Lord Mandeville's circular goes on to abolish the usual fees, to establish inspectors, to prohibit high rents for the prevention of any just excuse for arrears, to forbid the subdivision of farms, to do away with fees or leases; refusing also to give leases on lives, and substituting for that uncertain calculation a definite term of years; to guard against the mischief and injustice of the cottier system, and the oppression too often practised on the lower classes of tenants at will; to promise a nursery of fruit trees for the benefit of such tenants as may enclose orchards, and exhibit neatness and industry in their farms; to arrange the schools under the superintendence of Mr. Porter, who has also the care of a lending library in each school, of which all his tenants may enjoy the advantage, on application to the school-master; to announce the regulations under which persons inconvenienced by loss or sickness may receive aid from the loan fund, instead of borrowing money at an exorbitant interest; to assure them that medical advice and medicine have been provided in a way that will secure proper attendance on the sick poor throughout all the estate. Lastly, to direct how communications are to be made to his lordship, who sets apart a day in each month for the purpose of replying to them; and so he concludes with a desire that these endeavours and regulations may be blessed with mutual advantage. It makes my heart glow with joy to see the name of an English nobleman, the heir to an English Dukedom, appended to this valuable document.

I now proceed to tell you what I have learned from Mr. Porter of his doings, as moral agent here, and of the results that he has witnessed. His first anxiety was to make the schools more efficient than, under the general class of teachers which he found, they could become; Lord and Lady Mandeville kindly seconding his wishes by a liberal advance of salary to these important functionaries, he was able by degrees to bring about a change, alike advantageous to the children, and satisfactory to their employers; and he says he can challenge any district in Ireland to show him on one property thirty teachers to surpass them in respectability and efficiency. A great reform was at the same time introduced among the girls in the branch of needlework. Mr. Porter justly observes, that teaching children in their rank embroidery, is calculated to give them a taste for dress, unsuited to their circumstances; he was vexed to see girls able to work a fine collar, cap, or gown, who could not make a common article of apparel for their brothers or themselves. Accordingly he commenced by setting all the girls to work on some strong coarse shirts, suited to the wants of the labouring classes; and the increasing demand for these and for school-knit stockings, led to a more extensive manufacture than had been dreamed of: but this I must reserve until I come to describe the clothing store. The number of schools augmented rapidly: for one Infant School there are now five flourishing on the estate; and the others in proportion. Twenty-two school-rooms are now regularly attended by two thousand three hundred and thirty-four children daily; in addition to whom there are six hundred and sixty-seven constant in attending the Sunday Schools, making a total of three thousand and one under scriptural instruction on Lord Mandeville's property. Does not this gladden your heart to read, as it does mine to write it?

But the great practical evil against which these noble reformers, Lord Mandeville and his two agents, had to fight, was the sale of unlicensed whiskey. I must give you, as nearly as possible in the very words of my friend, the amusing history of this part of the campaign. The Shebeen houses, as they are called, are to be found in every neighbourhood; and though no outward sign denotes the business carried on within, every body knows that the occupier "keeps a bottle." "I required," said Mr. Porter, "through the inspector, a return of all such persons on the estate, and by means of friendly warning and advice, succeeded in many cases in stopping the practice. Some, however, notwithstanding their fair promises, continued to supply 'a little drop' to any who called in; but even this could not escape the vigilance which the system of inspection ensures, and due 'notice to quit' was served on the offenders. Six months passed over; the day arrived for taking possession, and instructions were given to dispossess a woman of doubtful character, living about a mile from this town, who still persevered in the sale of ardent spirits without a licence. Her furniture was removed, the door locked, and she was turned adrift. On that night an armed party came to the house of a widow adjoining the premises, and as this widow was supposed to have informed against the culprit through a covetous desire to obtain her garden, the most tremendous threats were held out towards, not only herself and family, but also towards Lord Mandeville, Hunt, Porter, and company, if the woman was not forthwith replaced in full possession of her house and premises.

"In this quarter of Ireland, the lawless party call themselves 'Tommy Downshire's men,' and another visit from them was promised if their demands were not presently complied with. This was a case of emergency; now was the time of trial, whether Lord Mandeville was to possess his rights, and to wield the power which he held in support of the laws and of morality, or make up his mind to retreat before Tommy Downshire whenever he chose to appear. I held a consultation with my excellent fellow-labourer, Mr. Hunt the agent, and we agreed to write to his Lordship for permission to level the house with the ground. Lord Mandeville's parliamentary duties at that time detaining him in London, we could not immediately ascertain his mind on the subject; and Tommy Downshire's men, thinking us too tardy in obeying their orders, paid a second visit to the poor innocent widow,

who really had no more to do in the business than you had, breaking into her house at night, and smashing to pieces her dresser, with its plentiful store of delft, and other things. They demolished every window in the cottage, and departed with the assurance that the lives of the inmates would be the next sacrifice. Just as the report of this outrage was delivered to Mr. Hunt and myself the next morning, came also a letter from Lord Mandeville, giving us full permission to level the house. This was most opportune: we summoned all the workmen under the steward, repaired to the spot, and in twelve hours after the visit of the armed party, there was not a vestige of the Shebeen house remaining."

"And what followed?"

"Oh! the effect was immense; these determined proceedings showed the country that we were not to be intimidated, but had resolved with at least as much spirit and courage as they could boast of, to restrain vice by all the lawful means in our power. The enemy never again appeared, and we heard no more of the matter: but I think we had within a very short period to rejoice in the suppression of about twenty such establishments; while many of the women who used to put 'the bottle' to their neighbours' mouths, are now amongst the most regular customers at the clothing store, respectable in conduct, and comfortable in their circumstances."

"Does not a great deal of the mischief perpetrated in Ireland, originate in meetings at these Shebeen houses?"

"Nearly all of it," my friend replied. "Many a respectable female dates her ruin and disgrace from them; and here political offences are plotted and ripened for execution. The profit netted by the owners of such unlicensed places is very great; I have known frequent instances, especially in Meath, and on the borders of Cavan, where a man having made his corn into whiskey, appoints a night, and issues regular cards of invitation, to this effect—'A ball will take place at Pat Lavery's on Sunday evening, the — day of ——.' This is a signal for a gathering of all ages; lads, lasses, and old folks who come to get a sup of the 'drink.' The lads treat the maidens, nothing being provided by the person giving the ball but music and lights, the liquor is paid for; the night is spent in carousing and all manner of revelry; and next morning, Pat Lavery has realized a sum to pay his rent, satisfy his priest, and do many other things beside."

Do you not agree with me that the razing of the Shebeen house was both a gallant and a most philanthropic exploit? In their hearts these people love a resolute man whom they cannot frighten; and this admixture of unshaken firmness with benevolence and sympathy, is the secret that so few can discover in all their attempts to find a method of governing the Irish. It is by these means that such an improvement has been wrought in the circumstances of the tenantry on this and on Lord Roden's estate, who, with all his overflowing tenderness of feeling, is as firm as the base of Sleive Donard in all that relates to moral restraint. You know, he banished the system by allowing the large fine for an illegal still to be levied on the district, refusing either to intercede for, or to assist the people, who were all cognizant of the offence, and declined to give information after his fair warning. It requires a strong share of moral and personal courage to act thus; but where those in authority rightly use it for the punishment of evil doers, they always find themselves upheld by Him whose delegated ministers they are. The kindness afforded by medicine, medical advice gratuitously supplied, loans of seeds, looms, wheels, clothing and money, produce a powerful effect on the minds of the peasantry; but these are all withheld, and every token of favour withdrawn, if they neglect the orders to whitewash their houses, and to remove the heaps of litter and manure from before them—those unsightly and unhealthy appendages to the poor man's cabin, without the aid of which he could not cultivate the little patch of potatoes; but which it often requires something more powerful than argument to induce him to place any where but just at the entrance of his abode. The only benefit that the contumacious tenant never forfeits, is the education of his children. That blessing is conferred on all, irrespective of merit or demerit; the excellent landlords considering that the more de-

graded the parents and their dwellings may be, the greater is the need for training up the poor children in better ways; and for striving to approach the incorrigible people by means of their well-taught little ones.

I hope you are not yet tired of Tandragee; for I have much more to say. My stay is so limited—not quite three days—and the weather so hostile to out-door investigations, that I am glad to sit, even at this season, over a good turf fire, and glean information from one so admirably qualified to bestow it. The clothing store is a curious apartment, and it is quite amusing to see a gentleman so *au-fait* in all that concerns the details of a country shop, and the economy both of male and female attire. The plan of banishing useless embroidery from the girls' schools led to this capital institution; and here, in a room under the roof of the castle, you may see as regular an outfit of cottage habiliments, and such furniture as the loom or needle may supply, as the best in London could boast. Every Wednesday the Poor-Shop is opened, and the customers press in from all quarters, none being admitted but the tenants, cotters, and day-labourers of the Tandragee estate. The former pay the fourth part of their bill for clothing quarterly; the latter, when the steward hands them their weekly wages, leave two shillings with him, which he pays into the loan fund once a month. Tailors are employed who are enabled to furnish articles at a slight cost to the fund, yet with a fair profit to themselves; and they are obliged, under a fine, to deliver the goods on the day week after they are ordered. What the children earn is divided into four parts; one of which goes to the little work-woman, a second to the mistress, a third for the purchase of threads, &c. and by a farther improvement, the children are paid, not in money, but by tickets, value from one penny to a shilling, which entitle the bearer to articles of clothing at the shop, equivalent to the amount of tickets presented. I have some of these pretty bank notes, which are not transferable; and I have also a beautiful specimen of patchwork to exhibit, in the shape of a large counterpane, all made by the dear active little Irish fingers; with a dozen of handkerchiefs that might pass for fine French cambric, all grown, spun, woven, and admirably made up, by the tenantry of this favoured nobleman. Oh, surely the Englishman *is* a favoured man, and surely he may bless God every hour of his life for it, who comes to poor Ireland, and settles on her soil, alike minded and enabled to be a blessing to her children! It is a peculiar sort of delight that I feel at Tandragee; because its truly noble owner is my own countryman, labouring to heal the wounds that our fathers have made, to uproot the curse that our fathers planted, and to scatter all around him the glorious gospel-light which England has never yet fully imparted to her poor sister.

Before leaving the shop, I must tell you something of the expense at which poor Paddy may make himself, and the wife and the children decent. I will name the lowest prices: A man's shirt is 2s.; a suit of clothes 15s.; great coat 18s.; pair of stockings 1s.—making a complete outfit for £1. 16s. A woman's entire apparel, including bonnet and cloak, may be had for £1. 0s. 6d. A girl's for 5s. 5d. and a boy's for 9s. 10. A bedstead and bedding complete, with blankets, sheets, and rug, for £1. 1s. 10d. A beautiful patchwork quilt, like mine, fetches from ten to eighteen shillings. Altogether it is a delightful contemplation, and gives rise to feelings of bitter grief that so few, so very few should be found thus paying back to the Lord, in the persons of his poor, a portion of the wealth which they derive from their possessions in Ireland. I must just give you a glimpse of the medical department; it is, like every thing else, judiciously ordered, and so as to do the most possible good. A clever professional man is retained to attend three times in the week, once in each district, at the several dispensaries, and to visit those at home who are too ill to come for advice; Lord Mandeville supplying the means for this noble work entirely out of his own purse. The returns of one year may afford you some idea of the comfort and benefit derived by the poor from this source. Out of 5209 patients, the number of deaths is 44, including eight from fever. The number of separate visits at their own homes was 1705; and of prescriptions 11,248.

With respect to the loan fund, the amount lent in 1836, was £1540. 18s. and

the instalments repaid within the year, amounted to £1162. 16s. 5d. while the quantity of clothing sold in the poor shop in the same year was £555. 15s. 8d. Can you not imagine what the judicious circulation of such a sum among the poor Irish tenantry must do towards improving their condition, and softening down the harsher features of a character sorely deteriorated, and severely judged? There is no place in Ireland where the Romish priesthood have less power over the people of their communion, or where the power is more effectually crippled; while gratitude to their noble benefactor is manifested by the tenantry in various ways, alike pleasing and encouraging. This fine property includes 10,654 acres, with a population of 9206 individuals.

You will perhaps say that, excepting in regard to his schools, I have not shown Lord Mandeville as doing much in the way of spiritual instruction. That is the crowning work. He has appointed a very zealous clergyman to the office of his chaplain, who preaches in each of the country school-houses once a fortnight, and in the two school-houses in Tandragee and Portadown once a week, thus proclaiming the gospel of Christ twenty-four times a month to congregations that daily increase. These sermons being in the evenings do not interfere with the parochial clergy, but act as auxiliary to their exertions. Until his lordship met with this valuable minister to aid his work, he made it his own business to instruct his tenantry, and might be seen in a school-house, overflowing with delighted auditors, who listened gladly to his declarations of the blessed gospel. Temperance societies are encouraged; a free choice being afforded to all to take or refuse the pledge, and if the former, to determine between the moderation and the total abstinence plan. Care is taken to place the matter on a truly Christian basis, so as to exclude boasting, and to guard against the peril of that self-applauding error which is apt, in some cases, when it has nipped off a bud to congratulate itself as though it had laid an axe to the root of the evil.

One striking instance of a marked and total reformation I must give you. In the year 1789, a Sunday-school was opened at a place called Bluestone, on this estate. A rock, or immense stone, formerly stood there, at a place where three lanes met, and was dreadfully famous as the rendezvous of Caravats, Shanavests, and other lawless bands, who preceded the Whitefeet, Rockites, Ribbonmen, &c. of our day. On this blue stone illegal notices were posted, and it was remarkable for every thing that was bad. At length some murderers being seized, tried, and convicted, were executed and interred at the three lane's ends, at the bluestone, which, as the legend says, was buried with them by the officers of justice, deep beneath the surface of the ground where it had stood. The place, however, has retained its name, a memorial of what it once was. The founder of the Sunday school here was Joseph Malcolmson, who yet lives to rejoice in the abundance of blessing that has crowned his work. He is a devoted old man, still keeping his little grocer's shop, where the Home Missionary, and every preacher of righteousness always finds a heartwarm welcome to the hospitable board of the patriarchal man, spread by the hands of his aged partner, ever seeking the privilege of entertaining such as come in the Lord's name. Bluestone, from being a by-name to designate all that was evil, is become the most orderly, peaceable, and respectable neighbourhood in the county! the Sunday-school numbers from three to four hundred pupils; the teachers have all been brought up in it; and to this school is attributed, under God, the marvellous change wrought in the character of the people. Old Josey Malcolmson, whose heart glows with the fire of true Christian zeal and love, is looked up to as a common parent by all around him; and the general hope is that he may be spared to take part in the jubilee which Lord Mandeville purposes holding, if God permit, in the year 1839, to celebrate the half century, that will then have elapsed since the little one which has become a thousand was first established at Bluestone.

I must leave you to ponder over these long, but I trust not uninteresting details, of what I could easily extend to the bulk of a volume by merely doing justice to the subject. I have much still to see, before leaving the castle, if the weather proves a little more favourable; and as it

is now settled that I go by Belfast to Derry, I may write to you from the former place with some farther account of my present interesting residence. I will, however, just add that having got as far as the infant school, more than half way down the long hilly street, I have been exceedingly delighted by the spectacle. A very spacious room, remarkably lofty and airy, holds the liveliest, most intelligent and comical set of little creatures, admirably taught. They were kept considerably beyond the regular hour, for our inspection, and their own amusement, as it proved; for we afterwards engaged them in a regular game at play, to the infinite delight of their parents, and elder brothers and sisters, who, coming to fetch the babes home, were provided with seats near the door, and greatly enjoyed the sport which respect prevented their attempting to join in. The frolic consisted in our building a very high pyramid of wooden bricks, and then allowing the little creatures, all properly ranged, to let off a volley of the same harmless missiles at the word of command. Nothing could have better elicited the national characteristics of drollery, energy, and shall I add mischief? They had gone through all their exercises with wonderful precision, and had well earned the little effort we made to repay them. It was delightful to observe the decent appearance, contented air, and affectionate looks of the elder spectators; and the heartfelt interest with which they listened to hymns and prayers, in which the little creatures lifted up their tender voices. Yes, this indeed is a link between parties too long and too sternly severed; and if a cloud passes over my mind while contemplating such a scene, it is in the shape of a sudden recollection of that hateful National School plan. It has started up like Satan in paradise, to blight the work which God himself had smiled upon, and pronounced very good.

LETTER XI.

Belfast, August.

Little prospect appearing of a change in the weather, a plan was divised to show me the lower demense, as it is called, of Tandragee castle. I was seated in a small carriage, or rather a garden chair, with one good-humoured young Irishman between the shafts, another at the back, Mr. Porter and W. well cloaked, on foot beside me, two fine dogs to complete the cortége, and in this fashion was actually paraded not only through the grounds, but also along the endless street of the town. Think what a gaping train would have followed such a show in our country! In Ireland, let your situation be what it may, you have only to laugh, and every body laughs with, and nobody at you. The descent, however, into the Lower demesne was no laughing matter: the united strength of three men could scarcely prevent my carriage from running full speed down the bank, at the bottom of which rushed a most formidably rapid little torrent, with a level bridge just sufficient for a safe passage; had I missed it but an inch there is no saying what would have been the consequence. This is the strangest place I ever beheld; and certainly it must be magnificent when the weather allows it to be fairly seen: but what with the thick rain drops incessantly falling from immense trees over head, the double gloom shed around by cloudy weather, and the nervous trepidation excited, I could scarcely discern the features of the scene. The most remarkable were the height, size, and number of its venerable trees, and the violent speed of a river that went hurrying on between smooth banks, and with no visible cause for such extraordinary rapidity. It is much wider than the mountain stream at Tollymore, but the waters, at least on that day were so yellow and turbid that they reminded me of the Douro; as described by some of my Peninsular friends. Just as I reached a fine prospect on its borders, the rain came down in such torrents that it was absolutely necessary to retreat; and I can only say that from a very slight view under very unfavourable circumstances, I think Tandragee a most noble place. We took shelter in a boys' school house, where I was much pleased with the method of teaching pursued, and the progress made by the lads: afterwards we paid a short visit to a family of whom I should have liked to see more; and re-

turned in state to the castle dripping at every thread. We were to have dined with the Dean of Tuam, whose handsome place looked most inviting from the library window, but to reach it was impossible: I had taken cold already, and dared not run any farther hazards.

Sunday morning proved bright, and we walked to the boys' school across the grounds, where I chose a very young class and tried hard for an hour to impress on their tender minds the import of that comprehensive verse, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My dear little boys were very attentive, and the period being elapsed, I enjoyed a specimen of the uncompromising spirit which I so dearly love. The children being drawn up on each side the long room, the teachers at the bottom, Mr. Porter at the head, all joined in singing those fine stanzas of Watts—

> In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
> Lies, a fair type of Babylon.

After this, we repaired to the church, and then I had another class of another school, a Scripture class, who answered admirably on whatever point they were questioned. Being too soon for afternoon service, we walked up to the top of the steeple, and thence I took a long earnest survey of the Mourne mountains, and sent my heart into the midst of the beloved dwellers at the foot of Slieve Donard. There was a shocking deed perpetrated here not long ago: who were the culprits has not been discovered; but these wild Irish will stick at nothing, however treasonable. You have not of course forgotten the memorable campaign in which Lord Mulgrave sent his troops to gather laurels among the lilies. Tandragee is an awfully bad place: there was no knowing what might happen if the town was not strongly garrisoned before the 12th of July. It was even said that a garland of the obnoxious flowers was to be stretched across the street; but if any such enormity was in contemplation the presence of the troops happily prevented the outrage. They marched in, took up their quarters to the best advantage, furbished their arms, primed, loaded, and went to bed. Instead of following their praiseworthy example, some wight was hardened enough in wickedness to provide himself with a long pole and a rope, and in the dead of night ascended the church steeple, which as I told you, crowns the hill, and is visible to the whole town. In short when the military looked out from their cantonments "at the top of the morning" they beheld, to their inexpressible dismay, the complete frustration of all their labours in the preventive service; for there in audacious defiance of the allied powers in Dublin, a flag, hoisted on the steeple, danced right merrily in the breeze, just as though it had done nothing to be ashamed of. You may suppose what a cry there was for scaling ladders to take it down—no such thing: the soldiers looked at it, and went to breakfast. No notice was taken—it might have been rather a delicate step to invade Lord Mandeville's territory, and the church is within his castle-wall. His lordship was not there, it is true; but, somehow, the flag was left to float, and formed a very pretty object in the sight of the people who have too much sense to quarrel with an orange lily, and who wondered from what the troops came to protect them.

The flag-staff, which seemed neither more nor less than the slender trunk of a tall young tree, was still lying on the steeple, where I lingered to enjoy the luxuriant prospect. It was indeed indescribably grand, and gave me an idea of what I lost through the misty atmosphere on Slieve Donard, which is about ten or fifteen times as high as the point where I then stood. Lough Neagh was very distinctly seen, as a glittering silver speck in the far north; and when I thought of the blessings shed around on the many thousands of tenantry here and under Lord Roden, I really felt an elation of spirit that almost realized by faith the fond wish of my heart to see the circle of peace and happiness gradually enlarging, until it should, like the sunbeam then emerging from a passing cloud, spread its mantle of joyous light over the whole territory of dear Erin. This feeling attended me throughout the succeeding hours of divine worship; and I prayed for my adopted country, that those who love her may be com-

missioned to take up the prophet's strain and say, "Fear not, O land; rejoice and be glad, for the Lord will do great things."

It was arranged that we should start by six o'clock the next morning for Portadown, to meet the Belfast early coach. Our kind friend purposed accompanying us, but I forbade it, finding how severely he was suffering from a cold taken in our service. A warm invitation to Rostrevor was reluctantly declined; and after taking a last, long, admiring look at my garland, which had retained its beauty unimpaired for three days, I bade farewell to a spot which it will always cheer me to think upon, and rattled off, under the superior coachmanship of the sharp little fellow who had driven us to the castle. The horse was in high condition and higher spirits; the lad was proud of his mettle; the elegant car was light as a feather, the road downhill, and W—— says, that of all his Irish adventures, he shall the longest remember our flight from Tandragee. It was, indeed, at a rail-road pace we started; and in the freshness of a lovely morning after so much rain the sensation was altogether delicious. When the horse was pleased to slacken his pace a little, we could better distinguish the features of the country, which presents a noble specimen of justice done to the rich soil of Ireland. Portadown is a neat little town, belonging also to Lord Mandeville, who is building a handsome school-house near the church. Here we anticipated the coach by half an hour; and here I forfeited my hard-earned Protestant reputation, in the sight at least of some zealous partizans. As an impartial narrator, I am bound to give you the facts in the case.

Two coaches pass from Armagh to Belfast, nearly at the same time; Mr. Porter had advised me to take advantage of the first, if possible, lest there might be no vacancies in the other. We learned from our little driver, that one of these was a Protestant coach, and the other a Roman one; and it was evident which way his predilections lay, by his frequent assurance that there was every prospect of the Protestant coach coming up first. At last a vehicle approached: we had left the car, and were walking past a house, at the door of which stood a stout pugnacious-looking man, who, in reply to our hasty inquiry, whether that was the Armagh and Belfast coach, said, "Not at all: but the coach will be here just now." However, a few doors onward they drew up, and commenced changing horses, and I sent W—— to ask the coachman where they were going: "From Armagh to Belfast." "How soon?" "Directly: we shall be there before ten." On this I bade W—— secure forthwith two places, and get the luggage mounted. But how shall I describe the indignation of my mis-informer! he shouted out, "That is the Popish coach; you won't get into Belfast in any time. The Protestant coach is just coming up. Sure you won't go in that!" and finding me resolved, he at last exclaimed, "Mr. Porter would not go in that coach for ten pounds." I could not help laughing, although indignant at the untruths so freely told, evidently by an interested individual on the watch to benefit his own establishment; and the sly humour that played on the features of the adverse party, the quiet drollery of both coachman and guard, suppressed by personal respect, as they most courteously answered my inquiries and installed us in the empty vehicle, formed a favourable contrast to the angry professor of orthodoxy. Lord Mandeville's livery on the one hand, and in the other an order to be set down at the Downshire Arms in Belfast, affording a guarantee for our Protestantism; and I was really glad to prove my dislike of such narrowness, real or assumed, by an extra measure of civility and of liberality towards the "Popish coach." It is not by making their religion a reproach, and a bar to their success in fair trading or honest labour, that we shall detach the people from it: far otherwise. I feel it a most important duty to avoid such needless and injurious collision with their feelings, and on this principle I do most cordially concur in the abolishing of processions, party tunes, and the parade of badges, where they would be construed into an insult against the poor people. Moreover I am certain that the Orangemen would cheerfully have laid aside all outward signs, if requested so to do, for the sake of peace and good-will: but this does not excuse, it exceedingly aggravates the wrong inflicted on these loyal men; and the insult offered by dispatching troops,

under an affected apprehension of what nobody really supposed would occur. Such treatment is directly calculated, and I firmly believe as far as the real governors of this country are concerned, *deliberately planned*, to produce what it is ostensibly done to discourage. Both parties know it to be so.

You would be surprised at the close, the perfect resemblance that the road to Belfast from Armagh bears to England. I could hardly persuade myself that Lisburn was west of St. George's Channel: there is nothing Irish about it. The immediate approach to Belfast is splendid: a fine road, high cultivation, beautiful villas, substantial brick houses surrounded by bleaching grounds, the look of prosperity, and total absence of every thing opposed to it, might have prepared me for the aspect of the town itself, which, nevertheless, struck me with astonishment. The streets are wide, straight, and admirably paved; the buildings capacious, uniform, and equal to some of the best commercial parts of London; particularly the High Street, with its broad flagstones, its lofty houses, spacious hotels, and very handsome shops. The situation of this noble city is exchanting: it stands on a broad lough, with a mountainous back ground, plentifully interspersed with gardens about the environs, and altogether it rejoiced my heart to find such a spot in Ireland; so free from the distressing drawback that abound even in Dublin. But this is the north, the "black north," the PROTESTANT north!

My privileges here are very great, as you will acknowledge when I tell you that our hospitable welcome was prepared at the breakfast-table of that truly Christian soldier, whose touching narrative of the "Loss of the Kent East Indiaman" has so often instructed and delighted us. He commands the garrison here; his Highland regiment, distinguished by the singular title of "The Happy," is a splendid one; and I have seen them to advantage under the animating circumstances of a contested election, just about to take place, where the peace and security of this noble mart mainly depend on their temper and firmness. Parties run very high in Belfast; the Protestants being divided among themselves, while the Romish enemy, or rather enmity, is strong in bitterness, though weak in comparative numbers. Such life and bustle as the broad thoroughfares present would be highly amusing, did not some bodings of a violent conflict damp that feeling. Here you might behold a knot of gentlemen, most earnestly discussing the merits of respective cases, and balancing the probabilities of success; there a group of peasants, just arrived, receiving information from their city friends, and with looks of stern resolve, or fiery impatience, venting in their own language the sentiments of their hearts. Carelessly lounging by, you see now and then a Highland officer, his air of good-humoured unconcern neutralized by the keen quick glance that ever and anon takes in the general aspect of things around him; while at the windows of a large building, and probably at others which I did not observe, parties of private soldiers are to be seen, with the same quiet yet watchful expression of countenance. To complete the picture, numerous bodies of the armed police, in their dark-green uniform, are scattered in every direction, mingling among the people, conversing with some, admonishing others, menacing not a few, and evidently operating as a powerful check where such is greatly needed. It was through this assemblage that we wound our way, never impeded, nor falling in with anything like a crowd, to visit the institution where those afflicted classes, the blind, and the deaf and dumb, receive instruction.

A day's sojourn would not allow of my seeing more than this of the interesting objects with which Belfast abounds; and I did not regret the selection. The number of pupils is small: they appear as one family, united to each other and to their teacher by no ordinary bonds. Never did I behold looks more unequivocally expressive of love and confidence than those which the deaf mutes bent on their master; while the mild, sad countenances of the blind were lighted up at the sound of his voice. I could really have passed the whole day among them, it was so delightful. The plan pursued with the latter class is that of reading by means of embossed characters; and this they did with the utmost ease. It was no matter to what page, line, or word you guided the finger; the blind girl or boy proceeded from that point

reading the Holy Scriptures with an evident relish and enjoyment, until told to stop. The other class, of course, are instructed by means of slates and the finger language; and one touching spectacle we had of the value of the latter, when a little girl who was quite dumb took the hand of a little boy perfectly blind, and by forming the letters on it with her own fingers, quickly told him who we were, our number, names, and so forth. A large slate was placed on an easel, round which the deaf mutes arranged themselves; and various words and sentences being written thereon, they gave us, according to their respective rates of progress, their answers, explanations, or observations. All this was done with a glee and gladness perfectly enchanting, and equally indescribable. You can scarcely know what the human countenance is capable of, in the way of animated eloquence, since you never saw a group of deaf and dumb Irish children. In explanation of the plan by which they were led to make the most rapid progress I ever witnessed, a lesson was gone through, to the extreme delight of all the children, and our great entertainment. You know what mimics they are —necessarily so, since all their wants must be expressed by signs, previous to education; and they can only convey their meaning by dramatizing the matter. Well, a chubby-cheeked little fellow, the very *beau-ideal* of infant drollery, was called forth, and another, not much bigger, was summoned to peform the various offices of a tailor, shoemaker, hatter, and barber, for his benefit. Measure was first taken, and particulars noted down, with the rapidity of thought; then the operator, squatted on the floor, proceeded to cut out, sew, and smooth the respective articles, which he brought home and put on. All was merely action; no material present; but the different things represented being also spelled by the finger language, a complete lesson was learned and communicated amid the merry laughter of the pupils. The operation of shaving was too much for the muscles of the gravest among us: it was done to the life, from the first setting of the chair to the last wipe of the patient's chin with an imaginary napkin, and the keen examination, ringing, and pocketing of a visionary piece of money. In the midst of their mirth, several of the dear little creatures turned a most compassionate look on the blind, whose case appeared to move them deeply; while the latter were quietly intent on their own far higher studies; and one among them was actually teaching W. to print his own name. You may suppose I was in high favour with the deaf and dumb; even the youngest among them, who could hardly shape a letter, were all full of chat with me, finding that I was so perfectly at home in their untaught signs. I never witnessed a scene of more unclouded happiness, beaming and sparkling in every face; yet, alas! there was that in it which drew many a sigh from the pious friends around them: for the difficulty of communicating to them that spiritual knowledge of which their blind companions were freely quaffing, is extreme. Only two or three were sufficiently advanced to comprehend abstract ideas, by means of language; the rest having been but a few weeks under tuition. There was a splendid little Romanist, a most promising genius, still in petticoats, whose energies appeared to lie very much in his fists, so far as the practical demonstration went: over him I offered many a secret prayer, and he was on the point of crying when he ran round to repeat his good-bye. In truth my heart clung to these children, nor had I to complain of any lack of reciprocity. May the Lord's richest blessing rest on this humane and pious undertaking! I am sure it will. A house where the blind are taught to read God's word, the deaf virtually to hear it, and the dumb to spread its joyful sound, is surely most precious in his sight. The most appropriate inscription for such a place would be, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

The barracks are very spacious, finely situated outside the town; and Colonel Macgregor's house is farther on, enjoying a view of the bay, and of a singular mountain, the outline of which is really a colossal representation of the countenance so well known through Europe—Napoleon, the scourge of God. Whilst we were at dinner, tidings arrived that the soldiery and people had already come into collision; but in a trifling degree, and only for a few moments, through the quiet determination and steadiness of the Highlanders. We

hope the election will pass over without any serious disturbance.

The evening has been spent at the mansion of a hospitable friend—a friend of a few hours' acquaintance only, yet already united more closely in the most enduring of all bonds, that of Christian fellowship—than the children of this world could be united in many years' intercourse. Here, in addition to the family with whom I spent the day, we had a guest whom you or I would go no small distance to meet: Dr. Cooke, that concentration of Protestantism, that bold champion of our church, and just pride of his own. I need say no more to convince you of my enviable condition, except that Dr. Cooke speaks most exultingly of the success attending the Irish Scripture readers' labours. He considers their work as actually and effectually undermining the foundation of Antichrist in this land; and looks for such results as you have occasionally rebuked me for anticipating from means so insignificant in man's sight. I am sometimes silenced but never convinced by what is said to the contrary. I am positively certain that the man who assists to proclaim the Gospel among the native Irish in their own tongue does more to heal these embittered waters than in any other way he could possibly do. History, reason, observation, and my own actual experience in the work, all combine to strengthen a conviction that for many years has been exposed to every species of trial. I allude, of course, principally to the adult Irish-speaking population; but even as regards their children it is of paramount importance to enable them to read that blessed book in the language that sounds so sweet within the poor mud walls of their own cabin. The fact that every individual who acquires the power of reading Irish becomes anxious to learn English, and is enabled so to do by means of the primers circulated by that precious Irish Society, ought in itself to animate every lover of England and of Protestantism to the work. Think of the sum required to salary a regular teacher among the peasantry—not quite one pound per quarter! Does not the bare idea of so much good to be achieved by such a trifle make the sovereigns fidget in your purse? Let them out: by the aid of a little of the unrighteous mammon committed to your stewardship, the word of God shall run and be glorified through the length and breadth of this isle. I will prefix no epithets; my heart is too full of love and compassion for it to be easily poured out on paper. Some there are who fancy that it is a species of affectation on my part, done for effect, when I do utter somewhat of these feelings. The Lord alone knoweth what is in us; but I think he sees me guiltless in this matter; for while the apprehension either of injuring the cause or needlessly exposing myself to reproof, often leads me to impose a painful curb on my tongue or pen, by refraining from such language, I solemnly declare that the warmest expressions which ever escaped from either upon the subject were utterly inadequate to convey the depth, the extent, the all pervading character of that love which I do, and by God's grace, ever will cherish for Ireland.

This is a short letter: our places are taken in the mail which leaves Belfast at eight o'clock, and which will, in twelve hours' time, if all be well, convey us to the walls, the glorious walls of the maiden city. A word I must add however, on the subject of Derry. In the humble volume bearing that title, which I ventured to publish a few years since, I have inadvertantly and most unintentionally wronged the Presbyterians of the north. Dr. Cooke has pointed out the error, which consists in representing them as being all implicated in the reported extravagances of an individual, Hewson; and also as being about to fight with the Episcopalians in the Diamond, for the use of the cathedral. It seems that Dr. Reid, in a recent work, has strongly protested against me on the score of these mistakes; supposing that I followed some prejudiced writers of that day. This I did not; having only Walker's Diary, and Graham's History of the Siege, in addition to Leland's history of Ireland; and I was totally ignorant of any dispute on the subject. Dr. Cooke, well knowing that the unity of the true church of Christ is as dear to my heart as to his own, most fully acquits me of intentional error; and I am anxious to make an *amende* to our brethren of the north, by cordially correcting the mistake which I am vexed to think has run through the five editions of that little work; but which, if

ever it reaches a sixth, shall be fully rectified. Meanwhile, lend me your assistance in making known this retractation; for you can bear me witness that out of her own distinct pale the Church of Scotland has not a more attached ally than your poor friend. Descended, maternally, from the covenanters of the north, I glory in inheriting a portion of their uncompromising feeling, and more than theoretical protest against great Babylon: and I should creep into Derry with somewhat of the conscious treachery that oppressed Governor Lundy when he stole out of it, if I hesitated to avow my regret in this matter; since Dr. Reid has deemed it worth a passing reproof in his learned and weighty volumes. May it please him who in 1688 moved the hearts of the Derry Protestants as the heart of one man, in the cause of his assailed truth, and made them strong, and enabled them to do exploits the very mention of which still cheers us in this day of rebuke and blasphemy—may he cement in the closest bonds of mutual love, confidence, zeal, and holy courage, the members of these sister churches, which have stood together so long, and will yet stand, rejoicing in the triumphs of his truth, and in the overthrow of his enemies!

LETTER XII.

LONDONDERRY.

Derry, August, 1837.

Here I am, hemmed in by the maiden walls of Derry. Sundry misgivings had assailed me, lest a disappointment in highly raised expectations might cast a damp where all was disposed to glow with delight. The dread of a modernized town was uppermost; but how vain were such thoughts! I am revelling in the fullest realization of the vision that has charmed me from childhood: and if I can succeed in giving you but a faint sketch of this most unique, most spirit-stirring spot, you will say there is good reason for so doing.

But I suppose you will expect to come in regularly by the mail, according to promise: we must therefore return to Belfast. After an early breakfast, our kind friend Mr. M'C. sent us to the coach; and we rapidly passed through the still tranquil streets, so soon to be thronged with political combatants flocking to the hustings. The road, bordered on the left by high and picturesque hills, commands on the right, a continued view of the harbour, or lough, a beautiful piece of water, bearing many a tall vessel on its advancing tide towards the quays. We had one fellow-traveller, a lively, pleasant military officer, whose recent return from foreign duty in a regiment where I have many friends, and a still more recent recruiting expedition among the Mourne mountains, afforded subjects of mutual interest, not lessened by an equally mutual love for Ireland. The road is, in some places, eminently beautiful, adorned with rich seats, and noble plantations. At Antrim we saw one of the fine old round towers; and soon after we had some momentary glimpses, through openings of the thick plantations of Shane's Castle, of the famous Lough Neagh, the pride of Irish lakes; equalled in size only by three others throughout Europe. It is twenty miles in length, fifteen in breadth, receives the streams of six large rivers, and includes an area of 100,000 acres. I longed to pause, and to take a survey of this inland sea; but mail coaches are unfriendly to the indulgence of such hankerings after the picturesque, and had not the prospect of Derry been before my mind's eye, I should have regretted abandoning the more accommodating mode of private travelling. As it was, I could only repeat the well-remembered stanza founded on one of the wild legends of these imaginative people,

> On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
> When the clear cool eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining:
> Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
> Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
> Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
> For the long faded glories they cover.

And this I had to write down in pencil for my fellow-traveller, so much did it please his fancy. At Ballymoney, to our sincere regret, this gentleman's journey terminated, his recruiting party being stationed near it; and we bade him a very reluctant farewell. Independent of the pleasure one always enjoys in polished, intellectual society, we had derived so much information

from his exact knowledge of the places through which our route lay, that it was doubly a loss. But this is Ireland, as I had no reason to forget; a very gentlemanly youth, an outside passenger, overhearing me express something of the latter acuse of lamentation, without saying a word about it took the vacant place, and most obligingly told us the name, history, and local associations connected with each spot; regretting that he was going no farther himself than Coleraine. I love to record these little instances of a courtesy that is absolutely inherent in these Irishmen. The quiet watchfulness, or whatever you please to term it, by which they contrive to anticipate whatever wish a stranger might form as to an increase of his comforts, and the easy, unaffected, unostentatious manner of showing kindness, which enhances the value while it precludes an oppressive sense of the obligation—this is what throws such a charm over Irish society, whether during a lengthened domestication under the hospitable roof, or an hour's casual acquaintance in a stage coach. When I meet with an English traveller whose experience does not tally with mine, I am sure that he has to thank his own impenetrable reserve, want of frankness and good humour, or else an insulting appearance—I may say affectation—of contempt for the people and their country. Not a day has passed since our landing in Waterford, in the course of which I have not experienced some practical illustration of that beautiful injunction, "Brethren, by love serve one another."

Coleraine is a substantial town, with a very fine sheet of water, the Bann river, flowing through, or rather past it. Here too we found all the bustle and excitement of an election going on, with indications of very turbulent feelings on the part of those whom Dr. Blake would distinguish as "dear Christians;" which in his parlance means, bibbers of whiskey, and breakers of heads. Newtown-Limavady, with its long street succeeded; this was one of the garrisoned places that held out against the rebels, in 1641; and it bore an important relationship to Derry during the memorable epoch of the defence. At this place my young companion chose to mount the outside of the coach, leaving me with an humble fellow-traveller, an elderly domestic of a noble family, who had already exhausted her little stock of information in the details of a death and a marriage, and the present state of her venerable master's gouty foot. I knew enough of the family to take some interest in what it gratified her to tell.

The region on which we had last entered was wild and barren; a sort of moorland, swelling and falling; while now and then the indistinct outline of some object of which I could not decide whether it was a cloud or a mountain, appeared on the horizon, overtopping the irregular hills that skirted our left. To the right, I knew we were not very far from the sea; in fact we had enjoyed at one point a fine view of it near Coleraine, and were within a few miles of the Giant's Causeway. On that side, I was watching what I thought a very lovely lake, with a mountain barrier, and hoping every minute to obtain a sight of its boundaries, by passing one end; but in this I was disappointed; the water still kept us at a distance, it was still to the right, a little in front, and a most picturesque crag that abruptly terminated the lofty line of hills on our side, and thus left a comparative level between us and the lough, receded more and more as we advanced. This showed that we were in some measure following the course of the water, on which I kept my eyes fixed, wondering when we should pass its southern extremity; and conceding to it the palm, as far as a noble boundary went, over all the lakes I had yet seen. The long, regular, undulating line of mountain tops on the farther side seemed endless; and while watching the rippling of its tide, I was startled at seeing a distant sail on their bosom. Could it be? I presently thrust my head out at the window, and received from the coach-box a confirmation of the half-formed guess—Yes, it was Lough Foyle.

Just then the coach stopped to change horses, and a minute's interval saw me mounted on its highest seat. None but the coachman, the guard, and W. remained; and behind the latter, who sat with the coachman, I chose my station, making little of the shower that impended, while mine eye truly affected my heart as I looked on the grand liquid thoroughfare

so passionately coveted by Popish James, as a medium of communication between his Irish adherents and their disaffected brethren in Scotland, so obstinately withheld from him by the heroic defenders of Derry. Yes, there was the Foyle, upon which the dying gaze of many a famished Protestant had been fixed, in vain hope of the supplies cruelly detained by the inhuman Kirke: the Foyle, whose flowing tide had borne the Mountjoy upon the boom, and, held in the hand of the Lord, had broken the fetter of Popery from the necks of three kingdoms. Oh, for a pen that could write my feelings as my looks devoured that object, and feasted upon the stately ridge of those Ennishowen mountains! At that time, both guard and coachman were below, and the single horse which had been put to appeared a little restive: I happened just then to glance towards it; and the poor ragged fellow who was holding the bit, catching my eye, exclaimed with a look of most affectionate concern, "Darling lady, don't be at all alarmed—he's as quiet as a lamb." "Darling Paddy," thought I, in return, "may the Lord, who even here wrought so wondrously to deliver your land from the thraldom of Antichrist, shed the light of his glorious Gospel into your heart, into your cabin, and through every corner of your own sweet isle!" As to being alarmed, in the then state of my feelings, they might have yoked wild horses for me, provided they kept their heads towards Derry.

The road now had become exceedingly good, the country well cultivated, and numerous vehicles rattled past us, the drivers announcing with merry cheers that Sir R. Ferguson was elected. Our coachman was evidently not elated by the news; and as I knew Sir Robert to be what is called a liberal, I hoped to find his dissatisfaction arose from the same source as my own. No such thing: Coachee was a staunch Romanist, and one of the most unreserved character too. He not only communicated to us his religious faith and political creed, but assured me that the events of 1688 consisted in a rebellion of the English settlers, headed by Martin Luther, against King James; and that the Irish were defeated by William of Orange bringing a great army over to help the rebels. I, of course, gave no direct contradiction, only remarking that I thought Martin Luther must then have been dead for some time, as he lived in the reign of King Henry VIII.; and with regard to the siege of Derry, that the French rather than the Irish prosecuted it; and the Derry people had done good service to the country by not giving it over to foreign enemies. No, he assured me, there was not a Frenchman in Ireland at the time. Yes, I persisted, I could show him in history books that it was Conrad de Rosen, a French marshal, who drove the poor harmless Protestants from the neighbouring counties to starve under the walls of Derry; and that it very much shocked the Irish army, who were treated quite impertinently by their French allies. "Oh," said he, with a most commiserating look, "*you have bad memories.*" A very courteous way, you must allow, of taxing my veracity; but I was not discomfited. "Sure now," I resumed, "it is not my memory I am depending on: how should I, when I was not born at the time, nor you, nor our fathers before us? We have books printed in that same year, and they tell us all about it." With a very knowing look cast over his shoulder, he observed, "Them books were written by Luther and his people; but St. Patrick gives a different story." "Was St. Patrick there?" "He was, or else St. Columbkill; I'll show you his chapel presently." "Now," said I, "if St. Patrick and Luther had both been there, I'll engage it was on the one side they stood; for they taught the same doctrine." This bold assertion seemed to confound him; but an energetic shake of the head, and another, "Oh, you have bad memories," was all that escaped him. I proceeded to relate that when Patrick came over, he found the ancient Irish quite heathens, worshipping stocks and stones; that he brought them the blessed Bible, told them that it was there they would find the will of God made known; and by preaching what was in that book, he brought them to believe on Jesus Christ; and now those who keep the Bible keep the religion that Patrick brought here. "Oh, it's all wrong!" says coachee, and began to appear sulky. I had kept a sharp look-out right in front, as he told me when I remounted the coach that Derry was straight before us. I now

happened to turn to the left, and far away I saw a spire on elevated ground, with one of the sun's last rays resting upon it. "What is that?" I asked, pointing to it. "Derry."

Our road had curved a little, which occasioned this surprise. The broad, beautiful Foyle, grew broader and brighter as we approached, and the sky cleared up. "Now," said the coachman, whose pride or something else was gratified by the tone in which I repeated "Derry!" with some epithet of endearment prefixed—"now I will show you where the boom was put across the water. You see the fellows laid a great bar of wood, as thick as that horse's body, from one side of the Foyle to the other, to hinder the ships from coming up to the town; but for all that," he added with much glee, "they cracked it in two, and the place was relieved." "Was not that a great exploit?" asked I. "Sure it was—your never heard a more wonderful thing." It was evident that his Derryism was stronger here than even his Popery; and I sighed to think how times were changed in a few years, since the Romish titular himself in his pontificals used to lead his flock in the procession, swell the shout of "No surrender," and toss off a bumper to the glorious memory. This is a fact: until the baneful spirit of so-called conciliation roused in their bosoms the hope of recovering their ascendancy, vast numbers of Romanists voluntarily wore the badge which is now denounced, under pretence of hurting their feelings! The coachman pointed out the memorable spot, and on a beautiful little island, just in sight, he showed me the ruins of Columbkill's chapel; then continued his discourse, giving a history of the miracles performed by Columbkill and his successors; with a story concerning a false disciple, that equalled, for the extravagant absurdity of its details, the most open burlesque I ever met with. My heart was moved for this poor Irishman: I longed to enter fully on the subject so important to his peace; but we were almost at the bridge, which lay a perfect level above that noble water; while before us rose the town, covering a lofty hill, on the apex of which stood the cathedral; and just on the bank where we were passing was an old grey stone, pointed out with great eagerness by the coachman, as "St. Columb's well." He then, with much feeling, suddenly said, "It is a pleasure to talk with ye: many a gentleman have I told these things to, and they always laughed in my face, and treated me like a fool. You have not laughed at me—there are few like you." I was about to make an affectionate reply, but all his attention was demanded to his horses: he wheeled them—we were on the bridge—the firm boards lay beneath us, the noble Lough on the right, the city in front, with the river circling round it, and in a minute I was under the wall—the lofty, dark, impregnable wall of Derry, beneath which we wound for a short space, and then alighted at the Ship Quay, where the vessels landed their welcome stores in 1689. Matters were soon arranged at the office. "Where is Brown's hotel?" "Oh, just through the gate: we'll carry your luggage in a moment." So, after thanking the coachman and guard for their civilities—an accompaniment that in their eyes trebles the value of the money given, —I walked, with as light a heart as ever beat, after the porters, and entered the fortress, passing the Ship Quay gateway, and feeling in every fibre of my frame that at last I was, indeed, really and bodily, within the walls of DERRY.

Brown's hotel is but a little way up the street on the right hand; fully meriting the good character that Inglis has bestowed upon it. Here, instead of the friend whom I expected to meet and to escort me eighteen miles farther beyond Letterkenny, I found a note, apprising me that he was obliged to start for Dublin, in consequence of the City and University elections, and would not be back for some days: at the same time telling me how to proceed. I bespoke apartments at the hotel, and flew away up the street to the Diamond, but not without encountering on the way a person on the watch, with a warm invitation from the aunt of my truant friend, who lives near it. Thither I promised to repair, but the temptation was irresistible, and before entering her house, I had paced the ramparts half round, and pressed the sod that lies above the heroic defenders in the Cathedral grave-yard. Stranger as I was, every turn of the place was so familiar to me, that I confidently

led the way, and named the different objects to my wondering companion, as though I had never been outside the walls. This done, we repaired to the house of the kind old lady, who threw open at once her door and her arms, and even wept a welcome. Oh, these warm-hearted Irish, why cannot I live and die among them.

I had literally reckoned without my host, when engaging the rooms at a hotel: such a thing was not to be named, not to be thought of. My domicile was prepared at the house of one whom I had not yet seen, as he was then engaged in an evening lecture; but he soon arrived, and it did not require much rhetoric to convince me that I must needs remain for four or five days in Derry. You may accordingly look for a journal, for the first day of which this may suffice. We are delightfully housed in the upper part of Ship-quay street, which Inglis truly describes as one of the steepest in Europe. It runs in a perfectly straight line, from Ship-quay gate to the Diamond; the ascent is indeed such that the house-tops resemble a flight of stairs, each being necessarily so much elevated above its predecessor. This is not very far from Brown's hotel, yet I should think the ground-floor is at least on a level with his attics. Of the prospect I can say nothing, for it was dark when I came here: but this I know, I am within the walls of the ancient fortress of Protestantism, and with mingled feelings I review the past, contrasting it with the present, and questioning as to the future. My consolation is that still, "The Lord reigneth," even Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Wednesday.

A day to be remembered; for the Lord's former mercies have been made to pass in review before me, with a vividness that infuses new life into the hope too easily sickened. I rose this morning refreshed in body and elate in spirits, longing to look around me. On first meeting my kind host, he presented me with a valuable gift, the half of a cannon-ball, found fast wedged in the walls of an old house, taken down a few years since, where it had been lodged and broken by coming in contact with some yet harder substance. I could not but think, when contemplating this memento, of the promise, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." It was remarkably fulfilled during the siege, and while I live I shall treasure the broken missile of a baffled foe. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, raining oft and heavily, I have enjoyed a vast deal out of doors. At eleven o'clock we repaired to the cathedral, where service is celebrated on Wednesday and Friday mornings; and thither I went with joyful feet, carrying the cannon-ball in my handkerchief, that I might be the more stirred up to bless the Lord, and not to forget his benefits.

Before describing the church, I should give you a sketch of the town, by which I understand Derry within the walls. It does, in fact, stretch out to a great extent beyond them; but the spot so exquisitely interesting to the Protestant is bounded by these venerable bulwarks. You must first imagine a figure nearly resembling that of an arched door, the bottom or straight line of which lies duly north-east, looking down Lough Foyle. The outline is rendered rather angular by the bastions, which you know are projections carried out to admit of guns being so placed as to send their shot externally across the gates, thus covering them from an assailing enemy. A wall, embracing the town, inclusive of the bastions, runs quite round without an interval; this is in most places just high enough to allow a tall man to lay his arms comfortably at the top, and lean on them: the depth on the outside is twenty-four feet. Parallel with this wall runs another, rising about a foot or two above the rampart, and descending to the street. Thus the rampart or mound of earth is built in by both, and being in no place less than twelve feet wide, beautifully kept like a garden walk, it furnishes the most commodious and delightful mall imaginable. There is no break in its continuance: it passes over the archway of each gate, and is reached by easy flights of stone steps from the street at short intervals. Each bastion, of course, adds an open space to the ramparts, grass-grown, where the children play, servants beat their carpets, or solitary loungers recline on the walls. The only place where the street does not run along the rampart, is that occupied by the cathedral-ground;

there a handsome iron railing is added to the inner wall, while the outer one rises to a considerable height, screening the sacred edifice from the aim of hostile batteries in that direction. To understand the appearance of the town, you must imagine a spacious square very nearly in the centre, the middle of which is occupied by the town-hall, formerly the guard-house whence the Boys snatched the keys on the memorable 7th of December; from this draw four perfectly straight lines forming a cross, and you have to the north-east Ship-quay Street, terminating in the gate of the same name: to the south-west Bishop's Street, with Bishop's Gate at the end: to the south-east Ferry-quay Street, ending at the famous gate which was first shut in the face of Lord Antrim's regiment, and to the north-west Butcher's Street, with its gate, where the Protestants, driven by De Rosen, lay perishing for three days in the sight of the famished garrison. All these are wide handsome streets, with excellent shops and private dwellings. At the bend of the supposed arch between Bishop's and Ferry Gates, is the Cathedral: and on the opposite side the Bishop's house and garden. The main thoroughfares are intersected at some points by others, but with such mathematical precision, that I have not succeeded in detecting any thing but rigid straight lines within the curve of that which follows the course of the ramparts. The most singular feature, however, is the size of this strong-hold. Its extreme width from gate to gate is considerably less than the length of the wooden bridge that crosses the river below; and the line from Ship-quay to Bishop's Gate, where the town is longest, does not nearly double the width. It is impossible not to be struck with the justness of William's remark; speaking the words of worldly wisdom only, he exclaimed on first beholding it, that if there had been a single soldier either without or within the walls, it could not have stood a day's siege: so helplessly exposed it looks from without, so hopelessly untenable within, and every way so narrow, so confined. De Rosen's burst of angry contempt was equally natural, when, on seeing the mighty fortress, to reduce which he had been sent on a long and difficult march, he swore he would make his soldiers fetch it to him, stone by stone. No perusal of the history, no description, however vivid and minute, can give you an adequate idea of the wonders of that eight months' defence, but see the place, and you will be constrained to exclaim, "Surely this was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

The next thing to be noted is the superlative beauty of the situation. The hill rises to an elevation of 119 feet, and it is impossible to say from what point the most enchanting scenery may be commanded. Excepting where the noble Lough stretches out towards the sea, there is a fine swell of ground on every side, most richly cultivated in corn fields, flax, and pasturage, with many extensive pleasure grounds, elegant villas, and plantations sloping to the water's edge. The western bank is fenced, as I told you, by the lofty range of Ennishowen mountains, between which and the Lough are many splendid seats of private gentlemen. The other side is exceedingly irregular and picturesque, being a mixture of island, isthmus, bay, and promontory, all in miniature, with pretty white mansions peeping through a wilderness of shrubs. Beyond the bridge, Foyle, as a majestic river, sweeps gracefully round the hill's base, the opposite ground being planted by its occupiers, and decorated in all the varieties that taste could plan, and affluence accomplish. The city without the walls covers a great extent of ground, but I cannot fix my attention upon it at all. Derry as it was of old, is every thing to me; and follow as I may the guidance that bids me look on this building and on that, my fancy presently transforms them into batteries, forts, and all the etcetera of a hostile encampment beleaguering the town.

It is now time to conduct you to the Cathedral, which, notwithstanding sundry trifling appendages, such as turrets, battlements, and a huge cross; with a fine spire of stone replacing the old wooden one, is still the same Cathedral where the little flock, hemmed in by hordes of ravening wolves, while destitute of the meat which perisheth, daily assembled to crave at the hands of their pastors that which nourisheth to eternal life. This is the building where not a pane of glass was left unbroken by the enemy's shot, while the stedfast hearts that were here lifted up in

prayer to the God of heaven, derived new strength and resolution for the defence of his cause upon earth. His cause it undubitably was: as such they maintained it, and as such he accepted, owned, and crowned, with a marvellous deliverance and ultimate triumph, their self-immolating devotion. The interior of the cathedral is like that of our larger parish churches, to which it is also assimilated in the Protestant simplicity and sobriety of its public worship. Here is no chaunting of confessions and supplications to musical notes; no set-out of surpliced boys, to sing mechanical praises, and amuse themselves during the rest of the time. The establishment consists of a Rector, (the Dean) and three curates who alternately, through God's grace, "pray the prayers, read the lessons, and preach the sermon."

On entering the church, the first thing that strikes you is the simplicity of the edifice; lofty and spacious, well lighted and handsomely fitted up, it still presents an aspect of that sober plainness, the reverse of which would be intolerable in a place so fraught with the most solemn and affecting reminiscences. The pews are of oak, large and well arranged; on the left, as you proceed up the chancel, is the Mayor's seat, handsomely hung, with the ancient arms of Londonderry curiously wrought on the back. The Bishop's seat, or throne, is elegant, covered with purple velvet; and there are pews suitably set apart for the Dean, Corporation, and other public functionaries. The reading-desk stands on the right hand, and the pulpit is centrally placed, facing the door: behind it is the east window of an imposing size, of plain glass, needing no ornament to enhance those which I am about to describe. On the downward slope of the window sill, an inscription is cut, containing a spirited sketch of the main particulars of the siege, written as it seems immediately after it, and relating on what occasion the accompanying flags were captured by the besieged. These flags are now reduced to the least possible fragments depending from staffs, still perfect, which are secured to the wall, and made to incline towards the communion table. I must leave it entirely to your imagination, to conceive with what emotions I gazed on these precious memorials of poor Ireland's deliverance: for though the battle of the Boyne struck the decisive blow, yet, humanly speaking, it was to the previous defence of Derry that William owed the opportunity of gaining that or any other battle. The act, too, was purely defensive; which strips it of the revolting unchristian features of aggressive warfare; and I felt as I looked upon the trophies, that the house whence the united supplications of his people continually entered into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth, was the fittest place for depositing the memorials of his gracious answer.

It was not until after the morning service that I allowed myself to examine these things: my first duty, my dearest privilege was to fall low before the Lord, to thank him for past mercies; and remembering the years of the right hand of the Most High, to ask in confident faith for the continued repetition of those mercies. I never prayed with such fervency for the native race of Ireland, the victims of Popery, as when kneeling in Derry Cathedral, with the cannon ball before me which their fathers, under the influence of their church fired against the fortress of Protestantism. I prayed that the day might speedily arrive when, under that very roof they should press to hear the glad tidings of salvation by faith alone, through the blood of a crucified Redeemer.* We then took a minute survey of the edifice, inspected the old registers, bearing the memorable date, and finally mounted the church roof, which supported two cannons during the siege; and thence, by no very easy ascent, up a perpendicular iron ladder to the steeple.

And here I beheld the fullest confirmation of what I had never doubted, the really miraculous character of the deliverance. We deliberately traced, on the high commanding ground that surrounds the place, the exact position of every corps, battery, and single piece of ordinance, by means

* This was in August 1837. During the season of Lent 1838 the pious and zealous clergymen of Derry cathedral engaged in a course of controversial sermons on the points at issue between the church of Christ and popery. Notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests, and in spite of every effort made to keep them away, by prolonging their chapel service, &c. the poor Romanists every Sabbath evening flocked to the cathedral, and there stood, a dense crowd, filling every part of the building, and with the utmost attention listening to the word of life, preached in direct and avowed refutation of their errors. This hath God wrought!

of an authentic plan which my kind Derry friend sent down for on purpose. Had the spot been selected as that which would prove the most hopelessly untenable of all the fortified towns in Europe under the modes of modern warfare, none would have blamed the choice. On every side it is wholly commanded, insomuch that the ground would seem to have been originally shaped for that purpose. The post where the royal standard was disgraced, together with the person of the unhappy monarch, by advancing against the only loyal and faithful class of his subjects, and then making a precipitate retreat at the first discharge from the walls, stands conspicuously, but not very near, on the borders of the river Foyle, on the same side with the town. Thence to the waters of the Lough a continuous line of encampment swept along the hill side, every battery having the full range of the city. On the opposite shore, the line was again taken up, and carried round until it met the river which, at its narrowest part was in fact the only break; for the Lough was crossed by the boom, formed of the trunks of large trees chained together in a solid mass, and made fast to either bank. I was really awe-struck when this spectacle lay before me; and when I looked down upon the little enclosure below, when I considered its exposed situation, the crowds that were pent up in it, the havoc committed by incessant bombardment, those terrible missiles exploding in every street, the wells rendered useless, the stores exhausted, raging thirst, gnawing famine, the devouring pestilence, the number and rage of the foes, the impracticability of summoning friends to succour, or supplies to save them from perishing of want; when I numbered the weeks and months during which their longing looks were vainly directed towards the mouth of the Lough, conscious that military forces and abundant stores were hovering there, with the false promise of an approach; I know not which prevailed, astonishment at their endurance, or abhorrence of the base ingratitude, the reckless wickedness of the present race of Protestants—falsely so called—throughout this empire, who have surrendered without a blow, without a struggle, the citadel of our national faith. SURRENDERED! Yes, I stood where the crimson flag had waved by day, and the beacon of distress had blazed by night, and the thousands of dead had been tolled to their graves beneath, while the very breathing of that word surrender was punishable with death! I stood on the top of Derry cathedral, and felt that the prize for which *they* struggled even to the latest gasp of agonized mortality, *we* had surrendered.

At this very time, Sir Robert Ferguson was being chaired. I tried to overlook the individual, and the cause which he upholds —the surrender cause—and to realize more vividly two things: the diminutive size of the town through every street of which we traced the cavalcade in an exceedingly short time; and the small number of persons who sufficed to crowd it. Both these particulars bore strongly on the subject that engrossed my mind, and two or three smart showers of rain were insufficient to drive me from that exposed but indescribably interesting spot. My Rev. friend indulged me with a longer stay than I had dreamed of: alike the place of his birth and of his ministrations, Derry is precious in his sight, and as a true devoted Protestant Clergyman, mourning over the spiritual desolation of his countrymen, he could fully participate in my feelings, so far as I uttered them: but indeed many of them defied the powers of speech to express. I descended from that hallowed and endeared spot, and with a swelling heart paced among the graves below, the inmost desire and prayer of my soul being for grace to be found always true to that cause, in which those whose ashes lay beneath my tread had been faithful unto death.

Thursday.

A DAY that sets at defiance the services of clogs and umbrellas. A torrent is sweeping down Ship-quay Street, and I must remain within, which I can contentedly do, seeing that the walls of Derry are still round me; and many interesting subjects occupy my thoughts. A good man, a scripture reader, has been telling me of his work among the poor people here; but I found that it was to the nominal Protestants, not the Romanists, he took his message. The latter he seemed to regard as unapproachable; and that any attempt at instructing them must necessarily fail.

To say truth, there is too much of that impression discernible even among pious people in the higher classes in the extreme north; the national character of the Aborigines is often held in great contempt, and an idea seems prevalent that nothing can be done with them in the way of reclamation. On inquiry, however, I cannot find one who has been personally rejected in an attempt to give them instruction, though each has heard from somebody else that it would be fruitless. There is a growing interest excited by the reports, and still more by the actual proceedings of the Irish Society, who have agents among the mountains of Donegal; and I confidently hope to see the work proceeding vigorously ere long, even under the walls of Derry. It is so evidently the policy of the priesthood to *make* the people savage, in order to discourage our attempts, that there is no judging fairly of what their natural characters are. Ardent and excitable we know the Irish to be, of whatever rank or creed: and when on such a soil is carefully sown, from early infancy, the seeds of all doctrinal and political evil, in addition to the natural produce of the unrenewed heart of man, the marvel is, not that they become the dangerous beings that we find them, but that a single week passes over without some general outbreak of the mischief so sedulously formed and fostered within. God's people are now thinking on the scattered stones of this Irish Zion; it pitieth them to see her in the dust; they are beginning to pray earnestly over the ruin; on the strength of their prayers they will work also—and we shall see the bright days of Derry-Columbkilla restored, through the seed of divine truth so faithfully preserved by her Protestant children in 1689.

The first ecclesiastical foundation was laid here by Columbkill, about the year 546, before the inventions of Popery had obscured the pure faith taught by primitive Christians. Columb was a native of Donegal, who after years of devotion to his native country, passed over to the Scottish isle of Iona, to spread the knowledge of Christ among their northern neighbours, accompanied by a party of his disciples, or fellow missionaries. From him the place, originally named Derry from its abounding in oaks, which that word in Irish expresses, received the additional distinction of her apostolic teacher's name. How the thick cloud wafted hither from Rome obscured her sky, it is needless to repeat; or again to dwell on the agency by which she, with the rest of Ireland, was brought altogether under the yoke of Antichrist. Our business is not to brood over the past, but to seize the present, and to work for the future: and I do long to see this glorious, this beautiful spot take the lead.

We have been discussing the project of the Derry and Raphoe clergymen, who seem still inclined to hope that by yielding a little to the government plan of education, they may gain important concessions on the other side. Their object is to obtain such a modification as shall do away with the most pernicious part of the system. But they are prepared to give place by subjection, no, not for an hour, to the lying spirits of Popery and Socinianism; therefore, when it comes to the final point, they will be disappointed. On these grounds I have been, and still am, wholly opposed to the experiment, because it wears the aspect of a compromise where none really is thought of; at least, not by any with whom I have conversed. We remain mutually possessed of and strengthened in our former opinions. Time will decide.

Yesterday I sallied through Butcher's gate, in quest of a relic, but did not go far: that quarter, called the Bogside, is the counterpart of our London St. Giles', and inhabited by a most uncivilized population. I did not explore it, but learnt much from others concerning it. Oh, how I longed for time and opportunity to make a regular sally through that gate into the enemy's camp, after the fashion of 1689, armed with the sword of the Spirit, and seconded by a determined party of Irish-scripture readers! That is the precise spot where the Protestants perished, who were driven under the walls by De Rosen, and I certainly will canvass my English friends when I return, for means to attempt what I allude to. The blood of martyrs has ever been the seed of the church; that among the sufferers in those days were many true martyrs, cheerfully perilling their lives for Christ's sake and the gospel, is indubitable; Colonel Mitchelburn's will

gives evidence so far as words can do it, that he was one of that spirit; and I will not be satisfied until, over the bones of these slain, the blessed gospel is received among the dwellers in the cabins of Bogside.

In the court-house I saw some interesting remains of 1688; antique metal staves borne by the sheriff's officers as badges of their authority, and an ancient sword of state, used at the same period. It is not a feeling of gratified curiosity that the sight of these things produces. I could weep over every relic of those by-gone days of firm, unyielding Protestantism; and still they bid me—I cannot help repeating again the text—"Remember the years of the right hand of the Most High;" furnishing a plea for renewed mercies. It is one of the evil signs of our day that men so lightly regard the memorials of their fathers' deliverances: that such ought not to be the case is evident from scripture; nay, it is distinctly named as provoking a judgment on the forgetful generation. We are lapsing with fearful rapidity into the Laodicean state of lukewarm profession, and unholy self-confidence: to remain in it is to disgust the Lord, and to ensure our rejection. Observe how, throughout the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Prophets, the mercies vouchsafed to their fathers are made the main arguments in the mouths of God's people, pleading for favour towards themselves; and in how striking a manner the Lord himself adduces it as a motive for staying the indignation which the sinful deeds of their descendants provoked. I fear a heavy charge will lie against us on this score, little as it seems to be considered by Christians, either individually or collectively.

Saturday.

One of the most interesting gratifications that I have enjoyed was afforded yesterday, in being allowed to examine the communion-plate belonging to the cathedral. The very cup that was so often pressed to the pale lip of uncomplaining fortitude—the very salvers that held the morsel of sacramental bread, when none other was left in the grinding famine—the very plate that received their alms, the whole amount of which, however liberal, could but have purchased a moiety of *tallow, starch, and dry hides*, during the latter part of the siege,—all these I held in my hands, while the scenes that rose before my mental eye were almost too overpowering. Oh, *they* knew the value of that faith for which they suffered; they counted the law of the Lord's mouth not only dearer to them than thousands of gold and silver: but more precious than the pulse of mortal life that throbbed so feebly, yet so undauntedly within: they knew, by terrible experience, what "a famine of bread and a thirst of water" was; their flesh was withering like grass, their strength drying up like a potsherd, their tongue cleaving to their palates through its blighting intensity; yet all this they suffered freely, voluntarily, perseveringly, unshrinkingly, rather than that, through their surrender, WE should endure the far more terrible "famine of hearing the words of the Lord."

I thought I could never have resigned that battered chalice: the very circumstance of its being the cup—the blessing which Rome, in her profligate audacity, would presume to wrest from us, and replace it by her own loathsome cup of abominations—rendered it the most apt, the most sacred, the most thrilling of all possible mementos. I doubt not that it was so regarded by many a lowly follower of Christ in those days; and I do pity the person who, in any day, can raise that cup to his lip in Derry cathedral, without a secret and solemn act of self-dedication to the cause of Christ, in direct opposition to the work of Antichrist, who dares, concerning the cup of which our Lord commanded "Drink ye all of this," to say in the name of that Lord, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." How long are these false prophets to teach and seduce God's poor ignorant people, while those to whom he has both given knowledge and committed authority, look on in acquiescence, if they do not even help forward the work?

My sojourn terminates to-day. If I were not going to visit friends, whom I long to see, and a place to which a seven years' invitation has drawn me, I should not be able to quit Derry. However, it is arranged that we leave Ireland by the Foyle, instead of returning to Dublin or Belfast; so that I shall again see the maiden city. My heart cleaves to her and to her people; for I have met with some, of both sexes,

whose bosoms g ow with the sacred fire of 1688, and who, if the trial came again, would assemble round the standard of their faith, the HOLY BIBLE, and from their very souls breathe out the ancient watchword of their fortress—NO SURRENDER.

LETTER XIII.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Ballymacool, August.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I never before knew what grandeur was, having recently left the mighty hills of Mourne, yet to discover the charm of what may be called savage magnificence, it was necessary to visit Donegal. I have seen wonders within the last few days; but before proceeding to this, I must take leave of Derry, where my last left us. Shall I relate an event, the repetition of which may be ascribed to incorrigible vanity, but which I really cannot be content to withhold? You know the famous brotherhood of the "Apprentice Boys of Derry," an association to which honorary members are admitted, but sparingly, and none who are not considered firm in cherishing and upholding the sacred principles of 1688. Many attempts have been made to put down, by indirect means, this enthusiastically loyal and strictly constitutional body; but in vain. By a recent enactment, all party processions were prohibited; but as the "Boys" could not believe a celebration in which the Romish bishop, priests, and people formerly took an active part could come under this head, they had the temerity to disregard it, and walked around their own ramparts as usual, on the anniversary of the shutting of the gates, two years ago.

For this daring act, twenty respectable young men, descended from the original defenders of the fortress, were arraigned at the bar; and nine of them, because they would not plead guily in a matter which they could not understand to be legally punishable, were committed to the common gaol for a fortnight. This, by the way, is not the surest mode of extinguishing a flame; but let it pass. The association exists, in all its pristine vigour, no attempt having been made to dissolve it. The Marquis of Londonderry is an honorary member, as are many of the first gentlemen in Dublin and elsewhere.

The car that was to convey us from the maiden city stood at the door, and I was anticipating the pain of a farewell look at the old walls, when some young men of this formidable fraternity made their appearance, with a document that, at least, I shall know how to value better than I could ever deserve it—a simple, affectionate, beautifully written address, expressive of that unity of principle which, I bless God, does indeed exisit between us, and tendering a welcome to their ancient city, upon grounds that must appear passing strange, considering the awfully illiberal character supposed to belong to the club, as it is called. Their thanks are tendered for what they kindly denominate 'exertions *on behalf of their benighted countrymen*'—those countrymen who are taught that every man wearing an orange riband is inclined, if he could, to put them to the sword! They are, indeed, so taught; but they are not apt scholars—not one in five hundred believes the calumnious falsehood. Now, as to whether the Apprentice Boys have given me their badge—the medal I had years ago, from a dear friend at present in my sight—you must not expect me to tell: the gaol is outside the walls, and I have no wish to lodge there; but I am admitted an honorary member of the association, having the high privilege, too, of being actually akin to the heroic Colonel Murray, so famous in the defence; and, as such, I am entitled henceforth to bear the motto which, by the divine blessing, I will act up to, in its highest, holiest, purest, and most extended import—"No surrender."

After a most interesting conversation with my kind brother 'Prentices, in which I elicited not a little of the old, and, I will add, sacred fire which our Solons are so clumsily trying to extinguish, ignorant or heedless of the ruin that must follow to the country and to themselves, I departed, bearing my precious trophy through Bishop's Gate, beyond which a fine street extends to a considerable length, and pursued the road by which King James decamped after

his unsuccessful demonstration against "the ancient fortress of British freedom," as my new friends justly term it. The scenery here is most enchanting; the river rolls along, a broad, peaceful stream, through a succession of verdant and ever-varying landscapes, rivalling each other in beauty. As we approached a curve in the road, our hospitable friend, who had accompanied us thus far, bade me turn and take a parting look at Derry, then emerging from behind a swell of the ground. This was a superb view: the "city on a hill" rose most majestically in a conical form, girt with her dark wall, crowned by her noble spire, and seemingly encircled by the river, fed by which a thousand luxuriant trees and shrubs relieved the otherwise stern outline of that embattled town. Make what allowance you will for partiality, and for enthusiasm too, if you please, still Derry is, in situation and general aspect, more beautiful than you can imagine from any description of mine. Even Inglis, who was as little troubled with picturesque visions as most men. and whose pages rarely offend in that way, was surprised into the language of downright eulogy when it burst upon his view. A double farewell was given, to the maiden queen, and to the friend whose unremitting attention had rendered our sojourn there doubly gratifying; and we began to explore the features of Donegal.

Nothing very striking occurred, except the distant view of most singularly shaped mountains, until we had travelled a few miles, and were met by the light car of our present host; we then found enough to engage attention. The road became rugged and unequal to a degree; and as we every now and then alighted to walk up some steep ascent, the fine specimens of geology afforded among the stones cut for repairing it surprised us. We selected some beautiful pieces, but having surmounted the hilly path I had no more leisure to look down. Scratch upon paper what rough outline you will, something approaching to it might be found among the forms that rose before us, scattered at unequal distances, and bearing more the appearance of uncouth villas contrived by a colony of independent giants, each building after his own taste, than any thing I had seen before. Two particularly attracted my notice, of which one rose to such a point that I doubted whether the top would afford standing room; and the other presented the correct outline of a barn, or a country church without a steeple, most exactly fashioned. This last is particularly conspicuous, standing, as most of them do, detached, and looking over an extraordinary range of country, as I afterwards found when perched on its summit. The nearest of them must have been more than ten miles distant, others twenty; some no doubt much farther. Beneath us, on the right, a fine arm of Lough Swilly appeared, rolling its tide through innumerable little channels, and covering, when full, the sands that spread broadly on either side. The fine mountainous region of Ennishowen lay to the right, extending from the Swilly to the Foyle, and forming the northern barrier of the isle. All was rude, abrupt, wild, stern, and gigantic, aptly accordant with the tales that every history of Ireland necessarily touches upon, of the fierce chiefs, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Cahir O'Dogherty, Phelim O'Neil, and their followers, who rendered it the most troublesome part of the British dominions, until James I. colonized Ulster so extensively with his own countrymen as to transform it, through their persevering industry, and the powerful influence of such an example; and to render this province the pride of the land. Donegal, you know, is the ancient Tyrconnel—a name of sanguinary notoriety on the historic page.

Every mile of the road now added something to the grandeur of the view. Lough Swilly has some superb scenery visible even from this point; while a nearer approach rendered the tapering point of Ariga, and the architectural correctness of Muckish more striking; besides revealing fresh groups of dusky and fantastic forms in more remote distance. The foreground was one uninterrupted spectacle of fertility, that graceful plant, the flax, spreading in luxuriant crops over the surface, studded with its beautiful little pale blue flowers. Potatoes of vigorous growth and fine healthy blossom, and fields of corn that might rival our best English agricultural counties, diversified the prospect; while the cabins, in general, ranked with

our cottages; an air of neatness and comfort pervading their inhabitants, which was easily accounted for by the spinning wheels discernible in, I think, every one of them into which I contrived to peep. Here is a specimen of what may be done in Ireland by bringing the land fairly into cultivation, and furnishing the people with employment. Hitherto the condition of the north has generally confirmed the theory that, be the religion of the people what it may, they will prosper under such circumstances: but proceedings attendant on these elections have proved the contrary. Sligo, which has hitherto enjoyed a character for tranquillity and good order commensurate with the best places of the north, is exhibiting a fearful contrast, under the influence of the Romish priesthood, who are bent on returning to parliament such men as shall forward their own views, at whatever price of outrage and bloodshed it may be done. It is lamentable to find persons, capable in all other subjects of analysing, comparing, and drawing just inferences from what is presented to their view, so completely hoodwinked on this point. They adduce the improved condition of the Romanists keeping pace with that of their Protestant neighbours in these districts as a proof that their religion is no bar to national prosperity, where outward encouragement is afforded, and justice rendered both to the soil and its cultivators; but the question is not whether the poor Romanist under such circumstances will avail himself of advantages common to all, whether he will build his cabin more substantially, clothe himself and household more comfortably, and present, as others do, a striking contrast to the miserable peasantry of the south: it is whether he be not secretly bound to use all these advantages as weapons of offence against the peace of the country, "forsaking his own mercies," and abandoning himself to every lawless, every sanguinary pursuit, when summoned so to do by those whose interest it is to prevent his long enjoying a state of outward prosperity that may in time produce an inward attachment to the government under which he lives. As well might a man argue from the unruffled aspect of the Atlantic on a calm summer's day, that an open boat would be as safe and suitable a conveyance across its bosom as across that of the land-locked lake, half a mile over, as maintain that the country can abidingly prosper whose Protestant government has to bear rule over a population devoted to the See of Rome. Travellers visit Ireland during an interval of calm, and forget that however the stormy swell of its waters may for the time be hushed, a breath may rouse them in the space of one dark hour into a paroxysm of foaming rage, that shall, ere it subsides, work the destruction of all within its reach. These elections will open a page of information before the eye of England, more legible and far more instructive than the accumulated folios of her parliamentary committees, and well-paid commissions, of the past ten years. The only doubt is whether she will wisely read it, or turn away from unwelcome truths, until the calamity overtakes her which all her wilful or affected blindness cannot avert.

After a pleasant drive, with as small a proportion of level ground as I had ever yet met with in a similar space, we entered and passed through the neat prosperous-looking little town of Letterkenny; but not until we had crossed the Swilly in the form of a rivulet running under a scarcely perceptible bridge. Letterkenny consists of a long street, with a very rapid descent, beyond which a pretty road led us to the gate, and a short approach under some fine trees to the house of these expecting friends; who, flocking down the broad steps, commenced the "cead-mille failthe" reception before we could even jump from the car. You would delight in this situation, it is so completely shut in that you need not, unless you choose to think about it, know that there is any visible world beyond its limits. The house, large and commodious, with an entrance hall spacious enough to please me well, stands closely surrounded on three sides with well-grown trees, forming a sort of verdant niche for it to rest in. Before it, gradually slopes down a very fine lawn, tastefully planted with clumps and single specimens of the most ornamental species—pine, cedar, beech, oak, and bay, prevail: but many others abound. Beyond, the eye is again lost in shrubberies and minor plantations, over which rises a swelling ground, variously cultivated, with one or two pretty

cottages on the ascent; and to the right, not wholly visible from the dwelling, is a handsome mansion belonging to a branch of the Stewart family. Mr. B. says he will cut away some of his redundant wood on that side, and lay the prospect open: I can easily imagine how you would protest against it, but it will probably be done.

Sunday morning displayed a delightful scene; I was conducted by our friend to the rear of the dwelling, where no fewer than three rooms were occupied by the children of his tenants, each member of the family taking a class; the master's being composed of young men and boys who had made some progress in Scripture knowledge. Many an hour have we together devoted to the same work among the poor ragged little outcast Irish children in St. Giles'; and you may imagine how delightful it was to see my fellow-labourer thus pursuing the same avocation, surrounded by this well-clad, healthy, respectable-looking assemblage, to whom the family invariably devote the first hours of each Sabbath morning. Oh that every gentleman's house in Ireland could boast of apartments thus furnished!

The parish church being under repair, divine worship is held in a large school-house in Letterkenny; it is well attended, and the Rector is one who eloquently preaches Christ crucified as the sinner's only hope; while alas! crowds are flocking to the mass-house just by, to worship a deified wafer, putting their trust in the arm of flesh, and vainly going about to establish their own righteousness, which can never profit their souls. Nothing is to me so melancholy a spectacle as the deeply devotional appearance of these poor lost sheep, as they go to the poisoned pastures in quest of nutriment. Oh that England would stretch out yet more munificently a helping hand, and provide Scripture readers for every peopled track in this inviting country! I had been told that the Irish language was very little spoken here; it is extremely prevalent; and among the crowds of poor destitute creatures who on every Thursday morning assemble at Mr. B's gate to share the bounty which his liberality deals forth, in meal, potatoes, &c. a great majority speak the native tongue, though few if any are entirely ignorant of English,—or Scotch as they call it; for that is the title by which the settlers are generally distinguished.

It was with no small measure of delighted expectation that I prepared for a trip to the great barn, as I cannot help calling that singular mountain. The car was prepared, in compliance with my obstinate predeliction, rejecting gig, phaeton, and coach for that lively vehicle. Mr. B. sent forward a relay, for the road is tremendously rugged, and so long that no one believed we seriously meant to make a single day's jaunt of it; nor was it for lack of the most pressing invitation to pass the night at a beautifully-situated mansion, midway, that we all made up our minds to the exploit. I obtained a fine view of Mr. B.'s extensive property, as we drove between the fields of ripening flax and corn, and at length arrived on the never-to-be-forgotten roads of the wild region. The first remarkable thing we passed was Lough Veagh, one of the most bewitchingly beautiful lakes that the sun shines upon. It lies at the foot of a precipice, so verdant, so richly wooded even there, and on its more sloping bank so exquisitely adorned by the hand of taste, following the guidance of creative skill, that I could have lingered long to gaze upon its loveliness, had not the very minutes been precious. Muckish still retained his architectural form, and it was a puzzle to me by what means we were to mount the roof: but after turning and winding with what seemed an interminable road, we came to the accessible side, and to confess the truth, Slieve Donard was a staircase compared with what lay before us. In height the monarch of Mourne surpasses his brother of Tyrconnel by some 800 feet; but for abrupt steepness, aggravated by the absence of stepping stones and stout fern, which lent so welcome an aid in Down, Muckish was far more impracticable. However I have a great dislike to being beaten back in an enterprize fairly commenced, and as in the former case resolved to persevere. We left the car at the only cabin within reach, which boasted of something called a stable; but the noble animal that had drawn us could by no manœuvre make himself small enough to enter any door on

the premises, and was compelled to stand outside during our five or six hours' absence.

Fancy me now, first floundering through a narrow bog, which lay between the road and the mountain, and then commencing such a work, that had not the stout arm of my friendly guide lent continual aid, I never should have reached the first two hundred feet of the ascent, which was just a level to the 2000 that lay beyond. A dozen times I wished myself on the dullest flat in Europe, rather than to be toiling under a sultry sky up an almost perpendicular wall of smooth grass; but, after a longer effort than that expended on Slieve Donard, the top was really gained, and with it the dissipation of my delightful dream of repose; for, in lieu of the greensward on which I resolved to recline the moment we reached the summit, there was a sort of burlesque on the mystery of Macadamizing—a coating of small sharp stones, seemingly arranged with the keenest edge uppermost, rendered hot by the powerful rays, and not only refusing a seat, but scarcely affording a comfortable standing-place.

Yet all was forgotten—recent fatigue and present discomfort, in contemplating the scenery around. I despair of describing it. We stood facing the west, and looked down upon such a tumult of rugged magnificence as had never entered my imagination. The mountains before us were all rock, scantily clad here and there with mosses, lichens, and rough grass, but still lifting their craggy peaks in naked sternness, and in every variety of form that fancy could devise. Directly in front of us rose four pinnacles, of nearly equal height, and with a regularity that would beseem the turrets of an old castle; and what would you suppose lay in the cradle thus formed? A lake like crystal. Look where you would—west, south, or south-east—you were dazzled by the radiance of a hundred suns, flashed forth by as many glorious lakes, some very small, others of great size—some lying in the bosom of what seemed a soft green meadow, others surrounded by golden sands, but the greater number at various elevations upon rocks and mountains. It was enchantment; it cannot, I am persuaded, be paralleled. Turning to the east, there roamed Lough Swilly along the many channels that he has formed for his abundant waters; and farther yet, the long unbroken chain of Innishowen showed the course of the Foyle; and if I did not see Derry, my wish was father to the thought; for I think I did. To the north—but to obtain a full view here it was necessary to cross over to the other side of the ridge; and after literally cutting my boots to pieces, on the sharp stones, I had the consolation of finding so much of grass and wild herbage as sufficed us all for a pleasant seat:—to the north, then, lay outspread in all its majesty the mighty ocean. The island of Torry seemed almost within reach; and oh what an endless variety of exquisitely-formed bays, estuaries, creeks, and graceful indentures, did that northern shore present! We seemed to overhang the ocean; it was as though it laved the foot of our gigantic resting-place, though really at a considerable distance. The perfectly isolated situation of the mountain exceedingly increased the grandeur of our elevation. There seemed no intermediate step between us and the lower world; but how we ascended and how we should again descend, appeared an equal mystery, all sides being, in our then position, alike abrupt and inaccessible. I envied the engineers who, engaged in the ordnance survey, had pitched a tent and lived for a while on that mountain height. We had nothing to secure us from the intensity of the sun's rays; but that only enhanced the delicious effect of the cool azure that canopied the deeper, darker, cooler blue of the wide-spreading Atlantic, which melted into it in the far horizon, marked perchance by the small white speck of some stately ship, diminished to the size of a pearl, which linked the turquoise and the amethyst. Yet even from this I turned repeatedly, to look upon the four singular turrets, with their baby lake so beautifully cradled many hundred feet from earth's level plain. Arrigal looked splendid from this post; and Mr. B. told me that I was not mistaken in supposing it a mere point; for that, after climbing it with no small difficulty, he seated himself astride, as on horseback, with one foot on each side of the mountain.

Can you imagine the sea in the wildest possible state of commotion, with the

waves thrown up in all varieties of form? Magnify them in size, and suppose them suddenly petrified, you will have the nearest idea that I can convey of the rocky wilderness beneath us. But I shall tire you with this vain attempt to describe what baffles description; and I must desist. It required all the rhetorical powers of my friends to persuade me that we ought to commence our return; but the fact was indisputable; and after convincing ourselves that a stone allowed to drop on any part of the edge, save one, would thunder along till it reached the bottom, we bade farewell to this scene of matchless sublimity; and I found myself, I hardly know by what means, once more ankle-deep in the black bog below. W. says he never had such work in his life; but would like such a frolic every day. I believe he rolled down the greater part of the mountain, under the direction of Miss B., who stepped the heights like a chamois, smiling in conscious security at the mischances of us miserable lowlanders. Muckish, in Irish, signifies a pig's back: it is sufficiently expressive of the sharp, level ridge, but does not describe the general outline of the mountain.

The "hotel" had provided for us an enormous dish of delicious potatoes; and we discovered that the hospitable poor creatures had dug up their summer store from the little garden to feast us. These with our own provisions, appeased the appetite which, as you may suppose, was by this time pretty clamorous; and after a jolting that, despite the excellent springs of the car, strongly reminded me of our approach to Drogheda, we reached home between ten and eleven o'clock, tired, I confess; and with my boots hanging in shreds, which came down scatheless from Slieve Donard.

Our next excursion was to a different scene. Lough Salt was the name given to a high mountain, the long, indented ridge of which attracted my notice; and Mr. B. told me he would thence show me a prospect that would surprise, if it did not delight me, more than Muckish. This I took the liberty of doubting; but any new exhibition of the romantic features of this glorious country was a desirable thing, and we started again in great spirits the following day, with a different horse, two having been completely knocked up by the former excursion. A long road, less rugged but also less picturesque than that to Muckish, brought us to the foot of this ridge; and then an excellent carriage-way, wide but terribly steep, led us towards the summit. We walked beside the car, chatting; and but for the pleasant society, I should have thought it rather a heavy affair; but what was my astonishment when, on rounding the point that terminated this ascent, I found myself in a truly magic circle, enclosed by a lofty precipitous mountain—the very ridge in question—on the right; on the left, a graceful sweep of high, but more gently sloping hills, under which the road wound, the intermediate space between that and the steeper rampart being occupied by a lough of considerable width, great length, and depth literally unfathomable by any stretch of man's ingenuity. The tall crag was slightly curved, rendering that edge of the water which kissed its base equally so; the other bank was considerably rounded out; and, to enhance the loveliness of this graceful outline, no distinct boundary was perceptible at either end: the lines melting off, as it were in the distances. After pacing, in the silence of awe-struck admiration, the margin of this beautiful lake, we came to what seemed the end of it; but here a little stream, not a foot across, ran gurgling in pure crystal through the grass, close under the sheltering rock, and fell into a small, indeed a very small lake, rendered almost black by the deep shadows cast on it; for here the basin was almost entirely surrounded by perpendicular rocks, rising to a gigantic height.

Seated upon the grass, on the pleasant slope that lay between these two strangely situated pieces of water, I felt as though I had really escaped from all the harassing conflicts, the turmoil and disquietudes of life. So perfect was the seclusion, so profound the tranquillity, so grand yet so lovely the features of the scene, that I could not help thinking of the hiding-place promised to the Lord's people when he arises to shake terribly the earth. Confined within that romantic boundary, the character of the water yet resembled anything rather than stagnation: there was a beautiful ripple perpetually ruffling its bright surface, adding activity to peace. The

finely indented ridge was not bare, but the herbage scanty, short, and brown, intermixed with much stone; and some rough shrubs afforded a few mouthfuls to the lean goats, one or two of which I descried near the top. There was also a pathway for man's footsteps; but it must require great strengh of nerve to tread it, suspended over such an awful depth of water. The nearer bank was interspersed with blocks of limestone and granite, sparkling in the sun; over which gay wild flowers crept, as also they did in great profusion up the bank on the other side of the road. A trifling ascent in that direction threw open a magnificent sea view, with all the mighty headlands and mountains that render this part of Ireland so fine; but I could not stay to look upon them. I returned to the lonely glen to commune with my own heart and be still. I thought how delightful it would be to gather into this natural fold a multitude of the poor wanderers of Erin, and to tell them, what every object around seemed to join in proclaiming, that God is love. What a glorious land is this—

'Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!'

As in the music of the Irish, and in their national character, so it is in the natural scenery of their country. Some unexpected trait of the softest beauty continually steals upon you in the midst of what is dark, stern, and wild; something of the latter breaks in, where seemingly it has no business, just to remind you that what you are contemplating is Irish. The grandeur of this mountain tract of Donegal is really savage; yet I am mistaken if the sky of Italy looks down on any thing so softly, so enchantingly lovely, as this Lough Salt. Tollymore is the realization of a fairy dream; yet there the cataract flashes across your path, foaming impetuously over its rocks; and Slieve Donard haughtily rears his crest, or rather cairn of rugged stones, above the delicate verdure of that smiling scene. How is it that tourists who use the pencil rarely select the really characteristic features of this enchanting isle; and how is it that even less justice is done to the fine traits of natural character perceptible through the ferocity and other evil things with which the mother of abominations has inoculated the native race?

Not satisfied with having shown us two such specimens as Muckish and Lough Salt, these dear friends planned a third expedition, the object of which was Mulroy Bay; and although we encountered enough of heavy rain to damp our energies, the excursion overpaid all. Mulroy Bay is one of those deep indentations by which the ocean, as though attracted by the picturesque scenery, roves inland. Here the water is girdled in by a belt of crags, not very lofty, but beyond description beautiful; being decked with the brightest verdure, and reclining, as it were, on a couch of emerald green, adorned with wild flowers; while at their feet a little strand of clear pebbles, strewn with every variety of sea-weed, conducts the advancing tide to lave the barrier, or sparkles in the sunbeam during its retreat. Strolling beneath one of these rocks, which was hung like an old castle with a mantle of ivy, I suddenly met a group of Irish women, two of them bearing infants in their arms. It was impossible to resist the opportunity; so, after eliciting by a few questions the various uses to which they could apply the seaweed so profusely heaped around, I turned the discourse to the bountiful kindness of the Lord, who would not let a little wave roll upon their shore without bringing them a gift in token of his love. At this they fairly seated themselves on some of the rocky fragments, the better to listen; and then I spoke of God's crowning gift, even his own only and well-beloved Son, freely bestowed; and of the Son's equal love in freely giving his life for us: and sought to direct them to the source of all true wealth, true happiness and peace, in the midst of their deep poverty and many sorrows. They were but a few words, yet they came from my heart and went to theirs, I think; and I felt as though I tried to pay a drop of that ocean of debt which my country owes them. Occupying, as we do, the land which God gave to their fathers, we are unquestionably so placed in order that, while reaping their carnal things, we may sow unto them spiritual things; and the Lord marks every neglected opportunity of inviting these straying sheep back to the fold.

The road to and from Mulroy Bay is very superior, in point of population, to the others. But the satisfaction of looking

on a neat country town, with its church, its glebe, and its little commercial traffic, was sadly damped by the appearance of that nuisance, the National school, of course closely adjoining the Romish chapel, to which the system will act as a powerful buttress to stay and to strengthen what would otherwise speedily fall. This is the extreme point of my excursion: I have travelled through thirteen counties, and have freely conversed with all whom I met; yet can I safely assert that hitherto I have not spoken with one individual who did not deprecate the plan, as fraught with most ruinous consequences to the people of the land, and subversive of the principle of the Union. In candour I must likewise add, that more sorrow and regret have been expressed to me by the Protestants of Ireland, on the occasion of this pernicious experiment having found an advocate in a truly pious English clergyman, than at all the dishonour done to them by open enemies. A slight wound from the hand of a trusted brother is felt more keenly than many stabs from that of an adversary. However, they are not discouraged: their experience may be that of Paul,—"At the first, no man stood by me." But to this they will be able to add, with the tried apostle, "The Lord stood by me and strengthened me." He makes trial of their faith now, that they may make trial of his truth and love. The persecuted people of God, in this country, have a fairer prospect before them than those who, in other lands, *as yet*, sit secure, dreaming that they shall see no sorrow; and all the mad experiments wantonly tried upon them and their cause, will only provoke the Lord to show himself strong in their behalf, and to let the philosophizing intruders know that he who toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye.

On Monday we must return to Derry, as the steamer starts by nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. I shall leave Donegal, more than ever impressed with the conviction that on the heads of bygone generations of British Protestants must rest a heavy share of responsibility, as regards the present state of Ireland. By British Protestants I mean those of both countries. England is fearfully guilty, in that, while holding the patronage of the Irish Church, she has sent into this country a succession of men to bear the high office of spiritual pastors, who, with a few bright exceptions, thought of the fleece and the fat and of nothing more. Ireland, on the part of her Protestants, is guilty, in that they have actually looked upon the miseries of her priestridden race, without anything that could be called a real effort to break the yoke of bondage from off their necks. The time for making this effort was after the establishment of William on the throne; but perhaps it was too much to expect that, while yet smarting from the wounds of their bigoted persecutors, the rescued party should at once become their voluntary teachers. The following age presented no such barrier: Popery was strictly curbed by severe penal laws in its external manifestation, but the poison was allowed to work within. Bedell, Boyle, and Usher had no successors in the spiritual, neither had that disinterested patriot, James Duke of Ormonde, in the political, world of poor Ireland.

It is unavailing as afflicting to trace the progress of fatal mismanagement during prosperous times, issuing as it did in the sanguinary burst of 1798. The Union placed our country in a position of far greater power to confer good, while its accompanying concessions invested the enemy with more abundant opportunities of working evil. Coercion was found to be unavailing; conciliation was then resorted to, and helped forward the mischief; until, instead of bringing our fellow-subjects, by God's appointed means, to a participation in the blessings of Christianity, we have flung our own national faith as a sop to the fierce Cerberus of the triple crown, only to learn how speedily his capacious jaws could ingulph the gift, and then renew his stunning yell for more. It ill becomes us to recriminate, where all parties are so deeply guilty concerning our brethren: one path is yet open to us, and that is one which has never been totally closed. Prejudices that stood not in the way of learning to cluck with the Hottentot, though they could not abide the barbarous sound of one of the finest languages in the world, daily spoken in our London streets, and prevalent among three millions of our nearest neighbours,

—these prejudices have now been put out of countenance; so that Christian men are at last content to yield the point of obliging a native Irishman to study our grammar before they inform him that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Yet the obligation is not fully recognized: the ministers of this Church do not generally look upon the Romish peasantry as the lost sheep whom it is their duty to seek and to bring back; and too many of the Protestant laity allow themselves to be hindered in the exercise of an imperative duty, that of rendering their influential position, as to the temporal circumstances of the natives, available for their spiritual advantage. We wonder and complain that the Ethiopian does not change his skin: some talk of boring a hole through the island, and keeping it under water for a day or two; others of exporting the whole native race, and re-peopling the land with a different breed; others, again, are disposed only to confine them to Connaught, with a menace of driving them into the sea on the first provocation: but, alas, how few apply themselves to preparing the bonds of love wherewith to draw this forlorn, this perverted people back to God!

In fact, the Creator of the world is entirely left out of the various schemes for bettering a country that he has made so rich and so lovely: how to render it a tractable appendage to our own imperial isle, is the grand question: how to make it the kingdom of our God and of his Christ, is another, and it would seem a wholly irrelevant matter. "Establish Popery as the state religion," says one; "Give them useful knowledge, without any religion at all," quoth another; "Administer the teetotal pledge," suggests a third; while a small section, amid the smiles of pity and jeers of scorn that such a proposal must elicit, soberly says, "Christianize them." And to this it must come, or a besom of destruction will sweep the land, directed by Him who will not always be insultingly overlooked by his rebellious creatures. The servant who, through blameable ignorance, knew not his Lord's will, shall then be beaten with stripes; but what a scourge of briars will be prepared for the back of those who, unavoidably knowing their Lord's will, which they cannot help hearing in their hours of worship, through pride, through prejudice indolence, or unbelief, refused to do it!

LETTER XIV

CONCLUSION.

At Sea, August.

Like a pleasant dream, my summer tour is ended, and dear Ireland, with all her touching associations, lies many a long mile to the west. I could not write before starting, and now the resource is welcome. We were brought to Derry by our considerate friends, in the family travelling carriage, after bidding a reluctant farewell to their sweet retreat, and its magnificent neighbourhood. I preferred the coach-box, not only for the parting view of Swilly and his glorious mountain hosts, but for the first and best sight of Derry and the Foyle. Both were afforded me, under a splendid sky; and with a bounding heart I found myself once more within the walls; and almost immediately afterwards perched on the top of the steeple.

In my former letter I neglected to mention Walker's testimonial; it is a noble column, and the statue is very fine; but not being part and parcel of the *bona-fide* antiquities, it attracted less of my notice than was justly due. The Chapel of Ease I ought likewise to have mentioned; and to have rescued Derry from an unjust stigma which Inglis, through some misconception, left to rest on her population. He says there is no reading-room, or public library; there are three; and one of them is of great extent, arranged in a handsome building very near Brown's hotel. Corporation Hall, which occupies the site of the old Guard-house, in the centre of the Diamond, is a noble room, commanding a full view of Lough Foyle, and containing a painting of the town just as it was in 1688—an article that I found it difficult not to covet.

The evening was lovely; and so late as between ten and eleven o'clock we all indulged ourselves with a stroll round the ramparts, which we twice encircled with-

out meeting a human being, save two lads who appeared to belong to the shipping. I have already described the relative position of the cathedral, where an iron railing alone separates the grave-yard from the south-eastern corner of the ramparts; against this railing I stood for a long while, until the scene was so impressed on my mind that it cannot be obliterated "while memory holds her seat." There, in the pure light of as brilliant a full moon as ever shone upon it, stood the modest, but noble pile. The building has no transepts; it consists of two parts only, the plain body of the church, and its spire-crowned steeple; still there is something about it strikingly unique, even if you could separate it from the thrilling recollections that I should be sorry for one moment to banish. Not only the chaste outline, in fine relief against the sky, but every turn of the architecture, every minutiæ of the finishing was distinctly seen; save where about eight feet of the base lay hid behind the mound formed by unnumbered accessions of that which once lived, and moved, laboured and endured, until the spirit departed and dust returned to dust. Here the moonbeam fell slantingly on the unequal mantle of long rank grass, revealing the few solitary wildflowers that, heavy with dews of night, drooped their closed petals, as though in melancholy contemplation of what rested beneath.

And what was it that reposed beneath? The poor remains of manly, and lovely, and infantine forms, many rent by mortal wounds, hundreds wasted to death by famine, thousands swept away by pestilence originating in hunger, drought, terror, and the dreadfully crowded state of that diminutive town during the burning heat of summer. Mingled with their dust, were grape-shot, cannon balls, and the fragments of those destructive bombs which frequently buried themselves among their victims. By day the scene had been powerfully exciting; but under that soft, pensive light, it struck a different chord; and I could have wept over it while a tear remained for me to shed. "Have ye suffered so much in vain?" was the interrogatory that apostrophized the unconscious mass of mortality; and then I looked towards Innishowen, so peacefully slumbering in the mellow light, and thought how the native population, deep in the defiles of that wild region, were still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, at the distance of a century and a half from the achievement of these devoted beings, which placed Ireland altogether under Protestant ascendency. Close behind, and encircling our left, was the high rugged wall, with its broken watch-tower, port-holes, and unequal outline: while a little to the right a bastion spread its angles, and opened a view to the rising grounds whence a destructive bombardment was constantly directed across the river. If the stillness of a summer night, shedding the pale moonbeams on its surface, can impart such an interest as we know it does to a grey ruin remarkable only for its picturesque effect, what, think you, must it have appeared, when the objects thus illumined, shadowed, and hushed into solemn stillness, were the old barrier walls of Derry, her venerable church, and the graves of her slain—the romantic mountains of Innishowen, and the swelling waters of Lough Foyle! Envy me what I then enjoyed, but pity me that I enjoy it no longer. The moonlight now, after the lapse of four and twenty hours, strikes on the foam around me, showing by the rapidity of its sweep how fast we recede from that western isle, which ought to be, and which might be the most precious jewel in England's crown, instead of proving as it does the sharpest thorn in her side.

Once again, before our friends were stirring, W. and I hastily encircled the ramparts, and traversed the streets of Derry; and shortly afterwards I had disengaged my foot from the shore with a more painful, though unseen, effort than it would require to separate a mass of iron from the magnet. If one of the neatest, most commodious vessels that ever breasted the sea, and one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, considerate commanders imaginable, could reconcile me to the parting, I might have left Ireland in the Robert Napier, without a pang; but neither this nor a casual meeting with most agreeable society, could do it. We were speedily at large in the Foyle, and from that memorable spot where the Mountjoy broke the boom I looked upon the city, striving to

realize Captain Bowring's emotions, when that sight inspired him with resolution for so daring a blow. It was no marvel, for Derry on her hill is most conspicuous, notwithstanding the mass of additions that almost hide the ancient boundary, and as Bowring's family were there I could comprehend his feelings. He succeeded, and fell at the same moment.

A little beyond, we overtook and passed the St. Columb, a small steamer bound for Glasgow, so densely crowded with passengers that her bulwarks were fringed by their legs hanging over the sides. These were all poor Irishmen going to seek a precarious employment in the harvest fields, to earn the rent of their miserable cabin, and the dues of their grasping priest. What a monstrous anomaly, that the labouring class of Ireland should thus be compelled to migrate for a few weeks' employ, while her rich bog-lands are unreclaimed, her fine soil half cultivated, and her abundant mines almost altogether unworked! Certainly the spirit of blindness is poured out upon our rulers; and is leading all classes equally or at least similarly astray.

The ancient fort of Culmore, so famous in the siege, stands on a commanding point of land; and beyond it the Lough widens into a magnificent expanse, again contracting ere it meets the sea. Hitherto the scenery had been of the more cultivated and polished description, presenting a succession of elegant seats and villas; but now we were to survey the far-famed coast of Antrim, the fine weather allowing us to keep close under it. Some of our companions being bound for the Giant's Causeway, we were sure of seeing that extraordinary place. Bearing away to the west of Lough Foyle were the sublime headlands of Donegal, abrupt perpendicular cliffs and mountainous projections, the height of which would have astonished me had I not lately looked down upon them from Muckish. As we rounded the eastern shore, every mile brought an increase of sublimity. Indeed I know not where so many remarkable objects can be found within a similar space. We passed Port Stewart, an exceedingly pretty town, romantically situated on the brink of the sea; and soon found ourselves abreast of the black ruins of Dunluce Castle, occupying a high detached crag, accessible only by a sort of bridge thrown from another rock of equal height. The ruins are very extensive, but not lofty; their effect resulting principally from the singular site, rising as it does immediately from the sea. The Causeway then appeared and amply fulfilled my expectations, which is not always the case. Never did I behold such an accumulation of the grand, the graceful, and the fantastic, as the ever-varying outline which those fluted cliffs presented. Sometimes you might trace a human countenance in a profile of one or two hundred feet; here a gigantic organ, there a gallery, then a stack of chimnies; while advancing from the main land into the sea, fragments of every possible shape, all bearing the same singular character, seemed sporting among the playful waves. I would not have exchanged that passing sea-view for a day's excursion among its inland wonders. Carrick-a-rede next engaged our attention, a huge mass of basaltic rocks separated from the coast, and used during the season by those employed in the salmon fishery. It is singular, not only from its extremely picturesque aspect, appearing as though rent away by some mighty force and flung into the sea, but more so on account of the slight bridge of rope fearlessly thrown, and vibrating in the breeze at the height of eighty feet above the water. The chasm which it crosses is sixty feet in width; and along this perilous path a fisherman will tread with a hundred weight of salmon on his back.

Unhappily I lost the grandest of all these noble features on the Antrim coast, for we passed Fair Head while in the cabin at dinner; and I was not aware of it until too late. Subsequently our course lay directly away from the land, and I had, as I thought taken a last look of the narrow dark line skirting the north western horizon, when suddenly an apparition rose, the very first glimpse of which extorted an exclamation from my lips—"The Mourne Mountains!" It was indeed that mighty chain, with Slieve Donard towering high above his fellows. So distinct was the outline, that I could fix my eye upon the precise spot where Tollymore Park lies; and hour after hour did I gaze on it, until I knew that the neighbours were collecting,

and the family prepared at the beat of the great drum, which suspended beneath the banners served as a gong, to meet them in the dear chapel. All the excited feelings of the day seemed then to find vent in the tears that flowed, while in heart I joined their evening devotions.

We were upwards of fifty miles distant by the captain's reckoning, who said I might have made that voyage a hundred times without obtaining such a view of the Mourne hills. It was ten o'clock before we lost their magnificent outline, and even then not distance but insufficient light excluded them. A brilliant beacon glimmering in the horizon still marked the entrance of Belfast Lough, while the moon broadly rested on the opposite coast of Scotland. At one time, before sunset, Slieve Donard and Ailsa crag appeared equidistant, and of similar height; but the latter was much nearer. Repeatedly I was summoned on deck by the kind captain, who declares that he never remembers such a night at sea. The moon hangs beneath a canopy of the deepest blue; so invitingly brilliant that he prepared a powerful glass to gratify me with a telescopic view of that orb, infinitely surpassing any that can be gained on land. Returning to the cabin I was again hastily called on deck to witness a beautiful but tantalizing sight. The Isabella Napier was proceeding home, scarcely discernible in the dim distance. These two elegant packets start at the same time, the Robert from Derry and the Isabella from Liverpool every Tuesday; and vice versa on the Friday. We were now to salute; and this was done by each ship at some interval first throwing up a large rocket, which cleft the dark clear sky with splendid effect; then burning a blue light over her side. The result of all these fires gleaming over such a sea was inconceivably lovely. I have passed many weeks upon the ocean but never witnessed any thing to compare with it. The revolving light-houses were also new to me: they are so coloured as to throw across the waves alternate tints of blue, crimson, deep yellow, and pure white, each continuing for the space of a minute or two. By this time we were off the Isle of Man, but every local link with Ireland seemed severed when the packet had passed on her way; and I descended to my solitary cabin, being the only female passenger, not to sleep, but to muse over the remembrance of these eight delightful weeks, and to sum up the result of my observations.

It is soon told: Ireland as she is, must continue to be a tormenting enigma, baffling the utmost skill of worldly men, and paining the hearts of those who look beyond the passing pageant of time. Ireland as she ought to be, would prove to us a tower of strength, a mine of wealth, and a crown of beauty. Bring to bear upon her but a reasonable share of English enterprise, directed by Christian wisdom, and supported by characteristic liberality, and never did the most fertile field give such promise of repaying a hundred-fold the culture bestowed on it, as she does. I appeal to facts: I recur to the estates of Lord Roden and Lord Mandeville, which I have carefully examined, and to those of Lords Farnham and Lorton, which lay out of my track. Exceptions to the success of their plans do emphatically prove the rule; because those exceptions can ALWAYS be traced to the influence of Popery, fostered as it is by the legislature, beyond their power to repress it. Ireland is not like a field that has merely lain fallow, and thrown up weeds; it is like one that has been perverted from its original use, and built upon, and encrusted with stones and gravel. We have a great work to do; to pull down these buildings, to cast out this rubbish, and by a persevering process to overcome obstacles that must be surmounted, IF we would have our fruitful field again to plant vineyards upon, instead of having our eyes offended, and our whole estate poisoned by the mass of pest-houses surreptitiously erected. That the thing is practicable, is certain, for this reason, that it is a plain, positive duty, and as such, both incumbent on us, and sure of receiving a blessing from on high in its honest performance. But if this will not be, if we are too cowardly, too niggardly, too unfaithful and unbelieving to choose the right path, these things must go on from bad to worse: nothing is stationary: nobody is neutral. Bind the victim hand and foot, and fling her yet more hopelessly into the iron furnace of Rome: deal blow upon blow at the Pro-

testant church, and heap insult upon insult on the Protestant people: banish the Bible from every school, or mutilate according to the most approved Popish and Socinan patterns; leave the native tongue of the most untamed millions among the aborigines, to be used by the Romish priesthood as an unfailing instrument for exciting them to sedition and sanguinary outrage; do all this, and as much more as you please, under the false colours of liberalism, and the falser cant of "useful knowledge." The result is soon told: you sow the wind, and shall reap the whirlwind.

Poor Ireland! who can look upon the loveliness of her scenery—lovely always, even when it assumes so much of the savageness of rude sublimity, as I have vainly attempted to sketch in Donegal—and not desire to see it smiling in prosperity, as even in desolation it cannot help doing? Who can trace the ardent devotion, the fervent attachment, the unhesitating obedience of her native race to that which they erroneously esteem the truth, their dauntless courage in its defence, and their unwavering fidelity to its interests, without feeling that such a people, illumined by the beams of the everlasting gospel, would indeed shed forth a brilliant light upon surrounding lands? Who can contemplate the spectacle of her Christian clergy, maintaining their arduous post against every discouragement in the midst of persecution, affliction, and distress; of a Protestant community, continuing stedfast in loyalty under all the varied trials of centuries past, and still holding the land for those who give them neither thanks nor support, without the strongest emotions of sympathy, admiration, and respect? My heart is too full of these things to part from the country without a pang of unaffected sorrow, deepened by a sense of the kindness, the affectionate kindness that has bound me more strongly than ever to the green isle. These are my parting thoughts, as they occurred on the deck of the Robert Napier.

Tis past, like vision faded—the mountain swells between,
To shroud thee from my lingering gaze, unconquered maiden queen;
The Eastern point is rounded of thy Foyle's retiring bay,
And Inishowen's giant troop in distance melt away.

Wild rocks with crumbling turrets topped are frowning dark and high,
The headlands bold and beautiful successively sweep by,
And onward ploughs our gallant boat, too swiftly through the main—
Oh when shall I revisit thee, mine own green isle, again!

I go where Albion, proudly rich, majestically leads
Tall lines of waving trees around her broad and fertile meads,
To see the glory and the wealth, the splendour and increase
Of 'cities that with commerce shine,' of hamlets robed in peace.
Not such, thou torn and wearied one, alas! not such art thou,
Pain, poverty and shame have press'd their signet on thy brow:
Yet dearer to my bosom far than Albion's gayest smile,
Is the saddest sigh that breathes from thee, my own loved isle.

When shall the joy again be mine to labour up the steep,
And from thy mountain's rugged crest look forth upon the deep:
Or inland turning number o'er full many a fairy lough,
Each gleaming from its dark recess, a diamond in the rock;
Tyrconnel's wilderness of crags spread broad beneath mine eye,
Rude spire and mimic battlement fantastic piled on high,
And the tall ridge that sternly smiles in purple heather drest;
And wooes a thousand rock-born flowers to sparkle on its breast.

While o'er the glen the plumy flax waves wild in lightsome grace,
And the coy streamlet half revealed pursues its playful race,
And Swilly with his hundred arms roams idly on the shore,
And Foyle his song o' th' olden time still murmurs by Culmore.
For he hath rolled his guardian wave round the gray rampart stone.
And laved the honoured feet of the maiden on her throne:
Oh when shall I again kneel down in Derry's hallowed pile,
That glory of thy thousand hills, my own bright isle!

The summer eve is closing—no more my tearful eye
Can trace the line of thy dear shore beneath the western sky;
Save where the mighty scalps of Mourne in towering grandeur swell,
And Donard smiles across the wave a tender kind farewell,
And let the waves bring back to the, as peacefully they roll,
The fondest greeting of my lip, the blessing of my soul
I cannot stay the rapid keel that bears me on the while,
It does not bear my heart from thee, my own sweet isle.

The moon walks forth in splendour now, and brightly o'er the deep,
Rays of revolving beacon fires in changeful beauty sweep.

And yonder comes the home-bound ship, I see her signal light,
Oh for that rocket's spring, to bound athwart the brow of night.
Right joyously I'd cleave the air, with her retrace my way,
And laugh to greet the laughing morn, on Antriam's headlands gray,
And nerve my very eye to brook the blaze of solar fire,
Might but that glory flash on me from Derry's sun-lit spire.

Ah, vain as fond, I shall not find beneath to-morrow's ray,
Aught half so radiant as the looks that shone on me to day.
Through hours of toilsome weariness, long tedious hours and lone,
I'll turn to the remember'd light that cheered me and is gone.
Light of the hearts that love me well, beamed from the speaking eye,
Alike in welcome's glowing smile, and mid the parting sigh.
But mute be the repining thought, and hushed the bosom's swell,
My own loved isle, my Inisfail, vein of my heart—farewell!

APPENDIX.

A. Page 380.

The subsequent publication of minutes of evidence before the Committees of the House of Lords on the subject of this national system of education has spared me the task of adducing proofs from private information which are there brought forward on oath. Whosoever will take the trouble of even cursorily perusing those two folios, must rise from them with a conviction on his mind that the charges,—I. of mutilated unfaithful extracts—II. of the suppression as far as possible even of these—III. of the substitution of most debasingly superstitious and indecent publications—and IV. of the scandalous characters retained in the capacity of masters, are all substantiated. To save any sceptical reader the trouble of searching them out, by giving references under these various heads, for charge I. see the evidence of the Rev. C. Boyton, page 1265 to 1268, that of the Dean of Ardagh, page 843–5; for charge II. that of the Rev, A. B. Rowan, page 813; for charge III. that of the Rev. L. H. Robinson, p. 1135–95, and that of the Rev. G. Dwyer, page 1215–7; and for charge IV. as a single instance, to the case of O'Donnell, detailed from page 382 to 418. Mr. Colquhoun's work also, "the System of National Education in Ireland; its principle and practice," contains many startling facts.

B. Page 383.

The Rev. L. J. Nolan has recently published a pamphlet which lays open this scene of horror,—the frightful slavery of the Romish priesthood themselves to the system which they are sworn to uphold—in a manner calculated to rouse every compassionate feeling of the human heart on their behalf. He relates from his own experience two cases, in one of which an inoffensive man was marked for death, and he, though apprized of it in the confessional by the intended assassin, was withheld by those bonds of darkness from taking any step whatever to avert the crime, or to warn the victim, who was accordingly murdered. The other was a yet more awfully revolting case of premeditated parricide, also accomplished. Not only is the woman of the Apocalypse herself "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with blood of the martyrs of Jesus," she makes those who willingly wear her chains also drunk "with the wine of the *wrath* of her fornication."

C. Page 387.

It cannot surely be denounced as uncharitable for one party to allude to what the other is continually harping on: and I should feel less scruple in so doing at the present time than in July 1837, when it suited the purpose of the arch-agitator to assume an aspect of joyous contentment on the accession of our young Queen; and to talk as though halcyon days of peace were in store for his oppressed country. I trust in God they are: but not by means of O'Connell's devising or desiring. The continual defeat of his goodly plans for overthrowing the Protestant church and quietly re-establishing Popery on her usurped throne in Ireland, insures a constant repetition of his kind announcements respecting the rebellion with which he seeks to frighten us into greater conces-

sions. Mr. O'Connell deprecates nothing more than such an event: he finds it profitable fishing while the waters are moderately troubled; but let an actual storm come, and he will gladly retreat with all his tackle into some sheltering nook. Many a true word, however, as the old adage declares, is spoken in jest: and Mr. O'Connell may find his manufactory of squibs a terrible subject for the sparks that he flings about at random. A third party uses him as a tool to ignite the fiery spirits whom they, not he, desire to see in the destructive attitude of 1798; and his vapouring menaces in the British senate tell with dreadful effect on those whose mouthpiece he pretends to be, while seeking only the accomplishment of his own sordid ends. It is not from the blusterings of Derrynane, but from the subtle craft and sterling gold of Italy that real danger is to be apprehended; though the former is made subservient to hasten the work to which the latter are applied. It is well to know from what quarter the danger really comes: Mr. O'Connell can no more retard the mischief than he can arrest a thunderbolt. He speaks truth, when he tells of plots and meditated insurrections; but his words are idle, worse than idle breath, when he would represent them as capable of being averted by conceding "Repeal," or any thing else, however abject the concession may be, so long as a Protestant breathes unmolested the air of Ireland. The union existed not in 1798: can any rational being hesitate in drawing the inference? In fact it would seriously embarrass the plans of these men to lose the present co-operation of the government, and to be obliged to meet the oppressed Protestants on equal ground.

Let the records of the former rebellion, as recorded by Musgrave, once more become the study of English Protestants. It was the event, comparatively, of a former generation. Why should we refuse to profit by the lesson it conveys?

D. Page 399.

A few persons may yet be found hardy enough to question this fact. To them may be recommended a valuable little book, entitled, "Primitive Christianity in Ireland: A Letter to Thomas Moore, Esq." By Dr. Monck Mason. The Irish, even to the very humblest class, are passionately fond of antiquity, and pride themselves on an acquaintance with it, so far as regards their own race and country. It is therefore of importance to the cause of Popery that they should be possessed of a belief of its having, from the first introduction of Christianity, borne sway in Ireland; and he who should succeed in persuading a poor Irishman that St. Patrick was not a Romanist, would break the strongest link in his chain. No one, who desires to promote the welfare of the people, should continue ignorant on these points. They hold with most clinging tenacity what they believe to have been "the faith of their fathers;" and if we believe it too, we are utterly unfit to enter the field against their darling delusions. What can be more touchingly encouraging to those who seek the salvation of the native race than to know that they are, generally, the descendants of true believers—members, at least, of a true scriptural Church, planted in the apostolic age—and that our work is not to rear a new edifice, but to build up one which has been thrust down by the iron hand of Popery: not to kindle a light where none has yet dawned, but to uncover a lamp that her devices have prevailed to hide. The subject is not a speculative one; it is deeply and valuably practical.

E. Page 399.

Here is the infamous document of that unprincipled pontiff. He was an Englishman, formerly abbot of Langley, in Hertfordshire. I have slept under the very roof where the cells of his monks are still preserved; and mourned to think that my countrymen—pope, king, and nobles—should have combined to lay these fetters of darkness on poor innocent Ireland. It behooves us the more to put forth every energy now in breaking the accursed bonds.

"Adrian, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ the illustrious king of England, greeting, and apostolic benediction.

"Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the design of propagating your glorious renown on earth, and completing your reward of eternal

happiness in heaven; while, as a Catholic prince, you are intent on enlarging the borders of the Church, teaching the truth of the Christian faith to the ignorant and rude, exterminating the roots of vice from the field of the Lord, and for the more convenient execution of this purpose requiring the counsel and favour of the apostolic see. In which, the maturer your deliberation and the greater the discretion of your procedure, by so much the happier, we trust, will be your progress, with the assistance of the Lord; as all things are used to come to a prosperous end and issue, which take their beginning from the odour of faith and the love of religion.

"There is, indeed, no doubt but that Ireland, and all the islands on which Christ the Sun of righteousness hath shone, and which have received the doctrines of the Christian faith, do belong to the jurisdiction of St. Peter and of the holy Roman Church, as your excellency also doth acknowledge. And therefore we are the more solicitous to propagate the righteous plantation of faith, and the branch acceptable to God, as we have the secret conviction of conscience that this is more especially our bounden duty.

"You then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter into the island of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto laws, and to extirpate the plants of vice; and that you are willing to pay from each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter, and that you will preserve the rights of the churches of the land whole and inviolate. We therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and laudable design, and favourably assenting to your petition, do hold it good and acceptable, that, for extending the borders of the Church, restraining the progress of vice, for the correction of manners, the planting of virtue, and the increase of religion, you enter this island and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honour of God and welfare of the land; and that the people of this land receive you honourably, and reverence you as their lord; the rights of their churches still remaining sacred and inviolate, and saving to St. Peter the annual pension of one penny from every house.

'If then you be resolved to carry the design you have conceived into effectual execution, study to form this nation to virtuous manners: and labour by yourself, and others whom you shall judge meet for this work, in faith, word, and life, that the church may be there adorned, that the religion of the Christian faith may be planted and grow up, and that all things pertaining to the honour of God, and the salvation of souls, be so ordered, that you may be entitled to the fulness of eternal reward from God, and obtain a glorious renown on earth throughout all ages."

This atrocious Bull was accompanied with the gift of a ring, by way of investiture as Lord of Ireland; and that the king too faithfully executed his commission we have, alas! seven centuries of blood-stained evidence to prove. It is well to bear these things in mind; and to be enabled also to convince others that, view it how we will, England owes to Ireland a mighty debt of justice, which ought to burden her conscience no longer.

F. Page 425.

This is one of the most serious charges brought against the National Schools; an excuse may be found, or fancied, for the "pious frauds" by which monks and nuns contrive to strengthen the children in what they conceive to be the true faith, by surreptitiously introducing their books on divinity; but that works of a politically seditious character, and others calculated to corrupt the morals of the poor little pupils, should be found in permitted use, defies the utmost stretch of liberalism to furnish even a palliation of the sin. At Erril school, a copy was actually set in the book, as a heading, which contained a lamentation of four criminals recently hanged at Maryborough, with their names: in another at Cork, a pamphlet was found, the style of which was in the highest degree inflammatory. One passage was, "Let the motto of every county Cork man be, Don't give up the repeal, and we must conquer." This also contained a list of Protestant gentry against whom the minds of the people were to be excited. The case of O'Donnell, already referred to, comes fairly under this head. With regard to the other point, two books are specified as being given to the children by their ecclesiasti-

cal teachers, male and female, of which the language is so gross, that the clergymen and gentlemen examined before the committee of the Lords declined reading it, and begged leave to hand the books in for their Lordships' private examination. Mr. Colquhoun has treated with tremendous effect this part of the subject, in his valuable little volume.

G. Page 427.

Two years ago, the Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan published a pamphlet of great importance under the title "Doctrines of the Church of Rome, and disorders of Ireland." He showed by extracts from the printed minutes of Parliamentary Committees, and other documents, the progress of deception and perfidy, already in full march upon us. He also gave the subjects as appointed for discussion at the priestly "conferences" of several preceding years; with the practical comment upon them afforded by succeeding events. The following summary which he gives towards the close of the work, is deserving of attention.

1. In the second, or, perhaps, we should call it, the *summer* conference of 1830, a question respecting the right of the beneficed clergy was proposed.—In the *autumn* of the same year their claims were systematically resisted. The circumstances of the resistance were very suspicious, but as yet "without blood."

2. In the concluding, the *winter* conference, of 1830, the priests, who are above law, decided on the instructions to be given to men whose profession is military, to judges and jurors.—It became necessary, as we learn from the Parliamentary Committee of the year 1832, in consequence of the harangues delivered by these "absolute" instructors, that a commissioned officer should accompany each party of Roman Catholic soldiers to their chapels.—As if the people had been encouraged to hope forbearance from the military, or favour from jurors, they entered upon a course of assassination and bloodshed without parallel in our history.—In Clare and in Kilkenny jurors could not be procured to do justice.

3. In the second conference of 1832, the punishments decreed against heretics were the subject of discussion. That year was memorable for—

1st. The discovery of the *new constitution* of the Whitefeet, and their oath to keep down *heresy*.

2nd. Frequent and sanguinary assaults upon Protestants.

3rd. The signals of the "lighted turf" conveyed at midnight with alarming rapidity to the houses of Roman Catholics throughout all Ireland.

4th. Extensive emigration of Protestants, caused by incessant persecution and alarms.

5th. Protestants disguising their faith to obtain an uncertain protection from the priests.

6th. Romish priests, in their sermons, predicting the speedy destruction of the Protestant religion.

Such were the signs among and before the people, when discussions had arisen in the secret conferences as to the punishments decreed against heretics.

4. In 1833, the question, whether clergy are subject to secular laws, was discussed.

In the year following Dr. M'Hale vaunted his violation of a statute.

5. In 1835, questions respecting title to property were proposed.—In that year resistance to the payments of rents was organized, Mr. O'Connell descanted on the peculiar character of title in Ireland, and priests from the altar, and in public meetings, harangued vehemently to a similar effect.

It is not rash to affirm, that coincidences so numerous and so exact as these, would cause a reflecting man to feel alarm, even though he were able to discern no connecting link between the perilous question and the demonstration of purpose which waited on it. But when a link has been discovered—when it is taken into account, that precisely at the time when Romish bishops thought England most insecure—when movements were progressing abroad, which increased the danger of domestic convulsion—when, by the contagion of example, Belgian revolt had wrought strongly on the passions of Irish agitators, the intolerant doctrine of a Belgian professor was declared the guide of the conferences of Irish priests—it cannot be denied that the coincidence is inauspicious; and, what-

ever may be the chronology of the secular and the spiritual demonstration—whether Dens called forth Repeal, or Repeal suggested that the days were at hand when Dens would be wanted,—it is impossible not to feel that the politics of Belgium, and its execrable theology, seen unexpectedly and in conjunction, impart, each to the other, a more menacing character, and cast a malign and threatening light over circumstances which, even when free from their influence, had been sufficiently portentous.

H.—Page 449.

Nothing could better prove the ludicrously sensitive state of certain personages, and their anxious casting about for a pretence of alarm, than the clamour raised by this little song. It was written by a gentleman at or near Coleraine, in the month of November, previous to the disembodying of the Orangemen; and of such moment was it considered, that some noble Lord got up in his place, to question Lord Roden as to his connexion with the minstrel who thus "for sorrow sang," or rather with the obnoxious lay of the aforesaid minstrel, with which his Lordship had no more to do than any reader who may peruse these pages. The stanzas possess much beauty and feeling, and I might give them all here, if I could be guaranteed against an indictment for misprison of treason. The sentiments at first sight appear too warlike; but let it be remembered, that they were called forth by the repeated *menaces of an open insurrection*, while the numbers would be six to one against them, when surely, the men who instrumentally saved the kingdom in 1798, might be permitted to look towards the very focus of loyal devotion, and to use such expressions as these:—

The power that nerved the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The power that led great William, Boyne's red'ning torrent through,
In his protecting aid confide and every foe defy,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emit its orient blaze
The cheering beacon of relief, it glimmers through the haze;
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from *Donard's* lofty head,
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "RODEN" is the cry,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * *

For happy hours, for altars free, we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word,
These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the Lord on high,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Whatever those in authority may be led to think by the designing men who mock their credulity, it would be an evil day for themselves, on which they should persuade the Protestants of Ireland to damp their powder. A front of quiet determination, with sufficient means at hand to repel an enemy, if called to act on the defensive, is the surest preventive of bloodshed in the absence of that fear of God and respect for the laws which are the only lasting foundations of public tranquillity. Rational precaution demands of the Irish loyalists that they keep their powder dry; and we may hope that, through the restraining mercy of Him who loves not to see his people wielding carnal weapons in the cause of truth, they will be permitted to keep it cool also.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SWAN.

Beyond the ruby portal of the west
Day's golden orb his pillowing cloud hath pressed,
And sped the breeze, to wake in measured sigh,
Through earth's wide realm, a whispering lullaby;
That drowsy pinion sweeps the mountain brow,
Dimples the stream, and waves the drooping bough.
Prince of the lake! I seek this blue domain,
And press the margin of thy liquid reign,
To mark thy stately form, at vesper hour,
Glide to the covert of its willow bower.

Now heaves the plume, and floats the monarch by,
As fleecy vapours skim the moonlight sky:
And sterner reason half forgets to blame
The dream of folly decked by classic fame,
Though pagan fancy in thy beauteous guise
Enshroud the fabled ruler of the skies,
And feign a tale of visionary love,
A shadowy Leda for a phantom Jove,
O'er the proud form a wild illusion throw,
Its fabric ether, and its robe the snow,
Caught from the region of her glittering birth,
Ere blent and tainted with the gales of earth.
Majestically calm, in conscious might,
He spreads his bosom to the trembling light;
Mantling his neck innoxious thunders dwell,
Or nestling slumber 'neath the downy swell:
Rests the bold curve upon its bending arch,
And gurgling waters close around his viewless march.

There's music in thy motion: such as creeps
O'er the charmed spirit when the billow sleeps,
And, idly sporting with the zephyr's sigh,
Droops the white sail beneath a starry sky.
The top-mast, pointing to that radiant height,
With slow, mute movement, counts the gems of night;
Till, grosser sense to deep oblivion wrought,
On loftier pinion soars unfettered thought,
Glides where the spheres their mystic orbits wreathe,
And learns the voiceless harmony they breathe.

Thou lovely produce of a wondrous hand,
Thou denizen of ether, ocean, land,
Whose wing, unfurling on the wistful eye,
Tells of a gentler home, a softer sky,
While, lingering long below, thy downy form
Shines through the gloom, and beautifies the storm,
I liken thee to that ethereal guest,
The spotless tenant of a holy breast;
Earnest of glory in compassion given
To earth's dark sphere, a delegate of heaven;
Like thee with tranquil majesty to sweep
Life's wrinkling wave, and gleam upon the deep,
The cold recess with patient step explore,
Yet heave the snowy plume, and pant to soar,
Till, taught thy parting melody to raise,
Soft on the dying lip dissolves the note of praise.

THE MARINER'S MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O Thou, who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And led the gathering water there
To meet and dwell;
Tossed in our reeling bark,
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to thee.

How terrible art thou
In all thy wonders shown;
Though veiled is that eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown:

Invisible to sight,
But, oh, to faith how near!
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
Thou beamest here.

Borne on the darkening wave,
In measured sweep we go,
Nor dread the unfathomable grave
That yawns below;
For He is nigh, who trod
Amid that foaming spray,
Whose billows own the incarnate God,
And died away.

Let slumber's balmy seal
Imprint our tranquil eyes,
Though deep beneath the waters steal,
And circling rise;
Though swells the confluent tide,
And beetles far above,—
We know in whom our souls confide,
With fearless love.

Snatched from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, those trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home:
Home, where no tempests sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
The peaceful shore.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

Land of my choice! the adverse breeze,
That, vainly kind, would yet repel
My course along these yielding seas,
Wafts thee a sad, a fond farewell:
And fast the bitter tear will rise,
And silently the heart will bleed,
While slowly from my wistful eyes
Thy soft and laughing shores recede.

Land of the hospitable wile?
Condemned in other climes to rove,
Where shall I meet the glowing smile,
The eye of light, the heart of love?
Ev'n now, while slowly drifting by,
Ev'n now, methinks, the frequent bay,
With wonted welcome courts mine eye,
And lures me back, and bids me stay.

Land of a destiny sublime!
A darkening cloud impends around,
And echo deep the vows of crime,
And crimson foot-prints taint the ground;
Infuriate hosts, in mad career,
Approach thee like a rolling flood,
And in thy conscious skies appear
The signs of blasphemy and blood.

Land of the brave! oh who shall raise
Amid thy wiles the warning word?
Who, in the zeal of other days,
Exalt the banner of the Lord?
Behold! they come: their beauteous feet
Shine on the mount and press the plain,
While pours their lip, in pleading sweet,
The oil-drop on thy stormy main.

Land of the blest! the battle-cry
May echo through thy thousand hills,
The gathered tempest burst on high,
And men of blood work half their wills;
But thou shalt view a blaze of day
Enthroned beyond their transient night,
To chase the scattered gloom away,
And fold thee in a vest of light.

Land of the Gospel! fear thou not:
Already break the dawning gleams;
Thine every waste and barren spot
Shall blossom in prolific beams.
Broad as the bulwark ocean pours,
Whose billows toss their snowy curls,
With fleecy barrier gird their shores,
And wreathe an emerald gem with pearls

Land of my fond regrets! to share
Thy conflicts may not now be mine;
But thou shalt rise upon my prayer
Before the throne of grace divine:
With all the throbbing tides that flow
Within my veins, thy fate shall blend;
The harsh command that bids me go
Lengthens the tie, but cannot rend.

Isle of the west! thou stretchest now
In distance on the level sea;
The sun hath diadem'd thy brow,
Resplendent in obscurity;
And now upon that fading line
Darkly the evening waters swell;—
Dark as this heaving heart of mine,
That lingers o'er the long farewell.

THE ROSE.

Give me that fading flower,
I saw thee cast it by,
Rent from its parent bower
And left to die.

These drooping petals wear
The pallid hue of grief;
A story of despair
Imprints the leaf.

I do not covet now
The tints of summer-tide,
To bind upon my brow,
In playful pride:
This pale autumnal rose
I place upon my breast,
There, in a late repose,
To die—and rest.

Ungenial blasts have sped
Their fury on thy form,
While shrunk thy withering head
Beneath the storm.
How pleasant to behold
Thy span of trouble cease,
While droops the silken fold
In slumbering peace!

And be the fate my own!
Snatched from a peaceful shade,
Upon a rude world thrown
To pine and fade,
The hand of love divine
Shall gather me in death,
And watch while I resign
My languid breath.

TO LIEUT. COL. SIR JAMES WILSON, K. C. B.

WITH A SKETCH OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.

By victory freed from martial toil,
The patriot Roman turned the soil;
Woo'd gentle peace in sylvan bowers,
And wreathed the classic page with flowers,
While sought the envious world in vain
To wind him in her snares again.
Guided by wisdom's beam divine,
Wilson, the Roman's choice is thine;
And never from the lists of fame
A more undaunted warrior came,
To cultivate the blooming field
His generous blood had flowed to shield.

A feeble muse would fain beguile
Thy studious hour, and win a smile;
Pure though thy taste and judgment be,
She dreads no critic scowl from thee;
Such gentle knight will scorn to raise
The battle-axe o'er rhymer's bays.
Dim and obscure these outlines show,
Yet thou canst bid the canvass glow,
While memory tints the picture high
To bright and stern reality;
Tells how, on Talavera's plain,
Flashed in the cause of heartless Spain
The blade, that in thy stripling hand
Had gleamed on Egypt's gory strand:
Yes, memory's touch the hue shall yield
Of Albuhera's fiery field,
And bid thine eager step advance,
Like levin-bolt, on shrinking France,
Regardless of the welling tide
Thy lacerated veins supplied.
Round Badajos' beleaguered towers
Again shall wake the watchful hours;
Again that dazzling sword shall wave,
To point th' aggressors' destined grave:
The ravelin and the trench proclaim
Memorials of thy warrior fame;
In flowing crimson deep embrued,
Mangled and faint, but unsubdued.
Begirt by learning's ruffian foes,
Fair Salamanca's spires arose;
How swiftly thy victorious hand
Led on the bold brigaded band,
Crushing on that insulted soil,
The sons of anarchy and spoil!
Next let thy kindling eye survey
Vittoria's ne'er forgotten day;
(For thou, insatiate, still wouldst seize
Each sprig that decked the laurel trees)
And as thy rapid thoughts retrace
The tumult of that thundering chase,
Bid smiling recollection tell
Of a brave youth, who prized thee well,
Who triumphed with thy martial train
O'er Lusian fields, and hills of Spain,
And saw thy conquering banner dance,
Reflected on the streams of France;
He told the bard,—while swelled her tear
In sister's love, and woman's fear,—
With hunter's glee and hero's pride,
"I coursed a king by Wilson's side."
Behold the Pyrenean height,
And rouse thee to a fiercer fight:
On press thy band to victory,
By Wellesley called, and led by thee.
Thy scars, in silent eloquence,
Tell of the foeman's bold defence,
When, from the deep and frequent wound,
Thy vital current gushed around:
Those pleading scars, that tortured frame,
Britannia's grateful greeting claim,
And thankless were the sullen eye
Undewed by gentle sympathy.

Last, on the plains of fair Toulouse,
The olive's and the lily's hues
Blend with the radiant laurel crown,
That graced thy dearly-bought renown,

On warlike deeds, and thoughts sublime,
Unmeet to dwell, my lisping rhyme
No ray to Phœbus' orb bequeaths,
Nor adds a bloom to WILSON's wreaths;
Yet may the phrase, devoid of art,
Bear witness to thy gen'rous heart,
And boast, 'mid kindred forms of earth,
To claim thy friendship, own thy worth,
To prize that independent soul,
Which spurns a tyrant world's control,
The mind that bends an eagle gaze
To court the day-star's ripened blaze,
The spirit manly, firm, and free;
And, prizing these, to honour thee.
Not thine th' unhallowed thirst of fame,
The fell destroyer's ruthless name;
But thou couldst rend the softest tie
That wrapped thine heart and cheered thine eye,
And arm thee with the deadly glaive,
And launch upon the bounding wave,
Content thy vital stream to pour,
So freedom reigned on Britain's shore.

Though sweetly smiles thy tranquil home,
Deem not the day of rest is come;
A higher praise must yet be sought,
A sterner combat boldly fought,
A crown of richer glory won;—
Salvation's Captain calls thee on:
Take thou the Spirit's sword, and quell
The wiles of earth, the powers of hell;
The cross thy banner, faith thy shield,
Thine inmost heart the battle-field,
Celestial hosts thy bright allies,
Thy conquest death, and heaven the prize.

TO

I. W. B.

BAPTIZED DECEMBER 1825.

THOU know'st not, my boy, while we lowly are kneeling
Before the sole Refuge where sinners can flee,
For thee is the sigh of solicitude stealing,
The voice of devotion is rising for thee,
Sweet bud, in thy beauty and innocence swelling!
Believing, yet trembling, we come to receive
A promise, a covert of safety, repelling
The blaze of the noon and the blast of the eve.

The bosom where now thou reclinest may yield thee
A shelter, a rest, through thine infancy's span;
But all unavailing and helpless to shield thee
From ills that must darken the pathway of man.
The snare is before thee, the pang and the sorrow,
The breath of the syren, the voice of the rod,
The crime of to-day, the despair of to-morrow,
And all that can sever the soul from its God.

Thou smilest, my babe, on the stream that is stealing
Like dew o'er the rose of thy innocent face:—
Oh, thus may the Saviour, his mercy revealing,
Thy spirit refresh with the waters of grace!
And thus, unresisting and meek as we view thee,
Receive thou the unction that comes from above,
And welcome thy Lord, if he deign to renew thee
An heir of his kingdom, a child of his love.

Now, triumph and honour, thanksgiving and blessing,
To Him who was slain that the sinner might live!
The gift of his grace, which we joy in possessing,
He died to receive, and receives but to give.
This armour of proof we are girding around thee;
—For we have been wounded and foiled in the fray—
And oh, may the helm of salvation have crowned thee,
A glory and guard through life's perilous day!

TO

MY BROTHER.

WHAT though no orange grove its fragrance breathe,
Nor teeming olive ripen o'er thy head,
Nor bowering myrtle round our dwelling wreathe,
Nor tangling vines the purple cluster spread,—

Dearer this parent soil, that courts thy tread,
Than Lusia's balmy sweets and oily hoard,
Where sixteen burning summer suns have shed
Their glare, reflected on thy warrior sword,
Or on thy far abode their dazzling splendour poured.

Beamed not a brighter azure through the sky,
While on her course the gallant vessel bore,
And rose not as ethereal harmony
The rich rough tumult of the billow's roar,
When, breasting that rude surge, thy native shore
Heaved its bold barrier to the sportive spray,
And hope on airy pinion sped before,
Skimming the dales, in flowery vesture gay,
Over the distant hills, and fast and far away.

Thine Island home! the soul of freedom now
Bids the full heart-pulse eloquently speak;
The breeze that whilom fanned thine infant brow,
Her joyous welcome breathes upon thy cheek,
Where war and weariness no longer wreak
Their blighting wrath beneath a fervid sky;
Nor burns the Briton's scorn, condemned to seek
Truth's trampled pearl within a moral sty,
Or patriot honour couched in falsehood's blinking eye.

Thine Island home! aye, there are hearts to love
In grateful bosoms, that remember yet
How foe-girt Britain's martial call could move
Thy boyish hand the glittering steel to whet;
How thine unripened spring of manhood met
War's sternest blast of devastating breath;
As sapling oak on the rock's parapet,
Whose hardy strength the tempest nourisheth,
Matures its blooming pride amid the storms of death.

True, thou hast flourished in an alien soil,
A goodly seed in thankless desert sown,
Where ingrates, reckless of thy generous toil,
Uproot the shelter when the storm's o'er-blown.
Our Island boasts an altar, rears a throne,
Meet for thy homage, worthy of thy care;
The black lethean draught her lips disown—
Not her's with parsimonious gripe to tear
The guerdon from thy brow, that victory planted there.

Days we have seen—and they were days of joy,
Bright as the foam that specks a summer sea,
And profitless—when 'twas my fond employ
To tune a busy baby lyre to thee.
Oh! many a sigh hath marred the minstrelsy,
While their slow course the weary seasons led—
A bitter cup in wisdom blent for me,
By Him, who, mindful of compassion, spread
The panoply unseen around thy favoured head.

A sunny gleam absorbs the trickling rain,
While my glad lips the Patriarch's joy renew;
"I thought not to behold thy face again,—
Lo, God hath giv'n thine offspring to my view!"
To Him, the Just, the Faithful, and the True,
Sole Saviour, be the praise:—yet while I deem
A long deep debt of grateful love is due
To thee, my Brother, doth it not beseem
To let this closing chord reverberate the theme?

The Missionary, Wolff, met at Jerusalem with some aged Jews, who came from Poland to die there. One of them said to him, "It is not pleasant now to *live* in Palestine, but it is pleasant to *die* in this land, and all of us here have come *to die in the land of Israel.*"

Returning from a stranger land,
We come a feeble, aged band,
To linger out life's fading hours
Beside our ruined Salem's towers;
Where once exulting myriads trod
To throng the fane of Judah's God,
With trembling pace her exiles creep,
Lean on the way-worn staff, and weep.

The spicy breath of Lebanon
Our welcome sighs, and passes on;
We stand on Olivet's ascent,
Where royal David weeping went:
Behold yon spot, profaned by foes,
'Twas there our beauteous Temple rose;
But not a vestige, not a stone,
Tells where Jehovah's dwelling shone!

Unmeet it were for us to dwell
Where Paynim hymns through Zion swell;
And day by day, with callous eye,
Gaze on her faded majesty;
And view the gorgeous Mosque arise,
Where blazed her holiest sacrifice.
Beneath the Crescent's impious pride
It is not meet that we abide.

But oh, how pleasant 'tis to *die*
Where Israel's ruin'd glories lie!
How sweet to bid her children's bones
Blend with the dust of Salem's stones!
Her's is the mould beneath them spread,
And her's the sod above their head.
E'en the cold worm, with slimy coil,
Is welcome, bred in Judah's soil.

Soon shall these weary frames of ours
Dissolve like Salem's crumbling towers;
Her outcast tribes no longer come
To greet her as their hallowed home,
But sadly joy to lay their head
Beneath her foes' insulting tread;
To fall by her they could not save;
Their glory once, and now their grave!

Say, Christian, can'st thou hear that plaintive strain
Breathe o'er Judea's desolated plain;
While the sad Exiles, worn with age and woe,
With faltering step, and swelling bosom go;
Where erst, descending from the Olive steep,
One mightier far than David paused to weep?
O can'st thou hear, nor ask an eagle's wing,
An angel's tongue, the tale of peace to bring?
From the high mount to send the joyful word,
"O comfort ye my people," saith the Lord.
Say not, thou trembling one, that I am gone,
That all my loving mercies are withdrawn.
What mother can forget the infant, press'd
In helplessness to her supporting breast?
She *may* forget him, smiling on her knee,
But I, the Lord, will yet remember thee!
Still in my sight the mighty Bulwark stands,
And still thy name is graven on my hands.
What though from age to age the bitter draught
Of wrath unmix'd thy quivering lip hath quaff'd,
'Twas Sin expos'd thee to that wrath divine—
My ways are straight—but how unequal thine!
Draw near, my people, with your Maker plead;
Produce your cause, and vindicate the deed;
Retrace the gloomy wilderness of time,
Raise the dim veil, and contemplate your crime.

Lo! in the centre of yon scoffing crew,
Say what Majestic Victim meets the view?
O fools and blind! ye raise the murd'rous knife
Against the Son of God, the Lord of Life;
The promised Prince, the Saviour of your line,
The Branch of Jesse's root, Messiah, King Divine!
A Man of woes, rejected and unknown,
Press'd by a weight of sins, but not his own;
Guiltless and uncondemn'd the Suff'rer stands,
Mute as the sheep beneath her spoiler's hands.
Turn to the record* of your ancient Seer,
The shadow there behold—the substance here.
In vain—the heart is hardened, closed the eye,
And He—the very Paschal Lamb—must die!
Hark to the import of that fearful strain,—
"*On us and on our race His blood remain!*"
The word is past—the awful doom is given!
And Israel stands accurs'd before the God of Heav'n!

O thou afflicted, worn, and tempest-tossed,
How hath my thund'ring scourge thy path-way cross'd!
Hungry and weary, desolate and sad,
Fed with my fury, by my vengeance clad;
Victim of mocking hope and fruitless toil,
The scorn of nations and the people's spoil;
Where'er thy wandering feet assay to pass,
The field is iron, and the sky is brass.
The beauteous land, thy glory and delight,
Devour'd by Pagan foes before thy sight!
But deeper woes thy tainted soul hath known,
Thy conscience sear'd with fire, thy heart a stone.
Thine eye is dark beneath the day-beam's blaze;
Thine ear is deafen'd to the song of praise;
Thy back is bowed, thy table is a snare;
Thy piety a sin, thy hope despair!

"And will the Lord of Mercy ne'er forgive?"
Oh turn to me, my people, turn and live!
My Israel, turn! thy murder'd Lord survey,
I rend the veil, and wash thy guilt away.
My own, my ransomed Judah, doomed to prove
A moment's wrath, and everlasting love!
I, even I, will wipe thy streaming tears,
And raise thy drooping head, and dissipate thy fears.
I am thy God—thy Husband—thou art mine;
Thy glory shall return—arise, and shine!
From burning flames thy life do I redeem,
My hand upholds thee through the swelling stream;
Thy darkest night with noontide splendour glows,
Thy howling desert blossoms as the rose;
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,
Burst from thy lip, and echo through the sky;
As, Zion-bound, thy homeward footsteps tread,
With everlasting joy upon thy head!

Thou wert a chosen Vine, supremely fair,
Placed by my hand and nourished by my care.
With watchful love I built a fortress round,
Beam'd on thy head and fertilized the ground;

* Isaiah liii.

But barren, wild, unprofitable still,
No ripening fruit repaid my patient skill.
In wrath I turned, and smote thy spreading boughs,
Gave the wild cattle on thy leaves to browse;
On thy bare trunk my storms and tempests hurled,
A monument of vengeance to the world!
But I will graft thee with a nobler shoot,
And with heaven's dews revive thy fainting root;
The wondering nations in thy shade shall meet,
To quaff the streams that murmur at thy feet;
Thy Moon the brightness of the Sun display,
While sevenfold lustre gilds the solar ray;
And thou, far lovelier, dearer than before,
Beneath Jehovah's smile shalt bloom for evermore.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

O Thou, whose piercing glance pervades
The noon-tide blaze, the midnight shades,
Encompassing the path I tread,
  Beneath the cheerful beam of day,
And watching o'er my lonely bed,
With broad ethereal buckler spread
  To chase each lurking foe away;
Lord of my life! be with me now
While sleep forsakes my throbbing brow,
And in resistless billows lost,
My weary soul seems tempest-toss'd.
Be with me now: for thou hast been
My guard through every chequered scene,
Where memory lingers yet and weeps
  O'er the wild maze my feet have trod,
And still her faithful record keeps
Of deepening dells, and toilsome steeps,
  And storms that drove me to my God.
Beneath a strange and fearful lot
My blinded spirit saw thee not:
I deemed it harsh to dash away
  The brimming cup of earthly joy,
And on the bloom of life's young May
Bid the remorseless whirlwinds play
  To ravage and destroy.

Could this be love? to bid me know
The very bitterness of woe,
To lead me in a desert path,
Dark with the deepest frowns of wrath,
To rend the bosom's dearest ties,
To hide me from the kindred eyes
  With tenderness and pity beaming;
No smile of sympathy to cheer,
No gentle hand to dry the tear,
  Of solitary anguish streaming;
Or, if a gleam of mercy shone
In mortal mould how quickly gone!
A meteor on the midnight sky,
Just born to glimmer and to die;
While years of sorrow sadly told,
Still gathered blackness as they rolled.
Could it be love that thus o'ercast
The glow of nature where I passed,
And with an icy frown repressed
Each joyous throb that warmed my breast;
Flinging a stern untimely blight
On all the blossoms of delight?
Yes it was love.—Thou, Lord, wert near
To treasure up each secret tear,
And on the softened heart engrave
A lesson to reclaim and save.
My every earthly prop o'erthrown,
I learned to rest on thee alone;
And oh, the hope, the joy, the peace,
  Thy love upon my path hath shed,
Since thou hast bade my doubting cease,
  And dried the tear, and raised the head.
The cloud, the tempest, still endure,
  And warring elements engage,
But on Salvation's Rock secure
  I smile upon their feeble rage;
For oh, My Lord! I know thee now;—
  The blast may rush, the billow rave,
But who can harm the soul which thou
  Art swift to hear, and strong to save?
The records of thy praise unfold
Thy love and faithfulness of old;
Firmer than giant rocks, that shoot
Through earth their adamantine root,
Thy truth and thy redeeming grace
  Unchanged, unchangeably abide,
And thou hast sworn thou wilt not chase
One contrite sinner from the place
  Of safety by thy side.
Let earthly comfort's feeble ray,
  Like shooting stars, to darkness fall,
But thou—the fount of endless day,—
  My Saviour, thou art all in all.
And since thy saving health I know
I would not bend to mortal woe.
From rising fears, that fain would blight
  The moment's peace, oh set me free!
Why should yon pale soft lamp of night
  That shines on all, not shine for me,
And beam upon me from above
The tale of providential love,
That swells her waning orb anew,
  Feeding it with exhaustless ray,
And guiding with direction true
  Upon her pathless way.

Why should I turn a sickening eye
  From scenes thy bounteous fingers deck?
The gleams of pristine majesty,
  Yet lingering on creation's wreck,
While all thy works bespeak thy praise,
'Tis meet a thankful song to raise;
'Tis meet, O Lord, to cast my care
On thee, who wilt the burden bear,
And own the ills I now survey,
Sufficient to the passing day.
And should a darker season lour,
  And fiercer storms upon me burst,
I trust thy love, I trust thy power,
To answer in that helpless hour,
  The hope thy promise nursed.

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